







expense he had been at, or else must have expected to lose his employment; at the same time he is under an obligation to pay his rent, and I think he does it to this day. There are several circumstances in this story which I have forgot, having not been sent to me with the rest; but I had it from a gentleman of that kingdom, who some time ago was here.

Upon his excellency's being declared lord-lieutenant, there came over, to make his court, one Dr. Lloyd, fellow of Trinity-college, Dublin, noted in that kingdom for being the only clergyman that declared for taking off the sacramental test, as he did openly in their convocation, of which he was a member. The merit of this, and some other principles suitable to it recommended by Tom Broderick, so far ingratiated him with his excellency, that, being provided of a proper chaplain already, he took him, however, into a great degree of favour: the doctor attended his excellency to Ireland; and observing a cast wench in the family to be in much confidence with my lady, he thought, by addressing there, to have a short open passage to preferment. He met with great success in his amour; and walking one day with his mistress after my lord and lady in the castle garden, my lady said to his excellency, "What do you think? we are going to lose poor Foydy," a name of familiarity they usually gave her. "How do you mean?" said my lord. "Why the doctor behind us is resolved to take her from us."—"Is he by G—? Why then (G—d d—m me!) he shall have the first bishopric that falls."

The doctor, thus encouraged, grew a most violent lover, returned with his excellency for England, and soon after, the bishopric of Cork falling void, to show he meant fair, he married his damsel publicly here in London, and his excellency as honourably engaged his credit to get him the bishopric; but the matter was reckoned so infamous that both the archbishops here, especially his grace of York, interposed with the queen to hinder so great a scandal to the church; and Dr. Brown, provost of Dublin-college, being then in town, her majesty was pleased to nominate him; so that Dr. Lloyd was forced to sit down with a moderate deanery in the northern parts of that kingdom, and the additional comfort of a sweet lady, who brought this her first husband no other portion than a couple of olive-branches for his table, though she herself hardly knows by what band they were planted.

The queen reserves all the great employments of Ireland to be given by herself, though often by the recommendation of the chief governor, according to his credit at court. The provostship of Dublin college is of this number, which was now vacant, upon the promotion of Dr. Brown. Dr. Benjamin Pratt, a fellow of that college, and chaplain to the house of commons of that kingdom, as well as domestic chaplain to the duke of Ormond, was at that time here, in attendance upon the duke. He is a gentleman of good birth and fortune in Ireland, and lived here in a very decent figure: he is a person of wit and learning, has travelled and conversed in the best company, and was very much esteemed among us here when I had the pleasure of his acquaintance; but he had the original sin of being a reputed Tory, and a dependant on the duke of Ormond; however, he had many friends among the bishops and other nobility to recommend him to the queen. At the same time there was another fellow of that college, one Dr. Hall, who had the advantage of Pratt in

point of seniority. This gentleman had very little introduced himself into the world, but lived retired, though otherwise said to be an excellent person, and very deserving for his learning and sense. He had been recommended from Ireland by several persons; and his excellency, who had never before seen nor thought of him, after having tried to injure the college by recommending persons from this side, at last set up Hall, with all imaginable zeal, against Pratt. I tell this story the more circumstantially because it is affirmed by his excellency's friends that he never made more use of his court skill than at this time, to hinder Dr. Pratt from the provostship; not only from the personal hatred he had to the man on account of his patron and principles, but that he might return to Ireland with some little opinion of his credit at court, which had mightily suffered by many disappointments, especially the last, of his chaplain Dr. Lloyd. It would be incredible to relate the many artifices he used to this end, of which the doctor had daily intelligence, and would fairly tell his excellency so at his levees; who sometimes could not conceal his surprise, and then would promise, with half a dozen oaths, never to concern himself one way or other: these were broke every day, and every day detected. One morning, after some expostulation between the doctor and his excellency, and a few additional oaths that he would never oppose him more, his excellency went immediately to the bishop of Ely, and prevailed on him to go to the queen from him, and let her majesty know that he never could consent, as long as he lived, that Dr. Pratt should be provost; which the bishop barely complied with, and delivered his message, though at the same time he did the doctor all the good offices he could. The next day the doctor was again with his excellency, and gave him thanks for so open a proceeding: the affair was now past dissembling, and his excellency owned he did not oppose him directly, but confessed he did it collaterally. The doctor, a little warmed, said, "No, my lord, you mean *directly* you did not, but *indirectly* you did." The conclusion was, that the queen named the doctor to the place; and, as a further mortification, just upon the day of his excellency's departure for Ireland.

But here I must desire the reader's pardon if I cannot digest the following facts in so good a manner as I intended; because it is thought expedient, for some reasons, that the world should be informed of his excellency's merits as soon as possible. I will therefore only transcribe the several passages as they were sent me from Dublin, without either correcting the style or adding any remarks of my own. As they are, they may serve for hints to any person who may hereafter have a mind to write memoirs of his excellency's life.

A RELATION OF SEVERAL FACTS, EXACTLY AS THEY WERE TRANSMITTED TO ME FROM IRELAND ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO, AND AT SEVERAL TIMES, FROM A PERSON OF QUALITY, AND IN EMPLOYMENT THERE.

THE earl of Rochfort's regiment of dragoons was embarked for her majesty's service abroad, on the 27th of August, 1709, and left their horses behind them, which were subsisted in order to mount another regiment to fill up their room; as the horses of lieutenant-general Harrey's regiment had formerly mounted a regiment raised, and still commanded, by the duke of Ormond; on which occasion the duke had her majesty's order only for so much money as would supply the charge of the horses till the regiment was raised, which was soon after, and

* It was confidently reported, as a conceit of his excellency, that, talking upon this subject, he once said, with great pleasure, that he hoped to make his mistress a bishop.

then it was put on the establishment as other regiments. But that which was to supply the earl of Rochfort had not a commission granted till the 29th of April, 1710, and all the pay from the 27th of August to that time (being above 5700*l.*) was taken under pretence of keeping the horses, buying new ones in the room of such as should be wanting or unserviceable, and for providing accoutrements for the men and horses. As for the last use, those are always provided out of the funds for providing clothing, and the duke of Ormond did so: as for horses wanting, they are very few and the captain has orders to provide them another way; and the keeping the horses did not amount to 700*l.* by the accounts laid before the committee of parliament: so there was at least 5000*l.* charged to the nation more than the actual charge could amount to.

Mrs. Lloyd, at first coming over, expected the benefit of the box-money; and accordingly talked of selling it for about 200*l.*; but at last was told she must expect but part of it, and that the grooms of the chamber and other servants would deserve a consideration for their attendance. Accordingly his excellency had it brought to him every night, and to make it worth his receiving my lady gave great encouragement to play; so that by a moderate computation it amounted to 1000*l.*, of which a small share was given to the grooms of the chamber, and the rest made a perquisite to his excellency; for Mrs. Lloyd having a husband, and a bishopric promised her, the other pretensions were cut off.

He met lieutenant-general Langston in the court of requests, and presented a gentleman to him, saying, "This is a particular friend of mine; he tells me he is a lieutenant in your regiment; I must desire you will take the first opportunity to give him a troop, and you will oblige me mightily." The lieutenant-general answered, "He had served very well, and had very good pretensions to a troop, and that he would give him the first that fell." With this the gentleman was mightily well satisfied, returned thanks, and withdrew. Upon which his excellency said immediately, "I was fured to speak for him, as a great many of his friends have votes at elections; but, d—n him, he is a rogue, therefore take no care for him."

He brought one May to the duke of Ormond, and recommended him as a very honest gentleman, and desired his grace would provide for him; which his grace promised him. So May withdrew. As soon as he was gone his lordship immediately said to the duke, "That fellow is the greatest rogue in Christendom."

Colonel Coward having received pay for some time in two or three regiments as captain, but never done any other service to the crown than eating and drinking in the expedition to Cadix under the duke of Ormond, finding he had not pretensions enough to rise, after he had sold the last employment he had, applied to his excellency, who represented him in such a light that he got above 800*l.* as an arrears of half pay, which he had no title to, and a pension of 10*l.* a-day; but he reckoned this as much too little for his wants as everybody else did too much for his pretensions, gave in a second petition to the queen for a further addition of 10*l.* a-day, which being referred to his excellency, he gave him a favourable report, by means whereof, it is hoped, his merit will be still further rewarded.

He turned out the poor gatekeeper of Chapelizodgate, though he and his wife were each above sixty years old, without assigning any cause, and they are now starving.

As for the business of the arsenal, it was the pro-

duct of chance, and never so much as thought of by the persons who of late have given so many good reasons for the building of it, till upon inquiring into the funds they were found to hold out so well that there was a necessity of destroying sixty or seventy thousand pounds, otherwise his excellency for that time, could hardly have had the credit of taxing the kingdom. Upon this occasion many projects were proposed, all which at last gave way to the proposal of a worthy person who had often persuaded the nation to do itself a great deal of harm by attempting to do itself a little good; which was, that forty thousand arms should be provided for the militia, and ammunition in proportion, to be kept in four arsenals, to be built for that purpose; thus was accordingly put into the heads of a bill, and then this worthy patriot, with his usual sincerity, declared he would not consent to the giving of money for any other use, as everybody thought by the words he spoke; though afterward he showed them that his meaning was not to be known by the vulgar acceptance of words; for he not only gave his consent to the bill, but used all the art and industry he was master of to have it pass; though the money was applied in it to the building of one arsenal only, and ammunition and other stores proportionable, without one word of the militia. No the arsenal was conceived and afterward formed in a proper manner; but when it came to be brought forth his excellency took it out of the hands that had formed it, as far as he could, and, contrary to all precedents, put it out of the care of the ordnance board, who were properly to have taken care of the receipt and payment of the money without any further charge to the public, and appointed his second secretary, Mr. Denton, to be paymaster, whose salary was a charge of above five hundred pounds in the whole; then, thinking this was too small a charge to put the public to for nothing, he made an establishment for that work, consisting of one superintendent at three pounds per week, eight overseers at seven pounds four shillings a-week, and sixteen assistants at seven pounds four shillings a-week, making in all seventeen pounds eight shillings a-week; and these were, for the greatest part, persons who had no knowledge of such business; and their honesty was equal to their knowledge, as it has since appeared by the notorious cheats and neglects that have been made out against them; inasmuch that the work they have overseen, which, with their salaries, has cost near three thousand pounds, might have been done for less than eighteen hundred pounds, if it had been agreed for by the yard, which is the usual method, and was so proposed in the estimate; and this is all a certainty, because all that has been done is only removing earth, which has been exactly computed by the yard, and might have been so agreed for.

Philip Savage, esq., as chancellor of the exchequer, demanded fees of the commissioners of the revenue for sealing writs in the queen's business, and showed them for it some sort of precedents; but they, not being well satisfied with them, wrote to Mr. South, one of the commissioners (then in London), to inquire the practice there. He sent them word, upon inquiry, that fees were paid there upon the like cases; so they adjudged it for him, and constantly paid him fees. If therefore there was a fault, it must lie at their door, for he never offered to stop the business; yet his excellency knew so well how to choose an attorney and solicitor-general, that when the case was referred to them they gave it against the chancellor, and said he had forfeited his place by it, and ought to refund the money,

(being about two hundred pounds per annum), but never found any fault in the commissioners, who adjudged the case for him, and might have refused him the money if they had thought fit.

Captain Robert Fitzgerald, father to the present earl of Kildare, had a grant from king Charles the Second of the office of comptroller of the musters, during the lives of captain Chambre Brabazon, now earl of Meath, and George Fitzgerald, elder brother to the present earl of Kildare; which said Robert Fitzgerald enjoyed with a salary of three hundred pounds per annum; and after his death his son George enjoyed it, till my lord Galway did, by threats, compel him to surrender the said patent for a pension of two hundred pounds per annum, which he enjoyed during his life. Some time ago the present earl of Kildare, as heir to his father and brother, looked upon himself to be injured by the surrender of the said patent, which should have come to him, the earl of Meath being still living; therefore, in order to right himself, did petition her majesty; which petition, as usual, was referred to the earl of Wharton, then lord-lieutenant, who, being at that time in London, referred it, according to the common method on such occasions, to the lord chancellor and lieutenant-general Ingoldsbay, the then lords-justices of this kingdom: who for their information ordered the attorney-general to inquire whether the earl of Kildare had any legal title to the said patent, which he, in a full report, said he had: and they referred it to the deputy vice-treasurer to inquire into the nature of the office, and to give them his opinion whether he thought it was useful or necessary for her majesty's service. He gave in his report, and said he thought it both useful and necessary, and, with more honesty than wit, gave the following reasons: first, that the muster-master-general computed the pay of the whole military list, which is above 200,000*l.* per annum; so, having no check on him, might commit mistakes, to the great prejudice of the crown: and, secondly, because he had himself found out several of those mistakes, which a comptroller might prevent. The lords-justices approved of these reasons, and so sent over their report to my lord-lieutenant, that they thought the office useful and necessary: but colonel P——, the muster-master-general, being then in London, and having given my lord-lieutenant one thousand pounds for his consent to enjoy that office, after he had got her majesty's orders for a patent, thought a check upon his office would be a troublesome spy upon him; so he pleaded the merit of his thousand pounds, and desired, in consideration thereof, that his excellency would free him from an office that would put it out of his power to wrong the crown; and, to strengthen his pretensions, put my lady in mind of what money he had lost to her at play; who immediately, out of a grateful sense of benefits received, railed as much against the lords-justices' report as ever she had done against the Tories; and my lord-lieutenant, prompted by the same virtue, made his report that there needed no comptroller to that office, because he controlled it himself; which (now having given his word for it) he will, beyond all doubt, effectually do for the future; although since it has been plainly made appear that, for want of some control on that office, her majesty has been wronged of many hundred pounds by the roguery of a clerk, and that during the time of his excellency's government; of which there has been but a small part refunded, and the rest has not been inquired after, lest it should make it plainly appear that a comptroller in that office is absolutely necessary.

His excellency being desirous, for a private reason,

to provide for the worthless son of a worthless father, who had lately sold his company, and of course all pretension to preferment in the army, took this opportunity: a captain in the oldest regiment in the kingdom, being worn out with service, desired leave to sell, which was granted him; and, accordingly, for a consideration agreed upon, he gave a resignation of his company to a person approved of by the commander of the regiment, who at the same time applied to his excellency for leave for another captain of his regiment, who is an engineer in her majesty's service in Spain, and absent by her majesty's licence: his excellency, hearing that, said they might give him a company in Spain, for he would dispose of his here; and so, notwithstanding all the commanders of the regiment could urge, he gave the company, which was regularly surrendered, to his worthy favourite; and the other company, which was a disputable title, to the gentleman who had paid his money for that which was surrendered.

Talking one morning, as he was dressing (at least a dozen people present), of the debates in council about the affair of Trim, he said the lord chief-justice Dolben had laid down as law a thing for which a man ought to have his gown stripped off and be whipped at the cart's a—e; and in less than a quarter of an hour repeated the expression again: yet, some days after, sent Dr. Lambert (his principal chaplain) to assure his lordship he said no such thing. Some time after, while he was in England, he used his utmost efforts with the queen to turn him out, but could not: so when he came once again he took an opportunity (when the judges were to wait on him) to say to them, particularly to lord chief-justice Dolben, that perhaps some officious persons would spread stories that he had endeavoured to do some of them a prejudice in England, which he assured them he never had; but, on the contrary, would always without distinction show his regard according to merit; which the lord chief-justice Broderick was pleased to approve of, by saying, "that was very honourable, that was very gracious;" though he knew the contrary himself.

In England he bid Mr. Deering assure all his friends and acquaintance here that they, and everybody without distinction, might depend upon his favour as they behaved themselves; with which Mr. Deering was much pleased, and wrote over to his friends accordingly; and as soon as his hack was turned, he jeeringly said, "D—u me, how easily he is bit!"

When the duke of Ormond was in the government, he gave to Mr. Anderson Saunders the government of Wicklow castle, which has no salary, but a perquisite of some land worth about 12*l.* per annum, which Mr. Saunders gave to the free-school of the town; but his excellency, not liking either the person or the use, without any ceremonies or reason given superseded him, by giving a commission for it to Jennings the horse-courser, who lies under several odious and scandalous reflections, particularly of very narrowly escaping the gallows for coining.

Some time after his excellency's landing the second time, he sent for Mr. Saunders among others, desiring their good offices in the ensuing session, and that Mr. Saunders would not take amiss his giving that place to Jennings, for he assured him he did not know it belonged to him; which is highly probable, because men of his knowledge usually give away things without inquiring how they are in their disposal. Mr. Saunders answered, "He was very glad to find what was done was not out of any particular displeasure to him; because Mr. Whited had said so

* Lord chief-justice of the common pleas, 1714—1729.

Wicklow (by way of apology for what his excellency had done) that it was occasioned by Mr. Saunders's having it; and seeing his excellency had no ill intention against him, was glad he could tell his excellency it was not legally given away (for he had a *custodiam* for the land out of the court of exchequer); so his excellency's commission to Jennings could do him no prejudice."

Lieutenant-general Echlin had pay on this establishment as brigadier till the middle of October, 1708, when he was removed from it by his excellency, because his regiment went away at that time, and lieutenant-general Gorges was put in his room. Some time after major-general Rooke, considering the reason why Echlin was removed, concluded that Gorges could not come on till some time in February after, because his regiment also was out of the kingdom till that time; and that therefore he, being the eldest general officer that had no pay as such, was entitled to the brigadier's pay from the time Echlin was removed till Gorges was qualified to receive it, he having done the duty. His excellency, upon hearing the reason, owned it to be a very good one, and told him, if the money were not paid to Gorges, he should have it, so did him go see; which he did, and found it was; then his excellency told him he would refer his case to a court of general officers to give their opinion in it, which he said must needs be in his favour, and upon that ground he would find a way to do him right; yet, when the general officers sat, he sent for several of them, and made them give the case against Rooke.

When the prosecution against the dissenting minister at Drogheda was depending, one Stevens, a lawyer in this town (Dublin), sent his excellency, then in London, a petition, in the name of the said dissenting minister, in behalf of himself and others, who lay under any such prosecution; and in about a fortnight's time his excellency sent over a letter to the then lords-justices, to give the attorney and solicitor-general orders to enter a *noti prosequi* to all such suits; which was done accordingly, though he never so much as inquired into the merits of the cause, or referred the petition to anybody, which is a justice done to all men, let the case be ever so light. He said he had her majesty's orders for it; but they did not appear under her hand, and it is generally affirmed he never had any.

That his excellency can descend to small gains take this instance: there were 850*l.* ordered by her majesty to buy new liveries for the state trumpets, messengers, &c.; but with great industry he got them made cheaper by 200*l.*, which he saved out of that sum; and it is reported that his steward got a handsome consideration besides from the undertaker.

The agent to his regiment, being so also to others, bought a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of foot, for which he never was to do any duty; which service pleased his excellency so well, that he gave him leave to buy a company, and would have had him keep both; but before his pleasure was known the former was disposed of.

The lord-lieutenant has no power to remove or put in a solicitor-general without the queen's letter, it being one of those employments excepted out of his commission; yet, because sir Richard Levinge disobliged him by voting according to his opinion, he removed him, and put in Mr. Forster,* although he had no queen's letter for so doing; only a letter from Mr. secretary Boyle that her majesty designed to remove him.

The privy-council in Ireland have a great share of

* Recorder of the city of Dublin, and lord chief-justice of the common pleas.

the administration; all things being carried by the consent of the majority, and they sign all orders and proclamations there, as well as the chief governor. But his excellency disliked so great a share of power in any but himself; and when matters were debated in council otherwise than he approved, he would stop them, and say, "Come, my lords, I see how your opinions are, and therefore I will not take your votes;" and so would put an end to the dispute.

One of his chief favourites was a scandalous clergyman, a constant companion of his pleasures, who appeared publicly with his excellency, but never in his habit, and who was a hearer and sharer of all the lewd and blasphemous discourses of his excellency and his cabal. His excellency presented this worthy divine to one of the bishops, with the following recommendation: "My lord, Mr. — is a very honest fellow, and has no fault, but that he is a little too immoral." He made this man chaplain to his regiment, though he had been so infamous, that a bishop in England refused to admit him to a living he had been presented to, till the patron forced him to it by law.

His excellency recommended the earl of Inchiquin to be one of the lords-justices in his absence, and was much mortified when he found lieutenant-general Ingoldby appointed without any regard to his recommendation; particularly because the usual salary of a lord-justice, in the lord-lieutenant's absence, is 100*l.* per month, and he had bargained with the earl for 40*l.*

I will send you in a packet or two some particulars of his excellency's usage of the convocation; of his infamous intrigues with Mrs. Coningsby; an account of his arbitrary proceedings about the election of a magistrate in Trim; his selling the place of a privy-councillor and commissioner of the revenue to Mr. Conolly; his barbarous injustice to dean Jephson and poor Will Crow; his deciding a case at hazard to get my lady twenty guineas, but in so scandalous and unfair a manner, that the arrantest sharper would be ashamed of; the common custom of playing on Sunday in my lady's closet; the *partie quarree* between her ladyship and Mrs. Fl—d, and two young fellows dining privately and frequently at Clontarf, where they used to go in a hackney coach; and his excellency's making no scruple of dining in a hedge tavern whenever he was invited; with some other passages which I hope you will put into some method, and correct the style, and publish as speedily as you can.

Note: Mr. Savage, beside the prosecution about his fees, was turned out of the council for giving his vote in parliament, in a case where his excellency's own friends were of the same opinion, till they were wheedled or threatened out of it by his excellency.

The particulars before mentioned I have not yet received. Whenever they come, I shall publish them in a Second Part.

SOME REMARKS UPON A PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED, A LETTER TO THE SEVEN LORDS OF THE COMMITTEE^a APPOINTED TO EXAMINE OREGO.

THE Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out in answer to a letter to the seven lords who examined OREGO. The answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written.—*Journal to Stella*, Aug. 24, 1711.

^a The committee consisted of the dukes of Devonshire, Somerset, and Bolton; the earl of Wharton; lord viscount Townshend; lord Somers, and lord Halifax. Gregg was tried at the Old Bailey, Jan. 19, 1707 s, and condemned for high treason, but was not executed till April 28, 1708.

Even to this lady, to whom he usually writes with unreserved confidence, Dr. Swift had not yet acknowledged himself to be the author of the *Examiner*.

A volume of tracts in the library of Isaac Reed, esq., which formerly belonged to Charles Ford, esq., the confidential friend of Swift, contains the following articles, which Mr. Ford attests to be "all writ by Dr. Swift, now Dean of St. Patrick's":—

1. Conduct of the Allies, 4th edition—2. Remarks on the Barrier Treaty—3. Letter to the Lord Treasurer—4. Advice to the Members of the October Club—5. Prior's Journey to Paris—6. Letter to the Seven Lords of the Committee—7. Letter to a Whig Lord (Lord Ashburnham)—8. Importance of the Guardian—9. Preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction, &c.—10. Abstract of Collins.

Only four of the above tracts were published in Dr. Hawkesworth's collection. The other six were, from internal evidence, first added to the Dean's works by the present editor.

Those who have given themselves the trouble to write against me, either in single papers or pamphlets (and they are pretty numerous), do all agree in discovering a violent rage, and at the same time affecting an air of contempt, toward their adversary, which in my humble opinion are not very consistent: and therefore it is plain that their fury is real and hearty, their contempt only personated. I have pretty well studied this matter, and would caution writers of their standard never to engage in that difficult attempt of despising, which is a work to be done in cold blood, and only by a superior genius to one at some distance beneath him. I can truly affirm I have had a very sincere contempt for many of those who have drawn their pens against me; yet I rather chose the slow way of discovering it by silence and neglect, than be at the pains of new terms to express it: I have known a lady value herself upon a haughty disdainful look, which very few understood, and nobody alive regarded. Those commonplace terms of infamous scribbler, prostitute libeller, and the like, thrown abroad without propriety or provocation, do ill personate the true spirit of contempt, because they are such as the meanest writer, whenever he pleases, may use toward the best. I remember indeed a parish fool, who, with a great deal of deformity, carried the most disdainful look I ever observed in any countenance; and it was the most prominent part of his fully; but he was thoroughly in earnest, which these writers are not: for there is another thing I would observe, that my antagonists are most of them so in a literal sense; breathe real vengeance and extend their threats to my person, if they knew where to find it; wherein they are so far from despising, that I am sensible they do me too much honour. The author of the "Letter to the Seven Lords" takes upon him the three characters of a despot, a threatener, and a sally; and succeeds so well in the two last, that it has made him miscarry in the first. It is no unwise proceeding which the writers of that side have taken up, to scatter their menaces in every paper they publish; it may perhaps look absurd, ridiculous, and impudent in people at mercy to assume such a style; but the design is right, to endeavour persuading the world that it is they who are the injured party, that they are the sufferers, and have a right to be angry.

However, there is one point wherein these gentlemen seem to stretch this wise expedient a little further than it will allow. I, who for several months undertook to examine into the late management of persons and things, was content sometimes to give only a few hints of certain matters which I had charity enough to wish might be buried for ever in oblivion, if the confidence of these people had not forced them from me. One instance whereof, among many, is the business of Gregg, the subject of a letter I am now considering. If this piece has been writ-

ten by direction, as I should be apt to suspect, yet I am confident they would not have us think so, because it is a sort of challenge to let the world into the whole secret of Gregg's affair. But I suppose they are confident it is what I am not master of; wherein it is odds but they may be mistaken; for I believe the memorials of that transaction are better preserved than they seem to be aware of, as perhaps may one day appear.

This writer is offended because I have said so many severe things with application to particular persons. The Medley has been often in the same story; if they condemn it as a crime in general, I shall not much object; at least I will allow it should be done with truth and caution; but by what argument will they undertake to prove that it is pardonable on one side and not on the other? Since the late change of ministry I have observed many of that party take up a new style, and tell us "That this way of personal reflection ought not to be endured; they could not approve of it; it was against charity and good manners." When the Whigs were in power they took special care to keep their adversaries silent; then all kind of falsehood and scurrility was doing good service to the cause, and detecting evil principles. Now, that the face of things is changed, and we have liberty to retort upon them, they are for calling down fire from heaven upon us; though, by a sort of indulgence which they were strangers to, we allow them equal liberty of the press with ourselves; and they even now make greater use of it, against persons in the highest power and credit, than we do against those who have been discarded for the most infamous abuse of both.

Who encouraged and rewarded the *Observer* and *Review*, for many years together, in charging the whole body of the clergy with the most odious crimes and opinions; in declaring all who took oaths to the government, and called themselves Tories, to be worse than papists and nonjurors; in exposing the universities as seminaries of the most pernicious principles in church and state; in defending the Rebellion and the murder of king Charles I., which they asserted to be altogether as justifiable as the late Revolution? Is there a great man now in power, or in any credit with the queen, whom those worthy undertakers have not treated by name in the most ignominious manner? Even since this great change of affairs, with what amazing licentiousness has the writer of the *Medley* attacked every person of the present ministry, the speaker of the house of commons, and the whole senate! He has turned into ridicule the results of the council and the parliament, as well as the just and generous endeavours of the latter to pay the debts and restore the credit of the nation, almost ruined by the corruption and management of his own party.

And are these the people who complain of personal reflections; who so confidently invoke the men in power (whom they have so highly obliged) to punish or silence me for reflecting on their exploded heroes! Is there no difference between men chosen by the prince, revered by the people for their virtue, and others rejected by both for the highest demerits? Shall the *Medley* and his brothers fly out with impunity against those who preside at the helm? and am I to be torn in pieces because I censure others who, for endeavouring to split the vessel against a rock, are put under the hatchets!

I now proceed to the pamphlet which I intend to consider. It is a letter written to seven great men, who were appointed to examine Gregg in Newgate. The writer tells their lordships that the *Examiner*

has charged them with endeavouring, by bribery and subornation of that criminal, to take away Mr. Harley's life. If there be anything among the papers I have writ which may be applied to these persons, it would have become this author to have cleared them fully from the accusation, and then he might at leisure have fallen upon me as a liar and misrepresenter; but of that he has not offered a syllable; the weight of his charge lies here,—that such an author as the Examiner should presume, by certain innuendoes, to accuse any great persons of such a crime. My business in those papers was to represent facts, and I was as sparing as possible of reflecting upon particular persons; but the mischief is, that the readers have always found names to tally with those facts; and I know no remedy for this. As, for instance, in the case here before us. An under-clerk in the secretary's office, of fifty pounds a-year, is discovered to hold correspondence with France, and apprehended by his master's order, before he could have opportunity to make his escape by the private warning of a certain person, a professed enemy to the secretary. The criminal is condemned to die. It is found upon his trial that he was a poor profligate fellow; the secretary at that time was under the mortal hatred of a violent prevailing party, who dreaded him for his great abilities and his avowed design to break their destructive measures.

It was very well known that a secretary of state has little or no intercourse with the lower clerks, but with the under-secretaries, who are the more immediate masters of those clerks, and are, and ought to be, as they then were, gentlemen of worth; however, it would pass well enough in the world that Gregg was employed in Mr. secretary Harley's office, and was consequently one of his clerks, which would be ground enough to build upon it what suggestions they pleased. Then for the criminal, he was needy and vicious; he owed his death to the secretary's watchful pursuit of him, and would therefore probably incline to hearken to any offers that would save his life, gratify his revenge, and make him easy in his fortune; so that, if a work of darkness were to be done, it must be confessed here were proper motives and a proper instrument. But ought we to suspect any persons of such a diabolical practice? Can all fail, and honour, and justice, be thus violated by men?—questions proper for a pulpit, or well becoming a philosopher; but what if it were *regnandi causa*, and that perhaps in a literal sense? Is this an age of the world to think crimes improbable because they are great? Perhaps it is; but what shall we say to some of those circumstances which attended this fact? Who gave rise to this report against Mr. Harley? Will any of his enemies confess in cold blood that they did either believe, suspect, or imagine, the secretary and one of his under clerks to be joined in corresponding with France? Some of them, I should think, knew better what belonged to such a correspondence, and how it ought to be managed. The nature of Gregg's crime was such as to be best performed without any accomplices at all; it was, to be a spy here for the French, and to tell them all he knew; and it appears, by his letters, that he never had it in his power to let them into anything of importance. The copy of the queen's letter to the emperor, which he sent to the enemy, and has made such a noise, was only to desire that prince Eugene might be employed to command in Spain; which, for six weeks before, had been mentioned in all the Gazettes of Europe. It was evident from the matter of his letters that no man of consequence could have any share in them. The whole affair had been examined in the cabinet

two months before, and there found and reported as only affecting the person of Gregg, who, to supply his vices and his wants, was tempted to engage in that correspondence; it is therefore hard to conceive how that examination should be resumed, after such a distance of time, with any fair or honourable intention. Why were not Gregg's examinations published, which were signed by his own hand, and had been taken in the cabinet two months before the committee of the house was appointed to re-examine him? Why was he pressed so close, to cry out with horror, "Good God! would you have me accuse Mr. Harley, when he is wholly innocent?" Why were all the answers returned to the queries sent him immediately burned? I cannot in my conscience but think that the party was bound in honour to procure Gregg a pardon, which was openly promised him, upon condition of making an ingenuous confession, unless they had some other notions of what is ingenuous than is commonly meant by that word. A confession may be nevertheless ingenuous for not answering the hopes or designs of those who take it; but, though the word was publicly used, the definition of it was reserved to private interpretation, and by a capricious humour of fortune, a most flagitious, though repenting villain was banged for his virtue. It could not, indeed, consist with any kind of prudence then in fashion to spare his life, and thereby leave it in his power, at any time, to detect their practices, which he might afterwards do at any time with so much honour to himself.

But I have the luck to be accused by this author in very good company; the two houses of parliament in general, and the speaker of the house of commons in particular, whom he taxes with falsehood and absurdity as well as myself, though in a more respectful manner, and by a sort of irony. The whole kingdom had given the same interpretation that I had done to some certain passages in the address from both houses upon the attempt of Gisors; friends and enemies agreed in applying the word faction. But the speaker is much clearer; talks (as I have mentioned in another place) of some unparallelled attempts, and uses other terms that come pretty home to the point. As to what the parliament affirms, this author makes it first as absurd and impracticable as he can, and then pretends to yield, as pressed by so great an authority; and explains their meaning into nonsense, in order to bring them off from reflecting upon his party. Then for the speaker, this writer says he is but a single man; and because his speech was in words too direct to avoid, he advises him to save his honour and virtue by owning a solecism in his speech, and to write less correctly, rather than mean maliciously. What an expedient this advocate has found to remove the load of an accusation! He answers, "The crime is horrible; that great men ought not to be thus insolently charged." I reply, "That the parliament and speaker appear, in many points, to be of the same opinion."—He rejoins, "That he is pressed by too great an authority; that, perhaps, those wise assemblies, and that honourable gentleman (who besides is but a single man), may probably speak nonsense; they must either deliver a solecism or be malicious; and, in good manners, he rather thinks it may be the former."

The writer of the letter, having thus despatched the Examiner, falls next upon a paper called *Secret Transactions*, &c., written, as he tells us, by one Francis Hoffman and the ordinary of Newgate; persons whom I have not the honour to be known to (whatever my betters may be), nor have yet

seen their prodigies; but, by what is cited from them in the letter, it should seem they have made some untoward observations. However, the same answer still serves; not a word to control what they say; only they are a couple of daring insolent wretches, to reflect upon the greatest and best men in England, and there is an end. I have no sort of regard for that same Hoffman, to whose character I am a perfect stranger; but methinks the ordinary of Newgate should be treated with more respect, considering what company he has kept, and what visitors he may have had. However, I shall not enter into a point of controversy whether the lords were acquainted with the ordinary, or the ordinary with the lords, since this author leaves it undecided. Only one thing I take to be a little hard. It is now confessed on all hands that Mr. Harley was most unjustly suspected of joining with an under-clerk in corresponding with France. The suspicion being in itself unreasonable and without the least probable grounds, wise men began to consider what violent enemies that gentleman had; they found the report most industriously spread; the Whigs, in common discourse, discovering their wishes that he might be found guilty; the management of the whole affair was put into the hands of such as, it is supposed, would at least not be sorry to find more than they expected. The criminal's dying speech is unfortunately published, wherein he thanks God he was not tempted to save his life by falsely accusing his master, with more to the same purpose: from all this put together, it was no very unnatural conjecture that there might have been some tampering. Now, I say that it is a little hard that Mr. Harley's friends must not be allowed to have their suspicions as well as his enemies; and this author, if he intended to deal fairly, should have spent one paragraph in railing at those who had the impudence and villany to suspect Mr. Harley, and then proceeded in due method to defend his committee of examiners; but that gentleman being, as this author says of the speaker, but a single man, I suppose his reputation and life were esteemed but of little consequence.

There is one state of the case in this letter which I cannot well omit, because the author, I suppose, conceives it to be extremely cunning and malicious; that it cuts to the quick, and is wonderfully severe upon Mr. Harley, without exposing the writer to any danger. I say this to gratify him, to let him know I take his meaning and discover his inclinations. His parallel case is this: "Supposing Guiscard had been intimate with some great officer of state, and had been suspected to communicate his most secret affairs with that minister; then he asks, 'Whether it would have been subornation, or seeking the life and blood of that officer, in these great lords of the council, if they had narrowly examined this affair, inquired with all exactness what he knew of this great officer, what secrets he had imparted to him, and whether he were privy to his corresponding?' " &c. In this parallel, Guiscard's case is supposed to be the same with Gregg's; and that of the great officer with Mr. Harley's; so that here he lays down as a thing granted that Gregg was intimate with Mr. Harley, and suspected to communicate his most secret affairs to him. Now, did ever any rational man suspect that Mr. Harley, first principal secretary of state, was intimate with an under-clerk, or upon the foot of having most secret affairs communicated to him from such a counsellor, from one so inferior a station, whom perhaps he hardly knew by sight? why was that report raised, but for the uses which were afterward

made of it? or why should we wonder that they who were so wicked as to be authors of it would be scrupulous in applying it to the only purpose for which it could be raised?

Having thus considered the main design of this letter, I shall make a few remarks upon some particular passages in it.

First, Though it be of no consequence to this dispute, I cannot but observe a most evident falsehood, which he repeats three or four times in his letter, that I make the world believe I am set on work by great people. I remember myself to have several times affirmed the direct contrary, and so I do still; and if I durst tell him my name, which he is so desirous to know, he would be convinced that I am of a temper to think no man great enough to set me on work; nay, I am content to own all the scurrilous titles he gives me, if he be able to find one innuendo through all those papers that can any way favour this calumny; the matter of which is not intended against me, but the present ministry; to make the world believe that what I have published is the utmost effort of all they can say or think against the last; whereas it is nothing more than the common observations of a private man, deducing consequences and effects from very natural and visible causes.

He tells us, with great propriety of speech, that the seven lords and their friends are treated as subverters of the constitution, and such as have been long endeavouring to destroy both church and state. This puts me in mind of one who first murdered a man, and afterward endeavoured to kill him; and therefore I here solemnly deny them to have been subverters of the constitution; but that some people did their best endeavours I confidently believe.

He tells me particularly, that I acquit Guiscard, by a blunder, of a design against Mr. Harley's life. I declare he injures me; for I look upon Guiscard to be full as guilty of the design as even those were who tampered with the business of Gregg; and both (to avoid all cavilling) as guilty as any man ever was that suffered death by law.

He calls the stabbing of Mr. Harley a sore blow, but I suppose he means his recovery; that indeed was a sore blow to the interests of his party; but I take the business of Gregg to have been a much sorer blow to their reputation.

This writer wonders how I should know their lordships' hearts, because he hardly knows his own. I do not well see the consequence of this; perhaps he never examines into his own heart; perhaps it keeps no correspondence with his tongue or his pen: I hope, at least, it is a stranger to those foul terms he has strewed throughout his letter; otherwise I fear I know it too well; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. But, however, actions are pretty good discoverers of the heart, though words are not; and whoever has once endeavoured to take away my life, if he has still the same, or rather much greater cause, whether it be a just one or not, and has never shown the least sign of remorse, I may venture, without being a conjurer, to know so much of his heart as to believe he would repeat his attempt if it were in his power. I must needs quote some following lines in the same page, which are of an extraordinary kind, and seem to describe the blessed age we should live in under the return of the late administration. "It is very well," says he, "that people's heads are to stand on their shoulders as long as the laws will let them; if it depended upon anything besides, it may be your lordships' seven heads might be as soon cut off as that one gentleman's, were you in power." Then he concludes the paragraph with this charitable

prayer, in the true moderation style, and in Italian letter: "May the head that has done the kingdom the greatest mischief fall first, let it be whose it will!" The plain meaning of which is this: If the late ministry were in power, they would act just as the present ministry would if there were no law, which perhaps may be true; but I know not any ministry upon earth that I durst confide in without law; and if, at their coming in again, they design to make their power the law, they may as easily cut off seven heads as one. As for the head that has done the greatest mischief to the kingdom, I cannot consent it should fall till he and I have settled the meaning of the word mischief. Neither do I much approve this renewing an old fashion of whipping off heads by a prayer; it began from what some of us think an ill precedent. Then that unlimited clause, "let it be whose it will," perplexes me not a little: I wish, in compliance with an old form, he had excepted my lord mayor; otherwise, if it were to be determined by their vote whose head it was that had done the greatest mischief, which way can we tell how far their predecessors' principles may have influenced them? God preserve the queen and her ministers from such undistinguishing disposers of heads!

His remarks upon what the ordinary told Hoffman are singular enough. The ordinary's words are, "That so many endeavours were used to corrupt Gregg's conscience, &c., that he felt as much uneasiness lest Gregg should betray his master as if it had been his own case." The author of the letter says to this, "That, for aught the ordinary knew, he might confess what was exactly true of his master, and that therefore an indifferent person might as well be uneasy for fear Gregg should discover something of his master that would touch his life, and yet might have been true." But if these were really the ordinary's thoughts at that time, they were honest and reasonable. He knew it was highly improbable that a person of Mr. Harley's character and station should make use of such a confederate in treason; if he had suspected his loyalty, he could not have suspected his understanding. And knowing how much Mr. Harley was feared and hated by the men in power, and observing that resort to Gregg at unseasonable hours, and that strange promises were often made him by men of note; all this put together might naturally incline the ordinary to think the design could be nothing else but that Mr. Harley should be accused in spite of his innocence.

This charge of subornation is, it seems, so extraordinary a crime, that the author challenges all the books in the new lord's library [Harley, newly created earl of Oxford] (because he hears it is the largest), to furnish us with an instance like it. What if this charge should be true! Then I in my turn would challenge all the books in another lord's library, which is ten times larger (though perhaps not so often disturbed), to furnish us with an instance like this. If it be so monstrous a thing to accuse others of subornation, what epithet is left to bestow upon those who were really guilty of the crime itself! I think it beyond controversy that subornation was practised in the business of Gregg. This manifestly appears from those few facts I have mentioned: let the Whigs agree among them where to fix it. Nay, it is plain, by the great endeavours made to stifle his last speech, that they would have suborned the poor man even after he was dead; And is this a matter now to be called in question, much less to be denied!

He compares the examination of Guiscard with that of Gregg; talks of several great persons who

examined the former in prison, and promised him the queen's pardon if he would make a full discovery. Then the author puts the case, "How wicked it would be to charge these honourable counsellors with suborning Guiscard, by promises of life, &c., to accuse the innocent and betray his friend!" Does it anywhere appear that these noble persons who examined Guiscard put leading questions to him, or pointed out where they would have him fix an accusation! Did they name some mortal enemy of their own, and then drop words of pardon and reward if he would accuse him! Did Guiscard leave any paper behind him to justify the innocence of some great person whom he was tempted to accuse! yet perhaps I could think of certain people who were much more likely to act in concert with Guiscard than ever Mr. Harley was to be confederate with Gregg. I can imagine several who wished the penknife in Mr. Harley's back, though Guiscard alone was desperate enough to attempt it. Who were those that, by their discourses as well as countenances, discovered their joy when the blow was struck! Who were those that went out or stood silent when the address and congratulation were voted! and who were those that reined so far as to make Mr. Harley confederate with his own assassin!

There is one point which this author affirms more than once or twice in a transient way, as if he would have us suppose it a thing granted, but is of such a weight, that it wants nothing but truth to make the late change of ministry a very useless and dangerous proceeding; for so it must be allowed, if, as he affirms, "Affairs are still under the like management, and must be so, because there is no better; that this set of men must take the same courses in their ministrations with their predecessors, or ten times worse; that the new servants go on in the old methods, and give the same counsel and advice on the like occasions with the old ones;" with more to the same purpose. A man may affirm, without being of the cabinet, that every syllable of this is absolutely false, unless he means that money is still raised by parliament, and borrowed upon new funds; that the duke of Marlborough still commands the army; that we have a treasurer, keeper, president, and secretaries, as we had before; and that, because the council meets much about the same times and places as formerly, therefore they give the same advice and pursue the same measures. What does he think of finding funds to pay the old unprovided-for debt of the navy, and erecting a company for the South Sea trade! What does he think of Mr. Hill's expedition to preserve our trade in the West Indies! What of the methods taken to make our allies pay their quotas to the war, which was a thing so scandalously either neglected, connived at, or encouraged! What of the care to retrench the exorbitant expenses of the Spanish war! What of those many abuses and corruptions at home which have been so narrowly inquired into, and in a good part redressed! Evils so deeply radiated must require some time to remedy them, and cannot be all set right in a few months. Besides, there are some circumstances, known by the names of honour, probity, good sense, great capacity for business, as likewise certain principles of religion and loyalty, the want, or possession of all which will make a mighty difference even in the pursuit of the same measures. There is also one characteristic which will ever distinguish the late ministry from the present: that the former, sacrificing all other regards to the increase of their wealth and power, found those were no otherwise to be preserved but by continuance of the war; whereas the interests as well as inclinations of the present dispose them to

make use of the first opportunities for a safe and honourable peace.

The writer goes on upon another parallel case, which is the modern way of reflecting upon a prince and ministry. He tells us, "That the queen was brought to discard her old officers through the multitude of complaints, secret teasings, and importunate clamours of a rout of people, led by their priests, and spirited underhand by crafty emissaries." Would not any one who reads this imagine that the whole rabble, with the clergy at their head, were whispering in the queen's ear, or came in disguise to desire a word with her majesty, like the army of the two kings of Brentford! The unblasted majority of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom are called, by this son of obscurity, a rout of people, and the clergy their leaders. We have often accused that party for their evil talent of railing perpetually against the clergy, which they discovered at first without any visible reason or provocation, as conscious of the designs they had in view, and therefore wisely began by vilifying those whom they intended to destroy. I have observed formerly that the party malice against the clergy has been so blind and furious as to charge them with crimes wholly inconsistent. I find they are still in the same disposition, and that this writer has received direction from his superiors to pursue the old style upon that article. Accordingly, in the paragraph I am now upon he represents that reverend body as leaders, cullies, and tools. First, he says "That rout of secret teasers (meaning the nobility and gentry of the kingdom) were led by the priests." Then he assures us "That the queen will, in a year or two, begin to consider who it was that cheated those poor priests." And in case her majesty should have a mind to bring in the old ministry again, he comforts his party "That the priests are seldom wanting to become the tools of cunning managers." I desire to know in what sense he would have us to understand that these poor priests have been cheated. Are they cheated by a fund established for building fifty churches! or by the queen's letter empowering them to proceed on the business proper for a convocation! What one single advantage could they possibly lose by this change! They are still indeed abused every day in print, but it is by those who are without the power to hurt them; the serpent has lost his sting, is trodden under foot, and its hissing is contemned. But he confidently affirms "That, when it shall be thought fit to restore the old ministry, the priests will not be wanting to become the tools of their cunning managers." This I cannot by any means allow, unless they have some hidden reserve of cunning which has never yet been produced. The cunningest managers I ever knew among them are, of all others, most detested by the clergy; neither do I remember they have been ever able to make any of them tools, except by making them hisbops: even those few they were able to seduce would not be their tools at a lower rate.

But because this author, and others of his standard, affect to make use of that word tool when they have a mind to be shrewd and satirical, I desire once for all to set them right. A tool, and an instrument, in the metaphorical sense, differ thus: the former is an engine in the hands of knaves; the latter in those of wise and honest men. The greatest ministers are instruments in the hands of princes, and so are princes themselves in the hands of God; and in this sense the clergy are ready to be instruments of any good to the prince or people. But that the clergy of England, since the Reformation, have at any time been the tools of a party is a calumny which history

and constant experience will immediately confute. Schismatic and fanatic preachers have indeed been perpetually employed that way, with good success, by the faction against king Charles I., to murder their prince and ruin the monarchy,—by king James II., to bring in popery, and ever since the revolution to advance the unmeasurable appetite of power and wealth among a set of profligate upstarts. But in all these three instances the established clergy (except a very few, like tares among wheat, and those generally sown by the enemy) were so far from being tools, that in the first they were persecuted, imprisoned, and deprived; and in the two others they were great instruments, under God, for preserving our religion and liberty.

In the same paragraph which contains a project for turning out the present ministry and restoring the last, he owns that the queen is now served with more obsequious words, more humble adorations, and a more seeming resignation to her will and pleasure, than she was before. And indeed, if this be not true, her majesty has the worst luck of any prince in Christendom. The reverse of these phrases I take to be rude expressions, insolent behaviour, and a real opposition to her majesty's most just and reasonable commands, which are the mildest terms that the demeanour of some late persons toward their prince can deserve in return of the highest favours that subjects ever received, whereof a hundred particulars might be produced. So that, according to our author's way of reasoning, I will put a parallel case in my turn. I have a servant to whom I am exceedingly kind; I reward him infinitely above his merit; beside which, he and his family snap everything they can lay their hands on; they will let none come near me but themselves and dependants; they misrepresent my best friends as my greatest enemies; besides, they are so saucy and malapert, there is no speaking to them; so far from any respect, that they treat me as an inferior. At last I pluck up spirit, turn them all out of doors, and take in new ones, who are content with what I allow them, though I have less to spare than formerly; give me their best advice when I ask it, are constantly in the way, do what I bid them, make a bow when they come in and go out, and always give me a respectful answer. I suppose the writer of the letter would tell me that my present domestics were indeed a little more civil, but the former were better servants.

There are two things wherewith this author is peculiarly angry; first, at the licentious way of the scum of mankind treating the greatest peers in the nation; secondly, that these hedge-writers (a phrase I unwillingly lend him, because it cost me some pains to invent) seldom speak a word against any of the late ministry, but they presently fall to compliment my lord-treasurer and others in great places. On the first he brings but one instance, but I could produce a good many hundred. What does he think of the *Observer*, the *Review*, and the *Medley*? In his own impartial judgment, may not they as fairly bid for being the scum of mankind as the *Examiner*? and have they not treated at least as many, and almost as great peers, in as infamous a manner? I grant, indeed, that through the great defect of truth, genius, learning, and common sense, among the libellers of that party, they being of no entertainment to the world, after serving the present turn, were immediately forgotten. But this we can remember in gross, that there was not a great man in England, distinguished for his love to the monarchy or the church, who, under the appellations of tory, jacobite, highflier, and other cant words, was not represented as a public enemy and laden by name

with all manner of obloquy. Nay, have they not even disturbed the ashes, and endeavoured to blast the memories of the dead, and chiefly of those who lost their lives in the service of the monarchy and the church? His other quarrel is at our flattering my lord-treasurer and other great persons in power. To which I shall only say, for every line written in praise of the present ministry, I will engage to furnish the author with three pages of the most fulsome panegyrics on the least deserving members of the last; which is somewhat more than by the proportion of time, while they were in power, could fall to their share. Indeed, I am apt to think that the men of wit, at least, will be more sparing in their incense of this kind for the future, and say no more of any great man now at the helm than they believe he deserves. Pious, dedications, and other public eulogiums, might be of use to those who were obliged to keep up an unnatural spirit in the nation, by supplying it with art; and consequently the authors deserved, and sometimes met, encouragement and reward. But those great patriots now at the head of affairs are sufficiently supported by the unimpelled favour of the queen and the natural disposition of the people. We can do them no service by our applauses, and therefore expect no payment; so that I look upon this kind of stock to have fallen at least ninety per cent. since the great changes at court.

He puts a few questions, which I am in some pain to answer. "Cannot," says he, "the successors be excellent men unless the predecessors be villains? Cannot the queen change her ministers, but they must presently be such as neither God nor man can endure? Do noblemen fall from all honour, virtue, and religion, because they are so unhappy as to fall from their prince's favour?" I desire to say something, in the first place, to this last question; which I answer in the negative. However, he will own that "men should fall from their prince's favour when they are so unhappy as to fall from all honour, virtue, and religion;" though I must confess my belief at the same time that some certain persons have lately fallen from favour who could not for a very manifest reason be said, properly speaking, to fall from any of the other three. To his other questions I can only say that the constant language of the Whig pamphleteers has been, this twelvemonth past, to tell us how dangerous a step it was to change the ministry at so nice a juncture; to shake our credit, disoblige our allies, and encourage the French. Then this author tells us that those discarded politicians were the greatest ministers we ever had; his brethren have said the same thing a hundred times. On the other side the queen, upon long deliberation, was resolved to part with them; the universal voice of the people was against them: her majesty is the most mild and gracious prince that ever reigned; we have been constantly victorious, and are ruined; the enemy flourishes under his perpetual losses. If these be the consequences of an able, faithful, diligent, and dutiful administration, of that astonishing success be says Providence has crowned us with, what can be those of one directly contrary? But, not to enter into a wide field at present, I faithfully promise the author of the letter, his correspondents, his patrons, and his brethren, that this mystery of iniquity shall be very shortly laid open to the view of the world; when the most ignorant and prejudiced reader will, I hope, be convinced, by facts not to be controlled, how miserably this poor kingdom had been deluded to the very brink of destruction.

He would have it that the people of England

have lost their senses; are bewitched and cheated, mad and without understanding; but all this will go off by degrees, and then his great men will recover their esteem and credit. I did in one of my papers overthrow this idle affected opinion, which has been a thousand times urged by those who most wished and least believed it; I there showed the difference between a short madness of the people and their natural bent or genius. I remember, when king James II. went from England, he left a paper behind him with expressions much to the same purpose; hoping among other things that God would open the eyes of the nation. Too much zeal for his religion brought us then in danger of popery and arbitrary power; too much infidelity, avarice, and ambition, brought us lately into equal danger of atheism and anarchy. The people have not yet opened their eyes to see any advantage in the two former; nor, I hope, will ever find their senses enough to discover the blessings of the two latter. Cannot I see things in another light than this author and his party do without being blind? Is my understanding lost when it differs from theirs? am I cheated, bewitched, and out of my senses, because I think those to have been betrayers of our country whom they call patriots?

He hopes his seven correspondents will never want their places, but is in pain for the poor kingdom lest their places should want them. Now, I have examined this matter, and am not at all discouraged. Two of them hold their places still, and are likely to continue in them: two more were governors of islands; I believe the author does not imagine those to be among the places which will want men to fill them. God be thanked, a man may command the bee-eaters without being a soldier; I will at any time undertake to do it myself. Then it would be a little hard if the queen should be at a loss for a steward to her family. So that, upon the whole, I see but one great employment which is in any danger of wanting a sufficient person to execute it. We must do as well as we can; yet I have been told that the bare business of presiding in council does not require such very transcendent abilities; and I am mistaken if, till within these late years, we have not been some ages without that office. So that I hope things may go well enough provided the keeper, treasurer, and both the secretaries, will do their duties; and it is happy for the nation that none of their seven lordships left any of those places to want them.

The writer of the letter concludes it with "an appeal to all the princes and states of Europe, friends and enemies by name, to give their judgment, whether they think the late ministry were wanting in faithfulness, abilities, or diligence, to serve their prince and country?" Now, if he speaks by orders of his party, I am humbly of opinion they have incurred a *præsumptio* for appealing to a foreign jurisdiction; and her majesty may seize their goods and chattels whenever she pleases. In the mean time, I will not accept his appeal, which has been rejected by the queen and both houses of parliament. But, let a fair jury be empanelled in any county of England, and I will be determined by their verdict. First, he names the king of France and all his counsellors, with the pretender and all his favourers and abettors. These I except against; I know they will readily judge the late ministry to be faithful, able, and diligent in serving their prince and country. The counsels of some people have, in their way, served very much to promote the service of the pre-

^a The duke of Somerset and the earl of Halifax.

^b The earl of Wharton and the duke of Bolton.

tender, and to enable the French king to assist him; and is not he, in that monarch's opinion as well as his own, their lawful prince? I except against the emperor and the states; because it can be proved upon them that the plaintiffs and they have an understanding together. I except against any prince who makes unreasonable demands, and threatens to recall his troops if they be not complied with: because they have been forced of late to change their language, and may perhaps be shortly obliged to observe their articles more strictly. I should be sorry for the appellars' sakes to have their case referred to the kings of Sweden and Denmark, who infallibly would decree them to be all hanged up for their insolence to their sovereign. But, above all, the king of Spain would certainly be against them, when he considers with how scandalous a neglect his interests have been managed; and that the full possession of his kingdom was made a sacrifice to those whose private or party interest swayed them to the continuance of the war. The author had reason to omit the grand seigneur and czar in the list of his Judges; the decrees of those princes are too sudden and sanguinary; and their lessons to instruct subjects in behaviour to their princes, by strangling them with a howstring or flinging them to be devoured alive by hogs, were enough to deter them from submitting to their jurisdiction.

A NEW JOURNEY TO PARIS;

TOGETHER WITH SOME SECRET TRANSACTIONS
BETWEEN THE FRENCH KING AND AN
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

BY THE SIEUR DU BAUDRIER.

Translated from the French.

"I had rather be thought a good Englishman than the best
poet of the greatest scholar that ever wrote."

Prior, Preface to "Solomon."

I HAVE just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day; and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and I don't not but it will take.—*Journal to Solilo,* Aug. 31, 1711.

This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's journey; it makes a two-penny pamphlet: I suppose you will see it, for I dare say it will run. It is a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I wrote all but the last page; that I dictated, and the printer wrote. Mr. Secretary sent to me to find where he did; it was at Prior's. When I came in Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, "Here is our English liberty!" I read some of it; said "I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for had it come into my head I should have certainly done it myself." Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying. It seems he was discovered by a rasal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass.—*Ibid.*, 8-9-10.

The printer told me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure lie.—*Ibid.*, Sept. 19.

Prior's journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty.—*Ibid.*, Sept. 24.

There came out some time ago an account of Mr. Prior's journey to France, pretended to be a translation; it is a pure invention from the beginning to the end. I will let your grace into the secret of it. The clamours of a party against any peace with Spain, and railing at the ministry as if they designed to ruin us, occasioned that production, out of indignity and contempt, by way of furnishing fools with something to talk of; and it has had a very great effect.—*Letter to Abp. King*, Oct. 1, 1711.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

THE original of the following discourse was transmitted to me three days ago from the Hague, to which town it was sent from France; but in the title-page there was no mention of the place where it was printed, only the author's name at length and the year of our Lord. That the tract is genuine

I believe no person will doubt. You see all along the vanity of that nation, in a mean man giving himself the airs of a secretary, when it appears by several circumstances that he was received only as a menial servant. It were to be wished the author had been one of more importance and further trusted in the secrets of his master's negotiation; but to make amends he informs us of several particulars which one of more consequence would not have given himself the trouble about; and the particulars are such as we at home will perhaps be curious to know; not to mention that he gives us much light into some things that are of great moment; and by his not pretending to know more we cannot doubt the truth of what he relates.

It is plain he waited at table, carried his master's valise, and attended in his bedchamber; though he takes care to tell us that Monsieur Prior made many excuses and apologies, because these mean offices appear very inconsistent with the character of secretary, which he would seem to set up for.

I shall make no reflections on this important affair, nor upon the consequences we may expect from it. To reason upon secrets of state, without knowing all the springs and motions of them, is too common a talent among us, and the foundation of a thousand errors. Here is room enough for speculations; but I advise the reader to let them serve for his own entertainment, without troubling the world with his remarks.

TO MONSIEUR MONSIEUR —, AT ESTAPLE.*

SIR,—I doubt not but you are curious, as many others are, to know the secret of Monsieur Prior's (an English gentleman) late journey from London to Paris. Perhaps, living retired as you do, you may not have heard of this person, though some years ago he was very much distinguished at Paris, and in good esteem even with our august monarch. I must let you so far into his character as to tell you that Monsieur Prior has signalised himself both as an eminent poet and a man of business; was very much valued by the late king William, who employed him in important affairs, both in England and Holland. He was secretary to the English embassy at the treaty of Ryswick, and afterward to my lords the counts of Portland and Jersey; and in the absence of the latter managed for some time the affairs of England at our court by himself. Since the reign of queen Anne he was employed as commissioner of trade; but the ministry changing soon after queen Anne's coming to the crown, Monsieur Prior, who was thought too much attached to the *rigides* (Tories), was laid aside, and lived privately at Cambridge;† where he is a professor, till he was recalled by the present ministry.

About two months ago our king [Lewis XIV.], resolving once more to give peace to Europe, notwithstanding the flourishing condition of his fleets and armies, the good posture of his finances, that his grandson was almost entirely settled in the quiet possession of Spain, and that the affairs of the north were changing every day to his advantage, offered the court of England to send a minister as far as Boulogne, who should be there met by some person from England, to treat the overtures of a peace. Upon the first notice that this was agreed to, the king immediately despatched Monsieur de Torcy, in whom he very much confides, to Boulogne, where he took lodging in a private house in the Faux-

* A seaport town in the Boulonnais.—Swift.

† A mistake of the author: for Monsieur Prior did not retire to Cambridge, nor is a professor, but a fellow.—Swift.

bourg, at one Mr. de Marais, a marchand de soy, who is married to an Englishwoman, that formerly had been a *swaivante* to one^a of the forementioned English ambassadors' ladies, over against the Hostellerie de St. Jean. Monsieur stayed six days with much impatience; when, late at evening on Wednesday the 14th of July (new style), a person, whom we afterward knew to be Monsieur Prior, came directly to the door and inquired for Monsieur de la Bastide, the name and place, I suppose, having been before concerted. He was immediately shown unto Monsieur Torcy, where, as I am informed, they were shut up for three hours together, without any refreshment, though Monsieur Prior had rid post from Calais that day in a great deal of rain. The next morning I was sent for in all haste by Monsieur de Marais, who told me "That a person of quality, as he suspected, lately come from England, had some occasion for a secretary; and, because he knew I understood the languages, wrote a tolerable hand, had been conversant with persons of quality, and formerly trusted with secrets of importance, had been so kind to recommend me to the said gentleman, to serve him in that quality." I was immediately called up and presented to Mr. Prior; who accosted me with great civility, and after some conversation was pleased to tell me, "I had fully answered the character Monsieur de Marais had given me." From this time to the day Monsieur Prior left Calais in order to return to England, I may pretend to give you a faithful account of all his motions, and some probable conjectures of his whole negotiation between Boulogne and Versailles.

But perhaps, sir, you may be further curious to know the particulars of Monsieur Prior's journey to Boulogne. It is reported that, some time before the peace of Ryswick, king William did despatch this very gentleman to Paris upon the same account for which he now came. This possibly might be the motive (beside the known abilities of Monsieur Prior) to send him a second time. The following particulars I heard in discourse between Mademoiselle de Marais and her husband; which, being no great secrets on our side the water, I suppose were told without consequence.

Monsieur Prior, having received his instructions from the English court, under pretence of taking a short journey of pleasure and visiting the chevalier de H— (Sir Thomas Hanmer), in the province of Suffolk, left his house on Sunday night, the 11th of July, N.S., taking none of his servants with him. Monsieur M—, who had already prepared a bark, with all necessities, on the coast of Dover, took Monsieur Prior disguised in his ehariot. They lay on Monday night, the 12th of July, at the count de Jerney's house in Kent, arrived in good time the next day at Dover, drove directly to the shore, made the sign by waving their hats, which was answered by the vessel, and the boat was immediately sent to take him in; which he entered, wrapped in his cloak, and soon got aboard. He was six hours at sea, and arrived at Calais about eleven at night; went immediately to the governor, who received him with great respect, where he lay all night; and set out pretty late the next morning, being somewhat incommoded with his voyage; and then took post for Boulogne, as I have before related.

In the first conversation I had the honour to have with Monsieur Prior he was pleased to talk as if he would have occasion for my service but a very few days; and seemed resolved, by his discourse, that after he had despatched his commission with Monsieur de la Bastide (for so we shall from hence-

forward call that minister) he would return to England. By this I found I should have but little employment in quality of secretary; however, having heard so great a character of him, I was willing to attend him in any capacity he pleased. Four days we continued at Boulogne, where Monsieur de la Bastide and Monsieur Prior had two long conferences every day from ten to one at noon and from six till nine in the evening. Monsieur Prior did me the honour to send me some meat and wine constantly from his own table. Upon the third morning I was ordered to attend early, and observed Monsieur Prior to have a pleasant countenance. He asked me "What I thought of a journey to England?" and commanded me to be ready at an hour's warning. But upon the fourth evening all this was changed, and I was directed to hire the best horse I could find for myself.

We set out early the next day, Sunday the 18th, for Paris, in Monsieur de la Bastide's chaise, whose two attendants and myself made up the equipage; but a small *coche*, which I suppose contained Monsieur Prior's instructions, he was pleased to trust to my care to carry on horseback; which trust I discharged with the utmost faithfulness.

Somewhat above two leagues from Boulogne, at a small village called Neille, the axle-tree broke, which took us two hours to mend; we halted at Montreuil, and lay that night at Abbeville. But I shall not give you any detail of our journey, which passed without any considerable accident till we arrived within four leagues of Paris; when about three in the afternoon two cavaliers, well mounted and armed with pistols, crossed the road, then turned short, and rode up briskly to the chaise, commanding the coachman to stop. Monsieur de la Bastide's two attendants were immediately up with them; but I, who guessed at the importance of the charge that Monsieur Prior had intrusted me with, though I was in no fear for my own person, thought it most prudent to advance with what speed I could to a small village, about a quarter of a league forward, to wait the event. I soon observed the chaise to come on without any disturbance, and I ventured to meet it; when I found that it was only a frolic of two young cadets of quality, who had been making a debauch at a friend's house hard by, and were returning to Paris; one of them was not unknown to Monsieur de la Bastide. The two cavaliers began to rally me; said "I knew how to make a retreat;" with some other pleasantries; but Monsieur Prior (who knew the cause) highly commended my discretion. We continued our journey very merrily; and arrived at Paris on Tuesday the 20th, in the cool of the evening.

At the entrance of the town our two cavaliers left us; and Monsieur de la Bastide conducted Monsieur Prior to a private lodging in the Rue St. Louis, which, by all circumstances, I concluded to be prepared for his reception. Here I first had orders to say, that the gentleman to whom I had the honour to belong was called Monsieur Matthews; I then knew no otherwise. Afterward, at Versailles, I overheard, in conversation with Monsieur de la Bastide, that his real name was Prior.

Monsieur de la Bastide would have had Monsieur Matthews to have gone with him next morning to Versailles, but could not prevail with him to comply; of which I could never be able to learn the reason. Our minister was very importunate; and Monsieur Prior seemed to have no fatigue remaining from his journey: perhaps he might conceive it more suitable to his dignity that Monsieur de la Bastide should go before to prepare the king, by giving notice of

his arrival. However it were, Monsieur de la Bastide made all haste to Versailles, and returned the same night. During his absence Monsieur Prior never stirred out of his chamber; and after dinner did me the honour to send for me up, "that I might bear him company," as he was pleased to express it. I was surprised to hear him wondering at the misery he had observed in our country in his journey from Calais; at the scarcity and poverty of the inhabitants, "which," he said, "did much exceed even what he had seen in his former journey;" for he owned that he had been in France before. He seemed to value himself very much upon the happiness of his own island, which, as he pretended, had felt no effects like these upon trade or agriculture.

I made bold to return for answer, "That in our nation, we only consulted the magnificence and power of our prince; but that in England, as I was informed, the wealth of the kingdom was so divided among the people, that little or nothing was left to their sovereign; and that it was confidently told (though hardly believed in France) that some subjects had palaces more magnificent than queen Anne herself: that I hoped, when he went to Versailles, he would allow the grandeur of our potent monarch to exceed, not only that of England, but any other in Europe; by which he would find that what he called the poverty of our nation was rather the effect of policy in our court than any real want or necessity."

Monsieur Prior had no better answer to make me than "That he was no stranger to our court, the splendour of our prince, and the maxims by which he governed; but, for his part, he thought those countries were happier where the productions of it were more equally divided." Such unaccountable notions is the prejudice of education apt to give! In these and the like discourses we wore away the time till Monsieur de la Bastide's return; who, after an hour's private conference with Monsieur Prior, which I found by their countenances had been warmly pursued on both sides, a chariot and six horses (to my great surprise) were instantly ordered, wherein the two ministers entered, and drove away with all expedition; myself only attending on horseback with my important *valise*.

We got to Versailles on Wednesday the 21st about eleven at night; but, instead of entering the town, the coachman drove us a back way into the fields, till we stopped at a certain vineyard, that I afterward understood joined to the gardens of Madame Maintenon's lodgings. Here the two gentlemen alighted: Monsieur Prior, calling to me, bade me search in the *valise* for a small box of writings; after which, the coachman was ordered to attend in that place; and we proceeded on some paces, till we stopped at a little postern, which opened into the vineyard, whereof Monsieur de la Bastide had the key. He opened it very readily, and shut it after them; desiring me to stay till their return.

I waited with some impatience for three hours: the great clock struck two before they came out. The coachman, who I suppose had his instructions before, as soon as they were got into the chariot, drove away to a small house at the end of the town, where Monsieur de la Bastide left us to ourselves. I observed Monsieur Prior was very thoughtful; and, without entering into any conversation, desired my assistance to put him to bed. Next morning, Thursday the 22nd, I had positive orders not to stir abroad. About ten o'clock Monsieur de la Bastide came. The house being small, my apartment was divided from Monsieur Prior's by a thin wainscot; so that I could easily hear what they said

when they raised their voice, as they often did. After some time I could hear Monsieur de la Bastide say with great warmth, *Bon Dieu, &c.* "Good God! were ever such demands made to a great monarch, unless you were at the gates of his metropolis! For the love of God! Monsieur Prior, relax something if your instructions will permit you; else I shall despair of any good success in our negotiation. Is it not enough that our king will abandon his grandson, but he must lend his own arm to pull him out of the throne! Why did you not open yourself to me at Boulogne! Why are you more inexorable here at Versailles! you have risen in your demands, by seeing Madame Maintenon's desire for a peace! As able as you are to continue the war, consider which is to be most preferred, the good of your country or the particular advantage of your general; for he will be the only gainer among your subjects," Monsieur Prior, who has a low voice, and had not that occasion for passion, answered so softly that I could not well understand him; but upon parting I heard him say, "If you insist still on these difficulties, my next audience will be that of leave."

Three hours after, Monsieur de la Bastide returned again, with a countenance more composed. He asked Mr. Prior if he would give him leave to dine with him! Having no attendants, I readily offered my service at table; which Monsieur Prior was pleased to accept with abundance of apologies. I found they were come to a better understanding. Mr. Prior has a great deal of wit and vivacity; he entertained Monsieur de la Bastide with much pleasantry, notwithstanding their being upon the reserve before me. "That Monsieur," says Mr. Matthews, "if he were unparticular [a private man], would be the most agreeable person in the world." I imagined they spoke of the king; but, going often in and out, I could not preserve the connexion of their discourse. "Did you mind how obligingly he inquired whether our famous Chevalier Newton was still living! He told me my good friend poor Despreaux [Boileau] was dead since I was in France, and asked me after queen Anne's health." These are some of the particulars I overheard while at dinner; which confirmed my opinion that Monsieur Prior last night had an audience of his majesty.

About ten that evening Monsieur de la Bastide came to take Monsieur Matthews to go to the same place where they were at before. I was permitted to enter the vineyard, but not the gardens, being left at the gate to wait their return; which was in about two hours' time. The moon shone bright; and by Monsieur Matthews' manner I thought he appeared somewhat dissatisfied. When he came into his chamber he threw off his hat in some passion, folded his arms, and walked up and down the room for above an hour, extremely pensive; at length he called to be put to bed, and ordered me to set a candle by his bed-side, and to fetch him some papers out of his *valise* to read.

On Friday the 23rd, in the morning, Monsieur Matthews was so obliging to call me to him, with the assurance that he was extremely pleased with my discretion and manner of address; as a proof of which satisfaction, he would give me leave to satisfy my curiosity with seeing so fine a place as Versailles; telling me "he should return next day toward Boulogne;" and therefore advised me to go immediately to view the palace; with this caution (though he did not suppose I needed it), not to say anything of the occasion that brought me to Versailles.

Monsieur de la Bastide having stayed the after-

* It is this and some other preceding particulars we may discover what sort of secretary the author was.—Swift.

noon with Monsieur Matthews, about eight o'clock they went to the rendezvous. My curiosity had led me in the morning to take a strieter view of the vineyard and gardens. I remained at the gate as before. In an hour and a half's time Monsieur Matthews, with Monsieur de la Bastide, another gentleman, and a lady, came into the walk. De la Bastide opened the gate, and held it some time in his hand. While Monsieur Matthews was taking his leave of those persons, I heard the lady say, at parting, *Monsieur, songez-vous, &c.* "Consider this night on what we have said to you." The gentleman seconded her, saying *Oui, oui, monsieur, songez-vous en pour la dernière fois.* "Ay, ay, sir, consider of it for the last time." To which Monsieur Matthews answered briskly in going out, *Sire, tout ou rien, &c.* "Sir, all or none, as I have had the honour to tell your majesty before." Which puts it beyond dispute what the quality of those persons were by whom Monsieur Matthews had the honour to be entertained.

On Saturday the 24th Monsieur Matthews kept close as before; telling me "a post-chaise was ordered to carry him to Calais; and he would do me the grace to take me with him to keep him company in the journey, for he should leave Monsieur de la Bastide at Versailles." While we were discoursing that gentleman came in, with an open air and a smiling countenance. He embraced Monsieur Matthews, and seemed to feel so much joy that he could not easily conceal it. I left the chamber, and retired to my own; whence I could hear him say, "Courage, Monsieur: no travelling to-day. Madame Maintenon will have me once more conduct you to her." After which I was called, and received orders about dinner, &c. Monsieur de la Bastide told me "We should set out about midnight." He stayed the rest of the day with Monsieur Matthews. About ten o'clock they went forth, but dispensed with my attendance; it was one in the morning before they returned, though the chaise was at the gate soon after eleven. Monsieur Matthews took a morsel of bread and a large glass of Hermitage wine; after which they embraced with much kindness, and so parted.

Our journey to Calais passed without any accident worth informing you. Mr. Prior, who is of a constitution somewhat tender, was troubled with a rheum, which made speaking uneasy to him: but it was not so at all to me; and therefore I entertained him as well as I could, chiefly with the praises of our great monarch, the magnificence of his court, the number of his attendants, the awe and veneration paid him by his generals and ministers, and the immense riches of the kingdom. One afternoon, in a small village between Chaumont and Beauvais, as I was discoursing on this subject, several poor people followed the chaise to beg our charity: one louder than the rest, a comely person about fifty, all in rags, but with a mien that showed him to be of a good house, cried out, *Monsieur, pour l'amour de Dieu, &c.* "Sir, for the love of God, give something to the Marquis de Sourdis!" Mr. Prior, half asleep, roused himself up at the name of Marquis, called the poor gentleman to him, and, observing something in his behaviour like a man of quality, very generously threw him a pistole. As the coach went on, Monsieur Prior asked me with much surprise "Whether I thought it possible that unhappy creature could be *un véritable marquis*; for, if it were so, surely the miseries of our country must be much greater than even our very enemies could hope or believe!" I made bold to tell him "That I thought we could not well judge from particulars to generals: and

that I was sure there were great numbers of *marquis* in France who had ten thousand livres a-year." I tell you this passage to let you see that the wisest men have some prejudices of their country about them. We got to Calais on Wednesday the 28th, in the evening; and the next morning (the 29th) I took my leave of Monsieur Prior; who, thanking me in the civillest manner in the world for the service I had done him, very nobly made me a present of twenty pistoles; and so we parted. He put to sea with a fair wind, and I suppose in a few hours landed in England.

This, sir, is the utmost I am able to inform you about Monsieur Prior's journey and negotiation. Time alone will let us know the events of it, which are yet in the dark.—I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,
DU BARDRIER.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE author of this tract, having left his master on a shipboard at Calais, had, it seems, no further intelligence when he published it: neither am I able to supply it, but by what passes in common report; which, being in everybody's mouth, but with no certainty, I think it needless to repeat.

SOME ADVICE HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE OCTOBER CLUB. IN A LETTER FROM A PERSON OF HONOUR.*

I HAVE made Ford copy a small pamphlet, and send to the press, that I might not be known its author: 'tis *A Letter to the October Club*, if you ever heard of such a thing.—*Journals to Stella*, Jan. 18, 1711-12.

I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called *Advice to the October Club*, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand. I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 21.

I was to-night at Lord Masham's. Lord Dolphin took out my new little pamphlet: and the secretary read a great deal to Lord treasurer. They all commended it to the skies, and so did I; and they began a health to the author. But I doubt Lord treasurer suspected; for he said, "This is Dr. Davensant's style;" which is his coat when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 23.

The little twopenny *Letter of Advice to the October Club* does not sell. I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it because it does not sell. You know that is usual to writers, to condemn the judgment of the world. If I had hired it to be mine everybody would have bought it, but it is a great secret.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 23.

The pamphlet of *Advice to the October Club* begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you.—*Ibid.*, Feb. 1.

THE PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

ABOUT the year when her late majesty, of blessed memory, thought proper to change her ministry, and brought in Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, Mr. Simon Harcourt, and some others; the first of these being made an earl and lord-treasurer, he was soon after blamed by the friends for not making a general sweep of all the Whigs, as the latter did of their adversaries upon her majesty's death, when they came into power. At that time a great number of parliament-men, amounting to above two hundred, grew so warm upon the slowness of the treasurer in this part, that they formed themselves into a body under the name of the October Club, and had many meetings to consult upon some methods that might spur on those in power, so that they might make a quicker despatch in removing all of the Whig leaven from the employments they still possessed. To prevent the ill consequences of this discontent among so many worthy members, the rest of the ministry

* Supposed at the time to have been Lord Harcourt.

joined with the treasurer, partly to pacify and partly divide those who were in greater haste than moderate men thought convenient. It was well known that the supposed author met a considerable number of this club in a public-house, where he convinced them very plainly of the treasurer's slaveriness, with many of those very reasons which are urged in the following discourse, beside some others which were not so proper to appear at that time in print.

The treasurer alleged in his defence, that such a treatment would not consist with prudence, because there were many employments to be bestowed which required skill and practice; that several gentlemen who possessed them had been long versed, very loyal to her majesty, had never been violent party-men, and were ready to fall into all honest measures for the service of their queen and country. But, however, as offices became vacant, he would humbly recommend to her majesty such gentlemen whose principles, with regard both to church and state, his friends would approve of, and he would be ready to accept their recommendations. Thus the earl proceeded in procuring employments for those who deserved them by their honesty, and abilities to execute them; which, I confess, to have been a singularity not very likely to be imitated. However, the gentlemen of this club still continued uneasy that no quicker progress was made in removals, until those who were least violent began to soften a little, or, by dividing them, the whole affair dropped. During this difficulty we have been assured that the following discourse was very seasonably published with great success; showing the difficulties that the earl of Oxford lay under, and his real desire that all persons in employment should be true loyal churchmen, zealous for her majesty's honour and safety, as well as for the succession in the house of Hanover, if the queen should happen to die without issue. This discourse, having been published about the year 1711, and many of the facts forgotten, would not have been generally understood without some explanation, which we have now endeavoured to give, because it seems a point of history too material to be lost. We use this piece of intelligence to an intimate of the supposed author.

SOME ADVICE, &c.

GENTLEMEN,—Since the first institution of your society I have always thought you capable of the greatest things. Such a number of persons, members of parliament, true lovers of our constitution in church and state, meeting at certain times, and mixing business and conversation together, without the forms and constraint necessary to be observed in public assemblies, must very much improve each other's understanding, correct and fix your judgment, and prepare yourselves against any designs of the opposite party. Upon the opening of this session an incident has happened, to provide against the consequences whereof will require your utmost vigilance and application. All this last summer the enemy was working underground, and laying their train; they gradually became more frequent and bold in their pamphlets and papers, while those on our side were dropped, as if we had no further occasion for them. Some time before, an opportunity fell into their hands which they have cultivated ever since; and thereby have endeavoured, in some sort, to turn those arts against us which had been so effectually employed to their ruin: a plain demonstration of their superior skill in intrigue, to make a stratagem succeed a second time, and this

even against those who first tried it upon them.^a I know not whether this opportunity I have mentioned could have been prevented by any care without straining a very tender point; which those chiefly concerned avoided by all means, because it might seem a counterpart of what they had so much condemned in their predecessors; although it is certain the two cases were widely different; and if policy had once got the better of good nature, all had been safe, for there was no danger in view; but the consequences of this were foreseen from the beginning; and those who kept the watch had early warning of it. It would have been a masterpiece of prudence in this case to have made a friend of an enemy. But whether that were possible to be compassed, or whether it were ever attempted, is now too late to inquire. All accommodation was rendered desperate by an unlucky proceeding some months ago at Windsor,^b which was a declaration of war too frank and generous for that situation of affairs, and I am told was not approved of by a certain great minister [the lord-treasurer]. It was obvious to suppose that, in a particular where the honour and interest of a husband were so closely united with those of a wife, he might be sure of her utmost endeavours for his protection, although she neither loved nor esteemed him. The danger of losing power, favour, profit, and shelter from domestic tyranny, were strong incitements to stir up a working brain, early practised in all the arts of intriguing. Neither is it safe to count upon the weakness of any man's understanding who is thoroughly possessed with the spirit of revenge to sharpen his invention: nothing else is required beside obsequiousness and assiduity; which, as they are often the talents of those who have no better, so they are apt to make impressions upon the best and greatest minds.

It was no small advantage to the designing party that, since the adventure at Windsor, the person on whom we so much depend [the lord-treasurer] was long absent by sickness, which hindered him from pursuing those measures that ministers are in prudence forced to take to defend their country and themselves against an irritated faction. The negotiators on the other side improved this favourable conjuncture to the utmost, and, by an unparalleled boldness, accompanied with many falsehoods, persuaded certain lords (who were already in the same principle, but were afraid of making a wrong step, lest it should lead them out of their coaches into the dirt) that voting in appearance against the court would be the safest course to avoid the danger they most apprehended, which was that of losing their pensions; and their opinions, when produced, by seemingly contradicting their interest, have an appearance of virtue into the bargain. This, with some arguments of more immediate power, went far in producing that strange unexpected turn we have so lately seen, and from which our adversaries reckoned upon such wonderful effects, and some of them, particularly my lord chief-justice, began to act as if all were already in their power.

But although the more immediate causes of this desertion were what I have above related, yet I am apt to think it would hardly have been attempted, or at least not have succeeded, but for a prevailing opinion that the church-party and the ministers had different views, or at least were not so firmly united as they ought to have been. It was commonly said, and I suppose not without some ground of truth, that many gentlemen of your club were discontented

^a The queen's favour for the duchess of Somerset, grown at the stake.

^b A severe quarrel between Mrs. Masham and the duchess.

to find so little done; that they thought it looked as if the people were not in earnest; that they expected to see a thorough change with respect to employments; and although every man could not be provided for, yet, when all places were filled with persons of good principles, there would be fewer complaints and less danger from the other party; that this change was hoped for all last summer, and even to the opening of the session, yet nothing done. On the other hand, it was urged by some in favour of the ministry that it was impossible to find employments for one pretender in twenty, and therefore, in gratifying one, nineteen would be disobliterated; but while all had leave to hope, they would all endeavour to deserve; but this again was esteemed a very shallow policy, which was too easily seen through, must soon come to an end, and would cause a general discontent, with twenty other objections to which it was liable; and indeed, considering the short life of ministers in our climate, it was with some reason thought a little hard that those for whom any employment was intended should by such a delay be probably deprived of half their benefit, not to mention that a ministry is best confirmed when all inferior officers are in its interest.

I have set this cause of complaint in the strongest light, although my design is to endeavour that it should have no manner of weight with you, as I am confident our adversaries counted upon, and do still expect to find mighty advantages by it.

But it is necessary to say something to this objection, which, in all appearance, lies so hard upon the present ministry. What shall I offer upon so tender a point? How shall I convey an answer that none will apprehend except those for whom I intend it? I have often pitied the condition of great ministers upon several accounts, but never so much upon any as when their duty obliges them to bear the blame and envy of actions for which they will not be answerable in the next world, though they dare not convince the present till it is too late. This letter is sent you, gentlemen, from no mean hand, nor from a person uninformed, though, for the rest, as little concerned in point of interest for any change of ministry as most others of his fellow-subjects. I may therefore assume so much to myself as to desire you will depend upon it that a short time will make manifest how little the defect you complain of ought to lie at that door where your enemies would be glad to see you place it. The wisest man, who is not very near the spring of affairs, but views them only in their issues and events, will be apt to fix applauses and reproaches in the wrong place, which is the true cause of a weakness that I never yet knew great ministers without; I mean their being deaf to all advice; for if a person of the best understanding offers his opinion in a point where he is not master of all the circumstances (which, perhaps, are not to be told), 'tis a hundred to one but he runs into an absurdity, whence it is that ministers falsely conclude themselves to be equally wiser than others in general things, where the common reason of mankind ought to be the judge, and is probably less biased than theirs. I have known a great man [lord Godolphin] of excellent parts blindly pursue a point of no importance, against the advice of every friend he had, till it ended in his ruin. I have seen great abilities rendered utterly useless by unaccountable and unnecessary delay and by difficulty of access, by which a thousand opportunities are suffered to escape. I have observed the strongest shoulders sink under too great a load of business for want of dividing a due proportion among others. These, and more that might be named, are very obvious failings, which every rational man may be allowed to discern as

well as lament, and wherein the wisest minister may receive advice from others of inferior understanding. But in those actions where we are not thoroughly informed of all the motives and circumstances, it is hardly possible that our judgment should not be mistaken. I have often been one of the company where we have all blamed a measure taken which has afterward proved the only one that could possibly have succeeded. Nay, I have known those very men who have formerly been in the secret of affairs, when a new set of people hath come in, offering their refinements and conjectures in a very plausible manner upon what was passing, and widely err in all they advanced.

Whatever occasions may have been given for complaints that enough has not been done, those complaints should not be carried so far as to make us forget what hath been done, which, at first, was a great deal more than we hoped or thought practicable; and you may be assured that so much courage and address were not employed in the beginning of so great a work without a resolution of carrying it through as fast as opportunities would offer. Any of the most sanguine gentlemen in your club would gladly have compounded, two years ago, to have been assured of seeing affairs in the present situation: it is principally to the abilities of one great person that you gentlemen owe the happiness of meeting together, to cultivate the good principles and form yourselves into a body for defending your country against a restless and dangerous faction. It is to the same we all owe that mighty change in the most important posts of the kingdom; that we see the sacred person of our prince encompassed by those whom we ourselves would have chosen if it had been left to our power; and if everything besides that you could wish has not been hitherto done, you will be but just to impute it to some powerful though unknown impediments, wherein the ministry is more to be lamented than blamed. But there is good reason to hope, from the vigorous proceedings of the court, that these impediments will in a short time effectually be removed, and one great motive to hasten the removal of them will doubtless be the reflection upon those dangerous consequences which had like to have ensued upon not removing them before. Besides, after so plain and formidable a conviction that mild and moderate methods meet with no other reception or return than to serve as opportunities to the insatiable malice of an enemy, power will awake to vindicate itself, and disarm its opposers, at least of all offensive weapons.

Consider if you please how hard beset the present ministry has been on every side; by the impossibility of carrying on the war any longer without taking the most desperate courses; or of recovering Spain from the house of Bourbon, although we could continue it many years longer; by the clamours of a faction against any peace without that condition which the most knowing among themselves allowed to be impracticable; by the secret cabals of foreign ministers, who endeavoured to inflame our people, and spirited up a sinking faction to blast our endeavours for peace, with those popular reproaches of France and the pretender; not to mention the danger they have been in from private insinuations of such a nature as it was almost impossible to fence against. These clouds now begin to blow over, and those who are at the helm will have leisure to look about them, and complete what yet remains to be done.

That confederate body which now makes up the adverse party consists of a union so monstrous and unnatural, that in a little time it must of necessity fall to pieces. The discussers, with reason, think them-

selves betrayed and sold by their brethren. What they have been told, that the present bill against occasional conformity was to prevent a greater evil, is an excuse too gross to pass; and if any other profound refinement was meant, it is now come to nothing. The remaining sections of the party have no other tie but that of an inveterate hatred and rancour against those in power, without agreeing in any other common interest, nor cemented by principle or personal friendship: I speak particularly of their leaders; and although I know that court enmities are as inconstant as its friendships, yet, from the difference of temper and principle, as well as the scars remaining of former animosities, I am persuaded their league will not be of long continuance: I know several of them who will never pardon those with whom they are now in confederacy; and when once they see the present ministry thoroughly fixed, they will grow weary of hunting upon a cold scent or playing a desperate game, and crumble away.

On the other side, while the malice of that party continues in vigour, while they yet feel the bruises of their fall, which pain them afresh since their late disappointment, they will leave no arts untried to recover themselves; and it behoves all who have any regard for the safety of the queen or her kingdom to join unanimously against an adversary who will return full fraught with vengeance upon the first opportunity that shall offer; and this perhaps is more to be regarded, because that party seem yet to have a reserve of hope in the same quarter whence their last reinforcement came. Neither can anything cultivate this hope of theirs so much as a disagreement among ourselves, founded upon a jealousy of the ministry, who, I think, need no better a testimony of their good intentions than the incessant rage of the party-leaders against them.

There is one fault which both sides are apt to charge upon themselves, and very generously commend their adversaries for the contrary virtue. The Tories acknowledge that the Whigs outdid them in rewarding their friends and adhering to each other; the Whigs allow the same to the Tories. I am apt to think that the former may a little excel the latter in this point, for, doubtless, the Tories are less vindictive of the two; and whoever is remiss in punishing will probably be so in rewarding; although, at the same time, I well remember the clamours often raised during the reign of that party against the leaders by those who thought their merits were not rewarded; and they had reason on their side, because it is no doubt a misfortune to forfeit honour and conscience for nothing: but surely the case is very different at this time, when whoever adheres to the administration does service to God, his prince, and his country, as well as contributes to his own private interest and safety.

But if the Whig leaders were more grateful in rewarding their friends, it must be avowed likewise that the bulk of them were in general more zealous for the service of their party, even when abstracted from any private advantage, as might be observed in a thousand instances; for which I would likewise commend them if it were not unattractive for mankind to be more violent in an ill cause than a good one.

The perpetual discord of factions, with several changes of late years in the very nature of our government, have controlled many maxims among us. The court and country party, which used to be the old division, seems now to be ceased, or suspended for better times and worse princes. The queen and ministry are at this time fully in the true interest of the kingdom; and therefore the court and country are of a side; and the Whigs, who originally were

of the latter, are now of neither, but an independent faction, nursed up by the necessities or mistakes of a late good although unexperienced prince. Court and country ought therefore to join their forces against these common enemies until they are entirely dispersed and disabled. It is enough to arm ourselves against them when we consider that the greatest misfortunes which can befall the nation are what would most answer their interest and their wishes; a perpetual war increases their money, and breaks and beggars their landed enemies. The ruin of the church would please the dissenters, deists, and socinians, whereof the body of their party consists. A commonwealth, or a protector, would gratify the republican principles of some, and the ambition of others among them.

Hence I would infer that no contents of an inferior nature, such I mean as I have already mentioned, should be carried so far as to give any ill impression of the present ministry. If all things have not been hitherto done as you, gentlemen, could reasonably wish, it can be imputed only to the secret instruments of that faction. The truth of this has appeared from some late incidents more visibly than formerly. Neither do I believe that any one will now make a doubt whether a certain person [the lord-treasurer] be in earnest, after the united and avowed endeavours of a whole party to strike directly at his head.

When it happens, by some private cross intrigues, that a great man has not that power which is thought due to his station, he will however probably desire the reputation of it, without which he neither can preserve the dignity, nor hardly go through the common business, of his place; yet is it that reputation to which he owes all the envy and hatred of others, as well as his own disquiet. Meantime, his expecting friends impute all their disappointments to some deep design, or to his defect of good will; and his enemies are sure to cry up his excess of power, especially in those points where they are confident it is most shortened. A minister, in this difficult case, is sometimes forced to preserve his credit by forbearing what is in his power, for fear of discovering how far the limits extend of what is not; or, perhaps, for fear of showing an inclination contrary to that of his master. Yet all this while he lies under the reproach of delay, inconstancy, or want of sincerity. So that there are many inconveniences and dangers either in discovering or concealing the want of power. Neither is it hard to conceive that ministers may happen to suffer for the sins of their predecessors, who, by their great abuses and monopolies of power and favour, have taught princes to be more thrifty for the future in the distribution of both. And as in common life, whoever has been long confined is very fond of his liberty, and will not easily endure the very appearance of restraint, even from those who have been the instruments of setting him free; so it is with the recovery of power, which is usually attended with an undistinguished jealousy, lest it should be again invaded. In such a juncture I cannot discover why a wise and honest man should venture to place himself at the head of affairs upon any other regard than the safety of his country, and the advice of Socrates, to prevent an ill man from coming in.

Upon the whole, I do not see any one ground of suspicion or dislike which you, gentlemen, or others who wish well to their country, may have entertained about persons or proceedings but what may probably be misapprehended, even by those who think they have the best information. Nay, I will venture to go one step further, by adding that, although it may not be prudent to speak out upon this occa-

sion, yet whoever will reason impartially upon the whole state of affairs must entirely acquit the ministry of that delay and neutrality which have been laid to their charge. Or, suppose some small part of this accusation were true (which I positively know to be otherwise, whereof the world will soon be convinced), yet the consequences of any resentment at this time must either be worse at all, or the most fatal that can be imagined; for, if the present ministry be made so uneasy that a change be thought necessary, things will return of course into the old hands of those whose little fingers will be found heavier than their predecessors' loins. The Whig faction is so dexterous at corrupting, and the people so susceptible of it, that you cannot be ignorant how easy it will be after such a turn of affairs, upon a new election, to procure a majority against you. They will resume their power, with a spirit like that of Marius or Sylla, or the last triumvirate; and those ministers who have been most censured for too much hesitation will fall the first sacrifices to their vengeance; but these are the smallest mischiefs to be apprehended from such returning exiles. What security can a prince hope for his person, or his crown, or even for the monarchy itself? He must expect to see his best friends brought to the scaffold for asserting his rights; to see his prerogative trampled on, and his treasure applied to feed the avarice of those who make themselves his keepers; to hear himself treated with insolence and contempt; to have his family purged at pleasure by their humour and malice; and to retain even the name and shadow of a king no longer than his ephori shall think fit.

These are the inevitable consequences of such a change of affairs as that envenomed party is now projecting, which will best be prevented by your firmly adhering to the present ministry until this domestic enemy is out of all possibility of making head any more.

SOME REASONS

TO PROVE THAT NO ONE IS OBLIGED, BY HIS PRINCIPLES AS A WHIG, TO OPPOSE THE QUEEN: IN A LETTER TO A WHIG LORD.*

To which is annexed,

A SUPPOSED LETTER

FROM THE PRETENDER TO ANOTHER WHIG LORD.

I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little mischief.—*Journal to Stella*, May 29, 1712.

Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill: I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage; and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending Lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He seems he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six; and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health! Read the letter to a Whig Lord.—*Ibid.*, June 7.

To-day there will be another Grub: A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord. Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet at a halfpenny.—*Ibid.*, July 18.

SOME REASONS, &c.

MY LORD,—The dispute between your lordship and me has, I think, no manner of relation to what, in the common style of these times, are called principles; wherein both parties seem well enough to agree if we will but allow their professions. I can

* The Lord Ashburnham.

† Dr. Birch, in a note on this passage, supposes it to allude to the Letter from the Pretender, which however is not dated till July 5.—It evidently relates to the larger letter. A MS. note of Charles Ford, esq., the confidential friend of Swift, not only confirms the fact of this letter being the production of the dean, but supplies the name of Lord Ashburnham, the peer to whom it was addressed.

truly affirm that none of the reasonable sober Whigs I have conversed with did ever avow any opinion concerning religion or government which I was not willing to subscribe; so that, according to my judgment, those terms of distinction ought to be dropped, and others introduced in their stead to denominate men as they are inclined to peace or war, to the last or the present ministry; for whoever thoroughly considers the matter will find these to be the only differences that divide the nation at present. I am apt to think your lordship would readily allow this if you were not aware of the consequence I intend to draw; for it is plain that the making peace and war, as well as the choice of ministers, is wholly in the crown; and therefore the dispute at present lies altogether between those who would support and those who would violate the royal prerogative. This decision may seem, perhaps, too sudden and severe; but I do not see how it can be contested. Give me leave to ask your lordship whether you are not resolved to oppose the present ministry to the utmost? And whether it was not chiefly with this design that, upon the opening of the present session, you gave your vote against any peace till Spain and the West Indies were recovered from the Bourbon family? I am confident your lordship then believed, what several of your house and party have acknowledged, that the recovery of Spain was grown impracticable by several incidents, as well as by our utter inability to continue the war upon the former foot. But you reasoned right, that such a vote, in such a juncture, was the present way of ruining the present ministry. For as her majesty would certainly lay much weight upon a vote of either house, so it was judged that her ministers would hardly venture to act directly against it; the natural consequence of which must be a dissolution of the parliament, and a return of all your friends into a full possession of power. This advantage the lords have over the commons, by being a fixed body of men, where a majority is not to be obtained but by time and mortality, or new creations, or other methods which I will suppose the present age too virtuous to admit. Several noble lords who joined with you in that vote were but little inclined to disoblige the court, because it suited ill with their circumstances; but the poor gentlemen were told that it was the safest part they could act; for it was boldly alleged that the queen herself was at the bottom of this affair; and one of your neighbours, whom the dread of losing a great employment often puts into agonies, was growing fast into a very good courtier, began to cultivate the chief minister, and often expressed his approbation of present proceedings, till that unfortunate day of trial came, when the mighty hopes of a change revived his constancy and encouraged him to adhere to his old friends. But the event, as your lordship saw, was directly contrary to what your great undertaker had flattered you with. The queen was so far from approving what you had done, that, to show she was in earnest, and to remove all future apprehensions from that quarter, she took a resolute necessary step, which is like to make her easy for the rest of her reign; and which, I am confident, your lordship would not have been one of those to have put her upon, if you had not been most shamefully misinformed. After this, your party had nothing to do but sit down and murmur at so extraordinary an exertion of the prerogative, and quarrel at a necessity which their own violence, inflamed by the treachery of others, had created. Now, my lord, if an action so indispensible in her

* Charles Seymour, duke of Somerset, master of the horse.

† By creating twelve new peers.

majesty's power requires any excuse, we have a very good one at hand. We alleged that the majority you hardly acquired with so much art and management, partly made up from a certain transitory bench, and partly of those whose nobility began with themselves, was wholly formed during the long power of your friends; so that it became necessary to turn the balance by new creations, wherein, however, great care was taken to increase the peerage as little as possible,* and to make a choice against which no objection could be raised with relation to birth or fortune, or other qualifications requisite for so high an honour.

There is no man hath a greater veneration than I for that noble part of our legislature whereof your lordship is a member; and I will venture to assert, that, supposing it possible for corruptions to go far in either assembly, yours is less liable to them than a house of commons. A standing senate of persons nobly born, of great patrimonial estates, and of pious learned prelates, is not easily perverted from intending the true interest of their prince and country; whereas we have found by experience that a corrupt ministry, at the head of a moneyed faction, is able to procure a majority of whom they please to represent the people. But then, my lord, on the other side, if it has been so contrived by time and management that the majority of a standing senate is made up of those who wilfully or otherwise mistake the public good, the cure by common remedies is as slow as the disease: whereas a good prince, in the hearts of his people, and at the head of a ministry who leaves them to their own free choice, cannot miss a good assembly of commons. Now, my lord, we do assert that this majority of yours has been the workmanship of about twenty years; during which time, considering the choice of persons in the several creations; considering the many arts used in making proselytes among the young nobility who have since grown up, and the wise methods to prevent their being tainted by university principles; lastly, considering the age of those who fill up a certain bench [the bishops], and with what views their successions have been supplied; I am surprised to find your majority so bare and weak, that it is not possible for you to keep it much longer, unless old men be immortal; neither, perhaps, would there be any necessity to wait so long if certain methods were put in practice which your friends have often tried with success. Your lordship plainly sees by the event that neither threats nor promises are made use of, where it is pretty well agreed that they would not be ineffectual. Voting against the court, and indeed against the kingdom, in the most important cases, has not been followed by the loss of places or pensions, unless in very few particulars, where the circumstances have been so extremely aggravating, that to have been passive would have argued the lowest weakness or fear. To instance only in the duke of Marlborough, who against the wholesome advice of those who consulted his true interest much better than his flatterers, would needs put all upon that desperate issue, of destroying the present ministry or falling himself.

I believe, my lord, you are now fully convinced that the queen is altogether averse from the thoughts of ever employing your party in her councils or her court. You see a prodigious majority in the house of commons of the same sentiments; and the only quarrel against the treasurer is an opinion of more

kindness toward your friends than it is thought they deserve; neither can you hope for better success in the next election, while her majesty continues her present servants, although the bulk of the people were better disposed to you than it is manifest they are. With all the advantages I lately mentioned, which a house of lords has over the commons, it is agreed that the pulse of the nation is much better felt by the latter than the former, because those represent the whole people; but your lordships (whatever some may pretend) do represent only your own persons. Now, it has been the old complaint of your party, that the body of country gentlemen always leaned too much (since the Revolution) to the Tory side; and as your numbers were much lessened about two years ago, by a very unpopular quarrel [the impeachment of Sacheverell], wherein the church thought itself deeply concerned, so you daily diminish by your zeal against peace, which the landed men, half ruined by the war, do so extremely want and desire.

It is probable that some persons may upon occasion have endeavoured to bring you over to the present measures. If so, I desire to know whether such persons required of you to change any principles relating to government, either in church or state, in which you have been educated; or did you ever hear that such a thing was offered to any other of your party? I am sure neither can be affirmed; and then it is plain that principles are not concerned in the dispute. The two chief, or indeed the only, topics of quarrel are, whether the queen shall choose her own servants, and whether she shall keep her prerogative of making peace. And I believe there is no Whig in England that will openly deny her power in either. As to the latter, which is the more avowed, her majesty has promised that the treaty shall be laid before her parliament; after which, if it be made without their approbation, and proves to be against the interest of the kingdom, the ministers must answer for it at their extremest peril. What is there in all this that can possibly affect your principles as a Whig? or rather, my lord, are you not, by all sorts of principles lawful to own, obliged to acquiesce and submit to her majesty upon this article? But I suppose, my lord, you will not make a difficulty of confessing the true genuine cause of animosity to be, that those who are out of place would fain be in; and that the bulk of your party are the dupes of half a dozen, who are impatient at their loss of power. It is true, they would fain infuse into your lordship such strange opinions of the present ministry and their intentions as none of themselves at all believe. Has your lordship observed the least step made toward giving any suspicion of a design to alter the succession, to introduce arbitrary power, or to hurt the toleration, unless you will reckon the last to have been damaged by the bill lately obtained against occasional conformity, which was your own act and deed, by a strain of such profound policy, and the contrivance of so profound a politician, that I cannot unravel it to the bottom.

Pray, my lord, give yourself leave to consider whence this indefatigable zeal is derived, that makes the heads of your party send you a hundred messages, accost you in all places, and move heaven and earth to procure your vote upon a pinch, whenever they think it lies in their way to distress the queen and ministry. Those who have already rendered themselves desperate have no other resource than in an utter change. But this is by no means your lordship's case. While others were at the head of

* This promotion was so ordered that a third part were of those on whom, or their posterity, the peerage would naturally devolve; and the rest were such whose merit, birth, and fortune could admit of no exception.—Swift.

* By a compromise with the Whigs and their proselytes (the earl of Nottingham).

affairs, you served the queen with no more share in them than what belonged to you as a peer; although, perhaps, you were inclined to their persons or proceedings more than to those of the present set. Those who are now in power cannot justly blame you for doing so; neither can your friends out of place reproach you if you go on to serve her majesty and make her easy in her government, unless they can prove that unlawful or unreasonable things are demanded of you. I cannot see how your conscience or honour are here concerned; or why people who have cast off all hope should desire you to embark with them against your prince, whom you have never directly offended. It is just as if a man who had committed a murder, and was flying his country, should desire all his friends and acquaintance to bear him company in his flight and banishment. Neither do I see how this will anyway answer your interest; for though it should possibly happen that your friends would be again taken into power your lordship cannot expect they will admit you to the head of affairs or even in the secret. Everything of consequence is already bespoke. I can tell you who is to be treasurer, who chamberlain, and who to be secretaries. These offices and many others have been some time fixed; and all your lordship can hope for is only the lieutenantancy of a county, or some other honorary employment, or an addition to your title: or, if you were poor, perhaps a pension. And is not the way to any of these as fully open at present? and will you desire you cannot serve your queen unless you choose her ministry? Is this forsaking your principles? But that phrase has dropped of late, and they call it forsaking your friends. To serve your queen and country, while any but they are at the helm, is to forsake your friends. This is a new party figure of speech, which I cannot comprehend. I grant, my lord, that this way of reasoning is very just while it extends no further than to the several members of their juntos and cabals; and I could point out half a score persons, for each of whom I should have the utmost contempt if I saw them making any overtures to be received into trust. Wise men will never be persuaded that such violent turns can proceed from virtue or conviction; and I believe you and your friends do in your own thoughts most heartily despise that ignominious example of apostasy [lord Nottingham] whom you outwardly so much caress. But you, my lord, who have shared no further in the favour and confidence of your leaders than barely to be listed of the party, cannot honourably refuse serving her majesty, and contributing what is in your power to make her government easy, though her weighty affairs be not trusted to the hands where you would be glad to see them. One advantage your lordship may count upon by acting with the present ministry is, that you shall not undergo a state inquisition into your principles; but may believe as you please in those points of government wherein so many writers perplex the world with their explanation. Provided you heartily renounce the pretender, you may suppose what you please of his birth; and if you allow her majesty's undoubted right, you may call it hereditary or parliamentary, as you think fit. The ministers will second your utmost zeal for securing the indulgence to protestant dissenters. They shun arbitrary power as much as you. In short, there is no opinion properly belonging to you as a Whig wherein you may not still continue and yet deserve the favour and countenance of the court, provided you offer nothing in violation of the royal prerogative, nor take the advantage in critical junctures to bring difficulties upon the administration, with no other view but that of putting the queen under

the necessity of changing it. But your own party, my lord, whenever they return into play, will not receive you upon such easy terms, although they will have much more need of your assistance; they will vary their political catechism as often as they please; and you must answer directly to every article, as it serves the present turn. This is a truth too visible for you to call in doubt. How unanimous are you to a man in every point, whether of moment or no! Whereas, upon our side, many stragglers have appeared in all divisions, even among those who believed the consequence of their dissent would be the worst we could fear; for which the courage, integrity, and moderation of those at the helm cannot be sufficiently admired; though I question whether, in good politics, the last ought always to be imitated.

If your lordship will please to consider the behaviour of the Tories during the long period of this reign while their adversaries were in power, you will find it very different from that of your party at present. We opposed the grant to the duke of Marlborough till he had done something to deserve so great a reward; and then it was granted *acmeine contradicte*. We opposed repening the test; which would level the church established with every univelling sect in the nation. We opposed the bill of general naturalization, by which we were in danger to be overrun by schismatics and beggars. The scheme of breaking into the statutes of colleges, which obliged the fellows to take holy orders; the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverel; the hopeful project of limiting clergymen what to preach; with several others of the same stamp, were strenuously opposed, as manifestly tending to the ruin of the church. But you cannot give a single instance where the least violation hath been offered to her majesty's undoubted prerogative, in either house, by the lords or commons of our side. We should have been glad indeed to have seen affairs in other management; yet we never attempted to bring it about by stirring up the city, or inviting foreign ministers to direct the queen in the choice of her servants, much less by infusing jealousies into the next heir. Endeavours were not publicly used to blast the credit of the nation, and discourage foreigners from trusting their money in our funds; nor were writers suffered openly, and in weekly papers, to revile persons in the highest employments. In short, if you can prove where the course of affairs, under the late ministry, was anyway clogged by the church party, I will freely own the latter to have so far acted against reason and duty. Your lordship finds I would argue from hence, that even the warmest heads on your side, and those who are deepest engaged, have no tolerable excuse for thwarting the queen upon all occasions; much less you, my lord, who are not involved in their guilt or misfortunes, nor ought to involve yourself in their resentments.

I have often wondered with what countenance those gentlemen who have so long engrossed the greatest employments, have shared among them the bounties of the crown and the spoils of the nation, and are now thrown aside with universal odium, can accost others, who either never received the favours of the court, or who must depend upon it for their daily support; with what countenance, I say, these gentlemen can accost such persons in their usual style; "My lord, you were always with us; you will not forsake your friends; you have been still right in your principles; let us join to a man, and the court will not be able to carry it!" and this frequently in points where Whig and Tory are no more concerned than in the length or colour of your periwigs. Why all this industry to ply you

with letters, messages, and visits, for carrying some peevish vote, which only serves to display inveterate pride, ill-nature, and disobedience, without effect! Though you are flattered, it must possibly make the crown and ministry so uneasy as to bring on the necessity of a change; which, however, is at best a design but ill becoming a good subject or a man of honour. I shall say nothing of those who are fallen from their heights of power and profit, who then think all claim of gratitude for past favours cancelled. But you, my lord, upon whom the crown has never cast any peculiar marks of favour or dispassion, ought better to consider the duty you owe your sovereign, not only as a subject in general, but as a member of the peerage, who have been always the strenuous asserters of just prerogative against popular encroachments, as well as of liberty against arbitrary power. So that it is something unnatural, as well as unjust, for one of your order to oppose the most mild and gracious prince that ever reigned upon a party pique, and in points where prerogative was never disputed.

But after all, if there were any probable hopes of bringing things to another turn by these violent methods of your friends, it might then perhaps be granted that you acted at least a politic part; but surely the most sanguine among them could hardly have the confidence to insinuate to your lordship the probability of such an event during her majesty's life. Will any man of common understanding, when he has recovered his liberty after being kept long in the strictest bondage, return of his own accord to gaol, where he is sure of being confined for ever! This her majesty and millions of her subjects firmly believe to be exactly the case; and whether it be so or no, it is enough that it is so believed; and this belief is attended with as great an aversion for those keepers as a good christian can be allowed to entertain, as well as with a dread of ever being again in their power; so that, whenever the ministry may be changed, it will certainly not be to the advantage of your party, except under the next successor, which I hope is too remote a view for your lordship to proceed by; though I know some of your chiefs who build all their expectations upon it.

For indeed, my lord, your party is much deceived when they think to distress a ministry for any long time, or to any great purpose, while those ministers act under a queen who is so firmly convinced of their real and ability for her service, and who is, at the same time, so thoroughly possessed of her people's hearts. Such a weight will infallibly at length bear down the balance; and according to the nature of our constitution, it ought to be so; because, when any one of the three powers whereof our government is composed proves too strong for the other two, there is an end of our monarchy. So little are you to regard the crude politics of those who cried out, "The constitution was in danger," when her majesty lately increased the peerage; without which it was impossible the two houses could have proceeded, with any concert, upon the most weighty affairs of the kingdom.

I know not any quarrels your lordship, as a member of the Whig party, can have against the court, except those which I have already mentioned; I mean the removal of the late ministry, the dismissal of the duke of Marlborough, and the present negotiations of peace. I shall not say anything further upon these heads; only as to the second, which concerns the duke of Marlborough, give me leave to observe, that there is no kingdom or state in Christendom where a person in such circumstances would have been so gently treated.

But it is the misfortune of princes that the effects of their displeasure are frequently much more public than the cause; the punishments are in the face of the world, when the crimes are in the dark; and posterity, without knowing the truth of things, may perhaps number us among the ungrateful populace of Greece and Rome, for discarding a general under whose conduct our troops have been so many years victorious; whereas it is most certain that this great lord's resolution against peace, upon any terms whatsoever, did reach the ministry at home as much as the enemy abroad; nay, his rage against the former was so much the more violent of the two, that, as it is affirmed by skilful computation, he spent more money here upon secret-service in a few months than he did for many years in Flanders. But whether that be true or false, your lordship knows very well that he resolved to give no quarter, whatever he might be content to take when he should find himself at mercy. And the question was brought to this issue, whether the queen should dissolve the present parliament, procure a new one of the Whig stamp, turn out those who had ventured so far to rescue her from insolence and ill usage, and invite her old controllers to resume their tyranny with a recruited spirit of vengeance; or, whether she should save all this trouble, danger, and vexation, by only changing one general for another.

Whatever good opinion I may have of the present ministry, I do not pretend, by anything I have said, to make your lordship believe that they are persons of sublime abstracted Roman virtue; but, where two parties divide a nation, it usually happens that, although the virtues and vices may be pretty equal on both sides, yet the public good of the country may suit better with the private interest of one side than of the other. Perhaps there may be nothing in it but chance; and it might so have happened, if things were to begin again, that the juno and their adherents would have found it their advantage to be obedient subjects, faithful servants, and good churchmen. However, since these parts happen to be acted by another set of men, I am not very speculative to inquire into the motives; but, having no ambition at heart to mislead me, I naturally side with those who proceed most by the maxims wherein I was educated. There was something like this in the quarrel between Cæsar and Pompey; Cato and Brutus were the two most virtuous men in Rome; the former did not much approve the intentions of the heads on either side; and the latter, by inclination, was more a friend to Cæsar; but, because the senate and people generally followed Pompey, and as Cæsar's party was only made up of the troops with which he conquered Gaul, with the addition of some prodigal deserters from Rome, those two excellent men, who thought it base to stand neuter where the liberties of their country were at stake, joined heartily on that side which undertook to preserve the laws and constitution, against the usurpations of a victorious general, whose ambition was bent to overthrow them.

I cannot dismiss your lordship without a remark or two upon the bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into the grants since 1688, which was lately thrown out of your house for no other reason than the hopes of putting the ministry to a plunge. It was universally known that the lord-treasurer had prevailed to waive the tack in the house of commons, and promised his endeavours to make the bill pass by itself in the house of lords. I could name at least five or six of your noble friends, who, if left to the guidance of their own opinion, would heartily concur to an entire resumption of those grants;

others assure me they could name a dozen; yet, upon the hope of weakening the court, perplexing the ministry, and shaking the lord-treasurer's credit in the house of commons, you went on so unanimously that I do not hear there was one single negative in your whole list, nor above one Whig lord guilty of a suspicious absence [earl of Sunderland], who, being much in your lordship's circumstances, of a great patrimonial estate, and under no obligation to either side, did not think himself bound to forward a point driven on merely to make the crown uneasy at this juncture, while it no way affected his principles as a Whig, and which, I am told, was directly against his private judgment. How he has since been treated as an apostate and betrayer of his friends, by some of the leaders and their deputies among you, I hope your lordship is ashamed to reflect on; nor do I take such open and sudden declarations to be very wise, unless you already despair of his return, which I think after such usage you justly may. For the rest, I doubt your lordship's friends have missed every end they proposed to themselves in rejecting that bill. My lord-treasurer's credit is not anyway lessened in the house of commons. In your own house you have been very far from making a division among the queen's friends, as appeared manifestly a few days ago when you lost your vote by so great a majority, and disappointed those who had been encouraged to hire places upon certain expectations of seeing a parade to the Tower.* Lastly, it may probably happen that those who opposed an inquisition into the grants will be found to have hardly done any very great service to the present possessors. To charge those grants with six years' purchase to the public, and then to confirm the title by parliament, would in effect be no real loss to the owners, because, by such a confirmation, they would rise in value proportionably, and differ as much as the best title can from the worst. The adverse party knew very well that nothing beyond this was intended; but they cannot be sure what may be the event of a second inspection, which the resentment of the house of commons will probably render more severe, and which you will never be able to avert when your number lessens, as it certainly must; and when the expedient is put in practice without a tack of making those grants part of a supply. From whence it is plain that the seal against that bill arose in a great measure from some other cause than a tenderness to those who were to suffer by it.

I shall conclude, my lord, with putting you in mind that you are a subject of the queen, a peer of the realm, and a servant of your country; and, in any of these capacities, you are not to consider what you dislike in the persons of those who are in the administration, but the manner of conducting themselves while they are in; and then I do not despair but your own good sense will fully convince you that the prerogative of your prince, without which her government cannot subsist; the honour of your house, which has been always the great assertor of that prerogative; and the welfare of your country, are too precious to be made a sacrifice to the malice, the interest, and the ambition of a few party leaders.

A SUPPOSED LETTER.

FROM THE PRETENDER TO ANOTHER WHIG LORD.

St. Germain, July 9, 1712.

MY LORD WHARTON,—I thank you heartily for

* "We got a great victory last Wednesday [May 28] in the house of lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to take places to see Lord

your letter; and you may be firmly assured of my friendship. In answer to what you hint that some of our friends suspect, I protest to you upon the word of a king, and my lord Middleton^a will be my witness, that I never held the least correspondence with any one person of the Tory party. I observe, as near as I can, the instructions of the king my father; among whose papers there is not one letter, as I remember, from any Tory except two lords and a lady, who, as you know, have been for some years past devoted to me and the Whigs. I approve of the scheme you sent me, signed by our friends. I do not find 24's name to it: perhaps he may be sick or in the country. Middleton will be satisfied to be groom of the stole; and if you have Ireland, I may have the staff, provided I resign his pretensions; in which case he shall have 6000*l.* a-year for life and a dukedom. I am content I should be secretary and a lord, and I will pay his debts when I am able.

I confess I am sorry your general pardon has so many exceptions; but you and my other friends are judges of that. It was with great difficulty I prevailed on the queen to let me sign the commission for life, though her majesty is entirely recoiled. If I will accept the privy seal, which you tell me is what would please him, the salary should be doubled; I am obliged to his good intentions, how ill soever they may have succeeded. All other parts of your plan I entirely agree with; only as to the party that opposes us, your proposal about Z may bring an odium upon my government: he stands the first excepted; and we shall have enough against him in a legal way. I wish you would allow me twelve more domestics of my own religion; and I will give you what security you please not to hinder any designs you have of altering the present established worship. Since I have so few employments left me to dispose of, and that most of our friends are to hold theirs for life, I hope you will all be satisfied with so great a share of power. I bid you heartily farewell, and am your assured friend.

A PRETENDED LETTER OF THANKS

FROM LORD WHARTON TO THE LORD BISHOP OF ASAPH,^b IN THE NAME OF THE KITCAT CLUB

To which are added,

REMARKS ON THE BISHOP'S PREFACE.

Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I pried it close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers of my own, beside some of other people's; but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The Observer is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post; the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price: I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny.—*Journal to Stella*, Aug. 7, 1712.

MY LORD,—It was with no little satisfaction I undertook the pleasing task assigned me by the gentlemen of the Kitcat Club,^c of addressing your lord-treasurer carried to the Tower.—*Journal to Stella*, May 31, 1712.

^a The second earl, secretary of state for Scotland.

^b Dr. William Fleetwood.

^c One of these was probably the pamphlet here reprinted.

^d This club, which consisted of the most distinguished wits and statesmen among the Whigs, was remarkable for the strictest seal toward the house of Hanover. They met at a little house in White-lane, and took their title from the real name of a pastrycook who excelled in making mutton-pies, which were regularly a part of their entertainment. The portraits of this society, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, were all at Barnes, in the possession of the late Mr. Jacob Tonson, whose father was their secretary; and are now in the possession of William Baker, esq., late M.P. for the county of Hertford, at his house in Hill-street.

ship with thanks for your late service so seasonably done to our sinking cause, in reprinting those most excellent discourses which you had formerly preached with so great applause, though they were never heard of by us till they were recommended to our perusal by the Spectator, who, some time since, in one of his papers, entertained the town with a paragraph out of the Postboy, and your lordship's extraordinary preface.

The world will perhaps be surprised that gentlemen of our complexion, who have so long been piously employed in overturning the foundations of religion and government, should now stoop to the puny amusement of reading and commending sermons. But your lordship can work miracles as well as write on them; and I dare assure your lordship and the world that there is not an atheist in the whole kingdom (and we are no inconsiderable party) but will readily subscribe to the principles so zealously advanced and so learnedly maintained in those discourses.

I cannot but observe, with infinite delight, that the reasons your lordship gives for reprinting those immortal pieces are urged with that strength and force which is peculiar to your lordship's writings, and is such as all who have any regard for truth or relish for good writing must admire, though none can sufficiently commend.

In a word, the preface is equal to the sermons: less than that ought not, and more cannot, he said of it. In this you play the part of a prophet, with the same address as that of a preacher in those; and, in a strain no ways inferior to Jeremiah, or any of those old pretenders to inspiration, sagely foretel those impending miseries which seem to threaten these nations by the introduction of popery and arbitrary power. This a man of less penetration than your lordship, without a spirit of divination or going to the devil for the discovery, may justly "fear and presage, from the natural tendency of several principles and practices which have of late been so studiously revived." I know your lordship means those long-since-exploded doctrines of obedience and submission to princes, which were only calculated to make "a free and happy people slaves and miserable." Who but asses, and packhorses, and beasts of burden, can entertain such servile notions? What! shall the lives and liberties of a freeborn nation be sacrificed to the pride and ambition, the humour and caprice of any one single person? Kings and princes are the creatures of the people, mere state pageants, more for show than use; and shall we fall down and worship those idols, those golden calves of our own setting up? No, never, as long as I can hold a sword or your lordship a pen.

It was suitable to that admirable foresight which is so conspicuous in every part of your lordship's conduct, to take this effectual method of delivering yourself "from the reproaches and curses of posterity, by publicly declaring to all the world that, though in the constant course of your ministry you have never failed, on proper occasions, to recommend the loving, honouring, and reverencing the prince's persons" so as never to break his royal shins nor tread upon his heels; yet you never intended men should pay any submission or obedience to him any longer than he acted according to the will and pleasure of his people. This, you say, is the opinion of Christ, St. Peter, and St. Paul; and, faith, I am Sir Godfrey's own portrait is among them, of a smaller size than the others. From these portraits, "Kiln" became a technical term in painting.—Dr. King, who was undoubtedly a first-rate writer *de se et suis amicis*, has pointed out the merits of this portrait, in his admirable *Art of Cookery*.

"Immortal music as Kiln'd by his pipes!"

glad to hear it, for I never thought that they had been Whigs before. But, since your lordship has thus taught them to declare for rebellion, you may easily persuade them to do as much for profaneness and immorality; and then they, together with your lordship, shall be enrolled members of our club. Your lordship a little after (I suppose to strengthen the testimony of the aforementioned authors) takes care to tell us that "this always was, and still is, your own judgment in these matters." You need not fear we should suspect your constancy and perseverance; for my lord Somers, that great genius, who is the life and soul, the head and heart of our party, has long since observed that we have never been disappointed in any of our Whig bishops; but they have always unalterably acted up, or, to speak properly, down, to their principles.

It is impossible for me, my lord, in this short address, to do justice to every part of your incomparable preface; nor need I run riot in encomium and panegyric, since you can perform that part so much better for yourself; for you only give those praises which you only can deserve, as you have formerly proved in the dedication of your "Essay upon Miracles" to Dr. Godolphin, where you declare your work to be the most perfect of any upon that subject, in order to pay a very uncommon compliment to your patron, by telling him you had prevailed with your modesty to say so much of your performance because you would not be thought to make so ill a compliment to him as to present him with what you had not a great esteem for yourself.

Though I cannot go through the whole preface, yet I think myself obliged in gratitude to thank your lordship in a more particular manner for the last part of it, where you display the glories of the Whig ministry in such strong and lasting colours as must needs cheer and refresh the sight of all Whig spectators and dazzle the eyes of the Tories. Here your lordship rises, if possible, above yourself. Never was such strength of thought, such beauty of expression, so happily joined together. Heavens! such force, such energy, in each pregnant word! such fire, such fervour, in each glowing line! One would think your lordship was animated with the same spirit with which our hero fought. Who can read unmoved these following strokes of oratory?—"Such was the fame, such was the reputation, such was the faithfulness and seal, to such a height of military glory, such was the harmony and consent, such was the blessing of God," &c. O! the irresistible charm of the word such! Well, since Erasmus wrote a treatise in praise of Folly, and my lord Rochester an excellent poem upon Nothing, I am resolved to employ the Spectator or some of his fraternity (dealers in words) to write an encomium upon Such. But whatever changes our language may undergo (and everything that is English is given to change), this happy word is sure to live in your immortal preface. Your lordship does not end yet; but, to crown all, has another *such* in reserve, where you tell the world, "We were just entering on the ways that lead to such a peace as would have answered all our prayers," &c. Now, perhaps, some snarling Tory might impudently inquire when we might have expected such a peace? I answer, when the Dutch could get nothing by the war, nor we Whigs lose anything by a peace; or, to speak in plain terms (for every one knows I am a freespeaker as well as a freethinker), when we had exhausted all the nation's treasure (which everybody knows could not have been long first), and so far enriched ourselves

* Vice-provost of Eton, an early patron of Fleetwood, and a recalcitrant of St. Paul's.

and begged our fellow-subjects as to bring them under a necessity of submitting to what conditions we should think fit to impose; and this too we should have effected if we had continued in power. But, alas! just in that critical juncture, when (as we thought) our designs were ripe for execution, the scene changed: "God for our sins," as your lordship wisely observes, "permitted the spirit of discord" (that is, the doctrine of obedience and submission to princes) "to go forth, and by troubling the camp, the city, and the country (and O that it had spared the places sacred to his worship!), to spoil, for a time, this beautiful and pleasing prospect, and give us in its stead I know not what" O exquisite! how pathetically does your lordship complain of the downfall of Whiggism and Daniel Burgess's meeting-house!² The generous compassion your lordship has shown upon this tragical occasion makes me believe your lordship will not be unaffected with an accident that had like to have befallen a poor whore of my acquaintance about that time, who, being big with Whig, was so alarmed at the rising of the mob that she had like to have miscarried upon it; for the logical jade presently concluded (and the inference was natural enough) that, if they began with pulling down meeting-houses, it might end in demolishing those houses of pleasure where she constantly paid her devotion; and indeed there seems a close connexion between extempore prayer and extempore love. I doubt not, if this disaster had reached your lordship before, you would have found some room in that moving parenthesis to have expressed your concern for it.

I come now to that last stroke of your lordship's almighty pen; I mean that expressive dash which you give when you come to the new ministry, where you break off with an artful apostrophe, and, by refusing to say anything of them yourself, leave your readers to think the worst they possibly can. Here your lordship shows yourself a most consummate orator, when even your very silence is thus eloquent.

Before I take my leave I cannot but congratulate your lordship upon that distinguishing mark of honour which the house of commons has done your preface by ordering it to be burnt. This will add a never-failing lustre to your character, when future ages shall read how a few pages of your lordship's could alarm the representative body of the nation. I know your lordship had rather live in a blaze than lie buried in obscurity; and would at any rate purchase immortality, though it be in flames. Fire, being a mounting element, is a proper emblem of your lordship's aspiring genius.

I shall detain your lordship no longer; but, according to your example, conclude with a short prayer (though praying, I confess, is not my talent) — May you never want opportunities of thus signalling yourself; but be "transmitted to posterity," under the character of one who dares sacrifice everything that is most dear to you (even your own darling labours) to promote the interest of our party; and stand assisted in the Whig calendar as a martyr for the cause! This is the sincere wish of the greatest (next yourself) of your lordship's admirers.

WHARTON.

REMARKS ON

BISHOP FLEETWOOD'S PREFACE.

[Originally Printed in the Examiner.]

"*Ece iterum Crispinus*!"

THE bishop of St. Asaph's famous Preface having

* Destroyed by Sacheverell's riotous partisans in 1706-10.

been so much buffeted of late between advocates and opposers, I had a curiosity to inspect some of his other works. I sent to the booksellers in Duck-lane and Little Britain, who returned me several of the sermons which belonged to that Preface; among others I took notice of that upon the death of the duke of Gloucester, which had a little preface of its own, and was omitted, upon mature deliberation, when those sermons were gathered up into a volume; though, considering the bulk, it could hardly be spared. It was a great masterpiece of art in this admirable author to write such a sermon as, by help of a preface, would pass for a Tory discourse in one reign, and, by omitting that preface, would denigrate him a Whig in another: thus, by changing that position, the picture represents either the pope or the devil, the cardinal or the fool. I confess it was malicious in me, and what few others would have done, to rescue those sermons out of their dust and oblivion; without which, if the author had so pleased, they might have passed for new preached, as well as new printed; neither would the former preface have risen up in judgment to confound the latter. But, upon second thoughts, I cannot tell why this wiffully-forgotten preface may not do the reverend author some service. It is to be presumed that the Spectator published the last with that intent; why therefore should not my publishing the first be for the same end? And I dare be confident that the part I have chosen will do his lordship much more service; for here it will be found that this prelate did, once in his life, think and write as became him; and that, while he was a private clergyman, he could print a preface without fear of the hangman. I have chosen to see it at length to prevent what might be objected against me as an unfair representor, should I reserve any part of this admirable discourse, as well as to imitate the judicious Spectator; though I fear I shall not have so good contributions from our party as that author is said to have from another upon the like occasion, or, if I chance to give offence, be promised to have my losses made up to me for my zeal in circulating prefaces. Without any such deep and politic designs I give it to the world out of mere good nature, that they may find what conceptions the worthy author has formerly had of things when his business was yet undone; so to silence a clamorous party, who from the late Preface are too apt, how unjustly soever, to conclude his lordship's principles are not agreeable to his preferences.

In this excellent Preface the worthy author thought fit to charge the fanatics and Whigs, upon the duke of Gloucester's death, as people that would "try to make it a judgment of God upon us for our sins by turning the kingdom into a commonwealth." The satire must certainly be determined to them; for neither the Tories nor nonjurors were ever charged with such principles, but rather as carrying the royal authority too high in asserting the divine right of kings. This species of government, which the learned prelate says is "as ill fitted for our nature as popery is for our religion," was, by some people it seems, endeavoured to be brought in, whom he terms "an impudent and clamorous faction." Whether that impudent and clamorous faction would really do all those things he charges them with is by the Whigs denied, and charitable men may in part make a question; but that by this he did and could then only mean the Whigs, could be no question at all, since none else were ever charged with those crimes in these kingdoms; and they have always been so, though seldom indeed so heavily, unless by highflying Tories or J-cubites. It seems his lord-

ship had dreadful apprehensions of what they would "certainly do," and begs of God "evermore to preserve us from this species." And surely he was in the right; for that would be indeed "giving us we know not what"—his lordship's enemies "will tell the rest with pleasure!"

A COMPLETE REFUTATION

OF THE FALSEHOODS ALLEGED AGAINST
ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

"Beware of counterfeiters, for such are abroad."

Dr. STAFFORD'S Quack Bill.

"Quis, quæ dixit modo."

Onias ementibus equidem Soia Amphitryonis sam.—"PLAUT.

"*Parva totus primo, mox seæ attolit in arma.*"—VIRG.

My friend Lewis has had a lie spread on him by the mistake of a man who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis spread about that the man brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort (lords now with the pertuery) for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give an account of it.—*Journal to Stella*, Jan. 27, 1712-13.

I was in the city with my printer, to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 31.

I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner; but this printer came this morning, and I debated to him what was fit to be said; and then Mr. Lewis came, and corrected it as he would have it; so that I was neither at church nor court.—*Ibid.*, Feb. 1.

This account by Dr. Swift was published Feb. 2, 1712-13; and was confirmed in the Gazette of the following day by three advertisements, containing the respective affidavits of Erasmus Lewis, esq., Charles Ford, esq., and brigadier Skelton. The two first of these gentlemen deposed, "That, having called at Mr. Henry Lewis's house, he told them he was much surprised at the reports which had been raised on this occasion; and that he would go to all the chocolate-houses and coffee-houses in town, to do justice to Mr. Erasmus Lewis." And the testimony of Mr. Skelton himself seems sufficiently to have cleared up the whole. Yet there remained some who were obstinately incredulous; as appears by the Flying Post of Feb. 3. The town's great regard for Mr. Lewis appears from the following memorandum, written by him on the back of one of that gentleman's letters: "Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was; the best of husbands; I am sure I can say, from my own experience, that he is the best of friends; he was so to me, when I had little hopes I should ever live to thank him." Mr. Lewis was also distinguished by the friendship of Mr. Pope, who left him a legacy for a ring.

Feb. 2, 1712-13.

I INTEND this paper for the service of a particular person; but herein I hope, at the same time, to do some good to the public. A monstrous story has been for a while most industriously handed about, reflecting upon a gentleman of great trust under the principal secretary of state, who has conducted himself with so much prudence that, before this incident, neither the most virulent pens nor tongues have been so bold as to attack him. The reader easily understands that the person here meant is Mr. Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth, concerning whom a story has run, for about ten days past, which makes a mighty noise in this town, is no doubt, with very ample additions, transmitted to every part of the kingdom, and probably will be returned to us by the Dutch Gazetteer, with the judicious comments peculiar to that political author; wherefore, having received the fact and the circumstances from the best hands, I shall here set them down before the reader, who will easily pardon the style, which is made up of extracts from the depositions and assertions of the several persons concerned.

On Sunday last week, Mr. Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth, and Mr. Skelton, met by accident at Mr. Scarborough's lodgings to St. James's,

among seven other persons, viz., the earls of Sussex and Finlater, the lady Barbara Skelton, lady Walter, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Scarborough, and Miss Scarborough her daughter, who all declared "that Mr. Lewis and Mr. Skelton were half an hour in company together." There Mrs. Scarborough made Mr. Skelton and Mr. Lewis known to each other, and told the former "that he ought to thank Mr. Lewis for the trouble he had given himself in the despatch of a licence under the privy-seal, by which Mr. Skelton was permitted to come from France to England." Hereupon Mr. Skelton saluted Mr. Lewis, and told him "he would wait on him at his house, to return him his thanks." Two or three days after, Mr. Skelton, in company with the earl of Sussex, his lady's father, went to a house in Marlborough-street, where he was informed Mr. Lewis lived; and as soon as the supposed Mr. Lewis appeared, Mr. Skelton expressed himself in these words: "Sir, I beg your pardon; I find I am mistaken; I came to visit Mr. Lewis of my lord Dartmouth's office, to thank him for the service he did me in passing my privy-seal." Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, answered, "Sir, there is no harm done." Upon which Mr. Skelton immediately withdrew to my lord Sussex, who stayed for him in the coach, and drove away. Mr. Skelton, who was a stranger to the town, ordered the coachman to drive to Mr. Lewis's without more particular directions, and this was the occasion of the mistake.

For above a fortnight nothing was said of this matter; but on Saturday, the 24th of January last, a report began to spread that Mr. Skelton, going by mistake to Mr. Henry Levi, *alias* Lewis, instead of Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, had told him "that he had services for him from the earls of Perth, Middleton, Melfort, and about twelve persons more of the court of St. Germain. When Mr. Lewis heard of this, he wrote to the above-mentioned Henry Levi, *alias* Lewis, desiring to be informed what ground there was for this report; and received for answer "that his friend Skelton could best inform him." Mr. Lewis wrote a second letter, insisting on an account of this matter, and that he would come and demand it in person. Accordingly, he and Charles Ford, esq., went the next morning, and found the said Levi in a great surprise at the report, who declared "he had never given the least occasion for it, and that he would go to all the coffeehouses in town to do Mr. Lewis justice." He was asked by Mr. Lewis "whether Mr. Skelton had named from what places and persons he had brought those services?" Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, answered, "he was positive Mr. Skelton had neither named person nor place." Here Mr. Skelton was called in; and Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, confirmed what he had said in his hearing. Mr. Lewis then desired he would give him in writing what he had declared before the company; but Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, excused it as unnecessary, "because he had already said he would do him justice in all the coffeehouses in town." On the other hand, Mr. Lewis insisted to have it in writing, as being less troublesome; and to this Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, replied, "that he would give his answer by three o'clock in the afternoon." Accordingly, Mr. Ford went to his house at the time appointed, but did not find him at home; and, in the mean time, the said Levi went to White's chocolate-house, where, notwithstanding all he had before denied, he spread the above-mentioned report afresh, with several additional circumstances, as, "that when Mr. Skelton and the earl of Sussex came to his house, they stayed with him a considerable time, and drank tea."

• Mr. Henry Lewis, a Hamburg merchant.

The earl of Peterborough, uncle to the said Mr. Skelton, thought himself obliged to inquire into the truth of this matter; and, after some search, found Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, at the Thatched house tavern, where he denied everything again to his lordship, as he had done in the morning to Mr. Ford, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Skelton.

This affair coming to the knowledge of the queen, her majesty was pleased to order an examination of it by some lords of the council. Their lordships appointed Wednesday the 28th of January last for this inquiry; and gave notice for attendance to the said Levi, *alias* Lewis, and several other persons who had knowledge of the matter. When Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, was called in, he declared "that Mr. Skelton told him he had services for him from France, but did not name any persons." William Pulteney, esq., who was summoned, affirmed "that he had told him Mr. Skelton named the earls of Perth and Melfort." Here Levi, *alias* Lewis, appeared in confusion, for he had entreated Mr. Pulteney not to say he had named any names, "for he would not stand it;" but Mr. Pulteney answered, "you may give yourself the lie; I will not." The earl of Sussex declared "he did not go out of his coach, and that his son-in-law, Mr. Skelton, had not been gone half a minute before he returned to the coach." Mr. Skelton declared "that he knew Mr. Lewis by sight perfectly well; that he immediately saw his mistake; that he said nothing to him but the words first mentioned; and that he had not brought Mr. Lewis any service from any person whatsoever." The earl of Finlater, and other persons summoned, declared "that Mr. Lewis and Mr. Skelton were personally known to each other," which rendered it wholly improbable that Mr. Skelton should mistake him; so that the whole matter appeared to be only a foolish and malicious invention of the said Levi, *alias* Lewis, who, when called to an account, utterly disowned it.

If Mr. Levi's view, in broaching this incoherent slander, was to make his court to any particular persons, he has been extremely disappointed; since all men of principle, laying aside the distinction of opinions in politics, have entirely agreed in abandoning him, which I observe with a great deal of pleasure, as it is for the honour of humankind. But as neither virtue nor vice are wholly engrossed by either party, the good qualities of the mind, whatever bias they may receive by mistaken principles or mistaken politics, will not be extinguished. When I reflect on this, I cannot, without being a very partial writer, forbear doing justice to William Pulteney, esq., who, being desired by this same Mr. Levi to drop one part of what he knew, refused it with disdain. Men of honour will always side with the truth; of which the behaviour of Mr. Pulteney, and of a great number of gentlemen of worth and quality, are undeniable instances.

I am only sorry that the unhappy author of this report seems left so entirely desolate of all his acquaintance, that he has nothing but his own conduct to direct him, and consequently is so far from acknowledging his iniquity and repentance to the world, that in the Daily Courant of Saturday last he has published a Narrative, as he calls it, of what passed between him and Mr. Skelton, wherein he recedes from some part of his former confession. This Narrative is drawn up by way of answer to an advertisement in the same paper two days before, which advertisement was couched in very moderate terms, and such as Mr. Levi ought in all prudence to have acquiesced in. I freely acquit everybody but himself from any share in this miserable proceeding; and can foretell him that, as his prevaricating manner

of adhering to some part of his story will not convince one rational person of his veracity, so neither will anybody interpret it otherwise than as a blunder of a helpless creature left to itself, who endeavours to get out of one difficulty by plunging into a greater. It is therefore for the sake of this poor young man that I shall set before him, in the plainest manner I am able, some few inconsistencies in that Narrative of his, the truth of which he says he is ready to attest upon oath, which whether he would avoid by an oath only upon the Gospels, himself can best determine.

Mr. Levi says, in the aforesaid Narrative in the Daily Courant, "That Mr. Skelton, mistaking him for Mr. Lewis, told him he had several services to him from France, and named the names of several persons, which he (Levi) will not be positive to." Is it possible that among several names he cannot be positive so much as to one, after having named the earls of Perth, Middleton, and Melfort so often at White's and the coffeehouses? Again, he declared "That my lord Sussex came in with Mr. Skelton; that both drank tea with him;" and therefore whatever words passed my lord Sussex must be a witness to. But his lordship declares before the council "That he never stirred out of the coach, and that Mr. Skelton, in going, returning, and talking with Levi, was not absent half a minute." Therefore now, in his printed Narrative, he contradicts that essential circumstance of my lord Sussex coming in along with Mr. Skelton, so that we are here to suppose that this discourse passed only between him and Mr. Skelton, without any third person for a witness, and therefore he thought he might safely affirm what he pleased. Besides, the nature of their discourse, as Mr. Levi reports it, makes this part of his Narrative impossible and absurd, because the truth of it turns upon Mr. Skelton's mistaking him for the real Mr. Lewis; and it happens that seven persons of quality were by in a room where Mr. Lewis and Mr. Skelton were half an hour in company, and saw them talk together. It happens likewise that the real and counterfeit Lewis have no more resemblance to each other in their persons than they have in their understandings, their truth, their reputation, or their principles. Besides, in this Narrative Mr. Levi directly affirms what he directly denied to the earl of Peterborough, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Lewis himself; to whom he twice or thrice expressly affirmed that Mr. Skelton had not named either place or person.

There is one circumstance in Levi's Narrative which may deceive the reader. He says "Mr. Skelton was taken into the dining-room;" this dining-room is a ground-room next the street, and Mr. Skelton never went further than the door of it. His many prevarications in this whole affair, and the many thousand various ways of telling his story, are too tedious to be related. I shall therefore conclude with one remark. By the true account given in this paper it appears that Mr. Skelton, finding his mistake before he spoke a word, begged Mr. Levi's pardon, and, by way of apology, told him "his visit was intended to Mr. Lewis of my lord Dartmouth's office, to thank him for the service he had done him in passing the privy seal." It is probable that Mr. Levi's low intellectuals were deluded by the word service, which he took as compliments from some persons, and then it was easy to find names. Thus, what his ignorance and simplicity misled him to begin, his malice taught him to propagate.

I have been the more solicitous to set this matter in a clear light, because, Mr. Lewis being employed and trusted in public affairs, if this report had prevailed persons of the first rank might possibly have been wounded through his sides.

A PREFACE TO THE

BISHOP OF SARUM'S INTRODUCTION

TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE HISTORY OF THE
REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY GREGORY MISOSARUM.

Spargere voces

In vulgum ambragis, et querrere concilio arma.

THE Bishop of Sarum's "Introduction" was a pamphlet which he published as an alarm to warn the nation of the approach of popery. Swift, who seems to have disliked the bishop with something more than political aversion, treats him like one whom he is glad of an opportunity to insult.—JENNISON.

This preface may seem to us, at this distance, wholly personal. But the reader must consider Dr. Burnet, not as a bishop, but a ministerial writer. It was observed by another of his adversaries (Speculum Savilianum), "that the frequent and heavy repetitions of such prefaces and introductions—no less than three new ones in about one year's time, beside an old serviceable one republished concerning prebendation—are prefaces to other practical things besides pastoral cares, sermons, and histories."

TO THE BOOKSELLER.

MR. MORTHEW.—Your care in putting an advertisement in the Examiner has been of very great use to me. I now send you my Preface to the bishop of Sarum's Introduction to his third volume, which I desire you to print in such a form as in the bookseller's phrase will make a sixpenny touch, hoping it will give such a public notice of my design, that it may come into the hands of those who perhaps look not into the bishop's Introduction.* I desire you will prefix to this a passage out of Virgil, which does so perfectly agree with my present thoughts of his lordship, that I cannot express them better nor more truly than those words do.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

G. MISOSARUM.

A PREFACE, &c.

THIS way of publishing introductions to books that are God knows when to come out, is either wholly new, or so long unpractised that my small reading cannot trace it. However, we are to suppose that a person of his lordship's great age and experience would hardly act such a piece of singularity without some extraordinary motives. I cannot but observe that his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called the Englishman [Steele], seems in some of his late performances to have almost transcribed the notions of the bishop: these notions I take to have been dictated by the same masters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of expressing himself which the poverty of our language forces me to call their style. When the Guardian changed his title, and professed to engage in faction, I was sure the word was given; that grand preparations were making against next session; that all advantages would be taken of the little dissensions reported to be among those in power; and that the Guardian would soon be seconded by some other piqueers from the same camp. But I will confess my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu*,^b armed only with a pocket-pistol before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked headpiece mended.

I was debating with myself whether this hint of producing a small pamphlet to give notice of a large

folio was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spanish romances, where a dwarf is sent out upon the battlements to signify to all passengers what a mighty giant there is in the castle, or whether the bishop copied this proceeding from the *fanfarronade* of Monsieur Boufflers when the earl of Portland and that general had an interview. Several men were appointed, at certain periods, to ride in great haste towards the English camp, and cry out *Monsieur vient, Monsieur vient*; then small parties advancing with the same speed and the same cry; and this foppery held for many hours, until the marshal himself arrived. So here the bishop (as we find by his dedication to Mr. Churchill the bookseller) has for a long time sent warning of his arrival by advertisements in Gazettes; and now his introduction advances to tell us again *Monsieur vient*; in the mean time we must gape, and wait, and gaze, the Lord knows how long, and keep our spirits in some reasonable agitation, until his lordship's real self shall think fit to appear in the habit of a folio.

I have seen the same sort of management at a puppet-show. Some puppets of little or no consequence appeared several times at the window to allure the boys and the rabble; the trumpeters sounded often, and the door-keeper cried a hundred times, until he was hoarse, that they were just going to begin, yet, after all, we were forced sometimes to wait an hour before Punch himself in person made his entry.

But why this ceremony among old acquaintances? The world and he have long known one another: let him appoint his hour, and make his visit without troubling us all day with a succession of messages from his lackeys and pages.

With submission, these little arts of getting off an edition do ill become any author above the size of Marten the surgeon. My lord tells us that "many thousands of the two former parts of his History are in the kingdom; and now he perpetually advertises in the Gazette that he intends to publish the third. This is exactly in the method and style of Marten; "the seventh edition (many thousands of the former editions having been sold off in a small time) of Mr. Marten's book concerning secret diseases," &c.

Does his lordship intend to publish his great volume by subscription, and is this introduction only by way of specimen? I was inclined to think so, because, in the prefixed letter to Mr. Churchill, which introduces this introduction, there are some dubious expressions; he says "the advertisements be published were in order to move people to furnish him with materials which might help him to finish his work with great advantage." If he means half a guinea upon the subscription, and the other half at the delivery, why does he not tell us so in plain terms?

I am wondering how it came to pass that this diminutive letter to Mr. Churchill should understand the business of introducing better than the introduction itself; or why the bishop did not take it into his head to send the former into the world some months before the latter, which would have been a greater improvement upon the solemnity of the procession.

Since I writ these last lines I have perused the whole pamphlet (which I had only dipped in before), and found I had been hunting upon a wrong scent; for the author has in several parts of his piece discovered the true motives which put him upon sending it abroad at this juncture; I shall therefore consider them as they come in my way.

My lord begins his introduction with an account of the reasons why he was guilty of so many mistakes in the first volume of his History of the Re-

* The Bishop's Introduction is prefaced with a letter to his bookseller, of which this is a burlesque.

^b One of the forlorn hope.

formation: his excuses are just, rational, and extremely consistent. He says, "he wrote in haste," which he confirms by adding "that it lay a year after he wrote it before it was put into the press." At the same time he mentioned a passage extremely to the honour of that pious and excellent prelate archbishop Sancroft, which demonstrates his grace to have been a person of great sagacity and almost a prophet. Dr. Burnet, then a private divine, desired admittance to the Cotton library, but was prevented by the archbishop, who told sir John Cotton that the said doctor was no friend to the prerogative of the crown or to the constitution of the kingdom. This judgment was the more extraordinary, because the doctor had not long before published a book in Scotland, with his name prefixed, which carries the regal prerogative higher than any writer of the age; however, the good archbishop lived to see his opinion become universal in the kingdom.

The bishop goes on for many pages with an account of certain facts relating to the publishing of his two former volumes of the Reformation; the great success of that work, and the adversaries who appeared against it. These are matters out of the way of my reading; only I observe that poor Mr. Henry Wharton, who has deserved so well of the commonwealth of learning, and who gave himself the trouble of detecting some hundreds of the bishop's mistakes, meets with very ill quarter from his lordship; upon which, I cannot avoid mentioning a peculiar method which this prelate takes to revenge himself upon those who presume to differ from him in print. The bishop of Rochester happened some years ago to be of this number. My lord of Sarum, in his reply, ventured to tell the world that the gentleman who had writ against him, meaning Dr. Atterbury, was one upon whom he had conferred great obligations, which was a very generous christian contrivance of charging his adversary with ingratitude. But it seems the truth happened to be on the other side, which the doctor made appear in such a manner as would have silenced his lordship for ever if he had not been writing-proof. Poor Mr. Wharton, in his grave, is charged with the same accusation, but with circumstances the most aggravating that malice and something else could invent; and which I will no more believe than five hundred passages in a certain book of travels [Burnet's Travels]. See the character he gives of a divine and a scholar who shortened his life in the service of God and the church. "Mr. Wharton desired me to intercede with Tillotson for a prebend of Canterbury. I did so, but Wharton would not believe it; said he would be revenged, and so writ against me. Soon after, he was convinced I had spoke for him; said he was set on to do what he did, and if I would procure anything for him he would discover everything to me." What a spirit of candour, charity, and good nature, generosity, and truth, shines through this story, told of a most excellent and pious divine twenty years after his death, without one single voucher!

Come we now to the reasons which moved his lordship to set about this work at this time. "He could delay it no longer, because the reasons of his engaging in it at first seem to return upon him." He was then frightened with "the danger of a popish successor in view, and the dreadful apprehensions of the power of France. England has forgot these dangers," and yet is "nearer to them than ever," and therefore he is resolved to "awaken them" with his third volume; but in the mean time

seeds this introduction to let them know they are asleep. He then goes on in describing the condition of the kingdom, after such a manner as if destruction hung over us by a single hair; as if the pope, the devil, the pretender, and France, were just at our doors.

When the bishop published his History, there was a popish plot on foot: the duke of York, a known papist, was presumptive heir to the crown; the house of commons would not hear of any expedient for securing their religion under a popish prince, nor would the king or lords consent to a bill of exclusion; the French king was in the height of his grandeur and the vigour of his age. At this day the presumptive heir, with that whole illustrious family, are protestants; the popish pretender excluded for ever by several acts of parliament; and every person in the smallest employment, as well as the members of both houses, obliged to abjure him. The French king is at the lowest ebb of life; his armies have been conquered, and his towns won from him for ten years together; and his kingdom is in danger of being torn by divisions during a long minority. Are these cases parallel? or are we now in more danger of France and popery than we were thirty years ago! What can be the motive for advancing such false, such detestable assertions! what conclusions would his lordship draw from such premises as these! If injurious appellations were of any advantage to a cause (as the style of our adversaries would make us believe), what appellations would those deserve who thus endeavour to sow the seeds of sedition, and are impatient to see the fruits! "But," saith he, "the deaf adder stoppeth her ears, let the charmer charm never so wisely." True, my lord, there are indeed too many adders in this nation's bosom; adders in all shapes and in all habits, whom neither the queen nor parliament can charm to loyalty, truth, religion, or honour.

Among other instances produced by him of the dismal condition we are in, he offers one which could not easily be guessed. It is this, "That the little factions pamphlets written about the end of king Charles II.'s reign lie dead in shops, are looked on as waste paper, and turned to pasteboard." How many are there of his lordship's writings which could otherwise never have been of any real service to the public? Has he indeed so mean an opinion of our taste, to send us at this time of day into all the corners of Holborn, Duck-lane, and Moorfields, in quest after the factious trash published in those days by Julian Johnson, Hiekerlingil, Dr. Oates, and himself!

His lordship, taking it for a *postulatum* that the queen and ministry, both houses of parliament, and a vast majority of the landed gentlemen throughout England, are running headlong into popery, lays hold on the occasion to describe "the cruelties in queen Mary's reign; an inquisition setting up fagots in Smithfield, and executions all over the kingdom. Here is that," says he, "which those that look toward a popish successor must look for." And he insinuates through his whole pamphlet, that all who are not of his party "look toward a popish successor." These he divides into two parts; the Tory laity, and the Tory clergy. He tells the former, "Although they have no religion at all, but resolve to change with every wind and tide, yet they ought to have compassion on their countrymen and kindred." Then he applies himself to the Tory clergy, assures them that "the fires revived in Smithfield and all over the nation will have no amiable view, but least of all to them, who, if they have any principles at all, must be turned out of their livings, leave their families, be hunted from

* "Vindication of the Authority, Constitution, and Laws of the Church and State of Scotland," dedicated to the duke of Lauderdale, and published in 1672.

place to place into parts beyond the seas, and meet with that contempt with which they treated foreigners who took sanctuary among us."

This requires a recapitulation, with some remarks. First, I do affirm that in every hundred of professed atheists, deists, and socinians in the kingdom, ninety-nine at least are stanch thorough-paced Whigs, entirely agreeing with his lordship in politics and discipline; and therefore will venture all the fires of hell, rather than singe one hair of their beards in Smithfield. Secondly, I do likewise affirm that those whom we usually understand by the appellation of Tory or high-church clergy were the greatest sticklers against the exorbitant proceedings of king James II., the best writers against popery, and the most exemplary sufferers for the established religion. Thirdly, I do pronounce it to be a most false and infamous scandal upon the nation in general, and on the clergy in particular, to reproach them for "treating foreigners with haughtiness and contempt." The French huguenots are many thousand witnesses to the contrary; and I wish they deserved the thousandth part of the good treatment they have received.

Lastly, I observe that the author of a paper called "The Englishman" has run into the same cant, gravely advising the whole body of the clergy not to bring in popery; because that will put them under a necessity of parting with their wives, or losing their livings.

The bulk of the kingdom, both clergy and laity, happen to differ extremely from this prelate in many principles both of politics and religion. Now I ask whether, if any man of them had signed his name to a system of atheism or popery, he could have argued with them otherwise than he does! or, if I should write a grave letter to his lordship with the same advice, taking it for granted that he was half an atheist and half a papist, and conjuring him by all he held dear to have compassion upon all those who believed a God, "not to revive the fires in Smithfield; that he must either forfeit his bishopric, or not marry a fourth wife,"—I ask whether he would not think I intended him the highest injury and affront!

But as to the Tory laity, they throw them up in a lump for abandoned atheists; they are a set of men so "implausibly corrupted in the point of religion that no scene of cruelty can fright them from leaping into it (popery), and perhaps acting such a part in it as may be assigned them." He therefore despairs of influencing them by any topics drawn from religion or compassion, and advances the consideration of interest as the only powerful argument to persuade them against popery.

What he offers upon this head is so very amazing from a christian, a clergyman, and a prelate of the church of England, that I must in my own imagination strip him of those three capacities, and put him among the number of that set of men he mentions in the paragraph before; or else it will be impossible to shape out an answer.

His lordship, in order to dissuade the Tories from their design of bringing in popery, tells them, "how valuable a part of the whole soil of England, the abbey-lands, the estates of the bishops, of the cathedrals, and the tithes are;" how difficult such a resumption would be to many families; "yet all these must be thrown up; for sacrilege in the church of Rome is a mortal sin." I desire it may be observed what a jumble here is made of ecclesiastical revenues, as if they were all upon the same foot, were alienated with equal justice, and the clergy had no more reason to complain of the one than the other; whereas

the four branches mentioned by him are of very different consideration. If I might venture to guess the opinion of the clergy upon this matter, I believe they could wish that some small part of the abbey-lands had been applied to the augmentation of poor bishoprics; and a very few acres to serve for glebes in those parishes where there are none; after which I think they would not repine that the laity should possess the rest. If the estates of some bishops and cathedrals were exorbitant before the Reformation, I believe the present clergy's wishes reach no further than that some reasonable temper had been used instead of paring them to the quick. But as to the tithes, without examining whether they be of divine institution, I conceive there is hardly one of that sacred order in England, and very few even among the laity who love the church, who will not allow the misapplication of those revenues to secular persons to have been at first a most flagrant act of injustice and oppression; although, at the same time, God forbid they should be restored any other way than by gradual purchase, by the consent of those who are now the lawful possessors, or by the piety and generosity of such worthy spirits as this nation sometimes produces. The bishop knows very well that the application of tithes to the maintenance of monasteries was a scandalous usurpation, even in popish times; that the monks usually sent out some of their fraternity to supply the cures; and that when the monasteries were granted away by Henry VIII. the parishes were left destitute, or very meanly provided, of any maintenance for a pastor. So that in many places the whole ecclesiastical dues, even to mortuaries, Easter-offerings, and the like, are in lay hands, and the incumbent lies wholly at the mercy of his patron for his daily bread. By these means there are several hundred parishes in England under twenty pounds a-year, and many under ten. I take his lordship's bishopric to be worth near 25000*l.* annual income; and I will engage, at half a year's warning, to find him above a hundred beneficed clergymen who have not so much among them all to support themselves and their families; most of them orthodox, of good life and conversation, as loth to see the fires kindled in Smithfield as his lordship, and at least as ready to face them under a popish persecution. But nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches as to conceive how others can be in want. How can the neighbouring vicar feel cold or hunger while my lord is seated by a good fire in the warmest room of his palace with a dozen dishes before him! I remember one other prelate much of the same stamp, who, when his clergy would mention their wishes that some act of parliament might be thought of for the good of the church, would say, "Gentlemen, we are very well as we are; if they would let us alone, we should ask no more."

"Sacrilege," says my lord, "in the church of Rome is a mortal sin;" and is it only so in the church of Rome? or is it but a venial sin in the church of England? Our litany calls fornication a deadly sin; and I would appeal to his lordship for fifty years past, whether he thought that or sacrilege the deadliest? To make light of such a sin, at the same moment that he is frightening us from an idolatrous religion, should seem not very consistent. "Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?"

To smooth the way for the return of popery in queen Mary's time, the grantees were confirmed by the pope in the possession of the abbey-lands. But the bishop tells us that "this confirmation was fraudulent and invalid." I shall believe it to be so,

although I happen to read it in his lordship's History. But he adds "that, although the confirmation had been good, the priests would have got their land again by these two methods; first, the statute of mortmain was repealed for twenty years; in which time, no doubt, they reckoned they would recover the best part of what they had lost; beside that engaging the clergy to renew no leases was a thing entirely in their own power; and this in forty years' time would raise their revenues to be about ten times their present value." These two expedients for increasing the revenues of the church he represents as pernicious designs, fit only to be practised in times of popery, and such as the laity ought never to consent to; whence, and from what he said before about tithes, his lordship has freely declared his opinion that the clergy are rich enough, and that the least addition to their subsistence would be a step toward popery. Now it happens that the two only methods which could be thought on, with any probability of success, toward some reasonable augmentation of ecclesiastical revenues, are here rejected by a bishop as a means for introducing popery, and the nation publicly warned against them; whereas the continuance of the statute of mortmain in full force, after the church had been so terribly stripped, appeared to her majesty and the kingdom a very unnecessary hardship; upon which account it was at several times relaxed by the legislature. Now, as the relaxation of that statute is manifestly one of the reasons which gives the bishop those terrible apprehensions of popery coming on us; so I conceive another ground of his fears is the remission of the first-fruits and tenths. But where the inclination to popery lay, whether in her majesty who proposed this benefaction, the parliament which confirmed, or the clergy who accepted it, his lordship has not thought fit to determine.

The other popish expedient for augmenting church revenues is, "engaging the clergy to renew no leases." Several of the most eminent clergymen have assured me that nothing has been more wished for by good men than a law to prevent bishops, at least, from setting leases for lives. I could name ten bishoprics in England whose revenues one with another do not amount to 600*l.* a-year for each; and if his lordship's, for instance, would be above ten times the value when the lives are expired, I should think the overplus would not be ill disposed toward an augmentation of such as are now shamefully poor. But I do assert that such an expedient was not always thought popish and dangerous by this right reverend historian. I have had the honour formerly to converse with him; and he has told me several years ago that he lamented extremely the power which bishops had of letting leases for lives; whereby, as he said, they were utterly deprived of raising their revenues, whatever alterations might happen in the value of money by length of time. I think the reproach of betraying private conversation will not upon this account be laid to my charge. Neither do I believe he would have changed his opinion upon any score, but to take up another more agreeable to the maxims of his party, "that the least addition of property to the church is one step toward popery."

The bishop goes on with much earnestness and prolixity to prove that the pope's confirmation of the church-lands to those who held them by king Henry's donation was null and fraudulent; which is a point that I believe no protestant in England would give threepence to have his choice whether it should be true or false: it might indeed serve as a passage in his history, among a thousand other instances, to

detect the knavery of the court of Rome; but I ask, where could be the use of it in this introduction? or why all this haste in publishing it at this juncture, and so out of all method apart, and before the work itself? He gives his reasons in very plain terms; we are now, it seems, "in more danger of popery than toward the end of king Charles II.'s reign. That set of men (the Tories) is so impiously corrupted in the point of religion, that no scene of cruelty can frighten them from leaping into it, and perhaps from acting such a part in it as may be assigned them." He doubts whether the high-church clergy have any principles, and therefore will be ready to turn off their wives, and look on the fires kindled in Smithfield as an amiable view. These are the facts he all along takes for granted, and argues accordingly. Therefore, in despair of dissuading the nobility and gentry of the land from introducing popery, by any motives of honour, religion, alliance, or mercy, he assures them "That the pope has not duly confirmed their titles to the church-lands in their possession;" which therefore must be infallibly restored as soon as that religion is established among us.

Thus, in his lordship's opinion, there is nothing wanting to make the majority of the kingdom, both for number, quality, and possession, immediately embrace popery, except a "firm hull from the pope," to secure the abbey and other church lands and tithes to the present proprietors and their heirs; if this only difficulty could now be adjusted the pretender would be restored next session, the two houses reconciled to the church of Rome against Easter term, and the fires lighted in Smithfield by Midsummer. Such horrible calumnies against a nation are not the less injurious to decency, good-nature, truth, honour, and religion, because they may be vented with safety; and I will appeal to any reader of common understanding whether this be not the most natural and necessary deduction from the passages I have cited and referred to.

Yet all this is but friendly dealing in comparison with what he affords the clergy upon the same article. He supposes that whole reverend body who suffer from him in principles of church or state, so far from disliking popery upon the above-mentioned motives of perjury, "quitting their wives or burning their relations," that the hopes of "enjoying the abbey-lands" would soon bear down all such considerations and be an effectual incitement to their perversion; and so he goes gravely on, as with the only argument which he thinks can have any force, to assure them that the "parochial priests in Roman catholic countries are much poorer than in ours; the several orders of regulars and the magnificence of their church devouring all their treasure;" and by consequence "their hopes are vain of expecting to be richer after the introduction of popery."

But, after all, his lordship despairs that even this argument will have any force with our abominable clergy; because, to use his own words, "They are an insensible and degenerate race, who are thinking of nothing but their present advantages; and so that they may now support a luxurious and brutal course of irregular and voluptuous practices, they are easily hired to betray their religion, to sell their country, and give up that liberty and those properties which are the present felicities and glories of this nation."

He seems to reckon all these evils as matters fully determined on, and therefore falls into the last usual form of despair, by threatening the authors of these miseries with "lasting infamy, and the curses of posterity upon perfidious betrayers of their trust."

Let me turn this paragraph into vulgar language, for the use of the poor; and strictly adhere to the sense of the words. I believe it may be faithfully translated in the following manner: "The bulk of the clergy and one-third of the bishops are stupid sons of whores, who think of nothing but getting money as soon as they can; if they may but procure enough to supply them in gluttony, drunkenness, and whoring, they are ready to turn traitors to God and their country, and make their fellow-subjects slaves." The rest of the period, about threatening infamy and the curses of posterity upon such dogs and villains, may stand as it does in the bishop's own phrase; and so make the paragraph all of a piece.

I will engage, on the other side, to paraphrase all the rogues and rascals in the Englishman, so as to bring them up exactly to his lordship's style; but, for my own part, I much prefer the plain Billingsgate way of calling names, because it expresses our meaning full as well, and would save abundance of time which is lost by circumlocution; so, for instance, John Dunton, who is retained on the same side with the bishop, calls my lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke traitors, whoremongers, and Jacobites; which three words cost our right reverend author three as many lines to define them; and I hope his lordship does not think there is any difference in point of morality, whether a man calls me traitor in one word or says I am one "hired to betray my religion and sell my country."

I am not surprised to see the bishop mention with contempt all convocations of the clergy; for Toland, Asgill, Monmouth, Collins, Tindal, and others of the fraternity, talk the very same language. His lordship confesses he is not inclined "to expect much from the assemblies of clergymen." There lies the misfortune; for if he, and some more of his order, would correct their inclinations, a great deal of good might be expected from such assemblies; as much as they are now cramped by that submission which a corrupt clergy brought upon their innocent successors. He will not deny that his copiousness in these matters is, in his own opinion, one of the meanest parts of his new work. I will agree with him, unless he happens to be more copious in anything else. However, it is not easy to conceive why he should be so copious upon a subject he so much despises, unless it were to gratify his talent of railing at the clergy, in the number of whom he disdains to be reckoned, because he is a bishop; for it is a style I observed some prelates have fallen into of late years, to talk of clergymen as if themselves were not of the number. You will read, in many of their speeches at Dr. Sacheverel's trial, expressions to this or the like effect: "My lords, if clergymen be suffered," &c., wherein they seem to have reason; and I am pretty confident that a great majority of the clergy were heartily inclined to disown any relation they had to the managers in lawn. However, it was a confounding argument against presbytery, that those prelates who are most suspected to lean that way treated their inferior brethren with haughtiness, rigour, and contempt; although, to say the truth, nothing better could be hoped for; because I believe it may pass for a universal rule, that, in every diocese governed by bishops of the Whig species, the clergy (especially the poorer sort) are under double discipline, and the laity left to themselves. The opinion of sir Thomas More, which he produces to prove the ill consequences or insignificance of convocations, advances no such thing; but says, "If the clergy assembled often, and might act as other assemblies of clergy in Christendom, much good might have come; but this

misfortune lay in their long disuse, and that in his own and a good part of his father's time they never came together, except at the command of the prince."

I suppose his lordship thinks there is some original impediment in the study of divinity, or secret incapacity in a gown and cassock without lawn, which disqualifies all inferior clergymen from debating upon subjects of doctrine or discipline in the church. It is a famous saying of his, "that he looks upon every layman to be an honest man until he is by experience convinced to the contrary; and on every clergyman as a knave until he finds him to be an honest man." What opinion then must we have of a lower house of convocation; where, I am confident, he will hardly find three persons that ever convinced him of their honesty, or will ever be at the pains to do it? Nay, I am afraid they would think such a conviction might be no very advantageous bargain, to gain the character of an honest man with his lordship, and lose it with the rest of the world.

In the famous concordate that was made between Francis I. of France and pope Leo X., the bishop tells us that "the king and pope came to a bargain, by which they divided the liberties of the Gallican church between them, and indeed quite enslaved it." He intends in the third part of his History, which he is going to publish, "to open this whole matter to the world." In the mean time he mentions some ill consequences to the Gallican church from that concordate, which are worthy to be observed: "The church of France became a slave, and this change in their constitution put an end not only to national but even to provincial synods in that kingdom. The assemblies of the clergy there meet now only to give subsidies," &c.; and he says, "our nation may see by that proceeding what it is to deliver up the essential liberties of a free constitution to a court."

All I can gather from this matter is, that our king Henry made a better bargain than his contemporary Francis, who divided the liberties of the church between himself and the pope, while the king of England seized them all to himself. But how comes he to number the want of synods in the Gallican church among the grievances of that concordate, and as a mark of their slavery, since he reckons all convocations of the clergy in England to be useless and dangerous? Or what difference in point of liberty was there between the Gallican church under Francis and the English under Harry? For the latter was as much a papist as the former, unless in the point of obedience to the see of Rome; and in every quality of a good man, or a good prince (except personal courage, wherein both were equal), the French monarch had the advantage by as many degrees as is possible for one man to have over another.

Henry VIII. had no manner of intention to change religion in his kingdom; he continued to persecute and burn protestants after he had cast off the pope's supremacy; and I suppose this seizure of ecclesiastical revenues (which Francis never attempted) cannot be reckoned as a mark of the church's liberty. By the quotation the bishop sets down to show the slavery of the French church, he represents it as a grievance that "bishops are not now elected there as formerly, but wholly appointed by the prince; and that those made by the court have been ordinarily the chief advancers of schisms, heresies, and oppressions of the church." He cites another passage from a Greek writer, and plainly insinuates that it is justly applicable to her majesty's reign: "Princes choose such men to that charge (of a bishop) who may be their slaves, and in all

things obsequious to what they prescribe, and may lie at their feet, and have not so much as a thought contrary to their commands."

These are very singular passages for his lordship to set down, in order to show the dismal consequences of the French concordate, by the slavery of the Gallican church compared with the freedom of ours. I shall not enter into a long dispute whether it were better for religion that bishops should be chosen by the clergy or people, or both together: I believe our author would give his vote for the second (which, however, would not have been of much advantage to himself and some others that I could name); but I ask whether bishops are any more elected in England than in France? And the want of synods are, in his own opinion, rather a blessing than a grievance, unless he will affirm that more good can be expected from a popish synod than an English convocation. Did the French clergy ever receive a greater blow to their liberties than the submission made to Henry VIII.; or so great a one as the seizure of their lands? The Reformation owed nothing to the good intentions of king Henry; he was only an instrument of it (as the logicians speak) by accident; nor does he appear, throughout his whole reign, to have had any other views than those of gratifying his insatiable love of power, cruelty, oppression, and other irregular appetites. But this kingdom, as well as many other parts of Europe, was, at that time, generally weary of the corruptions and impositions of the Roman court and church; and disposed to receive those doctrines which Luther and his followers had universally spread. Cranmer the archbishop, Cromwell, and others of the court, did secretly embrace the Reformation; and the king's abrogating the pope's supremacy made the people in general run into the new doctrine with greater freedom, because they hoped to be supported in it by the authority and example of their prince; who disappointed them so far that he made no other step than rejecting the pope's supremacy, as a clog upon his own power and passions, but retained every corruption besides, and became a cruel persecutor, as well of those who denied his own supremacy as of all others who professed any protestant doctrine. Neither has anything disgusted me more in reading the histories of those times than to see one of the worst princes of any age or country celebrated as an instrument in that glorious work of the Reformation.

The bishop, having gone over all the matters that properly fall within his introduction, proceeds to expostulate with several sorts of people: first, with protestants who are no christians—such as atheists, deists, freethinkers, and the like enemies to christianity: but these he treats with the tenderness of a friend, because they are all of them of sound Whig principles in church and state. However, to do him justice, he lightly touches some old topics for the truth of the gospel; and concludes by "wishing that the freethinkers would consider well if (*Anglice*, whether) they think it possible to bring a nation to be without any religion at all; and what the consequences of that may prove;" and in case they allow the negative, he gives it clearly for christianity.

Secondly, he applies himself (if I take his meaning right) to christian papists, "who have a taste of liberty;" and desires them to "compare the absurdity of their own religion with the reasonableness of the reformed;" against which, as good luck would have it, I have nothing to object.

Thirdly, he is somewhat rough against his own party, "who, having tasted the sweets of protestant

liberty, can look back so tamely on popery coming on them;" it looks as if they were bewitched, or that the devil were in them, to be so negligent. "It is not enough that they resolve not to turn papists themselves; they ought to awaken all about them, even the most ignorant and stupid, to apprehend their danger, and to exert themselves with their utmost industry to guard against it and to resist it. If, after all their endeavours to prevent it, the corruption of the age, and the art and power of our enemies, prove too hard for us, then, and not until then, we must submit to the will of God, and be silent; and prepare ourselves for all the extremity of suffering and of misery," with a great deal more of the same strain.

With due submission to the profound sagacity of this prelate, who can smell popery at five hundred miles' distance, better than fanaticism just under his nose, I take leave to tell him that this reproof to his friends for want of zeal, and clamour against popery, slavery, and the pretender, is what they have not deserved. Are the pamphlets and papers daily published by the sublime authors of his party full of anything else? Are not the queen, the ministers, the majority of lords and commons, loudly taxed in print, with this charge against them at full length? Is it not the perpetual echo of every Whig coffeehouse and club? Have they not quartered popery and the pretender upon the peace and plenty of commerce; upon the possessing, and quieting, and keeping, and demolishing of Dunkirk? Have they not clamoured because the pretender continued in France, and because he left it? Have they not reported that the town swarmed with many thousand papists; when upon search there were never found so few of that religion in it before? If a clergyman preaches obedience to the higher powers, is he not immediately traduced as a papist? Can mortal man do more? To deal plainly, my lord, your friends are not strong enough yet to make an insurrection, and it is unreasonable to expect one from them until their neighbours be ready.

My lord, I have a little seriousness at heart upon this point, where your lordship affects to show so much. When you can prove that one single word has ever dropped from any minister of state, in public or private, in favour of the pretender or his cause; when you can make it appear that in the course of this administration, since the queen thought fit to change her servants, there has one step been made toward weakening the Hanover title, or giving the least countenance to any other whatsoever; then, and not until then, go dry your chaff and stubble, give fire to the zeal of your faction, and reproach them with lukewarmness.

Fourthly, the bishop applies himself to the Tories in general; taking it for granted, after his charitable manner, that they are all ready prepared to introduce popery. He puts an excuse into their mouths, by which they would endeavour to justify their change of religion: "Popery is not what it was before the Reformation: things are now much mended, and further corrections might be expected if we would enter into a treaty with them; in particular, they see the error of proceeding severely with heretics; so that there is no reason to apprehend the returns of such cruelties as were practised an age and a half ago."

This, he assures us, is a plea offered by the Tories in defence of themselves for going about at this juncture to establish the popish religion among us: What argument does he bring to prove the fact itself?

Quibus indicis, quo teste, probavit?
Nil horum: verbosa et grandis epistola venit.
JUVENAL, Sat. 7. 70.

Nothing but this tedious Introduction, wherein he supposes it all along as a thing granted. That there might be a perfect union in the whole christian church is a blessing which every good man wishes, but no reasonable man can hope. That the more polite Roman catholics have, in several places, given up some of their superstitious fopperies, particularly concerning legends, relics, and the like, is what nobody denies. But the material points in difference between us and them are universally retained and asserted in all their controversial writings. And if his lordship really thinks that every man who differs from him, under the name of a Tory, in some church and state opinions, is ready to believe transubstantiation, purgatory, the infallibility of pope or councils, to worship saints and angels, and the like, I can only pray God to enlighten his understanding, or graft in his heart the first principles of charity; a virtue which some people ought not by any means wholly to renounce, because it covers a multitude of sins.

Fifthly, the bishop applies himself to his own party in both houses of parliament, whom he exhorts to "guard their religion and liberty against all danger, at what distance soever it may appear. If they are absent and remiss on critical occasions;" that is to say, if they do not attend close next sessions, to vote upon all occasions whatever against the proceedings of the queen and her ministry; "or if any views of advantage to themselves prevail on them;" in other words, if any of them vote for the bill of commerce, in hopes of a place or a pension, a title or a garter; "God may work a deliverance for us another way" (that is to say, by inviting the Dutch); "but they and their families," i. e. those who are negligent or revolvers, "shall perish;" by which is meant they shall be hanged, as well as the present ministry and their abettors, as soon as we recover our power; "because they let in idolatry, superstition, and tyranny;" because they stood by and suffered the peace to be made, the bill of commerce to pass, and Dunkirk to lie undemolished longer than we expected, without raising a rebellion.

His last application is to the Tory clergy, a parcel of "blind, ignorant, dumb, sleeping, greedy, drunken dogs." A pretty artful episcopal method is this, of calling his brethren as many injurious names as he pleases. It is but quoting a text of Scripture, where the characters of evil men are described, and the thing is done; and at the same time the appearances of piety and devotion preserved. I would engage, with the help of a good Concordance and the liberty of perverting holy writ, to find out as many injurious appellations as the Englishman throws out in any of his politic papers, and apply them to those persons "who call good evil, and evil good; to those who cry without cause, 'Every man to his tent, O Israel!'" and to those who curse the queen in their hearts!"

These decent words, he tells us, make up a "lively description of such pastors as will not study controversy, nor know the depths of Satan." He means, I suppose, the controversy between us and the papists; for as to the freethinkers and dissenters of every denomination, they are some of the best friends to the cause. Now I have been told there is a body of that kind of controversy published by the London divines, which is not to be matched in the world. I believe likewise there is a good number of the clergy at present thoroughly versed in that study; after which, I cannot but give my judgment, that it would be a very idle thing for pastors in general to busy themselves much in disputes against popery; it being a dry heavy employment of the mind at

best, especially when (God be thanked) there is so little occasion for it in the generality of parishes throughout the kingdom, and must be daily less and less, by the just severity of the laws, and the utter aversion of our people from that idolatrous superstition.

If I might be so bold as to name those who have the honour to be of his lordship's party, I would venture to tell him that pastors have much more occasion to study controversies against the several classes of freethinkers and dissenters: the former (I beg his lordship's pardon for saying so) being a little worse than papists, and both of them more dangerous at present to our constitution both in church and state. Not that I think presbytery so corrupt a system of christian religion as popery; I believe it is not above one third as bad; but I think the presbyterians, and their class of other fanatics, or freethinkers and atheists, that dangle after them are as well inclined to pull down the present establishment of monarchy and religion as any set of papists in Christendom; and therefore that our danger, as things now stand, is infinitely greater from our protestant enemies; because they are much more able to ruin us, and fall as willing. There is no doubt but that presbytery and a commonwealth are less formidable evils than popery, slavery, and the pretender; for if the fanatics were in power, I should be in more apprehension of being starved than hurned. But there are probably in England forty dissenters of all kinds, including their brethren the freethinkers, for one papist; and allowing one papist to be as terrible as three dissenters, it will appear by arithmetic that we are thirteen times and one-third more in danger of being ruined by the latter than the former.

The other qualification necessary for all pastors, if they will not be "blind, ignorant, greedy, drunken dogs," &c., is "to know the depths of Satan." This is harder than the former; that a poor gentleman ought not to be a parson, vicar, or curate of a parish, except he be cunninger than the devil. I am afraid it will be difficult to remedy this defect, for one manifest reason, because whoever had only half the cunning of the devil would never take up with a vicarage of ten pounds a-year, "to live on at his ease," as my lord expresses it, but seek out for some better livelihood. His lordship is of a nation very much distinguished for that quality of cunning (although they have a great many better), and I think he was never accused for wanting his share. However, upon a trial of skill, I would venture to lay six to four on the devil's side, who must be allowed to be at least the older practitioner. Telling truth shames him, and resistance makes him fly: but to attempt outwitting him is to fight him at his own weapon, and consequently no cunning at all. Another thing I would observe is, that a man may be "in the depths of Satan" without knowing them all; and such a man may be so far in Satan's depths as to be out of his own. One of the depths of Satan is to counterfeit an angel of light. Another, I believe, is to stir up the people against their governors by false suggestions of danger. A third is, to be a prompter to false brethren, and to send wolves about in sheep's clothing. Sometimes he sends jesuits about England in the habit and cant of fanatics; at other times, he has fanatic missionaries in the habits of ———. I shall mention but one more of Satan's depths—for I confess I know not the hundredth part of them—and that is, to employ his emissaries in crying out against remote imaginary dangers, by which we may be taken off from defending ourselves against those which are really just at our elbows.

But his lordship draws toward a conclusion, and bids us "look about to consider the danger we are in before it is too late;" for he assures us we are already "going into some of the worst parts of popery;" like the man who was so much in haste for his new coat, that he put it on the wrong side out. "Auricular confession, priestly absolution, and the sacrifice of the mass," have made great progress in England, and nobody has observed it; several other "popish points are carried higher with us than by the priests themselves;" and somebody it seems had the "impudence to propose a union with the Gallican church." I have indeed heard that Mr. Lesley published a discourse to that purpose, which I have never seen; nor do I perceive the evil in proposing a union between any two churches in Christendom. Without doubt, Mr. Lesley is most unhappily misled in his politics; but if he be the author of the late tract against popery, he has given the world such a proof of his soundness in religion as many a bishop ought to be proud of. I never saw the gentleman in my life: I know he is the son of a great and excellent prelate, who, upon several accounts, was one of the most extraordinary men of his age. Mr. Lesley has written many useful discourses upon several subjects, and has so well deserved of the christian religion, and the church of England in particular, that to accuse him of "impudence for proposing a union" in two very different faiths, is a style which I hope few will imitate. I detest Mr. Lesley's political principles as much as his lordship can do for his heart; but I verily believe he acts from a mistaken conscience, and therefore I distinguish between the principles and the person. However, it is some mortification to me, when I see an avowed nonjuror contribute more to the confounding of popery than could ever be done by a hundred thousand such introductions as this.

His lordship ends with discovering a small ray of comfort. "God be thanked, there are many among us that stand upon the watch-tower, and that give faithful warning; that stand in the breach, and make themselves a wall for their church and country; that cry to God day and night, and lie in the dust mourning before him, to avert those judgments that seem to hasten toward us. They search into the mystery of iniquity that is working among us, and acquaint themselves with that mass of corruption that is in popery." He prays "that the number of these may increase, and that he may be of that number, ready either to die in peace, or to seal that doctrine he has been preaching above fifty years with his blood." This being his last paragraph, I have made bold to transcribe the most important parts of it. His design is to end, after the manner of orators, with leaving the strongest impression possible upon the minds of his hearers. A great breach is made; "the mystery of popish iniquity is working among us; may God avert those judgments that are hastening toward us! I am an old man, a preacher above fifty years, and I now expect and am ready to die a martyr for the doctrines I have preached." What an amiable idea does he here leave upon our minds of her majesty and her government! He has been poring so long upon Fox's Book of Martyrs, that he imagines himself living in the reign of queen Mary, and is resolved to set up for a knight-errant against popery. Upon the supposition of his being in earnest (which I am sure he is not), it would require but a very little more heat of imagination to make a history of such a knight's adventures. What would he say to behold the fires kindled in Smithfield and all over the town on the 17th of November; to behold the

pope borne in triumph on the shoulders of the people, with a cardinal on the one side and the pretender on the other? He would never believe it was queen Elizabeth's day, but that of her persecuting sister; in short, how easily might a windmill be taken for the tower of Babel, and a puppet-show for a popish procession!

But enthusiasm is none of his lordship's faculty. I am inclined to believe he might be melancholy enough when he writ this Introduction. The despair at his age of seeing a faction restored to which he had sacrificed so great a part of his life; the little success he can hope for in case he should resume those high-church principles in defence of which he first employed his pen; no visible expectation of removing to Farnham or Lambeth; and, lastly, the misfortune of being hated by every one who either wears the habit or values the profession of a clergyman;—no wonder such a spirit, in such a situation, is provoked beyond the regards of truth, decency, religion, or self-conviction. To do him justice, he seems to have nothing else left but to cry out, halts, gibbets, fagots, inquisition, popery, slavery, and the pretender. But in the mean time he little considers what a world of mischief he does to his cause. It is very convenient for the present designs of that faction to spread the opinion of our immediate danger from popery and the pretender. His directors therefore ought, in my humble opinion, to have employed his lordship in publishing a book, wherein he should have affirmed, by the most solemn asseverations, that all things were safe and well; for the world has contracted so strong a habit of believing him backward, that I am confident nine parts in ten of those who have read or heard of his Introduction have slept in greater security ever since. It is like the melancholy tone of a watchman at midnight, who thumps with his pole as if some thief were breaking in; but you know by the noise that the door is fast.

However, he "thanks God there are many among us who stand in the breach." I believe they may; it is a breach of their own making, and they design to come forward, and storm, and plunder, if they be not driven back. "They make themselves a wall for their church and country." A south wall, I suppose, for all the best fruit of the church and country to be nailed on. Let us examine this metaphor. The wall of our church and country is built of those who love the constitution in both; our domestic enemies undermine some parts of the wall, and place themselves in the breach, and then they cry, "We are the wall!" We do not like such pathwork; they build with untempered mortar; nor can they ever cement with us till they get better materials and better workmen. God keep us from having our breaches made up with such rubbish! "They stand upon the watch-tower!" they are indeed pragmatical enough to do so; but who assigned them that post, to give us false intelligence, to alarm us with false dangers, and send us to defend one gate while their accomplices are breaking in at another? "They cry to God, day and night, to avert the judgment of popery which seems to hasten toward us." Then I affirm they are hypocrites by day, and filthy dreamers by night: when they cry unto Him, He will not hear them; for they cry against the plainest dictates of their own conscience, reason, and belief.

But, lastly, "They lie in the dust mourning before him." Hang me if I believe that, unless it be figuratively spoken. But, suppose it to be true, why do "they lie in the dust?" Because they love to raise it. For what do "they mourn?"

Why, for power, wealth, and places. There let the enemies of the queen, and monarchy, and the church, lie and mourn, and lick the dust like serpents, till they are truly sensible of their ingratitude, falsehood, disobedience, slander, blasphemy, sedition, and every evil work.

I cannot find in my heart to conclude without offering his lordship a little humble advice upon some certain points.

First, I would advise him, if it be not too late in his life, to endeavour a little at mending his style, which is mighty defective in the circumstances of grammar, propriety, politeness, and smoothness. I fancied at first it might be owing to the prevalence of his passion, as people sputter out nonsense for haste when they are in a rage. And, indeed, I believe this piece before me has received some additional imperfections from that occasion. But whoever has heard his sermons, or read his other tracts, will find him very unhappy in the choice and disposition of his words, and, for want of variety, repeating them, especially the particles, in a manner very grating to an English ear. But I confine myself to this Introduction as his last work, where, endeavouring at rhetorical flowers, he gives us only hunches of thistles: of which I could present the reader with a plentiful crop; but I refer him to every page and line of the pamphlet itself.

Secondly, I would most humbly advise his lordship to examine a little into the nature of truth, and sometimes to hear what she says. I shall produce two instances among a hundred. When he asserts that we are "now in more danger of popery than toward the end of king Charles II.'s reign," and gives the broadest hints that the queen, the ministry, the parliament, and the clergy, are just going to introduce it, I desire to know whether he really thinks Truth is of his side, or whether he be not sure she is against him? If the latter, then Truth and he will be found in two different stories; and which are we to believe? Again, when he gravely advises the Tories not to "light the fires in Smithfield," and goes on in twenty places already quoted, as if the bargain was made for popery and slavery to enter, I ask again whether he has rightly considered the nature of truth? I desire to put a parallel case. Suppose his lordship should take it into his fancy to write and publish a letter to any gentleman of no infamous character for his religion or morals, and there advise him with great earnestness not to rob or fire churches, ravish his daughter, or murder his father; show him the sin and the danger of these enormities; that, if he flattered himself he could escape in disguise, or bribe his jury, he was grievously mistaken; that he must, in all probability, forfeit his goods and chattels, die an ignominious death, and be cursed by posterity;—would not such a gentleman justly think himself highly injured, although his lordship did not affirm that the said gentleman had picklocks or combastibles ready; that he had attempted his daughter, and drawn his sword against his father in order to stab him; whereas, in the other case, this writer affirms over and over that all attempts for introducing popery and slavery are already made, the whole business concerted, and that little less than a miracle can prevent our ruin.

Thirdly, I could heartily wish his lordship would not undertake to charge the opinions of one or two, and those probably nonjurors, upon the whole body of the nation that differs from him. Mr. Lesley writ a "Proposal for a Union with the Gallican Church:" somebody else has "carried the necessity

of priesthood in the point of baptism further than popery;" a third has "asserted the independency of the church on the state, and in many things arraigned the supremacy of the crown;" then he speaks in a dubious insinuating way, as if some other popish tenets had been already advanced; and at last concludes in this affected strain of despondency; "What will all these things end in? and on what design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible!" It is as clear as the sun that these authors are encouraged by the ministry with a design to bring in popery; and in popery all these things will end.

I never was so uncharitable as to believe that the whole party, of which his lordship professes himself a member, had a real formed design of establishing atheism among us. The reason why the Whigs have taken the atheists or freethinkers into their body is, because they wholly agree in their political scheme, and differ very little in church power and discipline. However, I could turn the argument against his lordship with very great advantage, by quoting passages from fifty pamphlets, wholly made up of whiggism and atheism, and then conclude, "What will all these things end in? and on what design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible!"

Lastly, I would beg his lordship not to be so exceedingly outrageous upon the memory of the dead; because it is highly probable that in a very short time he will be one of the number. He has, in plain words, given Mr. Wharton the character of a most malicious, revengeful, treacherous, lying, mercenary villain. To which I shall only say, that the direct reverse of this amiable description is what appears from the works of that most learned divine, and from the accounts given me by those who knew him much better than the bishop seems to have done. I meddle not with the moral part of his treatment. God Almighty forgive his lordship this manner of revenging himself! and then there will be but little consequence from an accusation which the dead cannot feel, and which none of the living will believe.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE GUARDIAN CONSIDERED, IN A SECOND LETTER TO THE BAILIFF OF STOCKBRIDGE. BY A FRIEND OF MR. STEELE.

THE original edition of this tract was become so exceedingly scarce that the present editor in vain advertised for a copy of it in most of the public papers for many months, and obtained it at last by an unexpected accident.—Though we have no positive evidence to ascribe it to Swift, yet there are circumstances equal to decisive testimony. It is enumerated in the *Examiner* among other pieces which were certainly written by him, and which are separated from those of other writers in a manner which appears intended to prevent their being confounded with the works of inferior authors. But here we must lament the interruption of the *Journal to Stella*, which in several instances has so decisively ascertained those pieces which we at first only conjectured to be Swift's from their being classed in the above-described manner. Not one tract, however, has been thus admitted, that bears not the internal marks of its author; the few which appeared suspicious being still assigned to obscurity. Our author went to Ireland in June 1713, to take possession of his deanery, but returned to London in September: and it is certain that the following winter produced some of the most excellent pieces, both in prose and verse, which are to be found in his whole works.—Since the preceding note was written, the volume of the *dean's Tracts*, edited at p. 357, under "Remarks on a Letter to the Seven Lords, &c.," confirms the conjecture of this letter being the genuine production of the dean.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

MR. STEELE, in his "Letter of the Bailiff of Stockbridge," has given us leave "to treat him as we think fit, as he is our brother scribbler; but not to attack him as an honest man," p. 40. That is to say, he allows us to be his critics, but not his answerers; and he is altogether in the right, for there is in his letter much to be criticised and little to be answered. The situation and importance of Dunkirk are pretty well known. Mons. Tuggher's memorial, published and handed about by the Whigs, is allowed to be a very trifling paper; and as to the immediate demoralisation of that town, Mr. Steele pretends to offer no other argument but the expectations of the people, which is a figurative speech, naming the tenth part for the whole, as Bradshaw told king Charles I. that the people of England expected justice against him. I have therefore entered very little into the subject he pretends to treat, but have considered his pamphlet partly as a critic and partly as a commentator, which I think is "to treat him only as my brother scribbler," according to the permission he has graciously allowed me.

TO THE WORSHIPFUL MR. JOHN SNOW,
BAILIFF OF STOCKBRIDGE.

Sir,—I have just been reading a twelpenny pamphlet about Dunkirk, addressed to your worship from one of your intended representatives, and I find several passages in it which want explanation, especially to you in the country, for we in town have a way of talking and writing which is very little understood beyond the hills of mortality. I have therefore made bold to send you here a second letter, by way of comment upon the former.

In order to this, "you, Mr. Bailiff, and at the same time the whole borough," may please to take notice that London writers often put titles to their papers and pamphlets which have little or no reference to the main design of the work; so, for instance, you will observe in reading that the letter called "The Importance of Dunkirk" is wholly taken up in showing you the importance of Mr. Steele, wherein it was indeed reasonable your borough should be informed, which had chosen him to represent them.

I would therefore place the importance of this gentleman before you in a clearer light than he has given himself the trouble to do, without running into his early history, because I owe him no malice.

Mr. Steele is author of two tolerable plays, or at least of the greatest part of them, which, added to the company he kept, and to the continual conversation and friendship of Mr. Addison, has given him the character of a wit. To take the height of his learning, you are to suppose a lad just fit for the university, and sent early from thence into the wide world, where he followed every way of life that might least improve or preserve the rudiments he had got. He has no invention, nor is master of a tolerable style; his chief talent is humour, which he sometimes discovers both in writing and discourse, for after the first bottle he is no disagreeable companion. I never knew him taxed with ill-nature, which has made me wonder how ingratitude came to be his prevailing vice; and I am apt to think it proceeds more from some unaccountable sort of instinct than premeditation. Being the most imprudent man alive, he never follows the advice of his friends, but is wholly at the mercy of fools or knaves, or hurried away by his own caprice, by which he has committed more absurdities in economy, friendship, love, duty, good manners, politics, religion, and writing, than ever fell to one man's share. He was appointed gazetteer by Mr. Harley (then secretary of state), at the recommendation of Mr

Maynwaring, with a salary of three hundred pounds; was a commissioner of stamped paper, of equal profit; and had a pension of a hundred pounds per annum as a servant to the late prince George.

This gentleman whom I have now described to you began, between four and five years ago, to publish a paper thrice a-week, called the *Tatler*. It came out under the borrowed name of Isaac Bickerstaff, and by contribution of his ingenious friends grew to have a great reputation, and was equally esteemed by both parties, because it meddled with neither. But some time after Sacheverel's trial, when things began to change their aspect, Mr. Steele, whether by the command of his superiors, his own inconstancy, or the absence of his assistants, would needs corrupt his paper with politics, published one or two of the most virulent libels, and chose for his subject even that individual, Mr. Harley, who had made him gazetteer. But his finger and thumb not proving strong enough to stop the general torrent, there was a universal change made in the ministry, and the two new secretaries not thinking it decent to employ a man in their office who had acted so infamous a part, Mr. Steele, to avoid being discarded, thought fit to resign his place of gazetteer. Upon which occasion, I cannot forbear relating a passage "to you, Mr. Bailiff, and the rest of the borough," which discovers a very peculiar turn of thought in this gentleman you have chosen to represent you. When Mr. Maynwaring recommended him to the employment of gazetteer, Mr. Harley, out of an inclination to encourage men of parts, raised that office from fifty pounds to three hundred pounds a-year. Mr. Steele, according to form, came to give his new patron thanks, but the secretary, who would rather confer a hundred favours than receive acknowledgments for one, said to him in a most obliging manner, "Pray, sir, do not thank me, but thank Mr. Maynwaring." Soon after Mr. Steele's quitting that employment he complained to a gentleman in office of the hardship put upon him in being forced to quit his place; that he knew Mr. Harley was the cause; that he never had done Mr. Harley an injury, nor received any obligation from him. The gentleman, amazed at this discourse, put him in mind of those libels published in his *Tatlers*. Mr. Steele said he was only the publisher, for they had been sent him by other hands. The gentleman, thinking this a very monstrous kind of excuse, and not allowing it, Mr. Steele then said, "Well, I have libelled him, and he has turned me out; and so we are equal." But neither would this be granted; and he was asked whether the place of gazetteer were not an obligation? "No," said he, "not from Mr. Harley; for when I went to thank him he forbade me, and said I must only thank Mr. Maynwaring."

But I return, Mr. Bailiff, to give you a further account of this gentleman's importance. In less I think than two years the town and he grew weary of the *Tatler*: he was silent for some months, and then a daily paper came from him and his friends, under the name of *Spectator*, with good success: this being likewise dropped after a certain period, he has of late appeared under the style of *Guardian*, which he has now likewise quitted for that of *Englishman*; but having chosen other assistance, or trusting more to himself, his papers have been very coldly received, which has made him fly for relief to the never-failing source of fiction.

In the beginning of August last Mr. Steele writes a letter to Nestor Ironside, esq., and subscribes it with the name of "English Tory." On the 7th the said Ironside publishes this letter in the *Guardian*. How shall I explain this matter to you, Mr. Bailiff,

and your brethren of the borough! You must know then that Mr. Steele and Mr. Ironside are the same persons, because there is a great relation between Iron and Steel; and English Tory and Mr. Steele are the same persons, because there is no relation at all between Mr. Steele and an English Tory; so that to render this matter clear to the very meanest capacities, Mr. English Tory, the very same person with Mr. Steele, writes a letter to Nestor Ironside, esq., who is the same person with English Tory, who is the same person with Mr. Steele; and Mr. Ironside, who is the same person with English Tory, publishes the letter written by English Tory, who is the same person with Mr. Steele, who is the same person with Mr. Ironside. This letter, written and published by these three gentlemen, who are one of your representatives, complains of a printed paper in French and English lately handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noon-day; the title whereof is "A most humble Address, or Memorial, presented to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain by the Deputy of the Magistrates of Dunkirk." This deputy it seems is called the *sieur Tugghé*. Now the remarks made upon this memorial by Mr. English Tory in his letter to Mr. Ironside happening to provoke the Examiner and another pamphleteer, they both fell hard upon Mr. Steele, charging him with insolence and ingratitude toward the queen. But Mr. Steele, nothing daunted, writes a long letter "to you, Mr. Bailiff, and at the same time to the whole borough," in his own vindication. But there being several difficult passages in this letter which may want clearing up, I here send you and the borough my annotation upon it.

Mr. Steele, in order to display his importance to your borough, begins his letter by letting you know "he is no small man," p. 1, because in the pamphlets he has sent you down you will "find him spoken of more than once in print." It is indeed a great thing to be "spoken of in print," and must needs make a mighty sound at Stockbridge among the electors. However, if Mr. Steele has really sent you down all the pamphlets and papers printed since the dissolution, you will find he is not the only person of importance; I could instance Abel Koper, Mr. Marten the surgeon, Mr. John Moore the apothecary at the Pestle and Mortar, sir William Read her majesty's oculist, and, of later name and fame, Mr. John Smith the corn-cutter, with several others who are "spoken of more than once in print." Then he recommends to your perusal, and sends you a copy of a printed paper given gratis about the streets, which is the memorial of Monsieur Tugghé, above mentioned, "deputy of the magistrates of Dunkirk," to desire her majesty not to demolish the said town. He tells you how insolent a thing it is that such a paper should be publicly distributed, and he tells you true; but these insolences are very frequent among the Whigs. One of their present topics for clamour is Dunkirk; here is a memorial said to be presented to the queen by an obscure Frenchman; one of your party gets a copy and immediately prints it by contribution, and delivers it gratis to the people, which answers several ends. First, it is meant to lay an odium on the ministry. Secondly, if the town be soon demolished, Mr. Steele and his faction have the merit; their arguments and threatenings have frightened my lord-treasurer. Thirdly, if the demolishing should be further deferred, the nation will be fully convinced of his lordship's intention to bring over the pretender.

Let us turn over fourteen pages, which contain the memorial itself, and which is indeed as idle a *bus* as ever I read; we come now to Mr. Steele's

letter, under the name of English Tory, to Mr. Ironside. In the preface to this letter, p. 15, he has these words: "It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most christian majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease," &c. This preface is in the words of Mr. Ironside, a professed Whig; and perhaps you in the country will wonder to hear a seelot of your own party celebrating the French king for his piety and his religious performance of treaties. For this, I can assure you, is not spoken in jest, or to be understood by contrary. There is a wonderful resemblance between that prince and the party of Whigs among us. Is he for arbitrary government! So are they. Has he persecuted protestants! So have the Whigs. Did he attempt to restore king James and his pretended son! They did the same. Would he have Dunkirk surrendered to him! This is what they desire. Does he call himself the Most Christian! The Whigs assume the same title, though their leaders deny christianity. Does he break his promises! Did they ever keep theirs!

From the 16th to the 38th page, Mr. Steele's pamphlet is taken up with a copy of his letter to Mr. Ironside; the remarks of the Examiner and another author upon that letter; the hydrography of some French and English ports, and his answer to Mr. Tugghé's memorial. The bent of his discourse is, in appearance, to show of what prodigious consequence to the welfare of England the surrender of Dunkirk was. But here, Mr. Bailiff, you must be careful, for all this is said in rallery; for you may easily remember that, when the town was first yielded to the queen, the Whigs declared it was of no consequence at all, that the French could easily repair it after the demolition, or fortify another a few miles off, which would be of more advantage to them. So that what Mr. Steele tells you of the prodigious benefit that will accrue to England by destroying this port is only suited to present junctures and circumstances. For if Dunkirk should now be represented as insignificant as when it was first put into her majesty's hands, it would signify nothing whether it were demolished or not, and consequently one principal topic of clamour would fall to the ground.

In Mr. Steele's answer to Monsieur Tugghé's arguments against the demolishing of Dunkirk, I have not observed anything that so much deserves your peculiar notice as the great eloquence of your new member, and his wonderful faculty of varying his style, which he enlarks "proceeding like a man of great gravity and business," p. 31. He has ten arguments of Tugghé's to answer; and because he will not go in the old beaten road, like a parson of a parish, first, secondly, thirdly, &c., his manner is this:

In answer to the *sieur's* first.

As to the *sieur's* second.

As to his third.

As to the *sieur's* fourth.

As to Mr. Deputy's fifth.

As to the *sieur's* sixth.

As to this agent's seventh.

As to the *sieur's* eighth.

As to his ninth.

As to the memorialist's tenth.

You see every second expression is more or less diversified, to avoid the repetition of, "As to the *sieur's*," &c., and there is the tenth into the bargain. I could heartily wish Monsieur Tugghé had been able to find ten arguments more, and thereby given Mr. Steele an opportunity of showing the utmost variations our language would bear in so momentous a trial.

Mr. Steele tells you, "That, having now done with his foreign enemy, Monsieur Tugghe, he must face about to his domestic foes, who accuse him of ingratitude, and insulting his prince while he is eating her bread."

To do him justice, he acquits himself pretty tolerably of this last charge; for he assures you he gave up his stamped-paper office, and pension as gentleman-usher, before he wrote that letter to himself in the *Guardian*: so that he had already received his salary, and spent his money, and consequently the bread was eaten at least a week before he would offer to insult his prince; so that the folly of the Examiner's objecting ingratitude to him upon this article is manifest to all the world.

But he tells you he has quitted those employments to render him more useful to his queen and country in the station you have honoured him with. That no doubt was the principal motive; however, I shall venture to add some others. First, the *Guardian* apprehended it impossible that the ministry would let him keep his place much longer after the part he had acted for above two years past. Secondly, Mr. *fronside* said publicly that he was ashamed to be obliged any longer to a person (meaning the lord-treasurer) whom he had used so ill; for it seems a man ought not to use his benefactors ill above two years and a half. Thirdly, the *sienr Steele* appeals to protection from you, Mr. Bailiff, from others of your denomination, who would have carried him somewhere else if you had not relieved him by your *Aabacs corpus* to St. Stephen's chapel. Fourthly, Mr. English Tory found, by calculating the life of a ministry, that it has lasted above three years, and is near expiring; he resolved, therefore, to "strip off the very garments spotted with the flesh," and be wholly regenerate against the return of his old masters.

In order to serve all these ends, your borough has honoured him (as he expresses it) with choosing him to represent you in parliament; and it must be owned he has equally honoured you. Never was borough more happy in suitable representatives than you are in Mr. Steele and his colleague [Thomas Broderick, esq.]; nor were ever representatives more happy in a suitable borough.

When Mr. Steele talked of "laying before her majesty's ministry that the nation has a strict eye upon their behaviour with relation to Dunkirk," p. 39, did not you, Mr. Bailiff and your brethren of the borough, presently imagine he had drawn up a sort of counter-memorial to that of Monsieur Tugghe, and presented it in form to my lord-treasurer, or a secretary of state? I am confident you did; but this comes by not understanding the town. You are to know, then, that Mr. Steele publishes every day a penny paper to be read in coffeehouses and get him a little money. This by a figure of speech he calls "laying things before the ministry," who seem at present a little too busy to regard such memorials; and I dare say never saw his paper unless he sent it by the penny post.

Well, but he tells you "he cannot offer against the Examiner, and his other adversary, reason and argument, without appearing void of both." *Ibid.* What a singular situation of the mind is this! How glad should I be to hear a man "offer reasons and arguments, and yet at the same time appear void of both!" But this whole paragraph is of a peculiar strain; the consequences so just and natural, and such a propriety in thinking, as few authors ever arrive at. "Since it has been the fashion to run down men of much greater consequence than I am, I will not bear the accusation." *Ibid.* This, I sup-

pose, is "to offer reasons and arguments, and yet appear void of both." And in the next lines, "These writers shall treat me as they think fit, as I am their brother-scribbler; but I shall not be so unconcerned when they attack me as an honest man," p. 40. And how does he defend himself? "I shall therefore inform them that it is not in the power of a private man to hurt the prerogative," &c. Well; I shall treat him only as a brother-scribbler; and I guess he will hardly be attacked as an honest man; but if his meaning be that his honesty ought not to be attacked, because he "has no power to hurt the honour and prerogative of the crown without being punished," he will make an admirable reasoner in the house of commons.

But all this wise argumentation was introduced only to close the paragraph by hauling in a fact which he relates to you and your borough, in order to quiet the minds of the people, and express his duty and gratitude to the queen. The fact is this: "That her majesty's honour is in danger of being lost by her ministers' tolerating villains without conscience to abuse the greatest instruments of honour and glory to our country, the most wise and faithful managers, and the most pious, disinterested, generous, and self-denying patriots;" and the instances he produces are, the duke of Marlborough, the late earl of Godolphin, and about two-thirds of the bishops.

Mr. Bailiff, I cannot debate this matter at length without putting you, and the rest of my countrymen who will be at the expense, to sixpence charge extraordinary. The duke and earl were both removed from their employments; and I hope you have too great a respect for the queen to think it was done for nothing. The former was at the head of many great actions, and he has received plentiful obligations of praise and profit; yet, having read all that ever was objected against him by the Examiner, I will undertake to prove every syllable of it true, particularly that famous attempt to be general for life. The earl of Godolphin is dead, and his faults may sojourn with him in the grave, till some historian shall think fit to revive part of them for instruction and warning to posterity. But it grieved me to the soul to see so many good epithets bestowed by Mr. Steele upon the bishops: nothing has done more hurt to that sacred order for some years past than to hear some prelates extolled by Whigs, dissenters, republicans, socinians, and, in short, by all who are enemies to episcopacy. God in his mercy for ever keep our prelates from deserving the praises of such panegyrists!

Mr. Steele is discontented that the ministry have not "called the Examiner to account as well as the Flying-Post." I will inform you, Mr. Bailiff, how that matter stands. The author of the Flying-Post has, thrice a-week for above two years together, published the most impudent reflections upon all the present ministry, upon all their proceedings, and upon the whole body of Tories. The Examiner, on the other side, writing in defence of those whom her majesty employs in her greatest affairs, and of the cause they are engaged in, has always borne hard upon the Whigs, and now and then upon some of their leaders. Now, sir, we reckon here, that, supposing the persons on both sides to be of equal intrinsic worth, it is more impudent, immoral, and criminal, to reflect on a majority in power than a minority out of power. For the case that an odd rascally Tory in your borough should presume to abuse your worship, who, in the language of Mr. Steele, are first minister, and the majority of your brethren, for sending two such Whig representatives

up to parliament; and, on the other side, that an honest Whig should stand in your defence, and fall foul on the Tories; would you equally resent the proceedings of both, and let your friend and enemy sit in the stocks together? Harken to another case, Mr. Bailiff: suppose your worship, during your annual administration, should happen to be kicked and cuffed by a parcel of Tories; would not the circumstance of your being a magistrate make the crime the greater than if the like insults were committed on an ordinary Tory shopkeeper by a company of honest Whigs? What bailiff would venture to arrest Mr. Steele now he has the honour to be your representative? and what bailiff ever scrupled it before?

You must know, sir, that we have several ways here of abusing one another without incurring the danger of the law. First, we are careful never to print a man's name out at length, but as I do that of Mr. St—le; so that, although everybody alive knows whom I mean, the plaintiff can have no redress in any court of justice. Secondly, by putting cases; thirdly, by insinuations; fourthly, by celebrating the actions of others, who acted directly contrary to the persons we would reflect on; fifthly, by nicknames, either commonly known or stamped for the purpose, which everybody can tell how to apply. Without going on further, it will be enough to inform you that, by some of the ways I have already mentioned, Mr. Steele gives you to understand that the queen's honour is blasted by the actions of her present ministers; that "her prerogative is disgraced by creating a dozen peers, who, by their votes, turned a point upon which your all depended; that these ministers made the queen lay down her conquering arms, and deliver herself up to be vanquished; that they made her majesty betray her allies by ordering her army to face about and leave them in the moment of distress; that the present ministers are men of poor and narrow conceptions, self-interested, and without benevolence to mankind, and were brought into her majesty's favour for the sins of the nation, and only think what they may do, not what they ought to do," p. 43. This is the character given by Mr. Steele of those persons whom her majesty has thought fit to place in the highest stations of the kingdom, and to trust with the management of her most weighty affairs; and this is the gentleman who cries out, "Where is honour? where is government? where is prerogative?" p. 40, because the Examiner has sometimes dealt freely with those whom the queen has thought fit to discard, and the parliament to censure.

But Mr. Steele thinks it highly dangerous to the prince that any man should be hindered from "offering his thoughts upon public affairs;" and resolves to do it, "though with the loss of her majesty's favour," p. 45. If a clergyman offers to preach obedience to the higher powers, and proves it by scripture, Mr. Steele and his fraternity immediately cry out, "What have parsons to do with politics?" I ask, what shadow of pretence has he to offer his crude thoughts in matters of state? to print and publish them? "to lay them before the queen and ministry?" and to reprove both for maladministration? How did he acquire these abilities of directing in the councils of princes? Was it from publishing Tatlers and Spectators, and writing now and then a Guardian? was it from his being a soldier, alchemist, gazetteer, commissioner of

stamped papers, or gentleman-usher? No; but he insists it is every man's right to find fault with the administration in print whenever they please; and therefore you, Mr. Bailiff, and as many of your brethren in the borough as can write and read, may publish pamphlets, and "lay them before the queen and ministry," to show your utter dislike of all their proceedings; and for this reason, because you "can certainly see and apprehend, with your own eyes and understanding, those dangers which the ministers do not."

One thing I am extremely concerned about, that Mr. Steele resolves, as he tells you, p. 46, when he comes into the house, "to follow no leaders, but vote according to the dictates of his conscience." He must, at that rate, be a very useless member to his party, unless his conscience be already cut out and shaped for their service, which I am ready to believe it is, if I may have leave to judge from the whole tenor of his life. I would only have his friends be cautious not to reward him too liberally; for, as it was said of Cranmer, "do the archbishop an ill turn, and he is your friend for ever;" so I do affirm of your member, "do Mr. Steele a good turn, and he is your enemy for ever."

I had like to let slip a very trivial matter, which I should be sorry to have done. In reading this pamphlet I observed several mistakes, but knew not whether to impute them to the author or printer; till, turning to the end, I found there was only one erratum, thus set down: "page 43, line 28, for *admission* read *odvertisement*." This (to imitate Mr. Steele's propriety of speech) is a very old practice among new writers to make a wilful mistake, and then put it down as an erratum. The word is wrong in upon this occasion to convince all the world that he was not guilty of ingratitude, by reflecting on the queen when he was actually under salary, as the Examiner affirms; he assures you he "had resigned and divested himself of all before he would presume to write anything which was so apparently an admonition to those employed in her majesty's service." In case the Examiner should find fault with this word, he might appeal to the erratum; and, having formerly been gazetteer, he conceived he might very safely venture to advertise.

You are to understand, Mr. Bailiff, that in the great rebellion against king Charles I. there was a distinction found out between the personal and political capacity of the prince; by the help of which those rebels professed to fight for the king, while the great guns were discharging against Charles Stuart. After the same manner, Mr. Steele distinguishes between the personal and political prerogative. He does not care to trust this jewel "to the will, and pleasure, and passion of her majesty," p. 48. If I am not mistaken, the crown jewels cannot be alienated by the prince; but I always thought the prince could wear them during his reign, else they had as good be in the hands of the subject; so I conceive her majesty may and ought to wear the prerogative; that it is hers during life, and she ought to be so much the more careful neither to soil nor diminish it, for that very reason, because it is by law unalienable. But what must we do with this prerogative, according to the notion of Mr. Steele? It must not be trusted with the queen, because Providence has given her will, pleasure, and passion. Her ministers must not act by the authority of it; for then Mr. Steele will cry out, "What! are majesty and ministry consolidated? and must there be no distinction between the one and the other?" p. 46. He tells you, p. 48, "the prerogative attends the crown;" and, therefore I

* Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. His laboratory (as I have been assured by the late George Stevens, esq.) was at Poplar, near London.

suppose, must lie in the Tower, to be shown for twelvepence, but never produced, except at a coronation, or passing an act. "Well, but," says he, "a whole ministry may be impeached and condemned by the house of commons, without the prince's suffering by it." And what follows? why, therefore, a single Burgess of Stockbridge, before he gets into the house, may at any time revile a whole ministry in print, before he knows whether they are guilty of any one neglect of duty or breach of trust.

I am willing to join issue with Mr. Steele in one particular, which perhaps may give you some diversion. He is taxed by the Examiner and others for an insolent expression, that the British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk. He says, the word EXPECT was meant to the ministry, and not to the queen; "but that, however, for argument sake, he will suppose those words were addressed immediately to the queen." Let me then likewise, for argument sake, suppose a very ridiculous thing, that Mr. Steele were admitted to her majesty's sacred person, to tell his own story, with his letter to you, Mr. Bailiff, in his hand to have recourse to upon occasion. I think his speech must be in these terms:—

"MADAM,—I, Richard Steele, publisher of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, late gazetteer, commissioner of stamped papers, and pensioner to your majesty, now Burgess elect of Stockbridge, do see and apprehend with my own eyes and understanding the imminent danger that attends the delay of the demolition of Dunkirk, which I believe your ministers, whose greater concern it is, do not: for, madam, the thing is not done; my lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke, my fellow-subjects, under whose immediate direction it is, are careless, and overlook it, or something worse; I mean, they design to sell it to France, or make use of it to bring in the pretender. This is clear from their suffering Mr. Tughe's memorial to be published without punishing the printer. Your majesty has told us that the equivalent for Dunkirk is already in the French king's hands; therefore all obstacles are removed on the part of France; and I, though a mean fellow, give your majesty to understand, in the best method I can take, and from the sincerity of my grateful heart, that the British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk; as you hope to preserve your person, crown, and dignity, and the safety and welfare of the people committed to your charge."

I have contracted such a habit of treating princes familiarly, by reading the pamphlets of Mr. Steele and his fellows, that I am tempted to suppose her majesty's answer to this speech might be as follows:—

"MR. RICHARD STEELE, late gazetteer, &c.

"I do not conceive that any of your titles empower you to be my director, or to report to me the expectations of my people. I know their expectations better than you; they love me and will trust me. My ministers were of my own free choice; I have found them wise and faithful; and whoever calls them fools or knaves deals unkindly and affront to myself. I am under no obligations to demolish Dunkirk, but to the most christian king; if you come here as an orator from that prince to demand it in his name, where are your powers? If not, let it suffice you to know that I have my reasons for deferring it; and that the elacours of a faction shall not be a rule by which I or my servants are to proceed."

Mr. Steele tells you "his adversaries are so un-

just, they will not take the least notice of what led him into the necessity of writing his letter to the *Guardian*." And how is it possible any mortal should know all his necessities? Who can guess whether this necessity were imposed on him by his superiors, or by the itch of party, or by the mere want of other matter to furnish out a *Guardian*?

But Mr. Steele "has had a liberal education, and knows the world as well as the ministry does, and will therefore speak on, whether he offends them or no, and though their clothes be ever so new, when he thinks his queen and country is" (or, as a grammarian would express it, are) "ill treated," p. 50.

It would be good to hear Mr. Steele explain himself upon this phrase of "knowing the world;" because it is a science which maintains abundance of pretenders. Every idle young rake who understands how to pick up a wench, or hilk a hackney coachman, or can call the players by their names, and is acquainted with five or six faces in the chocolate-house, will needs pass for a man that "knows the world." In the like manner Mr. Steele, who, from some few sprinklings of rudimental literature, proceeded a gentleman of the horse-guards, thence by several degrees to be an ensign and an alchemist, where he was wholly conversant with the lower part of mankind, thinks he "knows the world" as well as the prime minister; and upon the strength of that knowledge will needs direct her majesty in the weightiest matters of government.

And now, Mr. Bailiff, give me leave to inform you that this long letter of Mr. Steele, filled with quotations and a clutter about Dunkirk, was wholly written for the sake of the six last pages, taken up in vindicating himself directly, and vilifying the queen and ministry by innuendoes. He apprehends that "some representations have been given of him in your town, as, that a man of so small a fortune as he must have secret views or supports, which could move him to leave his employments," &c. p. 56. He answers by owning "he has indeed very particular views; for he is animated in his conduct by justice and truth, and benevolence to mankind," p. 57. He has given up his employments, because "he values no advantages above the conveniences of life, but as they tend to the service of the public." It seems he could not "serve the public" as a pensioner, or commissioner of stamped paper; and therefore gave them up to sit in parliament, "out of charity to his country, and to contend for liberty," p. 58. He has transcribed the common places of some canting moralist *de contemptu mundi, et fuga seculi*; and would put them upon you as rules derived from his own practice.

Here is a most miraculous and sudden reformation, which I believe can hardly be matched in history or legend. And Mr. Steele, not unaware how slow the world was of belief, has thought fit to anticipate all objection; he foresees that "prostituted pens will entertain a pretender to such reformations with a recital of his own faults and infirmities; but he is prepared for such usage, and gives himself up to all nameless authors, to be treated as they please," p. 59.

It is certain, Mr. Bailiff, that no man breathing can pretend to have arrived at such a sublime pitch of virtue as Mr. Steele, without some tendency in the world to suspend at least their belief of the fact, till time and observation shall determine. But I hope few writers will be so prostitute as to trouble themselves with "the faults and infirmities" of Mr. Steele's past life, with what he somewhere else calls "the sins of his youth," and in one of his late papers confesses to have been numerous enough. A

shifting scrambling scene of youth, attended with poverty and ill company, may put a man of no ill inclinations upon many extravagancies, which, as soon as they are left off, are easily pardoned and forgotten. Besides, I think, popish writers tell us that the greatest sinners make the greatest saints; but so very quick a sanctification, and carried to so prodigious a height, will be apt to rouse the suspicion of infidels, especially when they consider that this pretence of his to so romantic a virtue is only advanced by way of solution to that difficult problem, "why he has given up his employments?" And according to the new philosophy, they will endeavour to solve it by some easier and shorter way. For example, the question is put, why Mr. Steele gives up his employment and pension at this juncture? I must here repeat, with some enlargement, what I said before on this head. These unbelieving gentlemen will answer,—

First, That a new commission was every day expected for the stamped paper, and he knew his name would be left out; and therefore his resignation would be an appearance of virtue cheaply bought.

Secondly, He dreaded the violence of creditors, against which his employments were no manner of security.

Thirdly, Being a person of great sagacity, he has some foresight of a change from the usual age of a ministry, which is now almost expired; from the little misunderstandings that have been reported sometimes to happen among the men in power; from the bill of commerce being rejected, and from some horrible expectations wherewith his party have been deceiving themselves and their friends abroad for about two years past.

Fourthly, He hopes to come into all the perquisites of his predecessor Ridpath, and be the principal writer of his faction, where everything is printed by subscription, which will amply make up the loss of his place.

But it may be still demanded why he affects those exalted strains of piety and resignation? To this I answer with great probability, that he has resumed his old pursuits after the philosopher's stone, toward which it is held by all adepts for a most essential ingredient, that a man must seek it merely for the glory of God, and without the least desire of being rich.

Mr. Steele is angry, p. 60, that some of our friends have been reflected on in a pamphlet, because they left us in a point of the greatest consequence; and upon that account he runs into their panegyric, against his conscience and the interest of his cause, without considering that those gentlemen have reverted to us again. The case is thus: he never would have praised them if they had remained firm, nor should we have rallied at them. The one is full as honest and as natural as the other. However, Mr. Steele hopes (I beg you, Mr. Bailiff, to observe the consequence) that, notwithstanding this pamphlet's reflecting on some Tories who opposed the treaty of commerce, "the ministry will see Dunkirk effectually demolished."

Mr. Steele says something in commendation of the queen; but stops short, and tells you (if I take his meaning right) "that he shall leave what he has to say on this topic till he and her majesty are both dead," p. 61. Thus, he defers his praises as he does his debts, after the manner of the Druids, to be paid in another world. If I have ill interpreted him, it is his own fault, for studying cadence instead of propriety, and filling up niches with words before he has adjusted his conceptions to them. One part of the queen's character is this: "that all the bours

of her life are divided between the exercises of devotion, and taking minutes of the sublime affairs of her government." Now, if the business of Dunkirk be one of the "sublime affairs of her majesty's government," I think we ought to be at ease; or else she "takes her minutes" to little purpose. No, says Mr. Steele, the queen is a lady; and, unless a prince will now and then get drunk with his ministers, "he cannot learn their interests or humours," p. 61; but this being by no means proper for a lady she can know nothing but what they think fit to tell her when they are sober. And therefore "all the fellow-subjects" of these ministers must watch their motions, and "be very solicitous for what passes beyond the ordinary rules of government."—*Ibid* For while we are foolishly "relying upon her majesty's virtues," these ministers are "taking the advantage of increasing the power of France."

There is a very good maxim—I think it is neither Whig nor Tory—"that the prince can do no wrong;" which I don't see is often applied to very ill purposes. A monarch of Britain is pleased to create a dozen peers, and to make a peace; both these actions are (for instance) within the undisputed prerogative of the crown, and are to be reputed and submitted to as the actions of the prince; but, as a king of England is supposed to be guided in matters of such importance by the advice of those he employs in his councils, whenever a parliament thinks fit to complain of such proceedings as a public grievance, then this maxim takes place that the prince can do no wrong, and the advisers are called to account. But shall this empower such an individual as Mr. Steele in his railing or pamphleteering capacity to fix "the ordinary rules of government," or to affirm that "her ministers, upon the security of her majesty's goodness, are labouring for the grandeur of France?" What ordinary rule of government is transgressed by the queen's delaying the demolition of Dunkirk? or what addition is thereby made to the grandeur of France? Every tailor in your corporation is as much a fellow-subject as Mr. Steele; and do you think in your conscience that every tailor of Stockbridge is fit to direct her majesty and her ministers in "the sublime affairs of her government?"

But he persists in it "that it is no manner of diminution of the wisdom of a prince that he is obliged to act by the information of others." The sense is admirable, and the interpretation is this, that what a man is forced to "is no diminution of his wisdom." But if he would conclude from this sage maxim, that, because a prince "acts by the information of others," therefore those actions may lawfully be traduced in print by every fellow-subject, I hope there is no man in England so much a Whig as to be of his opinion.

Mr. Steele concludes his letter to you with a story about king William and his French dog-keeper, "who gave that prince a gun laden only with powder, and then pretended to wonder how his majesty could miss his aim: which was no argument against the king's reputation for shooting very finely." This he would have you apply, by allowing her majesty to be a wise prince, but deceived by wicked counsellors who are in the interest of France. Her majesty's aim was peace, which I think she has not missed; and God be thanked, she has got it without any more expense either of shot or powder. Her dog-keepers for some years past had directed her gun against her friends, and at last loaded it so deep that it was in danger to burst in her hands.

You may please to observe that Mr. Steele calls this dog-keeper a minister; which, with humble submission, is a gross impropriety of speech. The

word is derived from the Latin, where it properly signifies a servant; but in England is never made use of otherwise than to denigrate those who are employed in the service of church or state; so that the appellation, as he directs it, is no less absurd than it would be for you, Mr. Bailiff, to send your apprentice for a pot of ale, and give him the title of your envoy; to call a petty constable a magistrate, or the common hangman a minister of justice. I confess when I was choqued [shocked] at this word in reading the paragraph, a gentleman offered his conjecture that it might possibly be intended for a reflection or jest: but if there be anything further in it than a want of understanding our language, I take it to be only a refinement upon the old levelling principle of the Whigs. Thus in their opinion a dog-keeper is as much a minister as any secretary of state; and thus Mr. Steele and my lord-treasurer are both fellow-subjects. I confess I have known some ministers whose birth, or qualities, or both, were such, that nothing but the capriciousness of fortune and the iniquity of the times could ever have raised them above the station of dog-keepers, and to whose administration I should be loth to intrust a dog I had any value for; because, by the rule of proportion, they who treated their prince like a slave would have used their fellow-subjects like dogs; and yet how they would treat a dog I can find no similitude to express; yet I well remember they maintained a large number, whom they taught to fawn upon themselves and bark at their mistress. However, while they were in service, I wish they had only kept her majesty's dogs, and not been trusted with her guns. And thus much by way of comment upon this worthy story of king William and his dog-keeper.

I have now, Mr. Bailiff, explained to you all the difficult parts in Mr. Steele's letter. As for the importance of Dunkirk, and when it shall be demolished, or whether it shall be demolished or not, neither he, nor you, nor I, have anything to do in the matter. Let us all say what we please, her majesty will think herself the best judge, and her ministers the best advisers; neither has Mr. Steele pretended to prove that any law, ecclesiastical or civil, statute or common, is broken by keeping Dunkirk undemolished so long as the queen shall think it best for the service of herself and her kingdoms; and it is not altogether impossible that there may be some few reasons of state which have not been yet communicated to Mr. Steele.

I am, with respect to the borough and yourself, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, &c.

THE PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE WHIGS,

SET FORTH IN THEIR GENEROUS ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE AUTHOR OF THE CRISIS.

With some Observations on the Seasonableness, Candour, Erudition, and Style of that Treatise.

On the first publication of this pamphlet, all the Scotch lords then in London went in a body, and complained to queen Anne of the affront put on them and their nation by the author of this treatise. Whereupon a proclamation was published by her majesty, offering a reward of three hundred pounds for discovering him.—*OSCAR.*

I CANNOT, without some envy, and a just resentment against the opposite conduct of others, reflect upon that generosity and tenderness wherewith the heads and principal members of a struggling faction treat those who will undertake to hold a pen in their de-

fence. And the behaviour of these patrons is yet the more laudable, because the benefits they confer are almost gratis. If any of their labourers can scratch out a pamphlet, they desire no more; there is no question offered about the wit, the style, the argument. Let a pamphlet come out upon demand in a proper juncture, you shall be well and certainly paid; you shall be paid beforehand; every one of the party who is able to read and can spare a shilling shall be a subscriber; several thousands of each production shall be sent among their friends through the kingdom: the work shall be reported admirable, sublime, unanswerable; shall serve to raise the sinking clamours, and confirm the scandal of introducing popery and the pretender upon the queen and her ministers.

Among the present writers on that side I can recollect but three of any great distinction, which are, the Flying Post, Mr. Dunton, and the author of the Crisis.^a The first of these seems to have been much sunk in reputation since the sudden retreat of the only true, genuine, original author, Mr. Ridpath, who is celebrated by the Dutch Gaseteer as "one of the best pens in England." Mr. Dunton has been longer and more conversant in books than any of the three, as well as more voluminous in his productions; however, having employed his studies in so great a variety of other subjects, he has I think but lately turned his genius to politics. His famous tract entitled "Neck or Nothing" must be allowed to be the shrewdest piece, and written with the most spirit, of any which has appeared from that side since the change of the ministry: it is indeed a most cutting satire upon the lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke; and I wonder none of our friends ever undertook to answer it. I confess I was at first of the same opinion with several good judges, who, from the style and manner, suppose it to have issued from the sharp pen of the earl of Nottingham; and I am still apt to think it might receive his lordship's last hand. The third and principal of this triumvirate is the author of the Crisis, who, although he must yield to the Flying Post in knowledge of the world and skill in politics, and to Mr. Dunton in keenness of satire and variety of reading, has yet other qualities enough to denominate him a writer of a superior class to either; provided he would a little regard the propriety and disposition of his words, consult the grammatical part, and get some information in the subject he intends to handle.

Omitting the generous countenance and encouragement that have been shown to the persons and productions of the two former authors, I shall here only consider the great favour conferred upon the last. It has been advertised for several months in the Englishman,^b and other papers, that a pamphlet called the Crisis should be published at a proper time, in order to open the eyes of the nation. It was proposed to be printed by subscription, price a shilling. This was a little out of form, because subscriptions are usually begged only for books of great price, and such as are not likely to have a general sale. Notice was likewise given of what this pamphlet should contain; only an extract from certain acts of parliament relating to the succession, which at least must sink ninetene in the shilling, and leave but threepence for the author's political reflections; so that nothing very wonderful or decisive could be reasonably expected from this performance. But a work was to be done, a hearty

^a Mr. Steele was expelled the house of commons for this pamphlet at the very same time that the house of lords was moved against the dean for the reply.

^b A paper written by Steele in favour of the Whig administration.

writer to be encouraged, and accordingly many thousand copies were bespoken. Neither could this be sufficient; for when we expected to have our bundles delivered us, all was stopped; the friends to the cause sprang a new project; and it was advertised that the Crisis could not appear till the ladies had shown their seal against the pretender as well as the men; against the pretender, in the bloom of his youth, reported to be handsome and endued with an understanding exactly of a size to please the sex. I should be glad to have seen a printed list of the fair subscribers prefixed to this pamphlet, by which the chevalier might know he was so far from pretending to a monarchy here that he could not so much as pretend to a mistress.

At the destined period the first news we hear is of a huge train of dukes, earls, viscounts, barons, knights, esquires, gentlemen, and others, going to Sam Buckley's, the publisher of the Crisis, to fetch home their cargoes, in order to transmit them by dozens, scores, and hundreds, into the several counties, and thereby to prepare the wills and understandings of their friends against the approachlog sessions. Ask any of them whether they have read it, they will answer no; but they have sent it every-where, and it will do a world of good. It is a pamphlet, they hear, against the ministry; talks of slavery, France, and the pretender; they desire no more; it will settle the wavering, confirm the doubtful, instruct the ignorant, inflame the clamorous, although it never be once looked into. I am told, by those who are expert in the trade, that the author and bookseller of this twelvepenny treatise will be greater gainers than from one edition of any folio that has been published these twenty years. What needy writer would not solicit to work under such masters, who will pay us beforehand, take off as much of our ware as we please at our own rates, and trouble not themselves to examine, either before or after they have bought it, whether it be staples or not!

But, in order to illustrate the implicit munificence of these noble patrons, I cannot take a more effectual method than by examining the production itself; by which we shall easily find that it was never intended further than from the noise, the hulk, and the title of Crisis, to do any service to the factious cause. The entire piece consists of a title-page, a dedication to the clergy, a preface, an extract from certain acts of parliament, and about ten pages of dry reflections on the proceedings of the queen and her servants; which his coadjutors, the earl of Nottingham, Mr. Dunton, and the Flying Post, had long ago set before us in a much clearer light.

In popish countries, when some impostor cries out, A miracle! a miracle! it is not done with a hope or intention of converting heretics, but confirming the deluded vulgar in their errors: and so the cry goes round without examining into the cheat. Thus the Whigs among us give about the cry. A pamphlet! a pamphlet! the Crisis! the Crisis! not with a view of convincing their adversaries, but to raise the spirits of their friends, recal their stragglers, and unite their numbers by sound and impudence, as bees assemble and cling together by the noise of hums.

That no other effect could be imagined or hoped for, by the publication of this timely treatise, will be manifest from some obvious reflections upon the several parts of it, wherein the follies, the falsehoods, or the absurdities appear so frequent that they may boldly contend for number with the lines.

When the hawker holds this pamphlet toward you, the first words you perceive are, "The Crisis; or, A Discourse" &c. The interpreter of Suidas gives

four translations of the word Crisis, any of which may be as properly applied to this author's Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge. Next, what he calls a discourse consists only of two pages prefixed to twenty-two more, which contain extracts from acts of parliament; for, as to the twelve last pages, they are provided for themselves in the title under the name of "some reasonable remarks on the danger of a popish successor." Another circumstance worthy our information in the title-page is, that the crown has been settled by previous acts. I never heard of any act of parliament that was not previous to what it enacted, unless those two by which the earl of Strafford and sir John Fenwick lost their headsmen pass for exceptions. "A Discourse, representing from the most Authentic Records," &c. He has borrowed this expression from some writer who probably understood the words; but this gentleman has altogether misapplied them, and, under favour, he is wholly mistaken; for a heap of extracts from several acts of parliament cannot be called a discourse, neither do I believe be copied them from the most authentic records, which, as I take it, are lodged in the Tower, but out of some common printed copy. I grant there is nothing material in all this, further than to show the generosity of our adversaries in encouraging a writer who cannot furnish out so much as a title-page with propriety or common sense.

Next follows the dedication to the clergy of the church of England, wherein the modesty and the meaning of the first paragraphs are hardly to be matched. He tells them he has made a comment upon the acts of settlement, which he lays before them, and conjures them to recommend, in their writings and discourses, to their fellow-subjects; and he does all this out of a just deference to their great power and influence. This is the right Whig scheme of directing the clergy what to preach. The archbishop of Canterbury's jurisdiction extends no further than over his own province; but the author of the Crisis constitutes himself vicar-general over the whole clergy of the church of England. The bishops, in their letters or speeches to their own clergy, proceed no further than to exhortation; but this writer conjures the whole clergy of the church to recommend his comment upon the laws of the land in their writings and discourses. I would fain know who made him a commentator upon the laws of the land; after which it will be time enough to ask him by what authority he directs the clergy to recommend his comments from the pulpit or the press!

He tells the clergy there are two circumstances which place the minds of the people under their direction; the first circumstance is their education; the second circumstance is the tenets of our lands. This last, according to the Latin phrase, is spoken *ad irridum*; for he knows well enough they have not the twentieth; but if you take it in his own way, the landlord has nine parts in ten of the people's minds under his direction. Upon this rock the author before us is perpetually splitting, as often as he ventures out beyond the narrow bounds of his literature. He has a confused remembrance of words since he left the university, but has lost half their meaning, and puts them together with no regard except to their cadence; as I remember a fellow named up maps in a gentleman's closet, some afield, others upside down, the better to adjust them to the pannels.

I am sensible it is of little consequence to their cause, whether this defender of it understands grammar or not; and if what he would fain say discovered him to be a well-wisher to reason or truth, I would be ready to make large allowances. But

when with great difficulty I desery a composition of rancour and falsehood intermixed with plausible nonsense, I feel a struggle between contempt and indignation at seeing the character of a Censor, a Guardian, an Englishman, a commentator on the laws, an instructor of the clergy, assumed by a child of obscurity, without one single qualification to support them.

This writer, who either affects or is commanded of late to copy from the Bishop of Sarum, has, out of the pregnancy of his invention, found out an old way of insinuating the grossest reflections, under the appearance of admonitions; and is so judicious a follower of the prelate that he taxes the clergy for inflaming their people with apprehensions of danger to them and their constitution from men who are innocent of such designs; when we must needs confess the whole design of his pamphlet is, to inflame the people with apprehensions of danger from the present ministry, whom we believe to be at least as innocent men as the last.

What shall I say to the pamphlet where the malice and falsehood of every line would require an answer, and where the duiness and absurdities will not deserve one?

By his pretending to have always maintained an inviolable respect to the clergy, he would insinuate that those papers among the Fathers and Spectators where the whole order is assailed were not his own. I will appeal to all who know the fatness of his style and the barrenness of his invention, whether he does not grossly prevaricate? Was he ever able to walk without leading-strings, or swim without bladders, without being discovered by his hobbling and his sinking? Has he adhered to his character in his paper called the Englishman, whereof he is allowed to be the sole author, without any competition? What does he think of the letter signed by himself which relates to Molesworth,* in whose defence he affronts the whole convocation of Ireland?

It is a wise maxim, that because the clergy are no civil lawyers they ought not to preach obedience to governors; and therefore they ought not to preach temperance because they are no physicians. Examine all this author's writings, and then point me out a divine who knows less of the constitution of England than he: witness those many egregious blunders in his late papers where he pretended to dabble in the subject.

But the clergy have, it seems, imbibed their notions of power and obedience, abhorrent from our laws, from the pompous ideas of imperial greatness and the submission to his late emperors. This is gross ignorance, belov'd a schoolboy in his Lucius Florus. The Roman history, wherein lads are instructed, reached little above eight hundred years, and the authors do everywhere instil republican principles; and from the account of nine in twelve of the first emperors we learn to have a detestation against tyranny. The Greeks carry this point yet a great deal higher, which none can be ignorant of who has read or heard them quoted. This gave Hobbes the occasion of advancing a position directly contrary; that the youth of England were corrupted in their political principles by reading the histories of Rome and Greece; which, having been written under republics, taught the readers to have ill notions of monarchy. In this assertion there was something specious; but that advanced by the Crisis could only issue from the profoundest ignorance.

But would you know his scheme of education for young gentlemen at the university? It is, that they

* Mr. (afterwards lord viscount) Molesworth.

should spend their time in perusing those acts of parliament, whereof his pamphlet is an extract, which, if it had been done, the kingdom would not be in its present condition, but every member sent into the world thus instructed since the Revolution would have been an advocate for our rights and liberties.

Here now is a project for getting more money by the Crisis! to have it read by tutors in the universities. I thoroughly agree with him, that if our students had been thus employed for twenty years past the kingdom had not been in its present condition; but we have too many of such proficientes already among the young nobility and gentry, who have gathered up their politics from chocolate-houses and factious clubs; and who, if they had spent their time in hard study at Oxford or Cambridge, we might indeed have said that the factious part of this kingdom had not been in its present condition, or have suffered themselves to be taught that a few acts of parliament relating to the succession are preferable to all other civil institutions whatsoever. Neither did I ever before hear that an act of parliament relating to one particular point could be called a civil institution.

He spends almost a quarto page in telling the clergy that they will be certainly perjured if they bring in the pretender, whom they have abjured; and he wisely reminds them that they have sworn without equivocation or mental reservation, otherwise the clergy might think that as soon as they received the pretender and turned papists they would be free from their oath.

This honest, civil, ingenious gentleman knows in his conscience that there are not ten clergymen in England (except nonjurors) who do not abhor the thoughts of the pretender reigning over us much more than himself. But this is the spittle of the bishop of Sarum, which our author licks up and swallows, and then coughs out again with an addition of his own phlegm. I would fain suppose the body of the clergy were to return an answer by one of their members to these worthy counsellors. I conceive it might be in the following terms:—

"MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN,—The clergy command me to give you thanks for your advice; and if they knew any crimes from which either of you were as free as they are from those which you so earnestly exhort them to avoid, they would return your favour as near as possible in the same style and manner. However, that your advice may not be wholly lost, particularly that part of it which relates to the pretender, they desire you would apply it to more proper persons. Look among your own leaders; examine which of them engaged in a plot to restore the late king James, and received pardons under his seal; examine which of them have been since tampering with his pretended son, and to gratify their ambition, their avarice, their malice, and revenge, are now willing to restore him, at the expense of the religion and liberty of their country. Retire, good my lord, with your pupil, and let us hear no more of these hypocritical insinuations, lest the queen and ministers, who have been hitherto content with only disappointing the lurking villanies of your faction, may be at last provoked to expose them."

But his respect for the clergy is such that he does not insinuate as if they really had these evil dispositions; he only insinuates that they give too much cause for such insinuations.

I will upon occasion strip some of his insinuations from their generality and solecisms, and drag them into the light. His dedication to the clergy is full

of them, because here he endeavours to mould up his rancour and evility together, by which constraint he is obliged to shorten his paragraphs and to place them in such a light that they obscure one another. Supposing therefore that I have scraped off his good manners in order to come at his meaning, which lies under; he tells the clergy that the favour of the queen and her ministers is but a colour of seal toward them; that the people were deluded by a groundless cry of the church's danger at Sacheverel's trial; that the clergy, as they are men of sense and honour, ought to preach this truth to their several congregations, and let them know that the true design of the present men in power, in that and all their proceedings since in favour of the church, was to bring in popery, France, and the pretender, and to enslave all Europe, contrary to the laws of our country, the power of the legislature, the faith of nations, and the honour of God.

I cannot see why the clergy, as men of sense and men of honour (for he appeals not to them as men of religion), should not be allowed to know when they are in danger, and be able to guess whence it comes, and who are their protectors. The design of their destruction indeed may have been projected in the dark, but when all was ripe their enemies proceeded to so many overt acts in the face of the nation, that it was obvious to the meanest people, who wanted no other motives to rouse them. On the other side, can this author, or the wisest of his faction, assign one single act of the present ministry any way tending toward bringing in the pretender, or to weaken the succession of the house of Hanover? Observe then the reasonableness of this gentleman's advice: the clergy, the gentry, and the common people had the utmost apprehensions of danger to the church under the late ministry; yet then it was the greatest impiety to inflame the people with any such apprehensions. His danger of a popish successor from any steps of the present ministry is an artificial calumny, raised and spread against the conviction of the inventors, pretended to be believed only by those who abhor the constitution in church and state; an obdurate faction who compass heaven and earth to restore themselves upon the ruin of their country; yet here our author exhorts the clergy to preach up this imaginary danger to their people, and disturb the public peace with his strained seditious comments.

But how comes this gracious licence to the clergy from the Whigs, to concern themselves with politics of any sort, although it be only the glosses and comments of Mr. Steele? The speeches of the managers at Sacheverel's trial, particularly those of Stanhope, Leechmere, King, Parker,* and some others, seemed to deliver a different doctrine. Nay, this very dedication complains of some in holy orders who have made the constitution of their country (in which and the Coptic Mr. Steele is equally skilled) a very little part of their study, and yet made obedience and government the frequent subjects of their discourses. This difficulty is easily solved, for by politics they mean obedience. Mr. Hoadly,^b who is a champion for resistance, was never charged with meddling out of his function: Hugh Peters and his brethren, in the times of usurpation, had full liberty to preach up sedition and rebellion; and so here Mr. Steele issues out his licence to the clergy to preach up the danger of a popish pretender, in defiance of the queen and her administration.

Every whiffler in a laced coat who frequents the

chocolate-house and is able to spell the title of a pamphlet shall talk of the constitution with as much plausibility as this very solemn writer, and with as good a grace blame the clergy for meddling with politics, which they do not understand. I have known many of these able politicians furnished before they were of age with all the necessary topics of their faction, and by the help of about twenty polysyllables capable of maintaining an argument that would shine in the Crisis; whose author gathered up his little stock from the same schools, and has written from no other fund.

But after all it is not clear to me whether this gentleman addresses himself to the clergy of England in general, or only to those very few (hardly enough, in case of a change, to supply the mortality of those self-denying prelates he celebrates) who are in his principles, and among these, only such as live in and about London, which probably will reduce the number to about half-a-dozen at most. I should incline to guess the latter, because he tells them they are surrounded by a learned, wealthy, knowing gentry, who know with what firmness, self-denial, and charity, the bishops adhered to the public cause, and what contumelies those clergymen have undergone, &c., who adhered to the cause of truth. By those terms, the public cause, and the cause of truth, he understands the cause of the Whigs, in opposition to the queen and her servants; therefore by this learned, wealthy, and knowing gentry, he must understand the Bank and East India company and those other merchants or citizens within the bills of mortality who have been strenuous against the church and crown, and whose spirit of faction has lately got the better of their interest. For let him search all the rest of the kingdom, he will find the surrounded clergy and the surrounding gentry wholly strangers to the merits of those prelates, and adhering to a very different cause of truth, as will soon I hope be manifest by a fair appeal to the representatives of both.

It was very unnecessary in this writer to bespeak the treatment of contempt and derision which the clergy are to expect from his faction, whenever they come into power. I believe that venerable body is in very little concern after what manner their most mortal enemies intend to treat them, whenever it shall please God for our sins to visit us with so fatal an event, which I hope it will be the united endeavours both of clergy and laity to hinder. It would be some support to this hope if I could have any opinion of his predicting talent (which some have ascribed to people of this author's character), where he tells us that noise and wrath will not always pass for seal. What other instances of zeal has this gentleman or the rest of his party been able to produce? If clamour be noise, it is but opening our ears to know from what side it comes; and if sedition, scurrility, slander, and calumny be the fruit of wrath, read the pamphlets and papers issuing from the schools of that faction, or visit their clubs and coffee-houses, in order to form a judgment of the tree.

When Mr. Steele tells us we have a religion that wants no support from the enlargement of secular power, but is well supported by the wisdom and piety of its preachers and its own native truth, it would be good to know what religion he professes; for the clergy to whom he speaks will never allow him to be a member of the church of England. They cannot agree that the truth of the gospel, and the piety and wisdom of its preachers, are a sufficient support, in an evil age, against infidelity, faction, and vice, without the assistance of secular power, unless God would please to confer the gift of miracles

* Created peers by king George I.

^b Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester.

on those who wait at the altar. I believe they venture to go a little further, and think that upon some occasions they want a little enlargement of assistance from the secular power against atheists, deists, socialists, and other heretics. Every first day in Lent a part of the liturgy is read to the people, in the preface to which the church declares her wishes for the restoring of that discipline she formerly had, and which for some years past has been more wanted than ever. But of this no more, lest it might insinuate jealousies between the clergy and laity, which the author tells us is the policy of vain ambitious men among the former, in hopes to derive from their order a veneration they cannot deserve from their virtue. If this be their method for procuring veneration, it is the most singular that ever was thought on, and the clergy would then indeed have no more to do with politics of any sort than Mr. Steele or his faction will allow them.

Having thus tolled through his dedication, I proceed to consider his preface, which, half consisting of quotation, will be so much the sooner got through.

It is a very unfair thing in any writer to employ his ignorance and malice together, because it gives his answer double work; it is like the sort of sophistry that the logicians call two mediums, which are never allowed in the same syllogism. A writer with a weak head and a corrupt heart is an over-match for any single pen; like a hireling jade, dull and vicious, hardly able to stir, yet offering at every turn to kick.

He begins his preface with such an account of the original of power and the nature of civil institutions as I am confident was never once imagined by any writer upon government, from Plato to Mr. Locke. Give me leave to transcribe his first paragraph: "I never saw an unruly crowd of people cool by degrees into temper, but it gave me an idea of the original of power and the nature of civil institutions. One particular man has usually in those cases, from the dignity of his appearance or other qualities known or imagined by the multitude, been received into sudden favour and authority; the occasion of their difference has been represented to him, and the matter referred to his decision."

I have known a poet, who never was out of England, introduce a fact by way of simile, which could probably nowhere happen nearer than in the plains of Libya, and begin with "So have I seen." Such a fiction I suppose may be justified by poetical licence; yet Virgil is much more modest. This paragraph of Mr. Steele's, which he sets down as an observation of his own, is a miserable mangled translation of six verses out of that famous poet, who speaks after this manner: "As when a sedition arises in a great multitude, &c., then if they see a wise great man," &c. Virgil, who lived but a little after the ruin of the Roman republic, where seditions often happened, and the force of oratory was great among the people, made use of a simile which Mr. Steele turns into a fact, after such a manner as if he had seen it a hundred times, and builds upon it a system of the origin of government. When the vulgar here in England assemble in a riotous manner (which is not very frequent of late years), the prince takes a much more effectual way than that of sending orators to appease them; but Mr. Steele imagines such a crowd of people as this where there is no government at all; their unruliness quelled, and their passions cooled by a particular man, whose great qualities they had known before. Such an assembly must have risen suddenly from the earth, and the man of authority dropped from the clouds, for without some previous form of government no such crowd did ever yet assemble, or could possibly

be acquainted with the merits and dignity of any particular man among them. But to pursue his scheme: this man of authority, who cools the crowd by degrees, and to whom they all appeal, must of necessity prove either an open or clandestine tyrant. A clandestine tyrant I take to be a king of Brentford, who keeps his army in disguise, and whenever he happens either to die naturally, be knocked on the head, or deposed, the people calmly take further measures and improve upon what was begun under his unlimited power. All this, our author tells us with extreme propriety, is what seems reasonable to common sense; that is, in other words, it seems reasonable to reason. This is what he calls giving an idea of the original of power and the nature of civil institutions. To which I answer, with great phlegm, that I defy any man alive to show me in double the number of lines, although writ by the same author, such a complicated ignorance in history, human nature, or politics, as well as in the ordinary properties of thought or of style.

But it seems these profound speculations were only premised to introduce some quotations in favour of resistance. What has resistance to do with the succession of the house of Hanover, that the Whig writers should perpetually affect to tack them together? I can conceive nothing else but that their hatred to the queen and ministry puts them upon thoughts of introducing the successor by another revolution. Are cases of extreme necessity to be introduced as common maxims by which we are always to proceed? Should not these gentlemen sometimes inculcate the general rule of obedience, and not always the exception of resistance? since the former has been the perpetual dictate of all laws, both divine and civil, and the latter is still in dispute.

I shall meddle with none of the passages he cites to prove the lawfulness of resisting princes, except that from the present lord-chancellor's speech in defence of Mr. Sacheverel; "that there are extraordinary cases, cases of necessity, which are implied, although not expressed, in the general rule" (of obedience). These words, very clear in themselves, Mr. Steele explains into nonsense; which in any other author I should suspect to have been intended as a reflection upon as great a person as ever filled or adorned that high station; but I am so well acquainted with his pen, that I much more wonder how it can trace out a true quotation than a false comment. To see him treat my lord Harcourt with so much civility looks indeed a little suspicious, and as if he had malice in his heart. He calls his lordship a very great man, and a great living authority; places himself in company with general Stanhope and Mr. Hoadly; and in short takes the most effectual method in his power of ruining his lordship in the opinion of every man who is wise or good. I can only tell my lord Harcourt, for his comfort, that these praises are enumbered with the doctrine of resistance and the true revolution principles; and provided he will not allow Mr. Steele for his commentator, he may hope to recover the honour of being libelled again, as well as his sovereign and fellow-servants.

We now come to the Crisis; where we meet with two pages, by way of introduction to those extracts from acts of parliament that constitute the body of his pamphlet. This introduction begins with a definition of liberty, and then proceeds in a panegyric upon that great blessing. His panegyric is made up of half-a-dozen shreds, like a schoolboy's theme, beaten general topics, where any other man alive

• Sir Simon, first lord Harcourt

might wander securely; but this politician, by venturing to vary the good old phrases, and give them a new turn, commits a hundred solecisms and absurdities. The weighty truths which he endeavours to press upon his reader are such as these: That liberty is a very good thing; that without liberty we cannot be free; that health is good, and strength is good, but liberty is better than either; that no man can be happy without the liberty of doing whatever his own mind tells him is best; that men of quality love liberty, and common people love liberty; even women and children love liberty; and you cannot please them better than by letting them do what they please. Had Mr. Steele contented himself to deliver these and the like maxims in such intelligible terms, I could have found where we agreed and where we differed. But let us hear some of these axioms, as he has involved them. "We cannot possess our souls with pleasure and satisfaction, except we preserve in ourselves that inestimable blessing which we call liberty. By liberty I desire to be understood to mean the happiness of men's living," &c. —The true "life of man consists in conducting it according to his own just sentiments and innocent inclinations;—man's being is degraded below that of a free agent, when his affections and passions are no longer governed by the dictates of his own mind." —"Without liberty our health (among other things) may be at the will of a tyrant, employed to our own ruin and that of our fellow-creatures." If there be any of these maxims which are not grossly defective in truth, in sense, or in grammar, I will allow them to pass for uncontrollable. By the first, admitting the pedantry of the whole expression, there are not above one or two nations in the world where any one man can possess his soul with pleasure and satisfaction. In the second, he desires to be understood to mean; that is he desires to be meant to mean, or to be understood to understand. In the third, the life of man consists in conducting his life. In the fourth he affirms that men's beings are degraded when their passions are no longer governed by the dictates of their own minds; directly contrary to lessons of all moralists and legislators, who agree unanimously that the passions of men must be under the government of reason and law; neither are the laws of any other use than to correct the irregularity of our affections. By the last, our health is ruinous to ourselves and other men when a tyrant pleases; which I leave to him to make out.

I cannot sufficiently commend our ancestors for transmitting to us the blessing of liberty; yet, having laid out their blood and treasure upon the purchase, I do not see how they acted parsimoniously, because I can conceive nothing more generous than that of employing our blood and treasure for the service of others. But I am suddenly struck with the thought that I have found his meaning; our ancestors acted parsimoniously because they spent only their own treasure for the good of their posterity; whereas we squander away the treasures of our posterity too; but whether they will be thankful, and think it was done for the preservation of their liberty, must be left to themselves for a decision.

I verily believe, although I could not prove it in Westminster-hall before a lord-chief-justice, that by enemies to our present establishment Mr. Steele would desire to be understood to mean my lord-treasurer and the rest of the ministry; by those who are grown supine, in proportion to the danger to which our liberty is every day more exposed, I should guess he means the Tories; and by honest men, who ought to look up with a spirit that becomes honesty, he understands the Whigs: I likewise believe he

would take it ill or think me stupid if I did not thus expound him. I say then, that, according to this exposition, the four great officers of state, together with the rest of the cabinet council (except the archbishop of Canterbury [Dr. Tenison]), are "enemies to our establishment, making artful and open attacks upon our constitution, and are now practising indirect arts and mean subtleties to weaken the security of those acts of parliament for settling the succession in the house of Hanover." The first and most notorious of these criminals is Robert Harley, earl of Oxford, lord-high-treasurer, who is reputed to be chief minister; the second is James Butler, duke of Ormond, who commands the army, and designs to employ it in bringing over the pretender; the third is Henry St. John, lord viscount Bolingbroke, secretary of state, who must be supposed to hold a constant correspondence at the court of *Bar le Duc*, as the late earl of Godolphin did with that at St. Germain; and, to avoid tediousness, Mr. Bromley [the speaker] and the rest are employed in their several districts to the same end. These are the opinions which Mr. Steele and his faction, under the direction of their leaders, are endeavouring with all their might to propagate among the people of England concerning the present ministry; with what reservation to the honour, wisdom, or justice of the queen, I cannot determine; who by her own free choice, after long experience of their abilities and integrity, and in compliance with the general wishes of her people, called them to her service. Such an accusation against persons in so high trust should require, I think, at least one single overt act to make it good. If there be no other choice of persons fit to serve the crown, without danger from the pretender, except among those who are called the Whig party, the Hanover succession is then indeed in a very desperate state; that illustrious family will have almost nine in ten of the kingdom against it, and those principally of the landed interest; which is most to be depended upon in such a nation as ours.

I have now got as far as his extracts, which I shall not be at the pains of comparing with the originals, but suppose he has gotten them fairly transcribed; I only think that whoever is patentee for printing acts of parliament may have a very fair action against him for invasion of property; but this is none of my business to inquire into.

After two-and-twenty pages spent in reciting acts of parliament, he desires leave to repeat the history and progress of the Union; upon which I have some few things to observe.

This work, he tells us, was unsuccessfully attempted by several of her majesty's predecessors; although I do not remember it was ever thought on by any except king James I. and the late king William. I have read indeed that some small overtures were made by the former of these princes toward a union between the two kingdoms, but rejected with indignation and contempt by the English; and the historian tells us that, how degenerate and corrupt soever the court and parliament then were, they would not give ear to so infamous a proposal. I do not find that any of the succeeding princes before the Revolution ever resumed the design; because it was a project for which there could not possibly be assigned the least reason or necessity; for I defy any mortal to name one single advantage that England could ever expect from such a union.

But toward the end of the late king's reign, upon apprehensions of the want of issue from him or the princess Anne, a proposition for uniting both kingdoms was begun; because Scotland had not settled

their crown upon the house of Hanover, but left themselves at large, in hopes to make their advantage; and it was thought highly dangerous to leave that part of the island, inhabited by a poor fierce northern people, at liberty to put themselves under a different king. However, the opposition to this work was so great that it could not be overcome until some time after her present majesty came to the crown; when by the weakness or corruption of a certain minister, since dead, an act of parliament was obtained for the Scots, which gave them leave to arm themselves; and so the Union became necessary, not for any actual good it could possibly do us, but to avoid a probable evil, and at the same time save an obnoxious minister's head; who was so wise as to take the first opportunity of procuring a general pardon by act of parliament, because he could not, with so much decency and safety, desire a particular one for himself. These facts are well enough known to the whole kingdom. And I remember disconcerting, above six years ago, with the most considerable person (lord Somers) of the adverse party, and a great promoter of the Union; he frankly owned to me that this necessity, brought upon us by the wrong management of the earl of Godolphin, was the only cause of the Union.

Therefore I am ready to grant two points to the author of the *Crisis*; first, that the Union became necessary for the cause above related; because it prevented this island from being governed by two kings, which England would never have suffered; and it might probably have cost us a war of a year or two to reduce the Scots. Secondly, that it would be dangerous to break this union, at least in this juncture, while there is a pretender abroad, who might probably lay hold of such an opportunity. And this made me wonder a little at the spirit of faction last summer among some people, who, having been the great promoters of the Union, and several of them the principal gainers by it, could yet proceed so far as to propose in the house of lords that it should be dissolved; while, at the same time, those peers who had ever opposed it in the beginning were then for preserving it, upon the reason I have just assigned, and which the author of the *Crisis* has likewise taken notice of.

But when he tells us, "the Englishmen ought, in generosity, to be more particularly careful in preserving this union," he argues like himself. "The late kingdom of Scotland," says he, "had as numerous a nobility as England," &c. They had indeed, and to that we owe one of the great and necessary evils of the Union, upon the foot it now stands. Their nobility is indeed so numerous that the whole revenues of their country would be hardly able to maintain them according to the dignity of their titles; and, what is infinitely worse, they are never likely to be extinct until the last period of all things; because the greatest part of them descend to heirs general. I imagine a person of quality prevailed on to marry a woman much his inferior, and without a groat to her fortune, and her friends arguing she was as good as her husband, because she brought him as numerous a family of relations and servants as she found in his house. Scotland, in the taxes, is obliged to contribute one penny for every forty-pence laid upon England; and the representatives they send to parliament are about a thirteenth. Every other Scotch peer has all the privileges of an English one, except that of sitting in parliament, and even precedence before all of the same title that shall be created for the time to come. The pensions and employments possessed by the natives of that country now among us do amount to more than

the whole body of their nobility ever spent at home; and all the money they raise upon the public is hardly sufficient to defray their civil and military lists. I could point out some, with great titles, who affected to appear very vigorous for dissolving the Union, although their whole revenues, before that period, would have ill maintained a Welsh justice of peace; and have since gathered more money than ever any Scotchman who had not travelled could form an idea of.

I have only one thing more to say upon occasion of the Union act; which is, that the author of the *Crisis* may be fairly proved, from his own citations, to be guilty of high-treason. In a paper of his, called the *Englishman*, of October 29, there is an advertisement about taking in subscriptions for printing the *Crisis*, where the title is published at length with the following clause, which the author thought fit to drop in the publication ("and that no power on earth can bar, alter, or make void, the present settlement of the crown, &c. By Richard Steele"). In his extract of an act of parliament made since the Union, it appears to be high-treason for any person, by writing or printing, to maintain and affirm that the kings or queens of this realm, with and by the authority of parliament, are not able to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to limit and bind the crown, and the descent, limitation, inheritance, and the government thereof. This act being subsequent to the settlement of the crown confirmed at the Union, it is probable some friend of the author advised him to leave out those treasonable words in the printed title-page, which he had before published in the advertisement; and accordingly we find that in the treatise itself he only offers it to every good subject's consideration whether this article of the settlement of the crown is not as firm as the Union itself, and as the settlement of episcopacy in England, &c. And he thinks the Scots understood it so, that the succession to the crown was never to be controverted.

These I take to be only treasonable insinuations; but the advertisement beforementioned is actually high-treason; for which the author ought to be prosecuted, if that would avail anything under a jurisdiction where cursing the queen is not above the penalty of twenty marks.

Nothing is more notorious than that the Whigs of late years, both in their writings and discourses, have affected upon all occasions to allow the legitimacy of the pretender. This makes me a little wonder to see our author labouring to prove the contrary, by producing all the popular chat of those times, and other solid arguments from Fuller's *Narrative*: but it must be supposed that this gentleman acts by the commands of his superiors, who have thought fit at this juncture to issue out new orders, for reasons best known to themselves. I wish they had been more clear in their directions to him upon that weighty point, whether the settlement of the succession in the house of Hanover be alterable or not. I have observed where, in his former pages, he gives it in the negative; but in the turning of a leaf he has wholly changed his mind. He tells us he wonders there can be found any Briton weak enough to contend against a power in their own nation which is practised in a much greater degree in other states; and how hard it is that Britain should be debarred the privilege of establishing its own security by relinquishing only those branches of the royal line which threaten it with destruction; while other nations never scruple, upon less occasions, to go to much greater lengths;

of which he produces instances in France, Spain, Sicily, and Sardinia; and then adds, can Great Britain help to advance men to other thrones and have no power in limiting its own? How can a senator, capable of doing honour to sir Thomas Hanmer, be guilty of such ridiculous inconsistencies? "The author of the Conduct of the Allies," says he, "has dared to drop insinuations about altering the succession." The author of the Conduct of the Allies writes *seize* and *English*; neither of which the author of the Crisis understands. The former thinks "it wrong, in point of policy, to call in a foreign power to be guarantee of our succession, because it puts it out of the power of our own legislature to change our succession without the consent of that prince or state who is guarantee, whatever necessity may happen in future times." Now, if it be high-treason to affirm by writing that the legislature has no such power, and if Mr. Steele thinks it strange that Britain should be debarred this privilege, what could be the crime of putting such a case, that, in future ages, a necessity might happen of limiting the succession, as well as it has happened already?

When Mr. Steele "reflects upon the many solemn strong barriers (to our succession) of laws and oaths, &c., he thinks all fear vanishes before them." I think so too, provided the epithet *solemn* goes for nothing; because, although I have often heard of a solemn day, a solemn feast, and a solemn cuxcomb, yet I can conceive no idea to myself of a solemn harrier. However, be that as it will, his thoughts, it seems, will not let him rest, but before he is aware he asks himself several questions; and, since he cannot resolve them, I will endeavour to give him what satisfaction I am able. The first is, "What are the marks of a lasting security?" To which I answer, that the signs of it in a kingdom or state are, first, good laws; and, secondly, those laws well executed: we are pretty well provided with the former, but extremely defective in the latter.—Secondly, "What are our tempers and our hearts at home?" If by ours he means those of himself and his abettors, they are most damnable wicked; impatient for the death of the queen; ready to gratify their ambition and revenge by all desperate methods; wholly alienate from truth, law, religion, mercy, conscience, or honour.—Thirdly, "In what hands is power lodged abroad?" To answer the question naturally, Lewis XIV. is king of France, Philip V. (by the counsels and acknowledgments of the Whigs) is king of Spain, and so on. If by power he means money, the duke of Marlborough is thought to have more ready money than all the kings of Christendom together; but, by the peculiar disposition of Providence, it is locked up in a trunk, to which his ambition has no key; and that is our security.—Fourthly, "Are our unnatural divisions our strength?" I think not; but they are the sign of it, for, being unnatural, they cannot last; and this shows that union, the foundation of all strength, is more agreeable to our nature. Fifthly, "Is it nothing to us which of the princes of Europe has the longest sword?" Not much, if we can tie up his hands, or put a strong shield into those of his neighbours; or if our sword be as sharp as his is long; or if it be necessary for him to turn his own sword into a ploughshare; or if such a sword happens to be in the hands of an infant, or struggled for by two competitors.—Sixthly, "The powerful hand that deals out crowns and kingdoms all around us, may it not in time reach a king out to us too?" If the powerful hand he means be that of France, it may reach out as many kings as it pleases, but we will not accept them. Whence does this man get his intelli-

gence? I should think even his brother Ridpath might furnish him with better. What crowns or kingdoms has France dealt about? Spain was given by the will of the former king, in consequence of that infamous treaty of partition, the adviser of which will, I hope, never be forgot in England. Sicily was disposed of by her majesty of Great Britain; so, in effect, was Sardinia. France, indeed, once reached out a king to Poland, but the people would not receive him. This question of Mr. Steele's was therefore only put in *ferrorem*, without any regard to truth.—Seventhly, "Are there no pretensions to our crown that can ever be revived?" There may, for aught I know, be about a dozen; and those in time may possibly beget a hundred; but we must do as well as we can. Captain Besous, when he had fifty challenges to answer, protested he could not fight above three duels a-day. If the pretender should fail, says the writer, the French king has to his quiver a succession of them; the duchess of Savoy, or her sons, or the dauphin her grandson. Let me suppose the chevalier de St. George to be dead; the duchess of Savoy will then be a pretender, and consequently must leave her husband, because his royal highness (for Mr. Steele has not yet acknowledged him for a king) is in alliance with her British majesty; her sons, when they grow pretenders, must undergo the same fate. But I am at a loss how to dispose of the dauphin, if he happen to be king of France before the pretendership to Britain falls to his share; for I doubt he will never be persuaded to remove out of his own kingdom, only because it is too near England.

But "the duke of Savoy did, some years ago, put in his claim to the crown of England in right of his wife; and he is a prince of great capacity, in strict alliance with France, and may therefore very well add to our fears of a popish successor." Is it the fault of the present, or of any ministry, that this prince put in his claim? Must we give him opium to destroy his capacity? or can we prevent his alliance with any prince who is in peace with her majesty? Must we send to stab or poison all the popish princes who have any pretended title to our crown by the proximity of blood? What, in the name of God, can these people drive at? what is it they demand? Suppose the present dauphin were now a man, and the king of France, and next popish heir to the crown of England; is he not excluded by the laws of the land? But what regard will he have to our laws? I answer, has not the queen as good a title to the crown of France? and how is she excluded, but by their law against the succession of females, which we are not bound to acknowledge; and is it not in our power to exclude female successors as well as in theirs? If such a pretence shall prove the cause of a war, what human power can prevent it? But our cause must necessarily be good and righteous; for either the kings of England have been unjustly kept out of the possession of France, or the dauphin, although nearest of kin, can have no legal title to England. And be must be an ill prince indeed, who will not have the hearts and hands of ninety-nine in a hundred among his subjects against such a popish pretender.

I have been the longer in answering the seventh question, because it led me to consider all he had afterward to say upon the subject of the pretender. Eighthly, and lastly, he asks himself, "Whether Popery and Ambition are become tame and quiet neighbours?" In this I can give him no satisfaction, because I never was in that street where they live; nor do I converse with any of their friends, only I find they are persons of a very evil reputation.

But I am told for certain that Ambition had removed her lodging, and lives the very next door to Faction, where they keep such a racket that the whole parish is disturbed and every night in an uproar.

This much in answer to those eight uneasy questions put by the author to himself, in order to satisfy every Briton, and give him an occasion of "taking an impartial view of the affairs of Europe in general, as well as of Great Britain in particular."

After enumerating the great actions of the confederate armies under the command of prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough, Mr. Steele observes, in the bitterness of his soul, that the British "general, however unaccountable it may be to posterity, was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his glorious labour." Ten years' fruits, it seems, were not sufficient, and yet they were the fruitfulest campaigns that ever any general cropped. However, I cannot but hope that posterity will not be left in the dark, but some care taken both of her majesty's glory and the reputation of those she employs. An impartial historian may tell the world (and the next age will easily believe what it continues to feel) that the avarice and ambition of a few factious insolent subjects had almost destroyed their country by continuing a ruinous war in conjunction with allies for whose sake principally we fought, who refused to bear their just proportion of their charge, and were connived at in their refusal for private ends; that these factious people treated the best and kindest of sovereigns with insolence, cruelty, and ingratitude, of which he will be able to produce several instances; that they encouraged persons and principles alien from our religion and government, in order to strengthen their faction; he will tell the reasons why the general and first minister were seduced to be heads of this faction, contrary to the opinion they had always professed. Such an historian will show many reasons which made it necessary to remove the general and his friends, who, knowing the bent of the nation was against them, expected to lose their power when the war was at an end. Particularly the historian will discover the whole intrigue of the duke of Marlborough's endeavouring to procure a commission to be general for life; wherein justice will be done to a person at that time of high station in the law, who (I mention it to his honour) advised the duke, when he was consulted upon it, not to accept of such a commission. By these and many other instances which time will bring to light, it may perhaps appear not very unaccountable to posterity why this great man was dismissed at last, but rather why he was dismissed no sooner.

But this is entering into a wide field. I shall therefore leave posterity to the information of better historians than the author of the Crisis or myself, and go on to inform the present age in some facts which the great orator and politician thinks fit to misrepresent, with the utmost degree either of natural or wilful ignorance. He asserts that in the duke of Ormond's campaign, "after a suspension of arms between Great Britain and France, proclaimed at the head of the armies, the British troops, in the midst of the enemy's garrisons, withdrew themselves from their confederates." The fact is directly otherwise; for the British troops were most infamously deserted by the confederates, after all that could be urged by the duke of Ormond and the earl of Strafford to press the confederate generals not to forsake them. The duke was directed to avoid engaging in any action until he had further orders, because an account of the king of Spain's renunciation was

every day expected; this the Imperialists and the Dutch knew well enough, and therefore proposed to the duke, in that very juncture, to engage the French, for no other reason but to render desperate all the queen's measures toward a peace. Was not the certain possession of Dunkirk of equal advantage to the uncertainty of a battle? A whole campaign under the duke of Marlborough, with such an acquisition, although at the cost of many thousand lives and several millions of money, would have been thought very gloriously ended.

Neither after all was it a new thing, either in the British general or the Dutch deputies, to refuse fighting when they did not approve of it. When the duke of Marlborough was going to invest Bouchain, the deputies of the States pressed him in vain to engage the enemy; and one of them was so far discontented upon his grace's refusal that he presently became a partisan of the peace; yet I do not remember any clamour then raised here against the duke upon that account. Again, when the French invaded Douay, after the confederates had deserted the duke of Ormond, prince Eugene was violently bent upon a battle, and said they should never have another so good an opportunity; but Monsieur —, a private deputy, rose up, and opposed it so far that the prince was forced to desist. Was it then more criminal in the duke of Ormond to refuse fighting by express command of the queen, and in order to get possession of Dunkirk, than for the duke of Marlborough to give the same refusal without any such orders or any such advantage? or shall a Dutch deputy assume more power than the queen of Great Britain's general, acting by the immediate commands of his sovereign?

The emperor and the empire (says Mr. Steele by way of admiration) continue the war! Is his imperial majesty able to continue it or not? If he be, then Great Britain has been strangely used for ten years past; then how came it to pass that of about ten thousand men in his service in Italy at the time of the battle of Turin, there were not above four thousand paid by himself? If he be not able to continue it, why does he go on? The reasons are clear; because the war only affects the princes of the empire, whom he is willing enough to expose, but not his own dominions. Besides, his imperial ministers are in daily expectation of the queen's death, which they hope will give a new turn to affairs, and rekindle the war in Europe upon the old foot; and we know how the ministers of that court publicly assign it for a reason of their obstinacy against peace that they hope for a sudden revolution in England. In the mean time, this appearance of the emperor's being forsaken by his ally will serve to increase the clamour, both here and in Holland, against her majesty and those she employs.

Mr. Steele says there can be no crime in affirming (if it be truth) that the house of Bourbon is at this juncture become more formidable, and bids fairer for a universal monarchy, and to engross the whole trade of Europe, than it did before the war.

No crime in affirming it if it be truth. I will for once allow his proposition. But if it be false, then I affirm that whoever advances so seditious a falsehood deserves to be hanged. Does he mean, by the house of Bourbon, the two kings of France and Spain? If so, I reject his meaning, which would insinuate that the interests and designs of both those princes will be the same; whereas they are more opposite than those of any two other monarchs in Christendom. This is the whole foolish slander so frequently flung upon the peace, and as frequently refuted. These factious undertakers of the press

write with great advantage; they strenuously affirm a thousand falsehoods, without fear, wit, conscience, or knowledge; and we who answer them must be at the expense of an argument for each; after which, in the very next pamphlet, we see the same assertions produced again, without the least notice of what has been said to disprove them. By the house of Bourbon does he mean only the French king for the time being? If so, and his assertion be true, then that prince must deal with the devil, or else the money and blood spent in our ten years' victories against him might as well have continued in the purses and veins of her majesty's subjects.

But the particular assertions of this author are easier detected than his general ones; I shall therefore proceed upon examining the former. For instance: I desire him to ask the Dutch, who can best inform him, why they delivered up Trarbach to the Imperialists! for as to the queen, her majesty was never once consulted in it, whatever his preceptors, the politicians of Button's coffeehouse, may have informed him to the contrary.

Mr. Steele affirms that the French have begun the demolition of Dunkirk contemptuously and arbitrarily their own way. The governor of the town, and those gentlemen intrusted with the inspection of this work, do assure me that the fact is altogether otherwise; that the method prescribed by those whom her majesty employs has been exactly followed, and that the works are already demolished. I will venture to tell him further that the demolition was so long deferred in order to remove those difficulties which the harrier treaty has put us under; and the event has shown that it was prudent to proceed no faster until those difficulties were got over. The mole and harbour could not be destroyed until the ships were got out; which, by reason of some profound secrets of state, did not happen until the other day. Who gave him those just suspicions, that the mole and harbour will never be destroyed? What is it he would now insinuate? that the ministry is bribed to leave the most important part of the work undone; or that the pretender is to invade us from thence; or that the queen has entered into a conspiracy with her servants to prevent the good effects of the peace, for no other end but to lose the affections of her people, and endanger herself?

Instead of any further information, which I could easily give, but which no honest man can want, I venture to affirm that the mole and harbour of Dunkirk will in a short time be most effectually destroyed; and at the same time I venture to prophecy that neither Mr. Steele nor his faction will ever confess they believe it.

After all, it is a little hard that the queen cannot be allowed to demolish this town in whatever manner she pleases to fancy. Mr. Steele must have it done in his own way, and is angry the French have pretended to do it in theirs; and yet he wrongs them into the bargain. For my own part, I do seriously think the most christian king to be a much better friend of her majesty's than Mr. Steele or any of his faction. Besides, it is to be considered that he is a monarch and a relation; and therefore, if I were a privy counsellor, and my advice to be asked which of those two gentlemen born should have the direction in the demolition of Dunkirk, I will give it for the former; because I look upon Mr. Steele, in quality of a member of his party, to be much more skilful in demolishing at home than abroad.

There is a prospect of more danger to the balance of Europe, and to the trade of Britain, from the emperor overrunning Italy than from France overrunning the empire. That his imperial majesty enters

such thoughts is visible to the world; and although little can be said to justify many actions of the French king, yet the worst of them have never equalled the emperor's arbitrary keeping the possession of Milan, directly contrary to his oath, and to the express words of the golden bull, which obliges him to deliver up every fief that falls, or else they must all, in the course of time, lapse into his own hands.

I was at a loss who it was that Mr. Steele hinted at some time ago by "the powerful hand that deals out crowns and kingdoms all around us." I now plainly find he meant no other hand but his own. He has dealt out the crown of Spain to France; to France he has given leave to invade the empire next spring, with two hundred thousand men; and now at last he deals to France the imperial dignity; and so farewell liberty; Europe will be French. But in order to bring all this about, the capital of Austria, the residence of his imperial majesty, must continue to be visited by the plague, of which the emperor must die, and so the thing is done.

Why should not I venture to deal out one sceptre in my turn as well as Mr. Steele? I therefore deal out the empire to the elector of Saxony, upon failure of issue to this emperor at his death, provided the Whigs will prevail on the son to turn papist to get an empire, as they did upon the father to get a kingdom. Or, if this prince be not approved of, I deal it out in his stead to the elector of Bavaria; and in one or the other of these I dare engage to have all Christendom to second me, whatever the spleen, in the shape of politics, may dictate to the author of the Crisis.

The design of Mr. Steele in representing the circumstances of the affairs of Europe is to signify to the world that all Europe is put in the high road to slavery by the corruption of her majesty's present ministers; and so he goes on to Portugal, which, having during the war supplied us with gold in exchange for our woollen manufactures, has only at present a suspension of arms for its protection, to last no longer than till the Catalonians are reduced, and then the old pretensions of Spain to Portugal will be revived; and Portugal, when once enslaved by Spain, falls naturally, with the rest of Europe, into the gulf of France. In the mean time, let us see what relief a little truth can give this unhappy kingdom. That Portugal has yet no more than a suspension of arms, they may thank themselves, because they came so late into the treaty; and that they came so late they may thank the Whigs, whose false representations they were so weak as to believe. However, the queen has voluntarily given them a guarantee to defend them against Spain until the peace shall be made; and such terms after the peace are stipulated for them as the Portuguese themselves are contented with.

Having mentioned the Catalonians, he puts the question, "Who can name the Catalonians without a tear?" That can I; for he has told so many melancholy stories without one syllable of truth, that he has hunted the edge of my fears, and I shall not be startled at the worst he can say. What he affirms concerning the Catalonians is included in the following particulars: First, that they were drawn into the war by the encouragement of the maritime powers; by which are understood England and Holland; but he is too good a friend of the Dutch to give them any part of the blame. Secondly, that they are now abandoned, and exposed to the resentment of an enraged prince. Thirdly, that they always opposed the person and interest of that prince, who is their present king. Lastly, that the doom is dreadful of

those who shall in the sight of God be esteemed their destroyers. And if we interpret the imprecation he makes according to his own mind, the destruction of those people must be imputed to the present ministry.

I am sometimes in charity disposed to hope that this writer is not always sensible of the flagrant falsehoods he utters, but is either blinded by an inclination to believe the worst, or a want of judgment to choose his informers. That the Catalonians were drawn into the war by the encouragement of her majesty should not in decency have been affirmed until about fifty years hence, when it might be supposed there would be no living witness left to disprove it. It was only upon the assurances of a revolt given by the prince of Hesse and others, and their invitation, that the queen was prevailed with to send her forces upon that expedition. When Barcelona was taken by a most unexpected accident of a bomb lighting on the magazine, then indeed the Catalonians revolted, having before submitted and sworn allegiance to Philip as much as any other province of Spain. Upon the peace between that crown and Britain, the queen, in order to ease the emperor and save his troops, stipulated with king Philip for a neutrality in Italy, and that his imperial majesty should have liberty to evacuate Catalonia, upon condition of absolute ludeignty of the Catalans, with an entire restitution to their honours, dignities, and estates. As this neutrality was never observed by the emperor, so he never effectually evacuated Catalonia; for although he sent away the main body, he left behind many officers and private men, who now spirit up and assist those obstinate people to continue in their rebellion. It is true, indeed, that king Philip did not absolutely restore the Catalans to all their old privileges, of which they never made other use than as an encouragement to rebel; but admitted them to the same privileges with his subjects of Castile, particularly to the liberty of trading, and having employments in the West Indies, which they never enjoyed before. Besides, the queen reserved to herself the power of procuring further immunities for them, wherein the most christian king was obliged to second her; for his catholic majesty intended no more than to retrench those privileges under the pretext of which they now rebel, as they had formerly done in favour of France. How dreadful then must be the doom of those who hindered these people from submitting to the gentle terms offered them by their prince! and who, although they be conscious of their own inability to furnish one single ship for the support of the Catalans, are at this instant spurring them on to their ruin by promises of aid and protection!

Thus much in answer to Mr. Steele's account of the affairs of Europe, from which he deduces the universal monarchy of France, and the danger of I know not how many popish successors to Britain. His political reflections are as good as his facts. "We must observe," says he, "that the person who seems to be the most favoured by the French king in the late treaties is the duke of Savoy." Extremely right: for whatever that prince got by the peace he owes entirely to her majesty, as a just reward for his having been so firm and useful an ally; neither was France brought with more difficulty to yield any one point than that of allowing the duke such a barrier as the queen insisted on.

"He is become the most powerful prince in Italy." I had rather see him so than the emperor. "He is supposed to have entered into a secret and strict alliance with the house of Bourbon." This is one of those facts wherein I am most inclined to

believe the author, because it is what he must needs be utterly ignorant of, and therefore may possibly be true.

I thought indeed we should be safe from all popish successors as far as Italy, because of the prodigious clutter about sending the pretender thither. Put they will never agree where to fix their longitudo. The duke of Savoy is the more dangerous for removing to Sicily; he adds to our fears for being too far off, and the chevalier St. George for being too near. So whether France conquer Germany or be in peace and good understanding with it, either event will put us and Holland at the mercy of France, which has a quiver full of pretenders at its back, whenever the chevalier shall die.

This was just the logic of poor Prince Butler, a splenetic madman whom everybody may remember about the town. Prince Pamphilio in Italy employed emissaries to torment Prince Butler here. But what if prince Pamphilio die? Why then he had left in his will that his heirs and executors torment Prince Butler for ever.

I cannot think it a misfortune what Mr. Steele affirms, "That treasonable books lately dispersed among us, striking apparently at the Hanover succession, have passed almost without observation from the generality of the people;" because it seems a certain sign that the generality of the people are well disposed to that illustrious family; but I look upon it as a great evil to see seditious books dispersed among us, apparently striking at the queen and her administration, at the constitution in church and state, and at all religion; yet passing without observation from the generality of those in power; but whether this remissness may be imputed to Whitehall or Westminster-hall, is other men's business to inquire. Mr. Steele knows in his conscience that the queries concerning the pretender issued from one of his own party. And as for the poor nonjuring clergyman who was trusted with committing to the press a late book on the subject of hereditary right, by a strain of a *nummum jussu*, he is now, as I am told, with half a score children, starving and rotting among thieves and pickpockets in the common room of a stinking jail. I have never seen either the book or the publisher; however, I would fain ask one single person [Parker, afterward lord-chancellor] in the world a question,—why he has so often drank the adulated king's health upon his knees!—But the transition is natural and frequent, and I shall not trouble him for an answer.

It is the hardest case in the world that Mr. Steele should take up the artificial reports of his own faction, and then put them off upon the world as additional fears of a popish successor. I can assure him that no good subject of the queen's is under the least concern whether the pretender be converted or not, further than their wishes that all men would embrace the true religion. But reporting backward and forward upon this point helps to keep up the noise, and is a topic for Mr. Steele to enlarge himself upon, by showing how little we can depend upon such conversions, by collecting a list of popish cruelties, and repenting, after himself and the bishop of Sarum, the dismal effects likely to follow upon the return of that superstition among us.

But as this writer is reported by those who know him to be what the French call *journalier*, his fear and courage operating according to the weather in our uncertain climate, I am apt to believe the two last pages of his Crisis were written on a sunshiny day. This I guess from the general tenor of them, and particularly from an unwary assertion, which if

he believes as firmly as I do, will at once overthrow all his foreign and domestic fears of a popish successor. "As divided a people as we are, those who stand for the house of Hanover are infinitely superior in number, wealth, courage, and all arts, military and civil, to those in the contrary interest; beside which, we have the laws, I say, the laws on our side. The laws, I say, the laws." This elegant repetition I think a little out of place; for the stress might better have been laid upon so great a majority of the nation; without which I doubt the laws would be of little weight, although they be very good additional securities. And if what he here asserts be true, as it certainly is although he assert it (for I allow even the majority of his own party to be against the pretender), there can be no danger of a popish successor, except from the unreasonable jealousies of the best among that party, and from the malice, the avarice, or ambition of the worst; without which, Britain would be able to defend her succession against all her enemies both at home and abroad. Most of the dangers from abroad, which he enumerates as the consequences of this very bad peace made by the queen and approved by parliament, must have subsisted under any peace at all; unless, among other projects equally feasible, we could have stipulated to cut the throats of every popish relation to the royal family.

Well, by this author's own confession, a number infinitely superior, and the best circumstantiated imaginable, are for the succession in the house of Hanover. This succession is established, confirmed, and secured by several laws; her majesty's repeated declarations, and the oaths of all her subjects, engage both her and them to preserve what those laws have settled. This is a security indeed, a security adequate at least to the importance of the thing; and yet, according to the Whig scheme, as delivered to us by Mr. Steele and his coadjutors, is altogether insufficient; and the succession will be defeated, the pretender brought in, and popery established among us, without the further assistance of this writer and his faction.

And what securities have our adversaries substituted in the place of these? A club of politicians where Jenny Man presides; a Crisis written by Mr. Steele; a confederacy of knavish stock-jobbers to ruin credit; a report of the queen's death; an effigy of the pretender run twice through the body by a valiant peer; a speech by the author of the Crisis; and, to sum up all, an unlimited freedom of reviling her majesty and those she employs.

I have now finished the most disgusting task that ever I undertook. I could with more ease have written three dull pamphlets than remarked upon the falsehoods and absurdities of one. But I was quite confounded last Wednesday when the printer came with another pamphlet in his hand, written by the same author, and entitled "The Englishman, being the Close of the Paper so called," &c. He desired I would read it over, and consider it in a paper by itself; which last I absolutely refused. Upon perusal, I found it chiefly an invective against Toby, the ministry, the Examiner, the clergy, the queen, and the Postboy; yet, at the same time, with great justice exclaiming against those who presumed to offer the least word against the heads of that faction whom her majesty discarded. The author likewise proposes an equal division of favour and employments between the Whigs and Tories; for if the former "can have no part or portion in David, they desire no longer to be his subjects." He insists that her majesty has exactly followed Monsieur Tugge's memorial against the demolishing of Dun-

kirk. He reflects with great satisfaction on the good already done to his country by the Crisis. *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis*, &c. He gives us hopes that he will leave off writing, and consult his own quiet and happiness; and concludes with a letter to a friend at court. I suppose, by the style of "old friend," and the like, it must be somebody there of his own level; among whom his party have indeed more friends than I could wish. In this letter he asserts that the present ministers were not educated in the church of England, but are new converts from presbytery. Upon which I can only reflect how blind the malice of that man must be who invents a groundless lie in order to defame his superiors, which would be no disgrace if it had been a truth. And he concludes with making three demands for the satisfaction of himself and other malecontents. First, the demolition of the barbour of Dunkirk. Secondly, that Great Britain and France would heartily join against the exorbitant power of the duke of Lorraine, and force the pretender from his asylum at Bar le Duc. Lastly, "that his electoral highness of Hanover would be so grateful to signify to all the world the perfect good understanding he has with the court of England, in as plain terms as her majesty was pleased to declare she had with that house on her part."

As to the first of these demands, I will venture to undertake it shall be granted; but then Mr. Steele and his brother malecontents must promise to believe the thing is done, after those employed have made their report, or else bring vouchers to disprove it. Upon the second; I cannot tell whether her majesty will engage in a war against the duke of Lorraine, to force him to remove the pretender; but I believe, if the parliament should think it necessary to address upon such an occasion, the queen would move that prince to send him away. His last demand, offered under the title of a wish, is of so insolent and seditious a strain, that I care not to touch it. Here he directly charges her majesty with delivering a falsehood to her parliament from the throne; and declares he will not believe her, until the elector of Hanover himself shall vouch for the truth of what she has so solemnly affirmed.

I agree with this writer that it is an idle thing in his antagonists to trouble themselves upon the articles of his birth, education, or fortune; for whoever writes at this rate of his sovereign, to whom he owes so many personal obligations, I should never inquire whether he be a gentleman born, but whether he be a human creature.

A LETTER

FROM THE

FACETIOUS DOCTOR ANDREW TRUPE, AT BATH, TO
THE VENERABLE NESTOR IRONSIDE.

With an account of the reception Mr. Ironside's late present of a Guardian met with from the Worshipful Mr. Mayor, and other substantial inhabitants of that ancient city.

To which is added,

A PRESCRIPTION FROM THE DOCTOR, BY WAY OF
POSTSCRIPT, EXACTLY SUITED TO HIS DISTEMPER.

The adventure of the bear and fiddle
is sung, but breaks off in the middle. - Hum.

Parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
Astra ferat; nomenque erit indelibile nostrum. - Ovis

THIS amusing letter, now printed from a copy (dated 1714) in the British Museum, is noticed by Scott in his edition as having internal marks of Swift's corrections though chiefly written by one of those subordinate party authors whom he calls "his under-spar-leathers." The style, however, has the

closest resemblance to Swift's; the wit and ridicule partake of his best manner; and from the circumstance of the *dean's* known dislike and contempt of Steele, it is much more probable to have been entirely his own than the production of Arbuthnot, who had not the same reasons for thus exposing Steele, or that of any of Swift's under-stoppers, unless we suppose them to have had "wit at will" not inferior to their master's.

RIGHT VENERABLE.—That aggregate philosopher, Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, of most memorable countenance, does, I remember, in several of his moral aphorisms make very honourable mention of himself for such of his essays as were levelled at the general benefit of mankind; and upon this head does fairly give himself the preference to all the learned, his contemporaries, from Dr. Swift himself, even down to Poet Cr—spe of the custom-house.

This, with due respect to his memory, savours somewhat more of self-love than could be well expected from so unbiassed a philosopher: for I can see no reason, nor do I believe he himself could, why the elaborate productions of those who sweat hard to rescue the laudable actions of the town or corporation, where they either were born, or of which they were inhabitants, from the jaws of oblivion, and transmit them with decency to posterity, should not deserve at least an equal encomium.

Upon this consideration I have, with unwearied application, and no small expense in coffee and tobacco, perused all the neogeographical tracts, as well foreign as domestic, lately published by those painful and accurate penmen, the news-writers, as the vulgar term them, that I might thoroughly inform myself what account they gave the world of the magnificent reception which the inhabitants of this ancient and noble city of Bath gave to the invaluable present which you did them the honour lately to make them; and see whether they handled so important a point with that nicety of truth and majesty of style that the history of so solemn a ceremony required. But, to my great astonishment and much greater concern, I found them all (to their discredit be it spoken) as silent upon the matter as if such a thing had never been in *verum natura*; or at least had happened in the dark days of popery and ignorance.

'Tis true, it is hard to condemn so numerous and so eminent a body of learned men, in some whereof 'tis possible it might be unpremeditated omission; but in others, especially those of our own island, I cannot forbear thinking it was downright spleen and envy: and (God forgive me) I have a strong suspicion that my very good friend, the indefatigable and judicious Mr. Abel, whom I look upon to be the president of all the hebdomadal writers of this century, has a great deal to answer on this head. In love therefore to the town of Bath, to which I have the honour of being physician in ordinary, and out of my most profound respect, sir, for your venerable person, (whose unparalleled bounty I would gladly see perpetuated to all succeeding ages,) I have diligently consulted our public records, and with utmost fidelity transcribed from them the following copy:—

Regist. "Some time about the end of October,
Anno. Anno 12 *Regine Anne*, as Mr. Mayor, Mr.
12 *Regine* Recorder, the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe
Anno. fol. 36. (meaning your most humble servant), Mr.
Levitt the apothecary, and several other worthy citizens, were one afternoon at the coffeehouse, gravely discoursing of politics, and were insensibly fallen into a polemical argument upon this intricate and important question, *whether, in case the pope of Rome should have a fancy to alter his state, and take unto him a wife, an act of parliament would be either*

a necessary or a sufficient warrant for his so doing. While the point was discussed with that solidity of learning and maturity of thought that could be expected from a company of such bright men, especially upon so ticklish a subject, who should come in but Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, intelligence-general of the town, by whose earnest looks and violent panting for breath they soon perceived that he was high with some occurrence of moment, of which he wanted to be immediately delivered."

But, before I proceed any further in this great undertaking, I find myself obliged, most learned sage, by the rules of method to make a small digression in order to give you a cursory description of this person, parts, and profession of Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, because I conceive it to be a preliminary absolutely requisite towards the right understanding of this great history, and because, without such digression (according to agreement with my bookseller), this my letter would not make so considerable a figure as to reach the price of sixpence, which however, as it is *inter nos*, I desire may remain a secret between me and my reader.

Mr. Isaac, you must know, sir, is much about your own age and size, and if I may credit those who pretend to know you, not unlike you in the face. He is of a saturnine complexion, not without some visible indications of suffering much by the obstructions in the *Hippocondria*, from whence heavy and enigmatical fumes, continually ascending to the region of his head, do powerfully invade the territory of his brain, where, meeting with little resistance, through the too much natural imbecility of the part, they make a most sad havoc in the *glandula pinealis*. This renders him anxious all the while he is awake, disturbs him when asleep, and makes him dream of nothing else but chains, galleys, gibbets, rawheads, and bloody-bones, by the terrifying relation of which, he often frightens many of the children of her majesty's good subjects from their bread and butter.

He has naturally a downcast foreboding aspect, which they of the country hereabouts call a hanging look, and an unseemly manner of staring, with his mouth wide open, and under-lip propending, especially when anyways disturbed; which is a vehement diagnosis that there is a great relaxation in the optic nerves, by which their communication with the *pia mater* is become inactive, and the poignancy of the intellects rendered obtuse.

He takes a great deal of pains to persuade his neighbours that he has a very abort face, and a little flat nose, like a diminutive wart, in the middle of his visage, because he was told once by a Dutch fortune-teller, that high hooked noses were very ominous, and denoted cowardice, whereas that other symmetry was an infallible indication of cholera predominant, which he hopes may occasionally supply his natural want of courage.

His eyes are large and prominent, too big of all conscience for the conceited narrowness of his phiz, and have been for some years very subject to an infirmity which we doctors call the *gutta-serena*; and though he has been often told of the wonderful cures lately performed by the famous ophthalmist Dr. Henrick all over the kingdom, he will not be persuaded to make use of him, but calls him quack, at the same time that he knows full well that the worthy doctor is allowed by the college to practise, after a most rigorous examination.

His back, though not very broad, is well turned, and will bear a great deal; I have seen him myself more than once carry a vast load of timber. His legs also are tolerably substantial, and can stride very wide upon occasion; but the best thing about

him is a handsome pair of heels, which he takes especial pride to show, not only to his friends, but even to the very worst of his enemies.

As to his parts, he sets up for a virtuoso, a philosopher, and what not! And does not only believe it himself, but has persuaded others too, that he has a monstrous wit. One day he gave hills about for folks to come and see it, but unadvisedly demanding twopence a-piece he was hissed and hooted at in a most unbecoming manner. This made him afterwards be somewhat cautious how he ventured abroad with it; and it is observed that almost ever since all his discourses have been gravely dull, without the least larding of wit.

Notwithstanding this, men of as profound parts as himself do really allow that he has not only a genius naturally adapted to schemes and projects, but was actually the first inventor of certain surprising paper machines, which by only looking upon them make people almost as wise as they were before, to the great wonder and satisfaction of all the beholders. It was he also that first discovered that the chin of man was a musical instrument, and taught boys how to play upon it; a harmony indeed altogether unknown to antiquity. And I am credibly informed that he has now almost brought to perfection a system for fixing the moveable seats, after so wonderful a manner, that, from this present year one thousand seven hundred and thirteen, to the year seventeen thousand and twenty-four inclusive, Easter-day may always fall on a Sunday; which must needs be of vast use towards reconciling the ill-natured difference so long maintained betwixt the Julian and Gregorian account.

He has moreover an exquisite faculty in finding out the harmony of mousetraps, by the help of which he can easily muster upon occasion a power of pretty sounding words signifying nothing. This he calls his art of lerology, that is, of saying a great deal to little purpose, and designs it for a perpetual food to pay his debts with.

It is reported by some that he has attained the meotrum of Hermes, and can make the basest of Dutch coin pass for true sterling. Others will have it that he dreams with his eyes open; can dissolve ice by the help of fire, and tell boys by looking in their faces if their noses stand awry; for which he has been repented a necromancer. But his master-talent lies in picking up and retailing of threadbare stories; and it is to his wonderful sagacity herein that we of this town owe the first hints of the death of that worshipful knight Sir Roger de Coverly. But there is a dreadful misfortune attends him, that, as he seldom speaks truth, so he is seldom or never believed; and as he not only will invent most unmerciful relations of matters here and there transacted, so he has another property, that for the heart's blood of him he cannot tell a story as it is told him, but let it be never so often repeated will be sure to endeavour to adorn it with his own flourishes, and the gentle reader is often disappointed when he thinks himself sure of knowing something; which, whether it proceeds from any lesion or defect in the cerebellum, from a natural dulness of apprehension, or a *deceptio visus* of his memory, will appear one of these days, when his brains come, after a decent execution, to be dissected at Surgeons' Hall.

Although some invidious persons have endeavoured by oblique hints to suggest that he is no scholar, it is a most malicious insinuation; for to my own knowledge he went sometimes to school when he was a boy; and I can solemnly affirm that, besides a curious dissertation which he has lately

published upon the liberty and property of the three great contending rivals, who, THAT, and WHICH, (Spectator, Nos. 78-80,) and the entertaining dialogues betwixt the Watchman and his Goose, this very individual Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff has actually in the press a most elaborate treatise, which must needs be of inconceivable emolument to such of the inhabitants of this island as can neither read nor write; of which, I am told, the generality of his subscribers consist. In this learned piece 'tis said he has demonstrated almost mathematically with what brightneess and vivacity he can abstract sets of parliament; and that to the no little mortification of some nocturnal pains-takers about the Temple he has made as great a proficiency in the law as ever he did in physic or divinity, or any other art or science.

His elocution is not what ought to be least admired; and bating that he is very apt sometimes to mistake one thing for another, I know no man alive will talk more of matters altogether beyond his reach, which I take to proceed from hence, that having had his first education in a coffeehouse, where such bright men as you and I did usually resort, and heard them frequently discourse of the interest of England, balance of Europe, exorbitant growth of France, danger of popery, prerogative of the crown, rights of the people, power of parliament, Magna Charta, religion, liberty, property, commerce, navigation, and the like, he was so charmed with the sound, that, without troubling his head in the least about the true meaning of those terms, he got a reasonable quantity by heart, which he repents at random in all company; and has in a great measure persuaded himself into a belief that his being so often in the room where these gentlemen used to talk is reason enough for him to understand the matter as well as they did, like Beaus the centurion, of whom a certain author of great antiquity writes that he fancied himself to be immeasurably valiant, because he happened once to march with an army of fifty thousand gallant Lacedæmonians; or that other extraordinary person, I think his name was Rhodomontadoides, mentioned somewhere by Strabo, who having but a bare promise once of seeing the Roman senate in a full house, it so tickled his fancy that he already believed himself wise enough to prescribe laws to the whole empire.

I must not undertake, O wise man, to inform you exactly of what religious he is; for though he will shake the parson of the parish familiarly by the hand, make him a reverend how as he passes by, and follow him sometimes to the church; yet he declares publicly that he cannot be reconciled to the churchwardens for suffering the pulpit to stand too high, or rather for suffering the pew to stand by the pulpit.

Profaneness and immorality are what he cannot justly be taxed with; for he has a discreet woman to his wife, who keeps a very strict hand over him, and by giving him now and then due and wholesome correction makes him live within decent bounds; for which, though he dares not mutter a syllable within her hearing for fear of the strapado, he rails most bitterly at petticoat government behind her back; and says it is a burning shame that women should be suffered to have so great a sway when there are so many good men in Germany.

One thing I had like to have forgot, and that is, his most profound skill in the rules of motion, especially that branch of it that relates to dancing, which he defines "an epitome of all human learning." And I am told by an acquaintance of his that he has now ready for the press several curious essays

upon the different parts of that truly noble and comprehensive science, wherein he proves by arguments, physical, musical, and mathematical, that dancing is not only the *primum mobile* of all arts and sciences, but that the motion of the sun, moon, and other celestial bodies, is but a sort of a Cheshire Round, which they dance to the music of the spheres. And moreover, that the principal seat of human souls, especially those of the fair sex, is in the heels, of which he gives this as an experimental demonstration, that whenever you take a woman fast hold by them it is ten to one but her soul is your own; besides several other new and valuable discoveries, too many to be inserted here, which I pass *euphonia gratia* to come to his profession.

This was lately what in some sense might be termed martial, for he was a serjeant in the militia, and in a fair way of mounting in time to the dignity of provost; but, having a natural aversion to that French familiar way of hitting one another most ungentlemanlike blows, too frequent amongst military men, he judiciously laid aside his halberd, and is now saluted by the name of doctor.

I cannot omit inserting here that some have industriously spread a report that he formerly had got his living, as his father had done before him, by subverting and new-modelling the ancient constitution of English beards in church and state; and was what we vulgarly call a barber, from the Latin word *barba*, which, according to some authors of note and antiquity, signifies, you know, that portion of hair that grows upon human faces. But I do *bona fide* look upon this part of the story to be altogether apocryphal.

As to his present circumstances, I can vouch for him that he is above all such calumnies, and in a fair way of soon having the whip-hand of all the malignants that oppose him; for he has not only a prospect of being beadle of his parish, if the churchwardens will but approve of his election, but he has already a magisterial recipe, with which he does not doubt, if you believe his printed bills, to cure all such of our countrymen as are troubled with the heartburn and grumblings in the gizzard, provided they will but religiously abstain from mentioning the two fatal words Nanta and Bourdeaux, which, with immense labour and study, he has lately discovered to be impregnated with an occult quality highly destructive to English commerce.

He extols to the very sky his new method of preparing Steele-pills, with which he proposes in time to open all the obstructed spleens of this nation. This is also a narcotic and a nostrum; but his *arcanum magnum* is his *emplastrum pro nucha*, which, I am fully satisfied, is a specific catholicon for all distempers, if rightly applied, and tied on *secundum artem* under the left ear. This he has studied *ex professo* for the present ease and relief of such of his friends as are not very well in their minds; and I hope they will find the benefit of it. It is a noble preparation of hemp-seed, which he holds to be that true seed of the right female fern so mightily cried up by modern philosophers.

All these great points thus duly premised, it is not improbable but that in the frontispiece of a well-bound book you may one of these days meet with this great man's *vera effigies*, handsomely cut, and underneath it his name, Isaacus Bickerstaffus, printed at full length, with an *anno ætatis*, &c., and the additional title of *Medicus*; which he may very well do if what a modern critic of stupendous erudition observes in his annotations upon Horace be true, that the words *medicus* and *medius* were anciently usurped by most of the Arabian writers to signify

the self-same thing, though (if late days they are quite of a different acceptation.

Having thus far, most venerable sage, trespassed upon your patience, and given you succinctly such items as were absolutely necessary, I think myself obliged to acquaint you what opinion some persons have conceived of you and of your late behaviour and correspondence with the inimitable Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff.

There are I can assure you who with confidence have reported that your new acquaintance has debauched your principles, and since his declaring himself of the profession, he has given you some bewitching philter, by which he has gained an absolute ascendant over your will and understanding, and instilled such notions into you as are altogether heterodox, antimonarchical, and unworthy of your character. It has been spread abroad that, like sir Sydropel of old, he has persuaded you that the clouds were enchanted castles filled with arms, ammunition, magic spells, and sorcerers, and that with squibs and crackers and stink-pots you have attempted to demolish them. I wish I could recount all the stories told concerning you; how many ridiculous pamphlets you have written, what prauks you have played, what goods you have disposed of, how many sorts of strong-waters you are used to drink in twenty-four hours, and who has been forced to pay the reckoning; what deliriums you have run into; how you have asserted that every man in England is accountable to you, and as the representative of the whole nation have drawn up memorials concerning her majesty's maladministration, and in the name of all her subjects demanded justice of her against herself. One thing, sir, I more particularly remember they said of you, and which is scarcely possible to be believed, that you attempted to make an Englishman of Tesgue. It is strange, says I to some gentlemen who were talking after this manner, how one man may be mistaken in another. I remember this old man; he was one of my patients; but little did I think he was such a dangerous person as you have represented him; he always appeared to me a good-natured, sociable, facetious gentleman; and indeed I took him for one of those old wits who are naturally very costly, such as I have often met with in the course of my practice; for besides his being subject to a fistula and flux of the hemorrhoids, the spinner of the anus was broken with the immoderate use of suppositories. A humorist he was indeed, 'tis true, and somewhat too tenacious of his own opinion, but, setting that aside, I don't know I have met with a man of late years whose conversation seemed to be more entertaining and inoffensive; especially, says I, in the back room at Button's.

I told them how you had seen king Harry, the last of that name, in hanging-sleeves; of your first appearance in the commonwealth of learning about March last; and how at these years you had consecrated your studies to the service of the ladies; in short, sir, I concealed nothing that would tend to your advantage, or take off the calumnies that I was conscious were the inhospitable endeavours of wicked men to blacken you; and I now must beg your leave to proceed regularly, and to knot the thread of my story where I broke it off in the beginning.

"Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff was scarcely seated when, turning himself abruptly to the company, Gentlemen, says he, this is a wonderful age we live in, and a great many most surprising things are daily to be met with in it, which escape the observation of us that are leuved, and yet are taken notice of by the illiterate people of low life. Mr. Sly, the attorney,

is just arrived from London, and has put me in mind of two most remarkable things, which, though I have rid that way above a dozen times, I never reflected on before. The one is that, by exact calculation, he has found the road from London to Bath to be every whit as long as that from Bath to London. The other, that, let the weather be never so uncertain, the weathercock for the most part points to that corner that the wind blows from.

"A third thing he likewise told me, and indeed the most material of all, but I made such haste to come and acquaint you with it, that I vow and profess I have quite forgotten what it was; and yet, if my memory does not fail me, it was of the greatest consequence to this city of Bath of any perhaps that has happened since the Revolution. But, alas! *memoria hominis* is but a leaky vessel; and it was the saying of a very wise statesman, 'that it is but had walking in slippery weather.' However, it is no small comfort to be able to recollect what is not possible to be remembered. But it is not given to all folks I find to be as wise as some, for this substantial reason, that the longer we live the older we grow. In short, gentlemen, *quod dixi, dixi*; I told you my author, *Aisce oculis audiri*. You may ask him; he is of age and an attorney, who would no more tell an untruth than any one of his profession.

"The world, I hope, will allow that I am a learned man and a wise man; and will always I believe lay that stress upon my sayings as not to put any other body's whatsoever in competition with them, without the least detriment to characters or professions. Besides, *dado sed non concesso*, that I have forgot it, the most you can make on't is, that such extraordinary wits as mine are generally attended with the want of memory; for which, however, that of solid judgment does always make ample atonement."

And now perhaps, sir, when this letter comes to be printed it may be expected that I should make good my promise in the title-page concerning the reception of your present, and what answer the company returned to this more than common rhetorician. Pardon me, O courteous reader, for already detaining thee so long; it is better for both you and me to be at rest, after we have travelled lovingly together for so many tedious pages. If I have time and opportunity I may once more perhaps, to the satisfaction of us both, uncase my spectacles to peruse the records, which, according to the *late* *cunto*, may afford us

"Fit matter for another song."

I am not, I am sensible, the first modern who has fell short of his title-page; divers and sundry examples have I before my eyes of poets, critics, commentators, philosophers, and politicians, who have played the same game in all places and in all ages of the world. Several precedents, most learned sages, could I deduce out of your own works, and the lucubrations of Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, of matters begun but never ended, done and undone, to the surprise of all your readers; of acts of parliament proved unalterable by the same power that made them, in an advertisement, and dropped because it was high treason to assert it, upon the publication of *The Crisis*.

Thus far, O wise man, with much labour and diligence have I brought this great work to the wished-for conclusion, and by carefully comparing the coffee-house oration with the original do find that it is religiously exact. Come I therefore to appeal to your own learned self, whether the great Bickerstaff was not too partial in ascribing such pre-eminence to those speculations which he writ, filed, and polished at his

own leisure; whereas, the time which I employed in gathering materials for this valuable performance was stolen from the hours of my natural rest; after having, for the good of my country, spent all the live-long day, as the poets express themselves, *in trivis, et quadrivis*, delivering my salutiferous instructions to all comers and goers, and exposed to the rigour of the seasons under the wide canopy of heaven. But as I have this comfort, that I underwent this great fatigue purely to rescue the city where I generally reside from the imputation of ingratitude, which otherwise it might be liable to; so I may, without vanity, say, that I have, *uno ictu*, purchased to myself by it the veneration of the learned world, my own private satisfaction, and the thanks of my fellow-citizens; whose hearty acknowledgments likewise, as well as my own, I return you, most ancient sage, for your desirable present. And, as I do not question but you will, for the public good and your own credit, be at the charges of reprinting this authentic monument of your liberality, so I desire there may be copies enough to furnish every family in England with one. And because other nations may also reap the benefit of your labours, I have not only prevailed with my learned acquaintance, Mr. Griffith Evans ap Rice, professor of the Cambrian tongue at Oxford, to translate them into Welsh, but have sent also copies of them into Ireland, to the renowned antiquary Cormack O'Cuillanne, and to old Gillsapick Mackintosh, chief chronographer of the Highland clans of Scotland; from whom I have lately received some curious memoirs, with which I may perhaps one of these days oblige the commonwealth of learning. And as I am well satisfied of the place which I have gained in your most wise esteem by this my vast undertaking, so I beg leave to assure you that I shall be ready upon all occasions to let the world know of your great merit, and how much I am, learned, wise, and venerable sir, your most humble and most devoted servant,

A. TRIPE, M.D.

Bath, Nov. 16, 1715.

P.S.—I had no sooner finished my letter, most venerable sage, but, reflecting on the happiness which we that are learned do now enjoy, by living in the same age with you, I could not but be pleased to think that when posterity shall peruse your learned productions and inquire who were your contemporaries, what a handsome mention will be made of myself, upon the account of my correspondence with you. This, as it could not but be a most sensible satisfaction to me, so it naturally led me into the melancholy thought of what an irreparable loss the public would sustain by the death of so valuable a person; and remembering that I heard of your being lately afflicted with a continual dizziness in your head and a sudden dimness in your sight, I immediately writ to my two worthy friends, sir William R—d, and Cornelius a Tilb-ry, who, as they were formerly the ornament of the stage itinerant, so now they are an honour to the profession, and begged of them to send me a full account of the causes, nature, rise, and progress of your malady. They acquitted themselves herein with a great deal of generosity and erudition; and from their learned observations I immediately comprehended that the chief origin of those chronic distempers proceeded from your immoderate feeding upon salads; not only such as were picked and prepared by master-cooks, as Sidney and Locke, but likewise those that were hastily dished up by the unskilful Tutehin and Ridpath, &c., which, creating too many crudities in the stomach, do continually transmit to the upper region a strange chaos of black, heavy, and indigested vapours, that do not

only overpower the innate imbecility of the brain, but also obstruct the passages of the optic nerves, from whence those stubborn affections of your head and eyes do naturally follow.

Hereupon I resolutely applied myself night and day to consult the most valuable nostrums of all our celebrated oracles, and with joy and satisfaction have excerpted from them a medicine of the greatest virtue, which, in the name of the worshipful Mr. Mayor and the rest of his brethren, I have sent you by the carrier, in three gallipots, as a grateful return for your late present.

This, by the natural antipathy of the ingredients, will work powerfully upon the crudities, correct the peccant humours, and you will soon find the powerful effects of it. It is a sudorific, diuretic, carminative, and a soporific. It immediately puts all the humours in a ferment, separates the good from the bad, attracts to itself, by an occult sympathy, all the rebellious particles, dissolves them in a trice, and scours all before it like a scavenger. Take the quantity of a nutmeg, *horis medicis*.

Outwardly, you must apply to the region of the heart a plaster of the *rubrum hœnici*, and wash your eyes twice a-day with the opthalmic water I prescribed to you when at Bath.

But in case your distemper should prove so obstinate as not to yield to these most sovereign remedies, your last refuge must be a cataplasm of hemp, applied cravat-wise to your neck, which, though in its operation it be somewhat violent, yet it is an infallible one, if rightly used, according to that celebrated observation of one of our learned predecessors:

"This, with a jerk, will do your work, and cure you ne'er and ne'er; Read, judge, and try, and if you die, never believe me more."

Let your diet be regular, and drink good wines and of the best growth. But by all means you must renounce Holland Geneva and Brunswick mum; for one corrupts your lungs and the other stupifies your intellects.

If you observe exactly the method of these prescriptions, as I hope you will, I don't doubt but that in a little time you will be generous enough to acknowledge that our present is a match for your own; and that, whatever advantage you may have over us in years and learning, you have none in the point of liberality. Yours,

UT SUPRA.

THE CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES;

AND OF THE LATE MINISTRY, IN BEGINNING AND CARRYING ON THE WAR.

Partem tibi Gallia nostri
Eripuit: Partem duris Hispania bellis:
Pars Jacet Hesperia, totaque exercitus orbe
Te vincente perit.

Odius scriptorem quis semper vivit in arma
Victrix Provincia plorat.

"The Conduct of the Allies," "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty," the "Examiner," and the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," all conspire to lay open the secret springs of affairs, not only in England, but throughout Europe.—The first of these particularly will be the basis for all who write the history of these times to build upon; as it detects the artifices of the ministry, which the nation was at that time diverted from attending to by a course of victories; and exposes the blindness of our general, that ought not to be concealed by his laurels. The author, being admitted to an intimacy with the new prime minister, received, no doubt, assistance from so able a friend; and he tells us he detained the publication of three several editions of this piece, that he might have all the advantage he could from his enemies. This tract (which was written prepa-

ration to the peace which the ministers were then concluding) and the Remarks on the Barrier Treaty contain the principal facts which the author of John Bull has thrown into allegory; and greatly illustrate that piece, of which indeed it is possible they were the groundwork.

The purpose of this pamphlet was, to persuade the nation to a peace; and never had any writer more success. The people, who had been amused with headless and triumphal processions, and looked with idolatry on the general and his friends, who, as they thought, had made England the arbitress of nations, were confounded between shame and rage when they found that "mines had been exhausted, and millions destroyed," to secure the Dutch, or aggrandize the emperor, without any advantage to ourselves; that we had been bringing our neighbours to fight their own quarrel; and that amongst our enemies we might number our allies. That is now no longer doubted, of which the nation was then first informed, that the war was unnecessarily protracted to fill the pockets of Marlborough; and that it would have been continued without end, if he could have continued his annual plunder. But Swift, I suppose, did not yet know what he has since written, that a commission was drawn which would have appointed him general for life, had it not become inoperative by the resolution of Lord Cowper, who refused the seal.—Johnson.

The uncommon pains which were taken by Dr. Swift in writing this pamphlet will appear by an attentive perusal of his Journal to Stella, from Oct. 30 to Dec. 13 inclusive. 1711.

PREFACE.

I CANNOT sufficiently admire the industry of a sort of men, wholly out of favour with the prince and people, and openly professing a separate interest from the bulk of the landed men, who yet are able to raise at this juncture so great a clamour against a peace, without offering one single reason but what we find in their ballads. I lay it down for a maxim that no reasonable man, whether Whig or Tory (since it is necessary to use those foolish terms), can be of opinion for continuing the war upon the footing it now is, unless he be a gainer by it, or hopes it may occasion some new turn of affairs at home, to the advantage of his party; or, lastly, unless he be very ignorant of the kingdom's condition, and by what means we have been reduced to it. Upon the two first cases, where interest is concerned, I have nothing to say; but as to the last, I think it highly necessary that the public should be steeply and impartially told what circumstances they are in, after what manner they have been treated by those whom they trusted so many years with the disposal of their blood and treasure, and what the consequences of this management are likely to be upon themselves and their posterity.

Those who, either by writing or discourse, have undertaken to defend the proceedings of the late ministry in the management of the war, and of the treaty at Gertruydenberg, have spent time in celebrating the conduct and valour of our leaders and their troops, in summing up the victories they have gained and the towns they have taken. Then they tell us what high articles were insisted on by our ministers and those of the confederates, and what pains both were at in persuading France to accept them. But nothing of this can give the least satisfaction to the just complaints of the kingdom. As to the war, our grievances are, that a greater load has been laid on us than was either just or necessary, or than we have been able to bear; that the grossest impositions have been submitted to, for the advancement of private wealth and power, or in order to forward the more dangerous designs of a faction, to both which a peace would have put an end; and that the part of the war which was chiefly our province, which would have been most beneficial to us and destructive to the enemy, was wholly neglected. As to a peace, we complain of being deluded by a mock treaty; in which those who negotiated took care to make such demands as they knew were impossible to be complied with, and therefore might securely press every article as if they were in earnest.

These are some of the points I design to treat of in the following discourse; with several others, which I thought it necessary at this time for the kingdom to be informed of. I think I am not mistaken in those facts I mention; at least not in any circumstance so material as to weaken the consequences I draw from them.

After ten years' war with perpetual success, to tell us it is yet impossible to have a good peace is very surprising, and seems so different from what has ever happened in the world before, that a man of any party may be allowed suspecting that we have been either ill used, or have not made the most of our victories, and might therefore desire to know where the difficulty lay. Then it is natural to inquire into our present condition; how long we shall be able to go on at this rate; what the consequences may be upon the present and future ages; and whether a peace, without that impracticable point which some people do so much insist on, be really ruinous in itself, or equally so with the continuance of the war.

THE CONDUCT, &c.

THE motives that may engage a wise prince or state in a war I take to be one or more of these: either to check the overgrown power of some ambitious neighbour; to recover what has been unjustly taken from them; to revenge some injury they have received, which all political casuists allow; to assist some ally in a just quarrel; or, lastly, to defend themselves when they are invaded. In all these cases the writers upon politics admit a war to be justly undertaken. The last is, what has been usually called *pro aris et focis*; where no expense or endeavour can be too great, because all we have is at stake, and consequently our utmost force to be exerted; and the dispute is soon determined, either in safety or utter destruction. But in the other four I believe it will be found that no monarch or commonwealth did ever engage beyond a certain degree: never proceeding so far as to exhaust the strength and substance of their country by anticipations and loans, which in a few years must put them in a worse condition than any they could reasonably apprehend from those evils for the preventing of which they first entered into the war; because this would be to run into real infallible ruin, only in hopes to remove what might perhaps but appear so by a probable speculation.

And as a war should be undertaken upon a just and prudent motive, so it is still more obvious that a prince ought naturally to consider the condition he is in when he enters on it; whether his coffers be full, his revenues clear of debts, his people numerous and rich, by a long peace and free trade, not overpressed with many burdensome taxes; no violent faction ready to dispute his just prerogative, and thereby weaken his authority at home and lessen his reputation abroad. For if the contrary of all this happen to be his case he will hardly be persuaded to disturb the world's quiet and his own, while there is any other way left of preserving the latter with honour and safety.

Supposing the war to have commenced upon a just motive, the next thing to be considered is, when a prince ought in prudence to receive the overtures of a peace; which I take to be, either when the enemy is ready to yield the point originally contended for, or when that point is found impossible to be ever obtained; or when contending any longer, although with probability of gaining that point at last, would put such a prince and his people

in a worse condition than the present loss of it. All which considerations are of much greater force where a war is managed by an alliance of many confederates, which, in a variety of interests among the several parties, is liable to so many unforeseen accidents.

In a confederate war it ought to be considered which party has the deepest share in the quarrel: for, although each may have their particular reasons, yet one or two among them will probably be more concerned than the rest, and therefore ought to bear the greatest part of the burden, in proportion to their strength. For example: two princes may be competitors for a kingdom; and it will be your interest to take the part of him who will probably allow you good conditions of trade, rather than of the other who may possibly not. However, that prince whose cause you espouse, although never so vigorously, is the principal in that war, and you, properly speaking, are but a second. Or a commonwealth may lie in danger to be overrun by a powerful neighbour, which in time may produce very bad consequences upon your trade and liberty: it is therefore necessary, as well as prudent, to lend them assistances, and help them to win a strong secure frontier; but, as they must, in course, be the first and greatest sufferers, so, in justice, they ought to bear the greatest weight. If a house be on fire, it behoves all in the neighbourhood to run with buckets to quench it, but the owner is sore to be undone first; and it is not impossible that those at next door may escape by a shower from Heaven, or the stillness of the weather, or some other favourable accident.

But if any ally, who is not so immediately concerned in the good or ill fortune of the war, be so generous as to contribute more than the principal party, and even more in proportion to his abilities, he ought at least to have his share in what is conquered from the enemy; or, if his romantic disposition transport him so far as to expect little or nothing from this, he might however hope that the principals would make it up in dignity and respect; and he would surely think it monstrous to find them intermeddling in his domestic affairs, prescribing what servants be should keep or dismiss, pressing him perpetually with the most unreasonable demands, and at every turn threatening to break the alliance if he will not comply.

From these reflections upon war in general I descend to consider those wars wherein England has been engaged since the Conquest. In the civil wars of the barons, as well as those between the houses of York and Lancaster, great destruction was made of the nobility and gentry; new families raised, and old ones extinguished; but the money spent on both sides was employed and circulated at home; no public debts contracted, and a very few years of peace quickly set all right again.

The like may be affirmed even of that unnatural rebellion against king Charles I. The usurpers maintained great armies in constant pay, had almost continual war with Spain or Holland; but managing it by their fleets, they increased very much the riches of the kingdom, instead of exhausting them.

Our foreign wars were generally against Scotland or France; the first, being in this island, carried no money out of the kingdom, and were seldom of long continuance. During our first wars with France we possessed great dominions in that country, where we preserved some footing till the reign of queen Mary; and although some of our later princes made very chargeable expeditions thither, a subsidy and two or three fifteenths cleared all the debt. Be-

sides, our victories were then of some use as well as glory; for we were so prudent as to fight, and so happy as to conquer, only for ourselves.

The Dutch wars in the reign of king Charles II., although begun and carried on under a very corrupt administration, and much to the dishonour of the crown, did indeed keep the king needy and poor by discontinuing or discontenting his parliament when he most needed their assistance; but neither left any debt upon the nation, nor carried any money out of it.

At the Revolution a general war broke out in Europe, wherein many princes joined in alliance against France, to check the ambitious designs of that monarch; and here the emperor, the Dutch, and England, were principals. About this time the custom first began among us of borrowing millions upon funds of interest. It was pretended that the war could not possibly last above one or two campaigns; and that the debts contracted might be easily paid in a few years by a gentle tax, without burdening the subject. But the true reason for embracing this expedient was the security of a new prince, not firmly settled on the throne. People were tempted to lend by great premiums and large interest; and it concerned them nearly to preserve that government which they had trusted with their money. The person^a said to have been author of so detestable a project lived to see some of its fatal consequences, whereof his grandchildren will not see an end. And this pernicious counsel closed very well with the posture of affairs at that time: for a set of upstarts, who had little or no part in the Revolution, but valued themselves upon their noise and pretended zeal when the work was over, were got into credit at court, by the merit of becoming undertakers and projectors of loans and funds; these, finding that the gentlemen of estates were not willing to come into their measures, fell upon those new schemes of raising money, in order to create a moneyed interest, that might in time vie with the landed, and of which they hoped to be at the head.

The ground of the first war for ten years after the Revolution, as to the part we had in it, was to make France acknowledge the late king, and to recover Houlson's Bay. But during that whole war the sea was almost entirely neglected, and the greatest part of six millions annually employed to enlarge the frontier of the Dutch; for the king was a general, but not an admiral, and, although king of England, was a native of Holland.

After ten years' fighting to little purpose, after the loss of above a hundred thousand men, and a debt remaining of twenty millions, we at length hearkened to the terms of peace, which was concluded with great advantages to the empire and Holland, but none at all to us, and elapsed soon after with the famous treaty of partition, by which Naples, Sicily, and Lorrain were to be added to the French dominions; or, if that crown should think fit to set aside the treaty, upon the Spaniards refusing to accept it, as they declared they would to the several parties at the very time of the transacting it, then the French would have pretensions to the whole monarchy. And so it proved in the event; for the late king of Spain, reckoning it an indignity to have his territories cantoned out into parcels by other princes during his own life, and without his consent, rather chose to bequeath the monarchy entire to a younger son of France; and this prince was acknowledged for king of Spain both by us and Holland.

It must be granted that the counsels of enter-

^a Dr. Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Sarum.

ing into this war were violently opposed by the church party, who first advised the late king to acknowledge the duke of Anjou; and particularly it is affirmed that a certain great person [earl of Godolphin], who was then in the church interest, told the king, in November, 1701, that since his majesty was determined to engage in a war so contrary to his private opinion, he could serve him no longer, and accordingly gave up his employment; although he happened afterwards to change his mind when he was to be at the head of the treasury and have the sole management of affairs at home, while those abroad were to be in the hands of one [duke of Marlborough] whose advantage, by all sorts of ties, he was engaged to promote.

The declarations of war against France and Spain, made by us and Holland, are dated within a few days of each other. In that published by the States they say, very truly, that they are nearest and most exposed to the fire; that they are blocked up on all sides, and actually attacked by the kings of France and Spain; that their declaration is the effect of an urging and pressing necessity; with other expressions to the same purpose. They desire the assistance of all kings and princes, &c. The grounds of their quarrel with France are such as only affect themselves, or at least more immediately than any other prince or state; such as the French refusing to grant the tariff promised by the treaty of Ryswick; the loading of the Dutch inhabitants settled in France with excessive duties, contrary to the said treaty; the violation of the partition treaty by the French accepting the king of Spain's will, and threatening the States if they would not comply; the seizing of the Spanish Netherlands by the French troops, and turning out the Dutch, who, by permission of the late king of Spain, were in garrison there; by which means that republic was deprived of her barrier, contrary to the treaty of partition, where it was particularly stipulated that the Spanish Netherlands should be left to the archduke. They alleged that the French king governed Flanders as his own, although under the name of his grandson, and sent great numbers of troops thither to fright them; that he had seized the city and citadel of Liege; had possessed himself of several places in the archbishopric of Cologne, and maintained troops in the country of Wolfenbuttle, in order to block up the Dutch on all sides; and caused his resident to give in a memorial, wherein he threatened the States to act against them if they refused complying with the contents of that memorial.

The queen's declaration of war is grounded upon the grand alliance, as this was upon the unjust usurpations and encroachments of the French king; whereof the instances produced are, his keeping in possession a great part of the Spanish dominions, seizing Milan and the Spanish Low Countries, making himself master of Cadix, &c.; and instead of giving satisfaction in these points, his putting an indignity and affront on her majesty and kingdoms, by declaring the pretended prince of Wales king of England, &c. Which last was the only personal quarrel we had in the war; and even this was positively denied by France, that king being willing to acknowledge her majesty.

I think it plainly appears by both declarations that England ought no more to have been a principal in this war than Prussia or any other power who came afterward into that alliance. Holland was first in danger, the French troops being at that time just at the gates of Nimeguen. But the complaints made in our declaration do all, except the last, as

much, or more, concern almost every prince in Europe.

For among the several parties who came first or last into this confederacy there were few but who, in proportion, had more to get or to lose, to hope or to fear, from the good or ill success of this war, than we. The Dutch took up arms to defend themselves from immediate ruin; and by a successful war they proposed to have a large extent of country and a better frontier against France. The emperor hoped to recover the monarchy of Spain, or some part of it, for his younger son, chiefly at the expense of us and Holland. The king of Portugal had received intelligence that Philip designed to renew the old pretensions of Spain upon that kingdom, which is surrounded by the other on all sides, except toward the sea, and could therefore only be defended by maritime powers. This, with the advantageous terms offered by king Charles, as well as by us, prevailed with that prince to enter into the alliance. The duke of Savoy's temptations and fears were yet greater: the main charge of the war on that side was to be supplied by England, and the profit to redound to him. In case Milan should be conquered, it was stipulated that his highness should have the duchy of Montserrat, belonging to the duke of Mantua, the provinces of Alexandria and Valencia, and Lomellino, with other lands between the Po and the Tanaro, together with the Vigevnasco, or in lieu of it an equivalent out of the province of Novara, adjoining to his own state; beside whatever else could be taken from France on that side by the confederate forces. Then he was in terrible apprehension of being surrounded by France, who had so many troops in the Milanese, and might have easily swallowed up his whole duchy.

The rest of the allies came in purely for subsidies, whereof they sunk considerable sums into their own coffers, and refused to send their contingent to the emperor, alleging their troops were already hired by England and Holland.

Some time after, the duke of Anjou succeeding to the monarchy of Spain in breach of the partition treaty, the question here in England was, whether the peace should be continued, or a new war begun? Those who were for the former alleged the debts and difficulties we laboured under; that both we and the Dutch had already acknowledged Philip for king of Spain; that the inclinations of the Spaniards to the house of Austria, and their aversion for that of Bourbon, were not so surely to be reckoned upon as some would pretend; that we thought it a piece of insolence as well as injustice in the French to offer putting a king upon us, and the Spaniards would conceive we had as little reason to force one upon them; that it was true, the nature and genius of those two people differed very much, and so would probably continue to do, as well under a king of French blood as one of Austrian; but that if we would engage in a war, for dethroning the duke of Anjou we should certainly effect what, by the progress and operations of it, we endeavoured to prevent, I mean a union of interest and affections between the two nations; for the Spaniards must, of necessity, call in French troops to their assistance; this would introduce French counsellors into king Philip's court, and this by degrees would habituate and reconcile the two nations; that to assist king Charles by English and Dutch forces would render him odious to his new subjects, who have nothing in so great abomination as those whom they hold for heretics; that the French would by this means become masters of the treasures in the Spanish West Indies; that in the last war, when Spain, Cologne,

and Bavaria were in our alliance, and by a modest computation brought sixty thousand men into the field against the common enemy; when Flanders, the seat of war, was on our side, and his majesty, a prince of great valour and conduct, at the head of the whole confederate army; yet we had no reason to boast of our success: how then should we be able to oppose France with those powers against us, which would carry sixty thousand men from us to the enemy, and so make us upon the balance weaker by one hundred and twenty thousand men, at the beginning of this war, than of that in 1688?

On the other side, those whose opinion, or some private motives, inclined them to give their advice for entering into a new war, alleged how dangerous it would be for England that Philip should be king of Spain; that we could have no security for our trade while that kingdom was subject to a prince of the Bourbon family, nor any hopes of preserving the balance of Europe, because the grandfather would in effect be king, while his grandson had but the title, and thereby have a better opportunity than ever of pursuing his design for universal monarchy. These and the like arguments prevailed; and so, without taking time to consider the consequences, or to reflect on our own condition, we hastily engaged in a war, which has cost us sixty millions; and after repeated as well as unexpected success in arms, has put us and our posterity in a worse condition, not only than any of our allies, but even our conquered enemies themselves.

The part we have acted in the conduct of this whole war, with reference to our allies abroad and to a prevailing faction at home, is what I shall now particularly examine; where, I presume, it will appear by plain matters of fact, that no nation was ever so long or so scandalously abused, by the folly, the temerity, the corruption, and the ambition of its domestic enemies; or treated with so much insolence, injustice, and ingratitude, by its foreign friends.

This will be manifest by proving the three following points:—

First, That, against all manner of prudence or common reason, we engaged in this war as principals, when we ought to have acted only as auxiliaries.

Secondly, That we spent all our vigour in pursuing that part of the war which could least answer the end we proposed by beginning it; and made no efforts at all where we could have most weakened the common enemy, and at the same time enriched ourselves.

Lastly, That we suffered each of our allies to break every article in those treaties and agreements by which they were bound, and to lay the burden upon us.

Upon the first of these points, that we ought to have entered into this war only as auxiliaries, let any man reflect upon our condition at that time: just come out of the most tedious, expensive, and unsuccessful war that ever England had been engaged in; sinking under heavy debts of a nature and degree never heard of by us or our ancestors; the bulk of the gentry and people heartily tired of the war, and glad of a peace, although it brought no other advantage but itself; no sudden prospect of lessening our taxes, which were grown as necessary to pay our debts as to raise armies; a sort of artificial wealth of funds and stocks in the hands of those who for ten years before had been plundering the public; many corruptions in every branch of our government that needed reformation. Under these difficulties, from which twenty years' peace and the

wisest management could hardly recover us, we declare war against France, fortified by the accession and alliance of those powers I mentioned before, and which, in the former war, had been parties in our confederacy. It is very obvious what a change must be made in the balance by such weights taken out of our scale and put into theirs; since it was manifest, by ten years' experience, that France, without those additions of strength, was able to maintain itself against us. So that human probability ran with mighty odds on the other side; and in this case nothing under the most extreme necessity should force any state to engage in a war. We had already acknowledged Philip for king of Spain; neither does the queen's declaration of war take notice of the duke of Anjou's succession to that monarchy as a subject of quarrel, but the French king's governing it as if it were his own; his seizing Cadix, Milan, and the Spanish Low Countries, with the indignity of proclaiming the pretender. In all which we charge that prince with nothing directly relating to us excepting the last; and this, although indeed a great affront, might easily have been redressed without a war; for the French court declared they did not acknowledge the pretender, but only gave him the title of king, which was allowed to Augustus by his enemy of Sweden, who had driven him out of Poland and forced him to acknowledge Stanislaus.

It is true, indeed, the danger of the Dutch by so ill a neighbourhood in Flanders might affect us very much in the consequences of it; and the loss of Spain to the house of Austria, if it should be governed by French influence and French politics, might in time be very pernicious to our trade. It would therefore have been prudent, as well as generous and charitable, to help our neighbour; and so we might have done without injuring ourselves; for by an old treaty with Holland we were bound to assist that republic with ten thousand men whenever they were attacked by the French, whose troops, upon the king of Spain's death, taking possession of Flanders in right of Philip, and securing the Dutch garrisons till they would acknowledge him, the states-general, by memorials from their envoy here, demanded only the ten thousand men we were obliged to give them by virtue of that treaty. And I make no doubt but the Dutch would have exerted themselves so vigorously as to be able with that assistance alone to defend their frontiers; or if they had been forced to a peace, the Spaniards, who abhor dismembering their monarchy, would never have suffered the French to possess themselves of Flanders. At that time they had none of those enforcements to each other which this war has created: and whatever hatred and jealousy were natural between the two nations would then have appeared. So that there was no sort of necessity for us to proceed further, although we had been in a better condition. But our politicians at that time had other views; and a new war must be undertaken upon the advice of those who, with their partisans and adherents, were to be sole gainers by it. A grand alliance was therefore made between the emperor, England, and the states-general; by which, if the injuries complained of from France were not remedied in two months, the parties concerned were obliged mutually to assist each other with their whole strength.

Thus we became principal in a war in conjunction with two allies, whose share in the quarrel was beyond all proportion greater than ours. However, I can see no reason, from the words of the grand alliance, by which we were obliged to make those prodigious expenses we have since been at. By what I have always heard and read, I take the whole

strength of the nation, as understood in that treaty, to be the utmost that a prince can raise annually from his subjects. If he be forced to mortgage and borrow, whether at home or abroad, it is not properly speaking his own strength, or that of the nation, but the entire substance of particular persons, which, not being able to raise out of the annual income of his kingdom, he takes upon security, and can only pay the interest. And by this method one part of the nation is pawned to the other, with hardly a possibility left of being ever redeemed.

Surely it would have been enough for us to have suspended the payment of our debts contracted in the former war, and to have continued our land and malt tax, with those others which have since been mortgaged: these, with some additions, would have made up such a sum as, with prudent management, might, I suppose, have maintained a hundred thousand men by sea and land; a reasonable quota, in all conscience, for that ally who apprehended least danger and expected least advantage. Nor can we imagine that either of the confederates, when the war began, would have been so unreasonable as to refuse joining with us upon such a foot, and expect that we should every year go between three and four millions in debt (which hath been our case), because the French could hardly have contrived any others of a peace so ruinous to us as such a war. Posterity will be at a loss to conceive what kind of spirit could possess their ancestors, who, after ten years' suffering by the unexampled politics of a nation maintaining a war by annually pawning itself, and during a short peace, while they were looking back with horror on the heavy load of debts they had contracted, universally condemning those pernicious counsels which had occasioned them, racking their invention for some remedies or expedients to mend their shattered condition; I say that these very people, without giving themselves time to breathe, should again enter into a more dangerous, chargeable, and extensive war, for the same or perhaps a greater period of time, and without any apparent necessity. It is obvious, in a private fortune, that whoever annually runs out, and continues the same expenses, must every year mortgage a greater quantity of land than he did before; and as the debt doubles and trebles upon him, so does his inability to pay it. By the same proportion we have suffered twice as much by this last ten years' war as we did by the former; and if it were possible to continue it five years longer at the same rate, it would be as great a burden as the whole twenty. This computation being so easy and trivial as it is almost a shame to mention it, posterity will think that those who first advised the war wanted either the sense or the honesty to consider it.

As we have wasted our strength and vital substance in this profuse manner, so we have shamefully misapplied it to ends at least very different from those for which we undertook the war, and often to effect others, which after a peace we may severely repent. This is the second article I proposed to examine.

We have now for ten years together turned the whole force and expense of the war where the enemy was best able to hold us at a bay; where we could propose no manner of advantage to ourselves; where it was highly impolitic to enlarge our conquests; utterly neglecting that part which would have saved and gained us many millions; which the perpetual maxims of our government teach us to pursue; which would have soonest weakened the enemy, and must either have promoted a speedy peace, or enabled us to continue the war.

Those who are fond of continuing the war cry up

our constant success at a most prodigious rate, and reckon it infinitely greater than in all human probability we had reason to hope. Ten glorious campaigns are passed; and now at last, like the sick men, we are just expiring with all sorts of good symptoms. Did the advisers of this war suppose it would continue ten years, without expecting the successes we have had; and yet at the same time determine that France must be reduced, and Spain subdued, by employing our whole strength upon Flanders? Did they believe the last war left us in a condition to furnish such vast supplies for so long a period, without involving us and our posterity in inextricable debts? If after such miraculous doings we are not yet in a condition of bringing France to our terms, nor can tell when we shall be so, although we should proceed without any reverse of fortune; what could we look for in the ordinary course of things, but a Flanders war of at least twenty years longer? Do they indeed think a town taken for the Dutch is a sufficient recompense to us for six millions of money; which is of so little consequence to determine the war, that the French may yet hold out a dozen years more, and afford a town every campaign at the same price?

I say not this by any means to detract from the army or its leaders. Getting into the enemy's lines, passing rivers, and taking towns, may be actions attended with many glorious circumstances; but when all this brings no real solid advantage to us, when it has no other end than to enlarge the territories of the Dutch, and to increase the fame and wealth of our general; I conclude, however it comes about, that things are not as they should be; and that surely our forces and money might be better employed, both toward reducing our enemy, and working out some benefit to ourselves. But the case is still much harder; we are destroying many thousand lives, exhausting our substance, not for our own interest, which would be but common prudence; not for a thing indifferent, which would be sufficient folly; but perhaps to our own destruction, which is perfect madness. We may live to feel the effects of our own valour more sensibly than all the consequences we imagine from the dominions of Spain in the duke of Anjou. We have conquered a noble territory for the States, that will maintain sufficient troops to defend itself, and feed many hundred thousand inhabitants; where all encouragement will be given to introduce and improve manufactures, which was the only advantage they wanted; and which, added to their skill, industry, and parsimony, will enable them to undersell us in every market of the world.

Our supply of forty thousand men, according to the first stipulation, added to the quotas of the emperor and Holland, which they were obliged to furnish, would have made an army of near two hundred thousand, exclusive of garrisons; enough to withstand all the power that France could bring against it; and we might have employed the rest much better, both for the common cause and our own advantage.

The war in Spain must be imputed to the credulity of our ministers, who suffered themselves to be persuaded by the imperial court that the Spaniards were so violently affected to the house of Austria, as upon the first appearance there with a few troops under the archduke, the whole kingdom would immediately revolt. This we tried; and found the emperor to have deceived either us or himself. Yet there we drove on the war at a prodigious disadvantage, with great expense; and by a most corrupt management, the only general [earl of Peterborough] who, by a course of conduct and fortune almost mi-

raculous, had nearly put us into possession of the kingdom, was left wholly unsupported, exposed to the envy of his rivals, disappointed by the caprices of a young inexperienced prince, under the guidance of a rapacious German ministry, and at last called home in discontent. By which our armies, both in Spain and Portugal, were made a sacrifice to avarice, ill conduct, or treachery.

In common prudence we should either have pushed that war with the utmost vigour in so fortunate a juncture, especially since the gaining of that kingdom was the great point for which we pretended to continue the war; or at least, when we had found, or made that design impracticable, we should not have gone on in so expensive a management of it, but have kept our troops on the defensive in Catalonia, and pursued some other way more effectual for distressing the common enemy and advantaging ourselves.

And what a noble field of honour and profit had we before us wherein to employ the best of our strength, which, against the maxims of British policy, we suffered to lie wholly neglected! I have sometimes wondered how it came to pass that the style of maritime powers, by which our allies in a sort of contemptuous manner usually couple us with the Dutch, did never put us in mind of the sea; and while some politicians were showing us the way to Spain by Flanders, others to Savoy or Naples, that the West Indies should never come into their heads. With half the charge we have been at we might have maintained our original quota of forty thousand men in Flanders, and at the same time by our fleets and naval forces have so distressed the Spaniards in the north and south seas of America as to prevent any returns of money from thence except in our own bottoms. This is what best became us to do as a maritime power; this with any common degree of success would soon have compelled France to the necessities of a peace, and Spain to acknowledge the archduke. But while we for ten years have been squandering away our money upon the continent, France has been wisely engrossing all the trade of Peru, going directly with their ships to Lima and other ports, and there receiving ingots of gold and silver for French goods of little value; which, beside the mighty advantage to their nation at present, may divert the channel of that trade for the future, so beneficial to us, who used to receive annually such vast sums at Cadix for our goods sent thence to the Spanish West Indies. All this we tamely saw and suffered without the least attempt to hinder it, except what was performed by some private men at Bristol, who, inflamed by a true spirit of courage and industry, did about three years ago, with a few vessels fitted out at their own charge, make a most successful voyage into those parts; took one of the Acapulco ships, very narrowly missed of the other, and are lately returned laden with unenvied wealth, to show us what might have been done with the like management by a public undertaking. At least we might easily have prevented those great returns of money to France and Spain, although we could not have taken it ourselves. And if it be true, as the advocates for war would have it, that the French are now so impoverished, in what condition must they have been if that issue of wealth had been stopped?

But great events often turn upon very small circumstances. It was the kingdom's misfortune that the sea was not the duke of Marlborough's element; otherwise the whole force of the war would infallibly have been bestowed there, infinitely to the advantage of his country, which would then have gone

hand in hand with his own. But it is very truly objected, that if we alone had made such an attempt as this, Holland would have been jealous; or if we had done it in conjunction with Holland, the house of Austria would have been discontented. This has been the style of late years; which, whoever introduced among us, they have taught our allies to speak after them. Otherwise it could hardly enter into any imagination, that while we are confederates in a war with those who are to have the whole profit, and who leave a double share of the burden upon us, we dare not think of any design (although against the common enemy) where there is the least prospect of doing good to our own country, for fear of giving umbrage and offence to our allies, while we are ruining ourselves to conquer provinces and kingdoms for them. I therefore confess with shame that this objection is true: for it is very well known that, while the design of Mr. Hill's expedition* remained a secret, it was suspected in Holland and Germany to be intended against Peru; whereupon the Dutch made everywhere their public complaints; and the ministers at Vienna talked of it as an insolence in the queen to attempt such an undertaking; the failure of which (partly by the accidents of a storm, and partly by the stubbornness or treachery of some in that colony for whose relief and at whose entreaty it was in some measure designed) is no objection at all to an enterprise so well concerted and with such fair probability of success.

It was something singular that the States should express their uneasiness when they thought we intended to make some attempt in the Spanish West Indies; because it is agreed between us, whatever is conquered there by us or them shall belong to the conqueror; which is the only article that I can call to mind in all our treaties or stipulations with any view of interest to this kingdom; and for that very reason I suppose among others has been altogether neglected. Let those who think this a severe reflection examine the whole management of the present war by sea and land, with all our alliances, treaties, stipulations, and conventions, and consider whether the whole does not look as if some particular care and industry had been used to prevent any benefit or advantage that might possibly accrue to Britain!

This kind of treatment from our principal allies has taught the same dialect to all the rest; so that there is hardly a petty prince whom we half maintain by subsidies and pensions, who is not ready upon every occasion to threaten us that he will recall his troops (although they must rob or starve at home) if we refuse to comply with him in any demand however unreasonable.

Upon the third head I shall produce some instances to show how tamely we have suffered each of our allies to infringe every article in those treaties and stipulations by which they were bound, and to lay the load upon us.

But before I enter upon this, which is a large subject, I shall take leave to offer a few remarks on certain articles in three of our treaties, which may let us perceive how much those ministers valued or understood the true interest, safety, or honour of their country.

We have made two alliances with Portugal, an offensive and a defensive: the first is to remain in force only during the present war; the second to be perpetual. In the offensive alliance the emperor, England, and Holland are parties with Portugal; in the defensive only we and the States.

* This expedition was designed for the reduction of India and Canada, and regaining the Newfoundland fishery, which the French had taken from us; but was unsuccessful.

Upon the first article of the offensive alliance it is to be observed, that although the grand alliance, as I have already said, allows England and Holland to possess for their own whatever each of them shall conquer in the Spanish West Indies, yet there we are quite cut out by consenting that the archduke shall possess the dominions of Spain in as full a manner as his late king Charles. And what is more remarkable, we broke this very article in favour of Portugal by subsequent stipulations, where we agree that king Charles shall deliver up Extremadura, Vigo, and some other places to the Portuguese as soon as we can conquer them from the enemy. They who are guilty of so much folly and contradiction know best whether it proceeded from corruption or stupidity.

By two other articles (besides the honour of being convoys and guards in ordinary to the Portuguese ships and coasts) we are to guess the enemy's thoughts, and to take the king of Portugal's word, whenever he has a fancy that he shall be invaded. We are also to furnish him with a strength superior to what the enemy intends to invade any of his dominions with, let that be what it will. And until we know what the enemy's forces are his Portuguese majesty is sole judge what strength is superior, and what will be able to prevent an invasion, and may send our fleets whenever he pleases upon his errands to some of the farthest parts of the world, or keep them attending upon his own coasts till he thinks fit to dismiss them. These fleets must likewise be subject in all things, not only to the king, but to his viceroys, admirals, and governors, in any of his foreign dominions, when he is in a humour to apprehend an invasion, which I believe is an indignity that was never offered before, except to a conquered nation.

In the defensive alliance with that crown, which is to remain perpetual, and where only England and Holland are parties with them, the same care, in almost the same words, is taken for our fleet to attend their coasts and foreign dominions, and to be under the same obedience. We and the States are likewise to furnish them with twelve thousand men at our own charge, which we are constantly to recruit, and these are to be subject to the Portuguese generals.

In the offensive alliance, we took no care of having the assistance of Portugal whenever we should be invaded; but in this it seems we are wiser, for that king is obliged to make war on France or Spain whenever we or Holland are invaded by either; but before this, we are to supply them with the same forces, both by sea and land, as if he were invaded himself. And this must needs be a very prudent and safe course for a maritime power to take upon a sudden invasion, by which, instead of making use of our fleets and armies for our own defence, we must send them abroad for the defence of Portugal.

By the thirteenth article we are told what this assistance is which the Portuguese are to give us, and upon what conditions. They are to furnish ten men-of-war; and when England and Holland shall be invaded by France and Spain together, or by Spain alone, in either of these cases, those ten Portuguese men-of-war are to serve only upon their own coasts, where, no doubt, they will be of mighty use to their allies, and terror to the enemy.

How the Dutch were drawn to have a part in either of these two alliances is not very material to inquire, since they have been so wise as never to observe them, nor I suppose ever intended it, but resolved, as they have since done, to shift the load upon us.

Let any man read these two treaties from the beginning to the end, he will imagine that the king

of Portugal and his ministers sat down and made them by themselves, and then sent them to their allies to sign; the whole spirit and tenor of them quite through running only upon this single point, what we and Holland are to do for Portugal, without any mention of an equivalent, except those tan ships which, at the time when we have greatest need of their assistance, are obliged to attend upon their own coasts.

The barrier treaty between Great Britain and Holland was concluded at the Hague on the 29th of October, in the year 1709. In this treaty neither her majesty nor her kingdoms have any interest or concern further than what is mentioned in the second and the twentieth articles; by the former, the States are to assist the queen in defending the seat of succession; and by the other, not to treat of a peace till France has acknowledged the queen, and the succession of Hanover, and promised to remove the pretender out of that king's dominions.

As to the first of these, it is certainly for the safety and interest of the States-General that the protestant succession should be preserved in England, because such a popish prince as we apprehend would infallibly join with France in the ruin of that republic. And the Dutch are as much bound to support our succession as they are tied to any part of a treaty, or league offensive and defensive against a common enemy, without any separate benefit upon that consideration. Her majesty is in the full peaceable possession of her kingdoms, and of the hearts of her people, among whom hardly one in five thousand is in the pretender's interest. And whether the assistance of the Dutch, to preserve a right so well established, be an equivalent to those many unreasonable exorbitant articles in the rest of the treaty, let the world judge. What an impression of our settlement must it give abroad to see our ministers offering such conditions to the Dutch, to prevail on them to be guarantees of our acts of parliament! Neither perhaps is it right, in point of policy or good sense, that a foreign power should be called in to confirm our succession by way of guarantee, but only to acknowledge it, otherwise we put it out of the power of our own legislature to change our succession without the consent of that prince or state who is guarantee,* however our posterity may hereafter, by the tyranny and oppression of any succeeding princes, be reduced to the fatal necessity of breaking in upon the excellent happy settlement now in force.

As to the other articles, it is a natural consequence that must attend any treaty of peace we can make with France, being only the acknowledgment of her majesty as queen of her own dominions, and the right of succession by our own laws, which no foreign power has any pretence to dispute.

However, in order to deserve these mighty advantages from the States, the rest of the treaty is wholly taken up in directing what we are to do for them.

By the grand alliance, which was the foundation of the present war, the Spanish Low Countries were to be recovered and delivered to the king of Spain; but by this treaty that prince is to possess nothing in Flanders during the war; and after a peace the States are to have the military command of about twenty towns, with their dependencies, and four hundred thousand crowns a-year from the king of Spain, to maintain their garrisons. By which means they will have the command of all Flanders from Newport-on-the-Sea to Namur-on-the-Meuse, and be

entirely masters of the Pais de Waas, the richest part of those provinces. Further, they have liberty to garrison any place they shall think fit in the Spanish Low Countries whenever there is an appearance of war, and consequently to put garrisons into Ostend, or where else they please, upon a rupture with England.

By this treaty likewise, the Dutch will in effect be entire masters of all the Low Countries; may impose duties, restrictions in commerce, and prohibitions at their pleasure; and in that fertile country may set up all sorts of manufactures, particularly the woollen, by inviting the disobliged manufacturers in Ireland, and the French refugees who are scattered all over Germany. And as this manufacture increases abroad the clothing-people of England will be necessitated, for want of employment, to follow, and in few years, by the help of the low interest of money in Holland, Flanders may recover that beneficial trade which we got from them. The landed men of England will then be forced to re-establish the staples of wool abroad, and the Dutch, instead of being only the carriers, will become the original possessors of those commodities with which the greatest part of the trade of the world is now carried on. And as they increase their trade it is obvious they will enlarge their strength at sea, and that ours must lessen in proportion.

All the ports in Flanders are to be subject to the like duties that the Dutch shall lay upon the Schelde, which is to be closed on the side of the States; thus all other nations are in effect shut out from trading with Flanders. Yet in the very same article it is said that the States shall be favoured in all the Spanish dominions as much as Great Britain, or as the people most favoured. We have conquered Flanders for them, and are in a worse condition, as to our trade there, than before the war began. We have been the great support of the king of Spain, to whom the Dutch have hardly contributed anything at all, and yet they are to be equally favoured with us in all his dominions. Of all this the queen is under the unreasonable obligation of being guarantee, and that they shall possess their barrier and their four hundred thousand crowns a-year, even before a peace.

It is to be observed that this treaty was only signed by one of our plenipotentiaries [lord Townshend], and I have been told that the other [duke of Marlborough] was heard to say he would rather lose his right hand than set it to such a treaty. Had he spoke those words in due season, and loud enough to be heard on this side the water, considering the credit he had then at court, he might have saved much of his country's honour, and got as much to himself; therefore if the report be true I am inclined to think he only said it. I have been likewise told that some very necessary circumstances were wanting in the entrance upon this treaty, but the ministers here rather chose to sacrifice the honour of the crown and the safety of their country than not ratify what one of their favourites had transacted.

Let me now consider in what manner our allies have observed those treaties they made with us, and the several stipulations and agreements pursuant to them.

By the grand alliance between the empire, England, and Holland, we were to assist the other *two* *et* *his* *viribus* by sea and land. By a convention subsequent to this treaty, the proportions which the several parties should contribute toward the war were adjusted in the following manner: The emperor was obliged to furnish ninety thousand men against France, either in Italy or upon the Rhine; Holland

* In the first edition the sentence finished thus—*how much soever the necessities of the kingdom may require it.*—See the preface.

to bring sixty thousand into the field in Flanders, exclusive of garrisons; and we forty thousand. In winter 1702, which was the next year, the duke of Marlborough proposed raising ten thousand men more by way of augmentation, and to carry on the war with greater vigour, to which the parliament agreed, and the Dutch were to raise the same number. This was upon a par, directly contrary to the former stipulation, whereby our part was to be a third less than theirs, and therefore it was granted with a condition that Holland should break off all trade and commerce with France. But this condition was never executed; the Dutch only amusing us with a specious declaration till our session of parliament was ended; and the following year it was taken off by concert between our general and the States, without any reason assigned for the satisfaction of the kingdom. The next, and some ensuing campaigns, further additional forces were allowed by parliament for the war in Flanders; and in every new supply the Dutch gradually lessened their proportions, although the parliament addressed the queen that the States might be desired to observe them according to agreement, which had no other effect than to teach them to elude it by making their troops nominal corps, as they did by keeping up the number of regiments but sinking a fifth part of the men and money; so that now things are just inverted. And in all new levies we contributed a third more than the Dutch, who at first were obliged to the same proportion more than we.

Besides, the more towns we conquer for the States the worse condition we are in toward reducing the common enemy, and consequently of putting an end to the war. For they make no scruple of employing the troops of their quota toward garrisoning every town as fast as it is taken, directly contrary to the agreement between us, by which all garrisons are particularly excluded. This is at length arrived, by several steps, to such a height that there are at present in the field not so many forces under the duke of Marlborough's command in Flanders as Britain alone maintains for that service, nor have been for some years past.

The duke of Marlborough, having entered the enemy's lines and taken Bouchain, formed the design of keeping so great a number of troops, and particularly of cavalry, in Lisle, Tournay, Donay, and the country between, as should be able to harass all the neighbouring provinces of France during the winter, prevent the enemy from erecting their magazines, and by consequence from subsisting their forces next spring, and render it impossible for them to assemble their army another year without going back behind the Rhine to do it. In order to effect this project it was necessary to be at an expense extraordinary of forage for the troops, for building stables, finding fire and candle for the soldiers, and other incident charges. The queen readily agreed to furnish her share of the first article, that of the forage, which only belonged to her. But the States insisting that her majesty should likewise come into a proportion of the other articles, which in justice belonged totally to them, she agreed even to that rather than a design of this importance should fail. And yet we know it has failed, and that the Dutch refused their consent till the time was past for putting it in execution, even in the opinion of those who proposed it. Perhaps a certain article in the treaties of contribution, submitted to by such of the French dominions as pay them to the States, was the principal cause of defeating this project, since one great advantage to have been gained by it was, as before is mentioned, to have hindered the enemy from

erecting their magazines; and one article in those treaties of contributions is, that the product of those countries shall pass free and unmolested. So that the question was reduced to this short issue; whether the Dutch should lose this paltry benefit, or the common cause an advantage of such mighty importance?

The sea being the element where we might most probably carry on the war with any advantage to ourselves, it was agreed that we should bear five-eighths of the charge in that service, and the Dutch the other three; and by the grand alliance, whatever we or Holland should conquer in the Spanish West Indies was to accrue to the conquerors. It might therefore have been hoped that this maritime ally of ours would have made up in their fleet what they fell short in their army; but quite otherwise; they never once furnished their quota either of ships or men; or if some few of their fleet now and then appeared it was no more than appearing, for they immediately separated, to look to their merchants and protect their trade. And we may remember very well when these guarantees of our succession, after having not one ship for many months together in the Mediterranean, sent that part of their quota thither, and furnished nothing to us, at the same time that they alarmed us with the rumour of an invasion. And last year, when sir James Wishart was despatched into Holland to expostulate with the States, and to desire they would make good their agreements in so important a part of the service, he met with such a reception as ill became a republic to give that were under so many great obligations to us; in short, such a one as those only deserve who are content to take it.

It has likewise been no small inconvenience to us, that the Dutch are always slow in paying their subsidies; by which means the weight and pressure of the payment lies upon the queen, as well as the blame if her majesty be not very exact. Nor will this always content our allies: for in July, 1711, the king of Spain was paid all his subsidies to the first of January next; nevertheless he has since complained for want of money; and his secretary threatened that, if we would not further supply his majesty, he could not answer for what might happen; although king Charles had not at that time one-third of the troops for which he was paid; and even those he had were neither paid nor clothed.

I cannot forbear mentioning here another passage concerning subsidies, to show what opinion foreigners have of our easiness, and how much they reckon themselves masters of our money, whenever they think fit to call for it. The queen was by agreement to pay two hundred thousand crowns a-year to the Prussian troops; the States one hundred thousand; and the emperor only thirty thousand for recruiting, which his imperial majesty never paid. Prince Eugene happening to pass by Berlin, the ministers of that court applied to him for redress in this particular; and his highness very frankly promised them that, in consideration of this deficiency, Britain and the States should increase their subsidies to seventy thousand crowns more between them; and that the emperor should be punctual for the time to come. This was done by that prince without any orders or power whatsoever. The Dutch very reasonably refused consenting to it; but the Prussian minister here, making his applications at our court, prevailed on us to agree to our proportion before we could hear what resolution would be taken in Holland. It is therefore to be hoped that his Prussian majesty, at the end of this war, will not have the same cause of complaint which he had at the close of the last; that

his military chest was emptier by twenty thousand crowns than at the time that war began.

The emperor, as we have already said, was by stipulation to furnish ninety thousand men against the common enemy, as having no fleets to maintain, and in right of his family being most concerned in the war. However, this agreement has been so ill observed, that from the beginning of the war to this day neither of the two last emperors had ever twenty thousand men on their own account in the common cause, excepting once in Italy, when the imperial court exerted itself in a point they have much more at heart than that of gaining Spain or the Indies to their family. When they had succeeded in their attempts on the side of Italy, and observed our blind zeal for pushing on the war at all adventures, they soon found out the most effectual expedient to excuse themselves. They computed easily that it would cost them less to make large presents to one single person than to pay an army, and turn to as good account. They thought they could not put their affairs into better hands; and therefore wisely left us to fight their battles.

Besides, it appeared by several instances how little the emperor regarded his allies, or the cause they were engaged in, when once he thought the empire itself was secure. It is known enough that he might several times have made a peace with his discontented subjects in Hungary, upon terms not at all unbefitting either his dignity or interest; but he rather chose to sacrifice the whole alliance to his private passion, by entirely subduing and enslaving a miserable people, who had but too much provocation to take up arms to free themselves from the oppressions under which they were groaning; yet this must serve as an excuse for breaking his agreement, and diverting so great a body of troops, which might have been employed against France.

Another instance of the emperor's indifference, or rather dislike, to the common cause of the allies, is the business of Toulon. This design was indeed discovered here at home by a person whom everybody knows to be the creature of a certain great man, at least as much noted for his skill in gaming as in politics, upon the base mercenary end of getting money by wagers; which was then so common a practice, that I remember a gentleman in business, who, having the curiosity to inquire how wagers went upon the Exchange, found some people deep in the secret to have been concerned in that kind of traffic; as appeared by premiums named for towns which nobody but those behind the curtain could suspect. However, although this project had gotten wind by so scandalous a proceeding, yet Toulon might probably have been taken, if the emperor had not thought fit in that very juncture to detach twelve or fifteen thousand men to seize Naples, as an enterprise that was more his private and immediate interest. But it was manifest that his imperial majesty had no mind to see Toulon in possession of the allies; for even with these discouragements the attempt might yet have succeeded, if prince Eugene had not thought fit to oppose it, which cannot be imputed to his own judgment, but to some politic reasons of his court. The duke of Savoy was for attacking the enemy as soon as our army arrived; but when the marshal de Thiers's troops were all come up, to pretend to besiege the place in the condition we were at that time was a force and a jest. Had Toulon fallen then into our hands, the maritime power of France would in a great measure have been destroyed.

But a much greater instance than either of the foregoing, how little the emperor regarded us or our quarrel, after all we had done to save his imperial

crown and to assert the title of his brother to the monarchy of Spain, may be brought from the proceedings of that court not many months ago. It was judged that a war carried on upon the side of Italy would cause a great diversion of the French forces, wound them in a very tender part, and facilitate the progress of our arms in Spain as well as Flanders. It was proposed to the duke of Savoy to make this diversion, and not only a diversion during the summer, but the winter too, by taking quarters on this side of the hills. Only, in order to make him willing and able to perform this work, two points were to be settled; first, it was necessary to end the dispute between the imperial court and his royal highness, which had no other foundation than the emperor's refusing to make good some articles of that treaty, on the faith of which the duke engaged in the present war, and for the execution whereof Britain and Holland became guarantees, at the request of the late emperor Leopold. To remove this difficulty, the earl of Peterborow was despatched to Vienna, got over some part of those disputes to the satisfaction of the duke of Savoy, and had put the rest in a fair way of being accommodated at the time the emperor Joseph died. Upon which great event the duke of Savoy took the resolution of putting himself immediately at the head of the army, although the whole matter was not finished, since the common cause required his assistance; and that, until a new emperor were elected, it was impossible to make good the treaty to him. In order to enable him, the only thing he asked was that he should be reinforced by the imperial court with eight thousand men before the end of the campaign. Mr. Whitworth was sent to Vienna to make this proposal; and it is credibly reported that he was empowered, rather than fail, to offer forty thousand pounds for the march of those eight thousand men, if he found it was want of ability and not inclination that hindered the sending of them. But he was so far from succeeding, that it was said the ministers of that court did not so much as give him an opportunity to tempt them with any particular sums, but cut off all his hopes at once by alleging the impossibility of complying with the queen's demands upon any consideration whatsoever. They could not plead their old excuse of the war in Hungary, which was then brought to an end. They had nothing to offer but some general speculative reasons, which it would expose them to repeat; and so, after much delay and many trifling pretences, they utterly refused so small and reasonable an assistance, to the ruin of a project that would have more terrified France and caused a greater diversion of their forces than a much more numerous army in any other part. Thus, for want of eight thousand men, for whose winter campaign the queen was willing to give forty thousand pounds, and for want of executing the design I lately mentioned of hindering the enemy from erecting magazines, toward which her majesty was ready not only to bear her own proportion but a share of that which the States were obliged to, our hopes of taking winter quarters in the north and south parts of France are eluded, and the war left in that method which is likely to continue it longest. Can there an example be given, in the whole course of this war, where we have treated the pettiest prince with whom we had to deal in so contemptuous a manner? Did we ever once consider what we could afford, or what we were obliged to, when our assistance was desired, even while we lay under immediate apprehensions of being invaded?

When Portugal came as a confederate into the grand alliance, it was stipulated that the empire,

England, and Holland, should each maintain four thousand men of their own troops in that kingdom, and pay between them a million of patacons to the king of Portugal, for the support of twenty-eight thousand Portuguese, which number of forty thousand was to be the confederate army against Spain on the Portugal side. This treaty was ratified by all the three powers. But in a short time after the emperor declared himself unable to comply with this part of the agreement, and so left the two-thirds upon us, who very generously undertook that burden and at the same time two-thirds of the subsidies for maintenance of the Portuguese troops. But neither is this the worst part of the story; for although the Dutch did indeed send their own particular quota of four thousand men to Portugal (which, however, they would not agree to but upon condition that the other two-thirds should be supplied by us), yet they never took care to recruit them; for, in the year 1704, the Portuguese, British, and Dutch forces, having marched with the earl of Galway into Castile, and by the noble conduct of that general being forced to retire into Valencia, it was found necessary to raise a new army on the Portugal side, where the queen has, at several times, increased her establishment to ten thousand five hundred men, and the Dutch never replaced one single man, nor paid one penny of their subsidies to Portugal in six years.

The Spanish army on the side of Catalonia is, or ought to be, about fifty thousand men exclusive of Portugal. And here the war has been carried on almost entirely at our cost. For this whole army is paid by the queen, excepting only seven battalions and fourteen squadrons of Dutch and Palatines; and even fifteen hundred of these are likewise in our pay; beside the sums given to king Charles for subsidies and the maintenance of his court. Neither are our troops at Gibraltar included within this number. And further, we alone have been at all the charge of transporting the forces first sent from Genoa to Barcelona, and of all the imperial recruits from time to time; and have likewise paid vast sums, as levy-money, for every individual man and horse so furnished to recruit, although the horses were scarce worth the price of transportation. But this has been almost the constant misfortune of our fleet during the present war; instead of being employed on some enterprise for the good of the nation, or even for the protection of our trade, to be wholly taken up in transporting soldiers.

We have actually conquered all Bavaria, Ulm, Augsburg, Landau, and great part of Alsace, for the emperor; and by the troops we have furnished, the armies we have paid, and the diversions we have given to the enemies' forces, have chiefly contributed to the conquests of Milan, Mantua, and Mirandola, and to the recovery of the duchy of Modena. The last emperor drained the wealth of those countries into his own coffers, without increasing his troops against France by such mighty acquisitions, or yielding to the most reasonable requests we have made.

Of the many towns we have taken for the Dutch, we have consented by the barrier treaty that all those which were not in the possession of Spain upon the death of the late Catholic king shall be part of the States' dominions, and that they shall have the military power in the most considerable of the rest; which is, in effect, to be the absolute sovereigns of the whole. And the Hollanders have already made such good use of their time, that, in conjunction with our general, the oppressions of Flanders are much greater than ever.

And this treatment, which we have received from our two principal allies, has been pretty well copied

by most other princes in the confederacy with whom we have any dealings. For instance, seven Portuguese regiments after the battle of Almanza went off with the rest of that broken army to Catalonia; the king of Portugal said he was not able to pay them while they were out of his country; the queen consented therefore to do it herself, provided the king would raise as many more to supply their place. This he engaged to do, but he never performed. Notwithstanding which, his subsidies were constantly paid him by my lord Godolphin for almost four years, without any deduction upon account of those seven regiments, directly contrary to the seventh article of our offensive alliance with that crown, where it is agreed that a deduction shall be made out of those subsidies in proportion to the number of men wanting in that complement which the king is to maintain. But, whatever might have been the reasons for this proceeding, it seems they are above the understanding of the present lord-treasurer [earl of Oxford], who, not entering into those refinements of paying the public money upon private considerations, has been so uncourtly as to stop it. This disappointment, I suppose, has put the court of Lisbon upon other expedients, of raising the price of forage, so as to force us either to lessen our number of troops or to be at double expense in maintaining them; and this, at a time when their own product as well as the import of corn was never greater; and of demanding a duty upon the soldiers' clothes we carried over for those troops which have been their sole defence against an inveterate enemy; whose example might have infused courage, as well as taught them discipline, if their spirits had been capable of receiving either.

In order to augment our forces every year in the same proportion as those for whom we fight diminish theirs, we have been obliged to hire troops from several princes of the empire, whose ministers and residents here have perpetually importuned the court with unreasonable demands, under which our late ministers thought fit to be passive. For those demands were always backed with a threat to recall their soldiers, which was a thing not to be heard of, because it might discontent the Dutch. In the mean time, those princes never sent their contingent to the emperor, as by the laws of the empire they are obliged to do, but gave for their excuse that we had already hired all they could possibly spare.

But, if all this be true; if, according to what I have affirmed, we began this war contrary to reason; if, as the other party themselves upon all occasions acknowledge, the success we have had was more than we could reasonably expect; if, after all our success, we have not made that use of it which in reason we ought to have done; if we have made weak and foolish bargains with our allies, suffered them tamely to break every article, even in those bargains to our disadvantage, and allowed them to treat us with insolence and contempt, at the very instant when we were gaining towns, provinces, and kingdoms for them, at the price of our ruin and without any prospect of interest to ourselves; if we have consumed all our strength in attacking the enemy on the strongest side, where (as the old duke of Sebmberg expressed it) to engage with France was to take a bull by the horns, and left wholly unattempted that part of the war which could only enable us to continue or to end it; if all this, I say, be our case, it is a very obvious question to ask, by what motives or what management we are thus become the dupes and huddles of Europe? Surely it cannot be owing to the stupidity arising from the coldness of our climate, since those among our allies

who have given us most reason to complain are as far removed from the sun as ourselves.

If, in laying open the real causes of our present misery, I am forced to speak with some freedom, I think it will require no apology. Reputation is the smallest sacrifice those can make as who have been the instruments of our ruin, because it is that for which, in all probability, they have the least value. So that, in exposing the actions of such persons, I cannot be said, properly speaking, to do them an injury. But as it will be some satisfaction to our people to know by whom they have been so long shamed, so it may be of great use to us and our posterity not to trust the safety of their country in the hands of those who act by such principles and from such motives.

I have already observed that, when the counsels of this war were debated in the late king's time, a certain great man was then so averse from entering into it, that he rather chose to give up his employment and tell the king he could serve him no longer. Upon that prince's death, although the grounds of our quarrel with France had received no manner of addition, yet this lord thought fit to alter his sentiments; for the scene was quite changed: his lordship, and the family with whom he was engaged by so complicated an alliance, were in the highest credit possible with the queen. The treasurer's staff was ready for his lordship; the duke was to command the army; and the duchess, by her employments and the favour she was possessed of, to be always nearest her majesty's person; by which the whole power at home and abroad would be devolved upon that family. This was a prospect so very inviting that, to confess the truth, it could not be easily withstood by any who have so keen an appetite for wealth or power. By an agreement subsequent to the grand alliance, we were to assist the Dutch with forty thousand men, all to be commanded by the duke of Marlborough. So that, whether this war was prudently begun or not, it is plain that the true spring or motive of it was the aggrandising of a particular family; and, in short, a war of the general and the ministry, and not of the prince or people; since those very persons were against it, when they knew the power, and consequently the profit, would be in other hands.

With these measures fell in all that set of people who are called the moneyed men; such as had raised vast sums by trading with stocks and funds, and lending upon great interest and premiums; whose perpetual harvest is war, and whose beneficial way of traffic must very much decline by a peace.

In that whole chain of encroachments made upon us by the Dutch, which I have above deduced, and under these several gross impositions from other princes, if any one should ask why our general continued so easy to the last, I know no other way so probable, or indeed so charitable, to account for it, as by that immeasurable love of wealth which his best friends allow to be his predominant passion. However, I shall wave anything that is personal upon this subject. I shall say nothing of those great presents made by several princes which the soldiers used to call winter foraging, and said it was better than that of the summer; of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. subtracted out of all the subsidies we pay in those parts, which amounts to no inconsiderable sum; and lastly, of the grand perquisites in a long successful war which are so amicably adjusted between him and the States.

But when the war was thus begun, there soon fell in other incidents here at home which made the continuance of it necessary for those who were the chief advisers. The Whigs were at that time out of

all credit or consideration. The reigning favourites had always carried what were called the Tory principles at least as high as our constitution could bear; and most others in great employments were wholly in the church interest. These last, among whom were several persons of the greatest merit, quality, and consequence, were not able to endure the many instances of pride, insolence, avarice, and ambition, which those favourites began so early to discover, nor to see them presuming to be sole dispensers of the royal favour. However, their opposition was to no purpose; they wrestled with too great a power and were soon crushed under it. For those in possession, finding they could never be quiet in their usurpations while others had any credit who were at least upon an equal foot of merit, began to make overtures to the discarded Whigs, who would be content with any terms of accommodation. Thus commenced this solemn league and covenant, which has ever since been cultivated with so much application. The great traders in money were wholly devoted to the Whigs, who had first raised them. The army, the court, and the treasury, continued under the old despotic administration: the Whigs were received into employment, left to manage the parliament, cry down the lauded interest, and worry the church. Meantime, our allies, who were not ignorant that all this artificial structure had no true foundation in the hearts of the people, resolved to make the best use of it as long as it should last. And the general's credit being raised to a great height at home by our success in Flanders, the Dutch began their gradual impositions; lessening their quotas, breaking their stipulations, garrisoning the towns we took for them without supplying their troops; with many other infractions; all which were we forced to submit to, because the general was made easy; because the moneyed men at home were fond of the war; because the Whigs were not yet firmly settled; and because that exorbitant degree of power which was built upon a supposed necessity of employing particular persons would go off in a peace. It is needless to add that the emperor and other princes followed the example of the Dutch, and succeeded as well, for the same reasons.

I have here imputed the continuance of the war to the mutual indulgence between our general and allies, wherein they both so well found their accounts; to the fears of the money-changers, lest their tables should be overthrown; to the designs of the Whigs, who apprehended the loss of their credit and employments in a peace; and to those at home, who held their immoderate engrossments of power and favour by no other tenure than their own presumption upon the necessity of affairs. The truth of this will appear indisputable, by considering with what unanimity and concert these several parties acted toward that great end.

When the vote passed in the house of lords against any peace without Spain being restored to the Austrian family, the earl of Wharton told the house that it was indeed impossible and impracticable to recover Spain; but, however, there were certain reasons why such a vote should be made at that time. Which reasons wanted no explanation; for the general and the ministry, having refused to accept very advantageous offers of a peace after the battle of Ramillies, were forced to take in a set of men with a previous bargain to screen them from the consequences of that miscarriage. And accordingly, upon the first succeeding opportunity that fell, which was that of the prince of Denmark's death, the chief

* Prince George, the husband of queen Anne.

leaders of the party were brought into several great employments.

Thus, when the queen was no longer able to bear the tyranny and insolence of those ungrateful servants, who as they waxed the fatter did but kick the more, our two great allies abroad and our stock-jobbers at home took immediate alarm; applied the nearest way to the throne, by memorials and messages jointly, directing her majesty not to change her secretary or treasurer, who, for the true reasons that these officious intermeddlers demanded their continuance, ought never to have been admitted into the least degree of trust; since what they did was nothing less than betraying the interest of their native country to those princes, who, in their turns, were to do what they could to support them in power at home.

Thus it plainly appears that there was a conspiracy on all sides to go on with those measures which must perpetuate the war; and a conspiracy founded upon the interest and ambition of each party; which begot so firm a union that, instead of wondering why it lasted so long, I am astonished to think how it came to be broken. The prudence, courage, and firmness of her majesty, in all the steps of that great change, would, if the particulars were truly related, make a very shining part in her story; nor is her judgment less to be admired, which directed her in the choice of perhaps the only persons who had skill, credit, and resolution enough to be her instruments in overthrowing so many difficulties.

Some would pretend to lessen the merit of this by telling us that the rudeness, the tyranny, the oppression, the ingratitude of the late favourites towards their mistress were no longer to be borne. They produce instances to show her majesty was pursued through all her retreats, particularly at Windsor, where, after the enemy had possessed themselves of every inch of ground, they at last attacked and stormed the castle, forcing the queen to fly to an adjoining cottage, pursuant to the advice of Solomon, who tells us "It is better to live on the house-top than with a scolding woman in a large house." They would have it that such continued ill usage was enough to inflame the meekest spirit. They blame the favourites in point of policy, and think it nothing extraordinary that the queen should be at the end of her patience, and resolve to discard them. But I am of another opinion, and think their proceedings were right. For nothing is so apt to break even the bravest spirits as a continual chain of oppressions; one injury is best defended by a second, and this by a third. By these steps the old masters of the palace in France became masters of that kingdom; and by these steps, a general during pleasure might have grown into a general for life, and a general for life into a king. So that I still insist upon it as a wonder how her majesty, thus besieged on all sides, was able to extricate herself.

Having thus mentioned the real causes, although disguised under species pretences, which have so long continued the war, I must beg leave to reason a little with those persons who are against any peace but what they call a good one, and explain themselves that no peace can be good without an entire restoration of Spain to the house of Austria. It is to be supposed that what I am to say upon this part of the subject will have little influence on those whose particular ends or designs of any sort lead them to wish the continuance of the war: I mean the general and our allies abroad, the knot of late favourites at home, the body of such as traffic in

* See the Tale of a Tub.

stocks, and lastly that set of factious politicians who were so violently bent at least upon clipping our constitution in church and state. Therefore I shall not apply myself to any of those, but to all others indifferently, whether Whigs or Tories, whose private interest is best answered by the welfare of their country. And if among these there be any who think we ought to fight on till king Charles be quietly settled in the monarchy of Spain, I believe there are several points which they have not thoroughly considered.

For first, it is to be observed that this resolution against any peace without Spain is a new incident, grafted upon the original quarrel by the intrigues of a faction among us, who prevailed to give it the sanction of a vote in both houses of parliament, to justify those whose interest lay in perpetuating the war. And as this proceeding was against the practice of all princes and states whose intentions were fair and honourable, so is it contrary to common prudence, as well as justice; I might add that it was impious too, by presuming to control events which are only in the hands of God. Ours and the States' complaint against France and Spain are deduced in each of our declarations of war, and our pretensions specified in the eighth article of the grand alliance; but there is not in any of these the least mention of demanding Spain for the house of Austria, or of refusing any peace without that condition. Having already made an extract from both declarations of war, I shall here give a translation of the eighth article in the grand alliance, which will put this matter out of dispute.

THE EIGHTH ARTICLE OF THE GRAND ALLIANCE.

When the war is once undertaken, none of the parties shall have the liberty to enter upon a treaty of peace with the enemy but jointly and in concert with the other. Nor is peace to be made without having first obtained a just and reasonable satisfaction for his Cæsarean majesty, and for his royal majesty of Great Britain, and a particular security to the lords of the States-General of their dominions, provinces, titles, navigation, and commerce; and a sufficient provision that the kingdoms of France and Spain be never united, or come under the government of the same person, or that the same man may never be king of both kingdoms; and particularly that the French may never be in possession of the Spanish West Indies; and that they may not have the liberty of navigation, for conveniency of trade, under any pretence whatsoever, neither directly nor indirectly, except it is agreed that the subjects of Great Britain and Holland may have full power to use and enjoy all the same privileges, rights, immunities, and liberties of commerce, by land and sea, in Spain, in the Mediterranean, and in all the places and countries which the late king of Spain at the time of his death was in possession of, as well in Europe as elsewhere, as they did then use and enjoy; or which the subjects of both or each nation could use and enjoy by virtue of any right obtained before the death of the said king of Spain, either by treaties, conventions, custom, or any other way whatsoever.

Here we see the demands intended to be insisted on by the allies upon any treaty of peace are a just and reasonable satisfaction for the emperor and king of Great Britain, a security to the States-General for their dominions, &c., and a sufficient provision that France and Spain be never united under the same man as king of both kingdoms. The rest relates to the liberty of trade and commerce for us and

the Dutch, but not a syllable of engaging to dispossess the duke of Anjou.

But to know how this new language, of no peace without Spain, was first introduced and at last prevailed among us, we must begin a great deal higher.

It was the partition treaty which begot the will in favour of the duke of Anjou; for this naturally led the Spaniards to receive a prince supported by a great power, whose interest as well as affection engaged them to preserve that monarchy entire rather than to oppose him in favour of another family, who must expect assistance from a number of confederates whose principal members had already disposed of what did not belong to them and by a previous treaty parcelled out the monarchy of Spain.

Thus the duke of Anjou got into the full possession of all the kingdoms and states belonging to that monarchy, as well in the old world as the new. And whatever the house of Austria pretended from their memorials to us and the States, it was at that time but too apparent that the inclinations of the Spaniards were on the duke's side.

However, a war was resolved on; and in order to carry it on with great vigour, a grand alliance formed, wherein the ends proposed to be obtained are plainly and distinctly laid down as I have already quoted them. It pleased God, in the course of this war, to bless the arms of the allies with remarkable successes; by which we were soon put into a condition of demanding and expecting such terms of a peace as we proposed to ourselves when we began the war. But instead of this, our victories only served to lead us on to further visionary prospects; advantage was taken of the sanguine temper which so many successes had wrought the nation up to; new romantic views were proposed, and the old, reasonable, sober design was forgot.

This was the artifice of those here who were sure to grow richer as the public became poorer, and who, after the resolutions which the two houses were prevailed upon to make, might have carried on the war with safety to themselves till malt and land were mortgaged, till a general excise was established and the dixième denier raised by collectors in red coats. And this was just the circumstance which it suited their interests to be in.

The house of Austria approved this scheme with reason, since whatever would be obtained by the blood and treasure of others was to accrue to that family, while they only lent their name to the cause.

The Dutch might, perhaps, have grown resty under their burden; but care was likewise taken of that, by a barrier-treaty made with the States, which deserves such epithets as I care not to bestow, but may perhaps consider it, at a proper occasion, in a discourse by itself.

By this treaty the condition of the war with respect to the Dutch was widely altered; they fought no longer for security but for grandeur, and we, instead of labouring to make them safe, must beggar ourselves to make them formidable.

Will any one contend that, if at the treaty of Gertruydenberg we could have been satisfied with such terms of a peace as we proposed to ourselves by the grand alliance, the French would not have allowed them? It is plain they offered many more, and much greater, than ever we thought to insist on when the war began; and they had reason to grant as well as we to demand them, since conditions of peace do certainly turn upon events of war. But surely there is some measure to be observed in this; those who have defended the proceedings of our negotiators at the treaty of Gertruydenberg dwell very much upon their zeal and patience in endeavouring to

work the French up to their demands, but say nothing to justify those demands, or the probability that France would ever accept them. Some of the articles in that treaty were so extravagant that, in all human probability, we could not have obtained them by a successful war of forty years. One of them was inconsistent with common reason; wherein the confederates reserved to themselves full liberty of demanding what further conditions they should think fit; and, in the mean time, France was to deliver up several of their strongest towns in a month. These articles were very gravely signed by our plenipotentiaries and those of Holland; but not by the French, although it ought to have been done interchangeably; nay, they were brought over by the secretary of the embassy, and the ministers here prevailed on the queen to execute a ratification of articles which only one part had signed. This was an absurdity in form as well as in reason; because the usual form of a ratification is with a preamble, showing that, whereas our ministers and those of the allies and of the enemy have signed, &c., we ratify, &c. The person who brought over the articles said in all epanimics (and perhaps believed) that it was a pity we had not demanded more, for the French were in a disposition to refuse us nothing we would ask. One of our plenipotentiaries affected to have the same concern, and particularly that we had not obtained some further security for the empire on the Upper Rhine.

What could be the design of all this grimace but to amuse the people and to raise stocks for their friends in the secret to sell to advantage? I have too great a respect for the abilities of those who acted in this negotiation to believe they hoped for any other issue from it than what we found by the event. Give me leave to suppose the continuance of the war was the thing at heart among those in power both abroad and at home; and then I can easily show the consistency of their proceedings, otherwise they are wholly unaccountable and absurd. Did those who insisted on such wild demands ever intend a peace? Did they really think that going on with the war was more eligible for their country than the least abatement of those conditions? Was the smallest of them worth six millions a-year and a hundred thousand men's lives? Was there no way to provide for the safety of Britain or the security of its trade, but by the French king turning his arms to beat his grandson out of Spain? If these able statesmen were so truly concerned for our trade, which they made the pretence of the war's beginning as well as continuance, why did they neglect it in those very preliminaries where the enemy made so many concessions, and where all that related to the advantage of Holland, or the other confederates, was expressly settled? But whatever concerned us was to be left to a general treaty; no tariff agreed on with France or the Low Countries, only the Scheldt was to remain shut, which must have ruined our commerce with Antwerp. Our trade with Spain was referred the same way; but this they will pretend to be of no consequence, because that kingdom was to be under the house of Austria, and we had already made a treaty with king Charles. I have indeed heard of a treaty made by Mr. Stanhope with that prince for settling our commerce with Spain; but, whatever it were, there was another between us and Holland, which went hand and hand with it,—I mean that of barrier, wherein a clause was inserted by which all advantages proposed for Britain are to be in common with Holland.

* Horatio Walpole, secretary to that embassy.

Another point, which I doubt those have not considered who are against any peace without Spain, is that the face of affairs in Christendom, since the emperor's death, has been very much changed. By this accident the views and interests of several princes and states in the alliance have taken a new turn, and I believe it will be found that ours ought to do so too. We have sufficiently blundered once already, by changing our measures with regard to a peace while our affairs continued in the same posture; and it will be too much in conscience to blunder again, by not changing the first; when the others are so much altered.

To have a prince of the Austrian family on the throne of Spain is undoubtedly more desirable than one of the house of Bourbon, but to have the empire and Spanish monarchy united in the same person is a dreadful consideration, and directly opposite to that wise principle on which the eighth article of the alliance is founded.

To this perhaps it will be objected that the indolent character of the Austrian princes, the wretched economy of that government, the want of a naval force, the remote distances of their several territories from each other, would never suffer an emperor, although at the same time king of Spain, to become formidable: on the contrary, that his dependence must continually be on Great Britain, and the advantages of trade, by a peace founded upon that condition, would soon make us amends for all the expenses of the war.

In answer to this, let us consider the circumstances we must be in before such a peace could be obtained, if it were at all practicable. We must become not only poor for the present, but reduced by further mortgages to a state of beggary for endless years to come. Compare such a weak condition as this with so great an accession of strength to Austria, and then determine how much an emperor in such a state of affairs would either fear or need Britain.

Consider that the comparison is not formed between a prince of the house of Austria, emperor and king of Spain, and with a prince of the Bourbon family, king of France and Spain, but between a prince of the latter, only king of Spain, and one of the former uniting both crowns in his own person.

What returns of gratitude can we expect when we are no longer wanted? Has all that we have hitherto done for the Imperial family been taken as a favour, or only received as the due of the *augustissima casa*?

Will the house of Austria yield the least acre of land, the least article of strained and even usurped prerogative, to resettle the minds of those princes in the alliance who are alarmed at the consequences of this turn of affairs, occasioned by the emperor's death? We are assured it never will. Do we then imagine that those princes who dread the overgrown power of the Austrian as much as that of the Bourbon family will continue in our alliance upon a system contrary to that which they engage with us upon? For instance, what can the duke of Savoy expect in such a case? Will he have any choice left him but that of being a slave and a frontier to France, or a vassal, in the utmost extent of the word, to the imperial court? Will he not therefore of the two evils choose the least, by submitting to a master who has no immediate claim upon him, and to whose family he is nearly allied, rather than to another who has already revived several claims upon him and threatens to revive more?

Nor are the Dutch more inclined than the rest of Europe that the empire and Spain should be united in king Charles, whatever they may now pretend. On the contrary, it is known to several persons that

upon the death of the late emperor Joseph the States resolved that those two powers should not be joined in the same person, and this they determined as a fundamental maxim by which they intended to proceed. So that Spain was first given up by them; and since they maintain no troops in that kingdom, it should seem that they understand the duke of Anjou to be lawful monarch.

Thirdly, those who are against any peace without Spain, if they be such as no way find their private account by the war, may perhaps change their sentiments if they will reflect a little upon our present condition.

I had two reasons for not sooner publishing this discourse; the first was, because I would give way to others, who might argue very well upon the same subject from general topics and reason, although they might be ignorant of several facts which I had the opportunity to know. The second was, because I found it would be necessary, in the course of this argument, to say something of the state to which the war has reduced us; at the same time I knew that such a discovery ought to be made as late as possible, and at another juncture would not only be very indiscreet, but might perhaps be dangerous.

It is the folly of too many to mistake the echo of a London coffeehouse for the voice of the kingdom. The city coffeehouses have been for some years filled with people whose fortunes depend upon the bank, East India, or some other stock. Every new fund to these is like a new mortgage to a usurer, whose compassion for a young heir is exactly the same with that of a stock-jobber to the landed gentry. At the court end of the town, the like places of resort are frequented either by men out of place, and consequently enemies to the present ministry, or by officers of the army: no wonder then if the general cry in all such meetings be against any peace, either with Spain or without, which in other words is no more than this, that discontented men desire another change of ministry; that soldiers would be glad to keep their commissions; and that the creditors have money still, and would have the debtors borrow on at the old extorting rate while they have any security to give.

Now to give the most ignorant reader some idea of our present circumstances without troubling him or myself with computations in form; everybody knows that our land and malt tax amount annually to about two millions and a half. All other branches of the revenue are mortgaged to pay interest for what we have already borrowed. The yearly charge of the war is usually about six millions, to make up which sum we are forced to take up on the credit of new funds about three millions and a half. This last year the computed charge of the war came to above a million more than all the funds the parliament could contrive were sufficient to pay interest for, and so we have been forced to divide a deficiency of twelve hundred thousand pounds among the several branches of our expense. This is a demonstration that, if the war be so last another campaign, it will be impossible to find funds for supplying it without mortgaging the malt-tax, or by some other method equally desperate.

If the peace be made this winter, we are then to consider what circumstances we shall be in toward paying a debt of about fifty millions, which is a fourth part of the purchase of the whole island if it were to be sold.

Toward clearing ourselves of this monstrous incumbrance, some of these annuities will expire or pay off the principal in thirty, forty, or a hundred years; the bulk of the debt must be lessened gradu-

ally by the best management we can, out of what will remain of the land and malt taxes, after paying guards and garrisons, and maintaining and supplying our fleet in the time of peace. I have not skill enough to compute what will be left after these necessary charges toward annually clearing so vast a debt, but believe it must be very little; however, it is plain that both these taxes must be continued, as well for supporting the government as because we have no other means for paying off the principal. And so likewise must all the other funds remain for paying the interest. How long a time this must require, how steady an administration, and how undisturbed a state of affairs both at home and abroad, let others determine.

However, some people think all this very reasonable, and that, since the struggle has been for peace and safety, posterity, which is to partake of the benefit, ought to share in the expense, as if at the breaking out of this war there had been such a conjuncture of affairs as never happened before, nor would ever happen again. It is wonderful that our ancestors, in all their wars, should never fall under such a necessity; that we meet no examples of it in Greece and Rome; that no other nation in Europe ever knew anything like it except Spain, about a hundred and twenty years ago, when they drew it upon themselves by their own folly and have suffered for it ever since; no doubt we shall teach posterity wisdom, but they will be apt to think the purchase too dear, and I wish they may stand to the bargain we have made in their names.

It is easy to entail debts on succeeding ages, and to hope they will be able and willing to pay them; but how to ensure peace for any term of years is difficult enough to apprehend. Will human nature ever cease to have the same passions, princes to entertain designs of interest or ambition, and occasions of quarrel to arise? May not we ourselves, by the variety of events and incidents which happen in the world, be under a necessity of recovering towns out of the very hands of those for whom we are now ruining our country to take them? Neither can it be said that those states with whom we may probably differ will be in as bad a condition as ourselves; for by the circumstances of our situation and the impositions of our allies, we are more exhausted than either they or the enemy: and by the nature of our government, the corruption of our manners, and the opposition of factions, we shall be more slow in recovering.

It will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall which cost a hundred millions, whereof they are paying the arrears, to boast as beggars do that their grandfathers were rich and great.

I have often reflected on that mistaken notion of credit so boasted of by the advocates of the late ministry: was not all that credit built upon funds raised by the landed men whom they now so much hate and despise? Is not the greatest part of those funds raised from the growth and product of land? Must not the whole debt be entirely paid, and our fleets and garrisons be maintained, by the land and malt tax after a peace? If they call it credit to run ten millions in debt without parliamentary security, by which the public is defrauded of almost half, I must think such credit to be dangerous, illegal, and perhaps treasonable. Neither has anything gone further to ruin the nation than their boasted credit. For my own part, when I saw this false credit sink upon the change of the ministry, I was singular enough to conceive it a good omen. It seemed as if the young extravagant heir had got a new steward,

and was resolved to look into his estate before things grew desperate, which made the usurers forbear feeding him with money as they used to do.

Since the moneyed men are so fond of war, I should be glad they would furnish out one campaign at their own charge; it is not above six or seven millions; and I dare engage to make it out, that when they have done this, instead of contributing equal to the landed men, they will have their full principal and interest at six per cent. remaining of all the money they ever lent to the government.

Without this resource, or some other equally miraculous, it is impossible for us to continue the war upon the same foot. I have already observed that the last funds of interest fell short above a million, although the persons most conversant in ways and means employed their utmost invention; so that of necessity we must be still more defective next campaign. But perhaps our allies will make up this deficiency on our side by great efforts on their own! Quite the contrary; both the emperor and Holland failed this year in several articles, and signified to us some time ago that they cannot keep up to the same proportions in the next. We have gained a noble barrier for the latter, and they have nothing more to demand or desire. The emperor, however sanguine he may now affect to appear, will I suppose be satisfied with Naples, Sicily, Milan, and his other acquisitions, rather than engage in a long, hopeless war for the recovery of Spain, to which his allies the Dutch will neither give their assistance nor consent. So that, since we have done their business, since they have no further service for our arms, and we have no more money to give them, and lastly, since we neither desire any recompence nor expect any thanks, we ought in pity to be dismissed and have leave to shift for ourselves. They are ripe for a peace to enjoy and cultivate what we have conquered for them; and so are we to recover, if possible, the effects of their hardships upon us. The first overtures from France are made to England upon safe and honourable terms; we, who bore the burden of the war, ought in reason to have the greatest share in making the peace. If we do not hearken to a peace others certainly will, and get the advantage of us there, as they have done in the war. We know the Dutch have perpetually threatened us that they would enter into separate measures of a peace, and by the strength of that argument, as well as by other powerful motives, prevailed on those who were then at the helm to comply with them on any terms rather than put an end to a war which every year brought them such great accessions to their wealth and power. Whoever falls off, a peace will follow, and then we must be content with such conditions as our allies, out of their great concern for our safety and interest, will please to choose. They have no further occasion for fighting, they have gained their point, and they now tell us it is our war; so that in common justice it ought to be our peace.

All we can propose by the desperate steps of pawing our land or malt tax, or erecting a general excise, is only to raise a fund of interest for running us annually four millions further in debt, without any prospect of ending the war so well as we can do at present. And when we have sunk the only unengaged revenues we had left, our encumbrances must of necessity remain perpetual.

We have hitherto lived upon expedients which in time will certainly destroy any constitution, whether civil or natural; and there was no country in Christendom had less occasion for them than ours. We have dieted a healthy body into a consumption, by

plying it with physic instead of food. Art will help us no longer, and if we cannot recover by letting the remains of nature work we must inevitably die.

What arts have been used to possess the people with a strong delusion that Britain must infallibly be ruined without the recovery of Spain to the house of Austria! making the safety of a great and powerful kingdom, as ours was then, to depend upon an event which after a war of miraculous successes proves impracticable. As if princes and great ministers could find no way of settling the public tranquillity without changing the possessions of kingdoms, and forcing sovereigns upon a people against their inclinations. Is there no security for the island of Britain unless a king of Spain be dethroned by the hands of his grandfather! Has the enemy no cautionary towns and seaports to give us for securing trade! Can he not deliver us possession of such places as would put him in a worse condition whenever he should perfidiously renew the war! The present king of France has but few years to live by the course of nature, and doubtless would desire to end his days in peace. Grandfathers, in private families, are not observed to have great influence on their grandsons, and I believe they have much less among princes; however, when the authority of a parent is gone, is it likely that Philip will be directed by a brother against his own interest and that of his subjects! Have not those two realms their separate maxims of policy, which must operate in the times of peace! These at least are probabilities, and cheaper by six millions a-year than recovering Spain or continuing the war, both which seem absolutely impossible.

But the common question is, if we must now surrender Spain, what have we been fighting for all this while! The answer is ready: we have been fighting for the ruin of the public interest and the advancement of a private. We have been fighting to raise the wealth and grandeur of a particular family, to enrich usurers and stockjobbers, and to cultivate the pernicious designs of a faction by destroying the landed interest. The nation begins now to think these blessings are not worth fighting for any longer, and therefore desires a peace.

But the advocates on the other side cry out that we might have had a better peace than is now in agitation above two years ago. Supposing this to be true, I do assert that, by parity of reason, we must expect one just so much the worse about two years hence. If those in power could then have given us a better peace, more is their infamy and guilt that they did it not. Why did they insist upon conditions which they were certain would never be granted! We allow it was in their power to have put a good end to the war, and left the nation in some hope of recovering itself. And this is what we charge them with, as answerable to God, their country, and posterity,—that the bleeding condition of their fellow-subjects was a feather in the balance with their private ends.

When we offer to lament the heavy debts and poverty of the nation, it is pleasant to hear some men answer all that can be said by crying up the power of England, the courage of England, the inexhaustible riches of England. I have heard a man (lord Halifax), very sanguine upon this subject, with a good employment for life, and a hundred thousand pounds in the funds, bidding us take courage, and warranting that all would go well. This is the style of men at ease, who lay heavy burdens upon others, which they would not touch with one of their fingers. I have known some people such ill computers as to imagine the many millions in stocks

and annuities are so much real wealth in the nation; whereas every farthing of it is entirely lost to us, scattered in Holland, Germany, and Spain; and the landed men who now pay the interest must at last pay the principal.

Fourthly, Those who are against any peace without Spain have, I doubt, been ill informed as to the low condition of France, and the mighty consequences of our successes. As to the first, it must be confessed that after the battle of Ramillies the French were so discouraged with their frequent losses and so impatient for a peace, that their king was resolved to comply upon any reasonable terms. But when his subjects were informed of our exorbitant demands, they grew jealous of his honour, and were unanimous to assist him in continuing the war at any hazard rather than submit. This fully restored his authority; and the supplies he has received from the Spanish West Indies, which in all are computed since the war to amount to four hundred millions of livres, and all in specie, have enabled him to pay his troops. Besides, the money is spent in his own country; and he has since waged war in the most thrifty manner by acting on the defensive; compounding with us every campaign for a town, which costs us fifty times more than it is worth, either as to the value or the consequences. Then he is at no charge for a fleet further than providing privateers, wherewith his subjects carry on a piratical war at their own expense, and he shares in the profit, which has been very considerable to France and of infinite disadvantage to us, not only by the perpetual losses we have suffered, to an immense value, but by the general discouragement of trade, on which we so much depend. All this, considered with the circumstances of that government, where the prince is master of the lives and fortunes of so mighty a kingdom, shows that monarch not to be so sunk in his affairs as we have imagined and have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of.

Those who are against any peace without Spain seem likewise to have been mistaken in judging our victories and other successes to have been of greater consequence than they really were.

When our armies take a town in Flanders, the Dutch are immediately put into possession and we at home make bonfires. I have sometimes pitied the deluded people to see them squandering away their fuel to so little purpose. For example: what is it to us that Bouchain is taken, about which the warlike politicians of the coffeehouse make such a clutter! What though the garrison surrendered prisoners of war and in sight of the enemy! We are not now in a condition to be fed with points of honour. What advantage have we but that of spending three or four millions more to get another town for the States, which may open them a new country for contributions and increase the perquisites of the general!

In that war of ten years under the late king, when our commanders and soldiers were raw and unexperienced in comparison of what they are at present, we lost battles and towns as well as we gained them of late since those gentlemen have better learned their trade; yet we bore up then, as the French do now; nor was there anything decisive in their successes: they grew weary as well as we, and at last consented to a peace, under which we might have been happy enough if it had not been followed by that wise treaty of partition, which revived the flame that has lasted ever since. I see nothing else in the modern way of making war but that the side which can hold out longest will end it with most advantage. In such a close country as Flanders, where it is

carried on by sieges, the army that acts offensively is at a much greater expense of men and money, and there is hardly a town taken in the common forms where the besiegers have not the worst of the bargain. I never yet knew a soldier who would not affirm that any town might be taken if you were content to be at the charge. If you will count upon sacrificing so much blood and treasure, the rest is all a regular established method which cannot fail. When the king of France, in the times of his grandeur, sat down before a town, his generals and engineers would often fix the day when it should surrender: the enemy, sensible of all this, has for some years past avoided a battle where he has so ill succeeded, and taken a surer way to consume us by letting our courage evaporate against stones and rubbish, and sacrificing a single town to a campaign, which he can so much better afford to lose than we to take.

Lastly, Those who are so violently against any peace without Spain's being restored to the house of Austria have not, I believe, cast their eye upon a cloud gathering in the north, which we have helped to raise, and may quickly break in a storm upon our heads.

The northern war has been on foot almost ever since our breach with France. The success of it is various; but one effect to be apprehended was always the same, that sooner or later it would involve us in its consequences, and that whenever this happened, let our success be ever so great against France, from that moment France would have the advantage.

By our guaranty of the treaty of Travendall, we were obliged to hinder the king of Denmark from engaging in a war with Sweden. It was at that time understood by all parties, and so declared even by the British ministers, that this engagement specially regarded Denmark's not assisting king Augustus. But however if this had not been so, yet our obligation to Sweden stood in force by virtue of former treaties with that crown, which were all revived and confirmed by a subsequent one concluded at the Hague by sir Joseph Williamson and Monsieur Lillienroth, about the latter end of the king's reign.

However, the war in the north proceeded; and our not assisting Sweden was at least as well excused by the war which we were entangled in as his not contributing his contingent to the empire whereof he is a member was excused by the pressures he lay under, having a confederacy to deal with.

In this war the king of Sweden was victorious; and what dangers were we not then exposed to! what fears were we not in! He marched into Saxony, and, if he had really been in the French interest, might at once have put us under the greatest difficulties. But the torrent turned another way, and he contented himself with imposing on his enemy the treaty of Ait Rastadt; by which king Augustus makes an absolute cession of the crown of Poland, renounces any title to it, acknowledges Stanislaus, and then both he and the king of Sweden join in desiring the guaranty of England and Holland. The queen did not, indeed, give this guaranty in form; but as a step toward it, the title of king was given to Stanislaus by a letter from her majesty, and the strongest assurances were given to the Swedish minister in her majesty's name, and in a committee of council, that the guaranty should speedily be granted, and that, in the mean while, it was the same thing as if the forms were passed.

In 1708 king Augustus made the campaign in Flanders: what measures he might at that time

take, or of what nature the arguments might be that he made use of, is not known; but immediately after he breaks through all he had done, marches into Poland, and reassumes the crown.

After this we apprehended that the peace of the empire might be endangered; and therefore entered into an act of guaranty for the neutrality of it. The king of Sweden refused, upon several accounts, to submit to the terms of this treaty, particularly because we went out of the empire to cover Poland and Jutland, but did not go out of it to cover the territories of Sweden.

Let us therefore consider what is our case at present. If the king of Sweden returns, and get the better, he will think himself under no obligation of having any regard to the interests of the allies, but will naturally pursue, according to his own expression, his enemy wherever he finds him. In this case, the corps of the neutrality is obliged to oppose him, and so we are engaged in a second war before the first is ended.

If the northern confederates succeed against Sweden, how shall we be able to preserve the balance of power in the north, so essential to our trade, as well as in many other respects? What will become of that great support of the protestant interest in Germany which is the footing that the Swedes now have in the empire? Or who shall answer that these princes, after they have settled the north to their minds, may not take a fancy to look southward, and make our peace with France according to their own schemes?

And lastly, if the king of Prussia, the elector of Hanover, and other princes whose dominions lie contiguous, are forced to draw from those armies which act against France, we must live in hourly expectation of having those troops recalled which they now leave with us; and this recall may happen in the midst of a siege, or on the eve of a battle. Is it therefore our interest to toil on in a ruinous war, for an impracticable end, till one of these cases shall happen, or get under shelter before the storm?

There is no doubt but the present ministry (provided they could get over the obligations of honour and conscience) might find their advantage in advising the continuance of the war, as well as the last did, although not in the same degree, after the kingdom has been so much exhausted. They might prolong it till the parliament desire a peace, and in the mean time leave them in full possession of power. Therefore it is plain that their proceedings at present are meant to serve their country, directly against their private interest; whatever clamour may be raised by those who, for the vilest ends, would move heaven and earth to oppose their measures. But they think it infinitely better to accept such terms as will secure our trade, find a sufficient barrier for the States, give reasonable satisfaction to the emperor, and restore the tranquillity of Europe, although without adding Spain to the empire, rather than go on in a languishing way, upon the vain expectation of some improbable turn for the recovery of that monarchy out of the Bourbon family, and at last be forced to a worse peace, by some of the allies falling off, upon our utter inability to continue the war.

P.S. I have in this edition explained three or four lines which mention the succession, to take off, if possible, all manner of evil; though, at the same time, I cannot but observe how ready the adverse party is to make use of any objections, even such as destroy their own principles. I put a distant case of the possibility that our succession, through extrema

necessity, might be changed by the legislature in future ages, and it is pleasant to hear those people quarrelling at this who profess themselves for changing it as often as they please, and that even without the consent of the entire legislature.

SOME REMARKS ON THE BARRIER TREATY

Between
HER MAJESTY AND THE STATES-GENERAL;

To which are added,

The said Barrier Treaty, with the two separate Articles; part of the Counter-project; the sentiments of Prince Eugene and Count Zinsendorf upon the said Treaty; and a Representation of the English Merchants at Bruges.

PREFACE.

WHEN I published the discourse called "The Conduct of the Allies," I had thoughts either of inserting or annexing the "Barrier Treaty" at length, with such observations as I conceived might be useful for public information; but that discourse taking up more room than I designed, after my utmost endeavours to abbreviate it, I contented myself only with making some few reflections upon that famous treaty, sufficient as I thought to answer the design of my book. I have since heard that my readers in general seemed to wish I had been more particular, and have discovered an impatience to have that treaty made public, especially since it has been laid before the house of commons.

That I may give some light to the reader who is not well versed in those affairs, he may please to know that a project for a treaty of barrier with the States was transmitted hither from Holland, but being disapproved of by our court in several parts, a new project or scheme of a treaty was drawn up here, with many additions and alterations. This last was called the counter-project, and was the measure whereby the duke of Marlborough and my lord Townshend were commanded and instructed to proceed in negotiating a treaty of barrier with the States.

I have added a translation of this counter-project in those articles where it differs from the barrier treaty, that the reader by comparing them together may judge how punctually those negotiators observed their instructions. I have likewise subjoined the sentiments of prince Eugene of Savoy and the count de Zinsendorf, relating to this treaty, written I suppose while it was negotiating. And lastly, I have added a copy of the representation of the British merchants at Bruges, signifying what inconveniences they already felt and further apprehended from this barrier treaty.

SOME REMARKS, &c.

IMAGINE a reasonable person in China reading the following treaty, and one who was ignorant of our affairs or our geography, he would conceive their high mightinesses the states-general to be some vast powerful commonwealth, like that of Rome, and her majesty to be a petty prince, like one of those to whom that republic would sometimes send a disdem for a present, when they behaved themselves well, otherwise could depose at pleasure and place whom they thought fit in their stead. Such a man would think that the States had taken our prince and us into their protection, and in return honoured us so

far as to make use of our troops as some small assistance in their conquests and the enlargement of their empire, or to prevent the incursions of barbarians upon some of their out-lying provinces. But how must it sound in a European ear, that Great Britain, after maintaining a war for so many years with so much glory and success and such prodigious expense; after saving the empire, Holland, and Portugal, and almost recovering Spain, should toward the close of a war enter into a treaty with seven Dutch provinces, to secure to them a dominion larger than their own, which she had conquered for them; to undertake for a great deal more, without stipulating the least advantage for herself; and accept as an equivalent the mean condition of those States assisting to preserve her queen on the throne, whom, by God's assistance, she is able to defend against all her majesty's enemies and allies put together!

Such a wild bargain could never have been made for us if the States had not found it their interest to use very powerful motives with the chief advisers (I say nothing of the person immediately employed), and if a party here at home had not been resolved, for ends and purposes very well known, to continue the war as long as they had any occasion for it.

The counter-project of this treaty, made here at London, was had enough in all conscience: I have said something of it in the preface: her majesty's ministers were instructed to proceed by it in their negotiation. There was one point in that project which would have been of consequence to Britain, and one or two more where the advantages of the States were not so very exorbitant, and where some care was taken of the house of Austria. Is it possible that our good allies and friends could not be brought to any terms with us, unless by striking out every particular that might do us any good and adding still more to those whereby so much was already granted? For instance, the article about demolishing of Dunkirk surely might have remained, which was of some benefit to the States as well as of mighty advantage to us, and which the French king has lately yielded in one of his preliminaries, although clogged with the demand of an equivalent which will owe its difficulty only to this treaty.

But let me now consider the treaty itself: among the one-and-twenty articles of which it consists, only two have any relation to us, importing that the Dutch are to be guaranties of our succession, and are not to enter into any treaty until the queen is acknowledged by France. We know very well that it is in consequence the interest of the States as much as ours that Britain should be governed by a protestant prince. Besides, what is there more in this guaranty than in all common leagues, offensive and defensive, between two powers, where each is obliged to defend the other against any invader with all their strength? Such was the grand alliance between the emperor, Britain, and Holland, which was, or ought to have been, as good a guaranty of our succession to all intents and purposes as this in the barrier treaty; and the mutual engagements in such alliances have been always reckoned sufficient without any separate benefit to either party.

It is, no doubt, for the interest of Britain that the States should have a sufficient barrier against France; but their high mightinesses, for some few years past, have put a different meaning upon the word barrier from what it formerly used to bear when applied to them. When the late king was prince of Orange, and commanded their armies against France, it was never once imagined that any

of the towns taken should belong to the Dutch; they were all immediately delivered up to their lawful monarch, and Flanders was only a barrier to Holland as it was in the hands of Spain rather than France. So in the grand alliance of 1701 the several powers promising to endeavour to recover Flanders for a barrier was understood to be the recovering of those provinces to the king of Spain; but in this treaty the style is wholly changed: here are about twenty towns and forts of great importance, with their châtellenies and dependencies (which dependencies are likewise to be enlarged as much as possible), and the whole revenues of them to be under the perpetual military government of the Dutch, by which that republic will be entirely masters of the richest part of all Flanders, and upon any appearance of war they may put their garrisons into any other place of the Low Countries; and further, the king of Spain is to give them a revenue of four hundred thousand crowns a-year, to enable them to maintain those garrisons.

Why should we wonder that the Dutch are inclined to perpetuate the war, when, by an article in this treaty, the king of Spain is not to possess one single town in the Low Countries until a peace be made? The duke of Anjou, at the beginning of this war, maintained six-and-thirty thousand men out of those Spanish provinces he then possessed, to which if we add the many towns since taken, which were not in the late king of Spain's possession at the time of his death, with all their territories and dependencies, it is visible what forces the States may be able to keep, even without any charge to their peculiar dominions.

The towns and châtellenies of this barrier always maintained their garrisons when they were in the hands of France; and, as it is reported, returned a considerable sum of money into the king's coffers; yet the king of Spain is obliged by this treaty (as we have already observed) to add, over and above, a revenue of four hundred thousand crowns a-year. We know likewise that a great part of the revenue of the Spanish Netherlands is already pawned to the States, so that after a peace nothing will be left to the sovereign, nor will the people be much eased of the taxes they at present labour under.

Thus the States, by virtue of this barrier treaty, will in effect have absolute sovereigns of all Flanders, and of the whole revenues in the utmost extent.

And here I cannot, without some contempt, take notice of a sort of reasoning offered by several people, that the many towns we have taken for the Dutch are of no advantage, because the whole revenue of those towns is spent in maintaining them. For first, the fact is manifestly false, particularly as to Lille and some others. Secondly, the States after a peace are to have four hundred thousand crowns a-year out of the remainder of Flanders, which is then to be left to Spain. And lastly, suppose all these acquired dominions will not bring a penny into their treasury, what can be of greater consequence than to be able to maintain a mighty army out of their new conquests, which before they always did by taxing their natural subjects?

How shall we be able to answer it to king Charles III. that, while we pretend to endeavour restoring him to the entire monarchy of Spain, we join at the same time with the Dutch to deprive him of his natural right to the Low Countries?

But suppose by a Dutch barrier must now be understood only what is to be in possession of the States, yet, even under this acceptance of the word, nothing was originally meant except a barrier against France, whereas several towns demanded by the

Dutch in this treaty can be of no use at all in such a barrier. And this is the sentiment even of Prince Eugene himself (the present oracles and idol of the party here), who says that Dendermonde, Ostend, and the Castle of Gand, do in no sort belong to the barrier, nor can be of other use than to make the States-General masters of the Low Countries, and hinder their trade with England; and further that those who are acquainted with the country know very well that to fortify Lier and Halle can give no security to the States as a barrier, but only raise a jealousy in the people that those places are only fortified in order to block up Brussels and the other great towns of Brabant.

In those towns of Flanders where the Dutch are to have garrisons, but the ecclesiastical and civil power to remain to the king of Spain after a peace, the States have power to send arms, ammunition, and victuals, without paying customs, under which pretence they will engross the whole trade of those towns, exclusive of all other nations.

This prince Eugene likewise foresaw, and in his observations upon this treaty here annexed proposed a remedy for it.

And if the Dutch shall please to think that the whole Spanish Netherlands are not a sufficient barrier for them, I know no remedy from the words of this treaty but that we must still go on and conquer for them as long as they please. For the queen is obliged whenever a peace is treated to procure for them whatever shall be thought necessary besides, and where their necessity will terminate is not very easy to foresee.

Could any of her majesty's subjects conceive that in the towns we have taken for the Dutch, and given into their possession as a barrier, either the States should demand or our ministers allow that the subjects of Britain should, in respect to their trade, be used worse than they were under the late king of Spain? Yet this is the fact, as monstrous as it appears: all goods going to or coming from Newport or Ostend are to pay the same duties as those that pass by the Schelde under the Dutch forts; and this, in effect, is to shut out all other nations from trading to Flanders. The English merchants at Bruges complain that, after they have paid the king of Spain's duty for goods imported at Ostend, the same goods are made liable to further duties when they are carried thence into the towns of the Dutch new conquests, and desire only the same privileges of trade they had before the death of the late king of Spain, Charles II. And in consequence of this treaty, the Dutch have already taken off eight per cent. from all goods they send to the Spanish Flanders, but left it still upon us.

But what is very surprising, in the very same article where our good friends and allies are wholly shutting us out from trading in those towns we have conquered for them with so much blood and treasure, the queen is obliged to procure that the States shall be used as favourably in their trade over all the king of Spain's dominions as her own subjects or as the people most favoured. This I humbly conceive to be perfect boys'-play; "Cross I win, and pile you lose," or "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own." Now, if it should happen that in a treaty of peace some ports or towns should be yielded us for the security of our trade, in any part of the Spanish dominions, at how great a distance soever, I suppose the Dutch would go on with their boys'-play and challenge half by virtue of that article: or would they be content with military government

• The two sides of our coin were once nominally distinguished by cross and pile, as they are now by heads and tails.

and the revenues, and reckon them among what shall be thought necessary for their barrier!

This prodigious article is introduced as subsequent to the treaty of Munster, made about the year 1648, at a time when England was in the utmost confusion, and very much to our disadvantage. Those parts in that treaty, so unjust in themselves and so prejudicial to our trade, ought in reason to have been remitted rather than confirmed upon us for the time to come. But this is Dutch partnership; to share in all our beneficial bargains and exclude us wholly from theirs, even from those which we have got for them.

In one part of the Conduct of the Allies, among other remarks upon this treaty, I make it a question whether it were right in point of policy or prudence to call in a foreign power to be a guarantee to our succession; because by that means we put it out of the power of our legislature to alter the succession, how much soever the necessity of the kingdom may require it! To comply with the cautions of some people I explained my meaning in the following editions. I was assured that my lord chief-justice affirmed that passage was treason. One of my answerers, I think, decides as favourably; and I am told that paragraph was read very lately during a debate, with a comment in very injurious terms, which perhaps might have been spared. That the legislature should have power to change the succession, whenever the necessities of the kingdom require, is so very useful toward preserving our religion and liberty, that I know not how to recant. The worst of this opinion is, that at first sight it appears to be whiggish; but the distinction is thus: the Whigs are for changing the succession when they think fit, although the entire legislature do not consent; I think it ought never to be done but upon great necessity, and that with the sanction of the whole legislature. Do these gentlemen of revolution principles think it impossible that we should ever have occasion again to change our succession? and if such an accident should fall out, must we have no remedy until the Seven Provinces will give their consent? Suppose that this virulent party among us were as able as some are willing to raise a rebellion for reinstating them in power, and would apply themselves to the Dutch, as guarantees of our succession, to assist them with all their force under pretence that the queen and ministry, a great majority of both houses, and the bulk of the people, were for bringing over France, popery, and the pretender! Their high mightinesses would, as I take it, be sole judges of the controversy, and probably decide it so well that in some time we might have the happiness of becoming a province to Holland. I am humbly of opinion that there are two qualities necessary to a reader before his judgment should be allowed; these are, common honesty and common sense, and that no man could have misrepresented that paragraph in my discourse unless he were utterly destitute of one or both.

The presumptive successor and her immediate heirs have so established a reputation in the world for their piety, wisdom, and humanity, that no necessity of this kind is likely to appear in their days; but I must still insist that it is a diminution to the independency of the imperial crown of Great Britain to call at every door for help to put our laws in execution. And we ought to consider that, if in ages to come such a prince should happen to be in succession to our throne as should be entirely unable to govern, that very motive might incline our guarantees to support him, the more effectually to bring the rivals of their trade into confusion and disorder.

But to return: the queen is here put under the unreasonable obligation of being guarantee of the whole barrier treaty; of the Dutch having possession of the said barrier and the revenues thereof before a peace; of the payment of four hundred thousand crowns by the king of Spain; that the States shall possess their barrier even before king Charles is in possession of the Spanish Netherlands, although by the fifth article of the grand alliance her majesty is under no obligation to do anything of this nature except in a general treaty.

All kings, princes, and states, are invited to enter into this treaty, and to be guarantees of its execution. This article, though very frequent in treaties, seems to look very oddly in that of the barrier. Popish princes are here invited among others to become guarantees of our protestant succession: every petty prince in Germany must be entreated to preserve the queen of Great Britain upon her throne. The king of Spain is invited particularly, and by name, to become guarantee of the execution of a treaty by which his allies, who pretend to fight his battles and recover his dominions, strip him in effect of all his ten provinces; a clear reason why they never sent any forces to Spain, and why the obligation not to enter into a treaty of peace with France until that entire monarchy was yielded as a preliminary was struck out of the counter-project by the Dutch. They fought only in Flanders because there they only fought for themselves. King Charles must needs accept this invitation very kindly, and stand by with great satisfaction while the Belgic lion divides the prey and assigns it all to himself. I remember there was a parcel of soldiers who robbed a farmer of his poultry, and then made him wait at table while they devoured his victuals without giving him a morsel, and upon his expostulating had only for answer, "Why, sirrah, are we not come here to protect you?" And thus much for this generous invitation to all kings and princes to lend their assistance, and become guarantees out of pure good nature for securing Flanders to the Dutch.

In the treaty of Ryswick no care was taken to oblige the French king to acknowledge the right of succession in her present majesty; for want of which point being then settled, France refused to acknowledge her for queen of Great Britain after the late king's death. This unaccountable neglect (if it were a neglect) is here called an omission, and care is taken to supply it in the next general treaty of peace. I mention this occasionally, because I have some stubborn doubts within me whether it were a wilful omission or not. Neither do I herein reflect in the least upon the memory of his late majesty, whom I entirely acquit of any imputation upon this matter. But when I recollect the behaviour, the language, and the principles of some certain persons in those days, and compare them with that omission, I am tempted to draw some conclusions which a certain party would be more ready to call false and malicious than to prove them so.

I must here take leave (because it will not otherwise fall in my way) to say a few words in return to a gentleman, I know not of what character or calling, who has done me the honour to write three discourses against that treatise of *The Conduct of the Allies*, &c., and promises for my comfort to conclude all in a fourth. I pity answerers with all my heart for the many disadvantages they lie under. My book did a world of mischief (as he calls it) before his First Part could possibly come out, and so went on through the kingdom while his limped slowly after, and if it arrived at all was too late, for people's opinions were already fixed. His manner of nu-

swering me is thus: Of those facts which he pretends to examine some he resolutely denies, others he endeavours to extenuate, and the rest he distorts with such unnatural terms that I would engage by the same method to disprove any history, either ancient or modern. Then the whole is interlarded with a thousand injurious epithets and appellations, which heavy writers are forced to make use of as a supply for that want of spirit and genius they are not born to: yet after all he allows a very great point for which I contend, confessing in plain words that the burden of the war has chiefly lain upon us; and thinks it sufficient for the Dutch that, next to England, they have borne the greatest share. And is not this the great grievance of which the whole kingdom complains? I am inclined to think that my intelligence was at least as good as his, and some of it I can assure him came from persons of his own party, although perhaps not altogether so inflamed. Hitherto therefore the matter is pretty equal, and the world may believe him or me as they please. But I think the great point of controversy between us is, whether the effects and consequences of things follow better from his premises or mine? And there I will not be satisfied unless he will allow the whole advantage to be on my side. Here is a flourishing kingdom brought to the brink of ruin by a most successful and glorious war of ten years, under an able, diligent, and loyal ministry, a most faithful, just, and generous commander, and in conjunction with the most hearty, reasonable, and sincere allies. This is the case as that author represents it. I have heard a story, I think it was of the duke of *** who, playing at hazard at the groom-porter's in much company, held in a great many hands together, and drew a huge heap of gold; but in the heat of play never observed a sharper who came once or twice under his arm and swept a great deal of it into his hat, the company thought it had been one of his servants. When the duke's hand was out, they were talking how much he had won, "Yes," said he, "I held in very long; yet methinks I have won but very little." They told him his servant had got the rest in his hat, and then he found he was cheated.

It has been my good fortune to see the most important facts that I have advanced justified by the public voice; which, let this author do what he can, will incline the world to believe that I may be right in the rest. And I solemnly declare that I have not wilfully committed the least mistake. I stopped the second edition, and made all possible inquiries among those who I thought could best inform me, in order to correct any error I could hear of; I did the same to the third and fourth editions, and then left the printer to his liberty. This I take for a more effectual answer to all cavils than a hundred pages of controversy.

But what disgusts me from having anything to do with the race of answer-jobbers is, that they have no sort of conscience in their dealings; to give one instance in this gentleman's Third Part, which I have been lately looking into. When I talk of the most petty princes he says that I mean crowned heads; when I say the soldiers of those petty princes are ready to rob or starve at home, he says I call kings and crowned heads robbers and highwaymen. This is what the Whigs call answering a book.

I cannot omit one particular concerning this author, who is so positive in asserting his own facts and contradicting mine: he affirms that the business of Toulon was discovered by the clerk of a certain great man who was then secretary of state. It is neither wise nor for the credit of his party to put us in mind of that secretary, or of that clerk; however,

so it happens, that nothing relating to the affair of Toulon did ever pass through that secretary's office; which I here affirm with great plebeian, leaving the epithets of false, scoundrelous, villainous, and the rest to the author and his followers.

But to leave this author; let us consider the consequences of our triumphs, upon which some set so great a value as to think that nothing less than the crown can be a sufficient reward for the merit of the general. We have not enlarged our dominions by one foot of land; our trade, which made us considerable in the world, is either given up by treaties or clogged with duties, which interrupt and daily lessen it. We see the whole nation groaning under excessive taxes of all sorts, to raise three millions of money for payment of the interest of those debts we have contracted. Let us look upon the reverse of the medal; we shall see our neighbours, who in their utmost distress called for our assistance, become by this treaty, even in time of peace, masters of a more considerable country than their own; in a condition to strike terror into us, with fifty thousand veterans ready to invade us from that country which we have conquered for them, and to commit insolent hostilities upon us in all other parts, as they have lately done in the East Indies.

THE BARRIER TREATY BETWEEN HER MAJESTY AND THE STATES GENERAL.

HER majesty the queen of Great Britain and the lords the States General of the United Provinces, having considered how much it concerns the quiet and security of their kingdoms and states, and the public tranquillity, to maintain and to secure on one side the succession to the crown of Great Britain in such manner as it is now established by the laws of the kingdom; and on the other side, that the States General of the United Provinces should have a strong and sufficient barrier against France and others who would surprise or attack them; and her majesty and the said States General apprehending, with just reason, the troubles and the mischiefs which may happen in relation to this succession if at any time there should be any person or any power who should call it in question; and that the countries and states of the said lords the States General were not furnished with such a barrier—for these said reasons her said majesty the queen of Great Britain, although in the vigour of her age and enjoying perfect health (in which may God preserve her many years!), out of an effect of her usual prudence and piety, has thought fit to enter with the lords the States General of the United Provinces into a particular alliance and confederacy, the principal end and only aim of which shall be the public quiet and tranquillity, and to prevent, by measures taken in time, all the events which might one day excite new wars. It is with this view that her British majesty has given her full power to agree upon some articles of a treaty, in addition to the treaties and alliances that she hath already with the lords the States General of the United Provinces, to her ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary, Charles viscount Townshend, baron of Lynnhedge, privy counsellor of her British majesty, captain of her said majesty's yeoman of the guard, and her lieutenant in the county of Norfolk; and the lords the States General of the United Provinces, to the sieurs John de Weldern, lord of Valburg, great bailiff of the Lower Betuwe, of the body of the nobility of the province of Guelder; Frederick, baron of Reede, lord of Lier, St. Anthony, and Ter Lee, of the order of the nobility of the province of Holland and West Friesland; Anthony Heinsius, counsellor-

pensionary of the province of Holland and West Friesland, keeper of the great seal, and superintendent of the fleets of the same province; Cornelius Van Gheel, lord of Spranhrook, Bulkesteyn, &c.; Gedeon Hoeft, canon of the chapter of the church of St. Peter at Utrecht, and elected counsellor in the states of the province of Utrecht; Hassal Van Sminia, secretary of the chamber of the accounts of the province of Friesland; Ernest IJtersum, lord of Osterhof, of the body of the nobility of the province of Overysel; and Wicher Wichers, senator of the city of Groningen; all deputies to the assembly of the said lords of the States General on the part respectively of the provinces of Guelder, Holland, West Friesland, Zeland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overysel, and Groningen, and Ommelands; who, by virtue of their full powers, have agreed upon the following articles:—

ART. I.—The treaties of peace, friendship, alliance, and confederacy, between her Britannic majesty and the States General of the United Provinces, shall be approved and confirmed by the present treaty, and shall remain in their former force and vigour as if they were inserted word for word.

ART. II.—The succession to the crown of England having been settled by an act of parliament passed the twelfth year of the reign of his late majesty king William III., the title of which is, "An act for the further limitation of the crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject;" and lately, in the sixth year of the reign of her present majesty, the succession having been again established and confirmed by another act made for the greater security of her majesty's person and government, and the succession to the crown of Great Britain, &c., in the line of the most serene house of Hanover, and in the person of the princess Sophia, and of her heirs and successors, and descendants, male and female, already born or to be born; and although no power hath any right to oppose the laws made upon this subject by the crown and parliament of Great Britain; if it shall happen nevertheless, that under any pretence, or by any cause whatever, any person or any power or state may pretend to dispute the establishment which the parliament hath made of the aforesaid succession in the most serene house of Hanover, to oppose the said succession, to assist or favour those who may oppose it, whether directly or indirectly, by open war, or by fomenting seditions and conspiracies against her or him to whom the crown of Great Britain shall descend, according to the acts aforesaid; the States General engage and promise to assist and maintain in the said succession her or him to whom it shall belong by virtue of the said acts of parliament, to assist them in taking possession if they should not be in actual possession, and to oppose those who would disturb them in the taking of such possession, or in the actual possession, of the aforesaid succession.

ART. III.—Her said majesty and the States General, in consequence of the fifth article of the alliance concluded between the emperor, the late king of Great Britain, and the States General, the 7th of September, 1701, will employ all their force to recover the rest of the Spanish Low Countries.

ART. IV.—And further, they will endeavour to conquer as many towns and forts as they can, in order to their being a barrier and security to the said States.

ART. V.—And whereas, according to the ninth article of the said alliance, it is to be agreed, among other matters, how and in what manner the States

shall be made safe by means of this barrier, the queen of Great Britain will use her endeavours to procure that in the treaty of peace it may be agreed that all the Spanish Low Countries, and what else may be found necessary, whether conquered or unconquered places, shall serve as a barrier to the States.

ART. VI.—That to this end their high mightinesses shall have the liberty to put and keep garrison, to change, augment, and diminish it as they shall judge proper, in the places following: namely, Newport, Furnes, with the fort of Knocke, Ypres, Menin, the town and citadel of Lisle, Tournay and its citadel, Conde, Valenciennes; and the places which shall from henceforward be conquered from France, Maubeuge, Charleroy, Namur and its citadel, Lier, Halle, to fortify, the ports off Perle, Philippe, Damme, the castle of Gand, and Dendermonde. The fort of St. Donas, being joined to the fortification of the Sluce, and being entirely incorporated with it, shall remain and be yielded in property to the States. The fort of Rhodenhysen on this side Gand shall be demolished.

ART. VII.—The States General may, in case of an apparent attack or war, put as many troops as they shall think necessary in all the towns, places, and forts in the Spanish Low Countries, where the reason of war shall require it.

ART. VIII.—They may likewise send into the towns, forts, and places where they shall have their garrisons, without any hinderance, and without paying any duties, provisions, ammunitions of war, arms and artillery, materials for the fortifications, and all that shall be found convenient and necessary for the said garrisons and fortifications.

ART. IX.—The said States General shall also have liberty to appoint, in the towns, forts, and places of their harrier, mentioned in the foregoing sixth article, where they may have garrisons, such governors and commanders, majors, and other officers, as they shall find proper, who shall not be subject to any other orders, whatsoever they be, or from whencesoever they may come, relating to the security and military government of the said places, but only to those of their high mightinesses (exclusive of all others); still preserving the rights and privileges, as well ecclesiastical as political, of king Charles III.

ART. X.—That besides, the States shall have liberty to fortify the said towns, places, and forts which belong to them, and repair the fortifications of them, in such manner as they shall judge necessary; and further to do whatever shall be useful for their defence.

ART. XI.—It is agreed that the States General shall have all the revenues of the towns, places, jurisdictions, and their dependencies, which they shall have for their harrier from France, which were not in the possession of the crown of Spain at the time of the death of the late king Charles II.; and besides, a million of livres shall be settled for the payment of one hundred thousand crowns every three months out of the clearest revenues of the Spanish Low Countries, which the said king was then in possession of; both which are for maintaining the garrisons of the States, and for supplying the fortifications, as also the magazines and other necessary expenses in the towns and places above mentioned. And that the said revenues may be sufficient to support these expenses, endeavours shall be used for enlarging the dependences and jurisdictions aforesaid as much as possible; and jur-

ticularly for including with the jurisdiction of Ypres that of Cassel, and the forest of Niepe; and with the jurisdiction of Lisle the jurisdiction of Donay, both having been so joined before the present war.

ART. XII.—That no town, fort, place, or country of the Spanish Low Countries shall be granted, transferred, or given, or descend to the crown of France, or any one of the line of France, neither by virtue of any gift, sale, exchange, marriage, agreement, inheritance, succession by will, or through want of will, from no title whatsoever, nor in any other manner whatsoever, nor be put into the power or under the authority of the most christian king, or any one of the line of France.

ART. XIII.—And whereas the said states-general, in consequence of the ninth article of the said alliance, are to make a convention or treaty with king Charles III. for putting the States in a condition of safety by means of the said barrier, the queen of Great Britain will do what depends upon her, that all the foregoing particulars relating to the barrier of the States may be inserted in the aforesaid treaty or convention; and that her said majesty will continue her good offices until the abovementioned convention between the States and the said king Charles III. be concluded agreeably to what is before mentioned; and that her majesty will be guarantee of the said treaty or convention.

ART. XIV.—And that the said States may enjoy from henceforward as much as possible a barrier for the Spanish Low Countries, they shall be permitted to put their garrisons in the towns already taken, and which may hereafter be so, before the peace be concluded and ratified. And in the mean time the said king Charles III. shall not be allowed to enter into possession of the said Spanish Low Countries, neither entirely nor in part; and during that time the queen shall assist their high mightinesses to maintain them in the enjoyment of the revenues, and to find the million of livres a-year above mentioned.

ART. XV.—And whereas their high mightinesses have stipulated by the treaty of Munster, in the 14th article, that the river Schelde, as also the canals of Sas, Swyn, and other mouths of the sea bordering thereupon, should be kept shut on the side of the States:

And in the 15th article, that the ships and commodities going in and coming out of the harbours of Flanders shall be and remain charged with all such imposts and other duties as are raised upon commodities going and coming along the Schelde and the other canals above mentioned:

The queen of Great Britain promises and engages that their high mightinesses shall never be disturbed in their right and possession in that respect, neither directly nor indirectly; as also, that the commerce shall not, in prejudice of the said treaty, be made more easy by the seaports than by the rivers, canals, and mouths of the sea, on the side of the States of the United Provinces, neither directly nor indirectly.

And whereas, by the 16th and 17th articles of the same treaty of Munster, his majesty the king of Spain is obliged to treat the subjects of their high mightinesses as favourably as the subjects of Great Britain and the Hans-towns, who were then the people the most favourably treated; her Britannic majesty and their high mightinesses promise likewise to take care that the subjects of Great Britain, and of their high mightinesses, shall be treated in the Spanish Low Countries as well as in Spain, the kingdoms and states belonging to it, equally, and as

well the one as the other, as the people most favoured.

ART. XVI.—The said queen and States General oblige themselves to furnish by sea and land the succours and assistance necessary to maintain by force her said majesty in the quiet possession of her kingdoms, and the most serene house of Hanover in the said succession, in the manner it is settled by the acts of parliament before mentioned; and to maintain the said States General in the possession of the said barrier.

ART. XVII.—After the ratifications of the treaty a particular convention shall be made of the conditions by which the said queen and the said lords the States General will engage themselves to furnish the succours which shall be thought necessary, as well by sea as by land.

ART. XVIII.—If her British majesty, or the States General of the United Provinces, be attacked by anybody whatsoever by reason of this convention, they shall mutually assist one another with all their forces, and become guarantees of the execution of the said convention.

ART. XIX.—There shall be invited and admitted into the present treaty as soon as possible all the kings, princes, and states, who shall be willing to enter into the same, particularly his imperial majesty, the kings of Spain and Prussia, and the elector of Hanover. And her British majesty and the States General of the United Provinces, and each of them in particular, shall be permitted to require and invite those whom they shall think fit to require and invite to enter into this treaty, and to be guarantees of its execution.

ART. XX.—And as time has shown the omission which was made in the treaty signed at Ryswick in the year 1697, between England and France, in respect of the right of the succession of England in the person of her majesty the queen of Great Britain now reigning; and that, for want of having settled in that treaty this indisputable right of her majesty, France refused to acknowledge her for queen of Great Britain after the death of the late king William III., of glorious memory; her majesty the queen of Great Britain, and the lords the States General of the United Provinces, do agree and engage themselves likewise not to enter into any negotiation or treaty of peace with France, before the title of her majesty to the crown of Great Britain, as also the right of succession of the most serene house of Hanover to the aforesaid crown, in the manner it is settled and established by the before-mentioned acts of parliament, be fully acknowledged as a preliminary by France, and that France has promised at the same time to remove out of its dominions the person who pretends to be king of Great Britain; and that no negotiation or formal discussion of the articles of the said treaty of peace shall be entered into but jointly, and at the same time, with the said queen or with her ministers.

ART. XXI.—Her British majesty and the lords the States General of the United Provinces shall ratify and confirm all that is contained in the present treaty within the space of four weeks, to be reckoned from the day of the signing. In testimony whereof, the underwritten ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of her British majesty, and the deputies of the lords the States General, have signed this present treaty, and have affixed their seals thereunto.

At the Hague, the 29th of October, in the year 1709.

(L. S.) TOWNSEND. (L. S.) J. V. WALDEREN.
(L. S.) J. B. VAN REEDE. (L. S.) A. HEINSIUS.
(L. S.) G. HOEUFF. (L. S.) H. SMINIA.
(L. S.) E. V. ITERSUM. (L. S.) W. WICKERS.

The separate Article.

As in the preliminary articles signed here at the Hague, the 28th of May, 1709, by the plenipotentiaries of his Imperial majesty, of her majesty the queen of Great Britain, and of the lords the States General of the United Provinces, it is stipulated among other things that the lords the States General shall have with entire property and sovereignty the upper quarter of Guelder, according to the 52nd article of the treaty of Munster of the year 1648; as also that the garrisons which are, or hereafter shall be, on the part of the lords the States General, in the town of Huy, the citadel of Liege, and the town of Bonne, shall remain there, until it shall be otherwise agreed upon with his imperial majesty and the empire; and as the barrier which is this day agreed upon in the principal treaty for the mutual guaranty between her British majesty and the lords the States General cannot give to the United Provinces the safety for which it is established, unless it be well secured from one end to the other, and that the communication of it be well joined together, for which the upper quarter of Guelder, and the garrisons in the citadel of Liege, Huy, and Bonne, are absolutely necessary: (experience having thrice shown that France, having a design to attack the United Provinces, has made use of the places above mentioned, in order to come at them and to penetrate into the said provinces): And further, as in respect to the equivalent for which the upper quarter of Guelder is to be yielded to the United Provinces, according to the 52nd article of the treaty of Munster above mentioned, his majesty king Charles III. will be much more gratified and advantaged in other places than that equivalent can avail: to the end therefore, that the lords of the States General may have the upper quarter of Guelder with entire property and sovereignty; and that the said upper quarter of Guelder may be yielded in this manner to the said lords the States General, in the convention or the treaty that they are to make with his majesty king Charles III. according to the 13th article of the treaty concluded this day; as also, that their garrisons in the citadel of Liege, in that of Huy, and in Bonne, may remain there until it be otherwise agreed upon with his imperial majesty and the empire; her majesty the queen of Great Britain engages herself, and promises by this separate article, which shall have the same force as if it was inserted in the principal treaty, to make the same efforts for all this as she has engaged herself to make for the obtaining the barrier in the Spanish Low Countries. In testimony whereof, the underwritten ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of her British majesty, and deputies of the lords the States General, have signed the present separate article, and have affixed their seals thereunto.

At the Hague, the 29th of October, 1709.

(L. S.) TOWNSEND. (L. S.) J. V. WALDEREN.
(L. S.) J. B. VAN REEDE. (L. S.) A. HEINSIUS.
(L. S.) G. HOEUFF. (L. S.) H. SMINIA.
(L. S.) E. V. ITERSUM. (L. S.) W. WICKERS.

The second separate Article.

As the lords the States General have represented, that in Flanders the limits between Spanish Flanders and that of the States are settled in such a manner as that the land belonging to the States is

extremely narrow there, so that in some places the territory of Spanish Flanders extends itself to the fortifications, and under the cannon of the places, towns, and forts of the States, which occasions many inconveniences, as has been seen by an example a little before the beginning of the present war, when a fort was designed to have been built under the cannon of the Sas Van Gand, under pretence that it was upon the territory of Spain; and as it is necessary for avoiding these and other sorts of inconveniences that the lands of the States upon the confines of Flanders should be enlarged, and that the places, towns, and forts, should by that means be better covered; her British majesty, entering into the just motives of the said lords the States General in this respect, promises and engages herself by this separate article, that in the convention which the said lords the States General are to make with his majesty king Charles III. she will assist them, as that it may be agreed that, by the cession to the said lords the States General of the property of an extent of land necessary to obviate such like and other inconveniences, their limits in Flanders shall be enlarged more conveniently for their security, and those of the Spanish Flanders removed further from their towns, places, and forts, to the end that these may not be so exposed any more. In testimony whereof, the underwritten ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of her British majesty, and deputies of the lords the States General, have signed the present separate article, and have affixed their seals thereunto.

At the Hague, the 29th of October, 1709.

(L. S.) TOWNSEND. (L. S.) G. HOEUFF.
(L. S.) J. B. VAN REEDE. (L. S.) H. SMINIA.
(L. S.) A. HEINSIUS. (L. S.) E. V. ITERSUM.

THE ARTICLES of the COUNTER-PROJECT, which were struck out or altered by the Dutch in the Barrier Treaty; with some Remarks.

ART. VI. To this end their high mightinesses shall have power to put and keep garrisons in the following places, viz., Newport, Knocke, Menin, the citadel of Lille, Tournay, Conde, Valenciennes, Namur and its citadel, Lier, Halle, to fortify the fort of Perle, Damme, and the castle of Gand.

REMARKS.

In the barrier treaty the States added the following places to those mentioned in this article, viz. Furnes, Ypres, towns of Lille, Maubenge, Charleroy, Philippe, fort of St. Donas (which is to be in property to the States), and the fort of Rhodenhusen to be demolished. To say nothing of the other places, Dendermond is the key of all Brabant; and the demolishing of the fort of Rhodenhusen, situate between Gand and Sas Van Gand, can only serve to defraud the king of Spain of the duties upon goods imported and exported there.

ART. VII. The said States may put into the said towns, forts, and places, and in case of open war with France, into all the other towns, places, and forts, whatever troops the reason of war shall require.

REMARKS.

But in the barrier treaty it is said, in case of an apparent attack or war, without specifying against France; neither is the number of troops limited to what the reason of war shall require, but what the States shall think necessary.

ART. IX. Beside some smaller differences, ends with a salvo, not only for the ecclesiastical and civil

rights of the king of Spain, but likewise for his revenues in the said towns, which revenues, in the barrier-treaty, are all given to the States.

ART. XI. The revenues of the châtellenies and dependencies of the towns and places which the States shall have for their barrier against France, and which were not in the possession of the crown of Spain at the late king of Spain's death, shall be settled to be a fund for maintaining garrisons and providing for the fortifications and magazines, and other necessary charges, of the said towns of the barrier.

REMARKS.

I desire the reader to compare this with the 11th article of the barrier treaty, where he will see how prodigiously it is enlarged.

ART. XIV. All this to be without prejudice to such other treaties and conventions as the queen of Great Britain and their high mightinesses may think fit to make for the future with the said king Charles III., relating to the Spanish Netherlands, or to the said barrier.

ART. XV. And to the end that the said States may enjoy at present, as much as it is possible, a barrier in the Spanish Netherlands, they shall be permitted to put their garrisons in the chief towns already taken, or that may be taken before a peace be made.

REMARKS.

These two articles are not in the barrier treaty, but two others in their stead, to which I refer the reader. And indeed it was highly necessary for the Dutch to strike out the former of these articles when so great a part of the treaty is so highly and manifestly prejudicial to Great Britain as well as to the king of Spain, especially in the two articles inserted in the place of these, which I desire the reader will examine.

ART. XX. And whereas, by the 5th and 9th articles of the alliance between the emperor, the late king of Great Britain, and the States General, concluded the 7th of Sept., 1701, it is agreed and stipulated that the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, with all the dependencies of the crown of Spain in Italy, shall be recovered from the possession of France, as being of the last consequence to the trade of both nations, as well as the Spanish Netherlands, for a barrier for the States General; therefore the said queen of Great Britain and the States General agree and oblige themselves not to enter into any negotiation or treaty of peace with France before the restitution of the said kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, with all the dependencies of the crown of Spain in Italy, as well as the Spanish Low Countries, with the other towns and places in the possession of France above mentioned in this treaty, and also after the manner specified in this treaty, as likewise all the rest of the entire monarchy of Spain, be yielded by France as a preliminary.

ART. XXII. And whereas experience has shown of what importance it is to Great Britain and the United Provinces that the fortress and port of Dunkirk should not be in the possession of France in the condition they are at present, the subjects of both nations having undergone such great losses and suffered so much in their trade by the prizes taken from them by privateers sent out from that port; inasmuch that France, by her unmeasurable ambition, may be always tempted to make some enterprises upon the territories of the queen of Great Britain and their high mightinesses, and interrupt

the public repose and tranquillity; for the preservation of which, and the balance of Europe against the exorbitant power of France, the allies engaged themselves in this long and burdensome war; therefore the said queen of Great Britain and their mightinesses agree and oblige themselves not to enter into any negotiation or treaty of peace with France before it shall be yielded and stipulated by France, as a preliminary, that all the fortifications of the said town of Dunkirk, and the forts that depend upon it, be entirely demolished and razed, and that the port be entirely ruined and rendered impracticable.

REMARKS.

These two articles are likewise omitted in the barrier treaty; whereof the first regards particularly the interests of the house of Austria, and the other about demolishing those of Great Britain. It is something strange that the late ministry, whose advocates raise such a clamour about the necessity of recovering Spain from the house of Bourbon, should suffer the Dutch to strike out this article, which I think clearly shows the reason why the States never troubled themselves with the thoughts of reducing Spain, or even recovering Milan, Naples, and Sicily to the emperor, but were wholly fixed upon the conquest of Flanders, because they had determined those provinces as a property for themselves.

As for the article about demolishing Dunkirk, I am not at all surprised to find it struck out; the destruction of that place, although it would be useful to the States, does more nearly import Britain, and was therefore a point that such ministers could more easily get over.

The Sentiments of Prince EUGENE of Savoy, and of the Count de ZINZENDORF, relating to the Barrier of the States General, to the Upper Quarter of Guelder, and to the Towns of the Electorate of Cologne, and of the Bishopric of Liege.

Although the orders and instructions of the courts of Vienna and Barcelona upon the matters above mentioned do not go so far as to give directions for what follows; notwithstanding the prince and count above mentioned, considering the present state of affairs, are of the following opinion:—

First. That the counter-project of England, relating to the places where the States General may put and keep garrisons, ought to be followed, except Lier, Halle, to fortify, and the castle of Gand. Provided likewise that the sentiments of England be particularly conformed to relating to Dendermond and Ostend, as places in nowise belonging to the barrier, and which, as well as the castle of Gand, can only serve to make the States General masters of the Low Countries, and hinder trade with England. And as to Lier and Halle, those who are acquainted with the country know that these towns cannot give any security to the States General, but can only make people believe that these places being fortified would rather serve to block up Brussels and the other great cities of Brabant.

Secondly. As to what is said in the 7th article of the counter-project of England, relating to the augmentation of garrisons in the towns of the barrier in case of an open war; this is agreeable to the opinions of the said prince and count, who think likewise that there ought to be added to the eighth article that no goods or merchandise should be sent into the towns where the States General shall have garrisons, nor be comprehended under the names of such things as the said garrisons and fortification shall have need of. And to this end the said things shall be inspected in those places where they are to

pass; as likewise the quantity shall be settled that the garrisons may want.

Thirdly. As to the 9th article, relating to the governors and commanders of those towns, forts, and places where the States General shall have their garrisons, the said prince and count are of opinion that the said governors and commanders ought to take an oath as well to the king of Spain as to the States General; but they may take a particular oath to the latter that they will not admit foreign troops without their consent, and that they will depend exclusively upon the said States in whatever regards the military power. But, at the same time, they ought exclusively to promise the king of Spain that they will not intermeddle in the affairs of law, civil power, revenues, or any other matters, ecclesiastical or civil, unless at the desire of the king's officers to assist them in the execution; in which case the said commanders should be obliged not to refuse them.

Fourthly. As to the 10th article, there is nothing to be added, unless that the States General may repair and increase the fortifications of the towns, places, and forts, where they shall have their garrisons; but this at their own expense. Otherwise, under that pretext, they might seize all the revenues of the country.

Fifthly. As to the 11th article, they think the States ought not to have the revenues of the chancelleries and dependencies of these towns and places which are to be their barrier against France, this being a sort of sovereignty, and very prejudicial to the ecclesiastical and civil economy of the country. But the said prince and count are of opinion that the States General ought to have, for the maintenance of their garrisons and fortifications, a sum of money, of a million and a half or two millions of florins, which they ought to receive from the king's officers, who shall be ordered to pay that sum before any other payment.

Sixthly. And the convention which shall be made on this affair between his catholic majesty and the States General shall be for a limited time.

These are the utmost conditions to which the said prince and count think it possible for his catholic majesty to be brought; and they declare, at the same time, that their imperial and catholic majesties will sooner abandon the Low Countries than to take them upon other conditions, which would be equally expensive, shameful, and unacceptable to them.

On the other side, the said prince and count are persuaded that the advantages at this time yielded to the States General, may hereafter be very prejudicial to themselves; forasmuch as they may put the people of the Spanish Netherlands to some dangerous extremity, considering the antipathy between the two nations; and that extending of frontiers is entirely contrary to the maxims of their government.

As to the upper quarter of Guelder, the said prince and count are of opinion that the States General may be allowed the power of putting in garrisons into Venlo, Ruremond, and Steffenswert, with orders to furnish the said States with the revenues of the country, which amount to one hundred thousand florins.

As to Bonne belonging to the electorate of Cologne, Liege, and Huy to the bishopric of Liege, it is to be understood that, these being imperial towns, it does not depend upon the emperor to consent that foreign garrisons should be placed in them upon any pretence whatsoever. But, whereas the States General demand them only for their security, it is proposed to place in those towns a garrison of imperial troops, of whom the States may be in no suspicion, as they might be of a garrison of an elector who

might possibly have views opposite to their interests. But this is proposed only in case that it shall not be thought more proper to raise one or other of the said towns.

The Representation of the English Merchants at Bruges, relating to the Barrier Treaty.

DAVID WHITE, and other Merchants, her Majesty's Subjects, residing at Bruges and other Towns in Flanders, crave leave humbly to represent:

THAT whereas the cities of Lille, Tournay, Menin, Douay, and other new conquests in Flanders and Artois, taken from the French this war by the united forces of her majesty and her allies, are now become entirely under the government of the States General, and that we, her majesty's subjects, may be made liable to such duties and impositions on trade as the said States General shall think fit to impose on us: we humbly hope and conceive that it is her majesty's intention and design that the trade of her dominions and subjects, which is carried on with these new conquests, may be on an equal foot with that of the subjects and dominions of the States General, and not be liable to any new duty when transported from the Spanish Netherlands to the said new conquests, as, to our great surprise, is exacted from us on the following goods, viz. butter, tallow, salmon, hides, beef, and all other products of her majesty's dominions which we import at Ostend and there pay the duty of entry to the king of Spain, and consequently ought not to be liable to any new duty when they carry the same goods and all others from their dominions by a free pass or transire to the said new conquests: and we are under apprehension that if the said new conquests be settled or given entirely into the possession of the States General for their barrier (as we are made to believe, by a treaty lately made by her majesty's ambassador, the lord viscount Townshend, at the Hague), that the States General may also soon declare all goods and merchandises, which are contraband in their provinces, to be also contraband or prohibited in these new conquests or new barrier, by which her majesty's subjects will be deprived of the sale and consumption of the following products of her majesty's dominions, which are and have long been declared contraband in the United Provinces, such as English and Scotch salt, malt spirits, or corn brandy, and all other sorts of distilled English spirits, whale and rape oil, &c.

It is therefore humbly conceived that her majesty, out of her great care and gracious concern for the benefit of her subjects and dominions, may be pleased to direct, by a treaty of commerce or some other way, that their trade may be put on an equal foot in all the Spanish Netherlands and the new conquests of barrier with the subjects of Holland, by paying no other duty than that of importation to the king of Spain; and by a provision that no product of her majesty's dominions shall ever be declared contraband in these new conquests, except such goods as were esteemed contraband before the death of Charles II. king of Spain. And it is also humbly prayed that the product and manufacture of the new conquests may be also exported without paying any new duty beside that of exportation at Ostend, which was always paid to the king of Spain; it being impossible for any nation in Europe to assort an entire cargo for the Spanish West Indies without a considerable quantity of several of the manufactures of Lille; such as caradores, cajan, piceses, borsten, and many other goods.

The chief things to be demanded of France are to be exempted from tonnage, to have a liberty of im-

porting herrings and all other fish to France on the same terms as the Dutch do, and as was agreed by them at the treaty of commerce immediately after the treaty of peace at Ryswick. The enlarging her majesty's plantations in America, &c., is naturally recommended.

AN APPENDIX TO THE CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES,*

AND ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE BARRIER TREATY.

Nihil est aliud in fœdere, nisi ut pia et æterna pax sit.
Cœcæno, pro G. Balbo.

Jan. 16, 1712-13.

I BEGIN to think that, though perhaps there may be several very exact maps of Great Britain to be had at the shops in Amsterdam or the Hague; and some shining genii in that country can, it may be, look out the most remarkable places in our island, especially those upon the sea-coast or near it, as Portsmouth, Chatham, Torbay, and the like; yet it is highly necessary that "Chamberlaine's Present State," or some other good book of that sort, were carefully translated into Dutch, in *usum illustrissimorum ordinum*, or with any other sounding and pompous title, only signifying that it was done for the use of our good allies, and to set them right in the nature of our government, constitution, and laws, with which they do not appear to be so well acquainted as might be expected. I am sensible that, as things now stand, if a manifesto or memorial should be sent them, humbly representing to their high mightinesses that Great Britain is an independent monarchy, governed by its own laws; that the queen is supreme over all orders of the realm; that no other prince, prelate, state, or potentate, has or ought to have any authority and jurisdiction over us; that where the queen, lords, and commons solemnly consent, it is a law; and where the collective body of the people agree, it is the sense of the nation; that the making war and peace is the prerogative of the crown; and that all alliances are to be observed only so far as they answer the ends for which they were made: in such a case it is not unlikely but the Amsterdam Gazette, or some other paper in the Seven Provinces, would immediately answer all this by publicly protesting that it came from the Jacobites and Frenchified highfliers, and therefore ought not to be admitted as genuine: for of late that celebrated writer and two or three of his seconds have undertaken to tell us poor Britons who are our best subjects, and how we ought to behave ourselves toward our allies. So that in this unhappy juncture I do not see when we shall come to a right understanding. On the other hand, suppose we agreed to give them the precedence and left the first proposal for overtures of accommodation to their management; this perhaps might quickly bring us to be better acquainted. Let them therefore lay aside all clumsy pretences to address; tell us no more of former battles, sieges, and glories; nor make love to us in prose, and extol our beauty, our fortune, and their own passion for us, to the stars; but let them come roundly to the business, and in plain terms give us to understand that they will not recognise any other government in Great Britain but Whiggarchy only; and that they treated with us as such,

and are not obliged to acknowledge a usurped power called a monarchy, to which they are utter strangers; that they have a just demand upon us ever since the Revolution, which is a precedent for their interposing whenever popery and arbitrary power are coming in upon us, which at present they are informed by their friends is our case; and besides, they are advised by able counsel that we are only tenants for life, and they, being mentioned in the entail, are obliged to have a watchful eye over us, and to see that neither waste nor dilapidation be done upon the premises. If all this be not the case, and a true state of the controversy, as I heartily hope it is not, I leave any rational creature, pick him where you will between the Danube and Ganges, to judge of the following remonstrance.

A war is undertaken by several potentates in conjunction, upon certain causes and conditions plainly expressed in a writing called "The Grand Alliance." This war is carried on with success; the enemy offers to treat, and proposes to satisfy all the just demands of the several parties engaged against them. Great Britain makes her claim, so does Portugal, and both are fully satisfied. The Dutch produce their barrier of Gertruydenberg, and are assured they shall have it except two or three places at most. Savoy and Prussia have more than ever they asked. Only the emperor will have all Spain, contrary to the reasons upon which his brother's renunciation was founded, and in direct violation of a fundamental maxim, "the balance of power," so that he would involve us in a second war and a new "grand alliance" under pretence of observing the old one. This, in short, is the case; and yet after all the bloodshed, expense, and labour to compass these great ends, though her Britannic majesty finds by experience that every potentate in the grand alliance except herself has actually broke it every year; though she stands possessed of an undoubted right to make peace and war; though she has procured for her allies all that she was obliged to by treaty; though her two houses of parliament humbly entreat her to finish the great work; though her people with one voice admire and congratulate the wise steps she has taken, and cry aloud to her to defer their happiness no longer; though some of the allies and one or two of the provinces have declared for peace, and her majesty's domestic enemies dread it as the utter downfall of their faction; yet still the blessing depends, and expectation is our lot. The menacing pensionary has scruples; he desires time to look out for something to demand; there are a dozen or two of petty princes who want silk stockings, and lace round their hats; we must stay till the second part of Denain comes upon the stage, and acquire South promises to go directly to Madrid the next time we show him the way thither.

Her majesty is all goodness and tenderness to her people and her allies. A brighter example of piety could not adorn the life of her royal grandfather, whose solemn anniversary we must shortly celebrate. She has now prorogued the best parliament that ever assembled in her reign, and resplend her own glory and the wishes, prayers, and wants of her people, only to give some of her allies an opportunity to think of the returns they owe her, and try if there be such things as gratitude, justice, or humanity in Europe. This conduct of her majesty is without parallel. Never was so great a condescension made to the unreasonable clamours of an insolent faction, now dwindled into the most contemptible circumstances. It is certainly high time they should begin to meditate other measures, unless they vainly imagine the government must part with both its attri-

* I gave the Examiner a hint about this prerogative; and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch, in giving them still more time to submit. It suited the occasion at present.—*Journal de Sticks*, Jan. 16, 1712-13.

butes of mercy and justice till they are pleased to be dutiful and obedient. What ill-grounded hopes and expectations they have underhand administered to any of the allies is not worth my while to inquire, since, whatever they are, they must come attended with the blackest treason and ingratitude. The Dutch have the least reason in the world to rely on such a broken reed; and after having solemnly promised to conform themselves to her majesty's wisdom and depend on her conduct, which is the language of their latest professions, such clandestine management would fully deserve all those appellations with which the writings of the Whigs are so richly embellished.

After all, when her majesty and her subjects have waited one period more, and affixed a new date to their wishes and their patience; since peace is the only end of every alliance, and since all that we fought for is yielded up by the enemy, in justice to her prerogative, to her parliament and her people, the desirable blessing will no doubt be reached out to us; our happiness will not be put off till they who have ill-will at us can find time and power to prevent it. All that a stubborn ally can then expect is time to come in and accept those terms which himself once thought reasonable. The present age will soon taste the sweets of such conduct, and posterity as highly applaud it. Only they who now rail and calumniate will do so still, and who are disposed to give everything the same treatment which makes for our safety and welfare, and spoils their game of disorder and confusion.

It is true the present stagnation of affairs is accounted for another way, and the party give out that France begins to draw back and would explain several articles upon us; but the authors of this forgery know very well I do not misal it, and are conscious to the criminal reasons why it is with so much industry bandied about. France rather enlarges her offers than shates or recedes from them, so happy are we in finding our most inveterate and ungenerous enemies within our own bowels! The Whigs, according to custom, may chuckle and solace themselves with the visionary hopes of coming mischief; and imagine they are grown formidable because they are to be humoured in their extravagancies and to be paid for their perverseness. Let them go on to glory in their projected schemes of government, and the blessed effects they have produced in the world. It was not enough for them to make obedience the duty of the sovereign, but this obedience must at length be made passive; and that non-resistance may not wholly vanish from among the virtues, since the subject is weary of it, they would fairly make it over to their monarch. The compact between prince and people is supposed to be mutual; but grand alliances are, it seems, of another nature: a failure in one party does not disengage the rest; they are tied up and entangled so long as any one confederate adheres to the negative, and we are not allowed to make use of the Polish argument and plead *non toguitur*. But these artifices are too thin to hold; they are the cobwebs which the faction have spun out of the last dregs of their poison, made to be swept away with the unnecessary animals who contrived them. Their tyranny is at an end, and their ruin very near; I can only advise them to become their fall, like Cæsar, and "die with decency."

THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR LAST YEARS OF QUEEN ANNE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen" has been unaccountably decry'd, though a work of undoubted merit. It has even been supposed to be spurious, though every paragraph it contains is a sufficient voucher for its authenticity. It is repeatedly mentioned by our author in various parts of his writings.^a He has call'd it "his *dear* business;"^b and thought it "the best work he had ever written."^c As far as it extends, it is indeed a masterly performance; and will be deemed a valuable acquisition to future historians. Deriving his intelligence, at that remarkable era, from the fountain-head, Swift could not be mistaken in the facts which he relates. He had ready access to every requisite source of information, and his many fortitude must have plac'd him far above the necessity of wilful misrepresentation. Professionally an advocate for the Tories, to the Whigs he was an avowed, a formidable opponent. In his *Journal to Stella* (the more valuable for discovering his unvarnished sentiments) he frequently laments the necessity of displacing the duke of Marlborough; and declares, though he loved not the man, he had prevented many bad things being said against him. And the favours he obtained from the ministry for the men of wit among the adverse party are too notorious to be enlarg'd on.^d

His earnestness to communicate this history to the public is evident in many of his letters. In 1736, it was actually intended for the press; and in April, 1738, the dean expressed his dissatisfaction at the publication being so long delayed. Whatever motives might have then exist'd for such delay, whether tenderness to living characters, or more prudential reasons, a period of forty years must totally have removed them. The rage of party is subdu'd; and we may be allow'd to contemplate the reign of Anne as impartially as that of Elizabeth.

At length this history was committed to the press in the year 1754,^e under the censure, it may be said, of its own editor; in justice to whom, however we may differ in opinion concerning Dr. Swift's candour, the editor's advertisement is preserved entire. In the same year also it met with some severe strictures from another writer.^f These we shall give too in our own words; and then fairly submit "The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen" to the judgment of the public:—

"These characters, and the history from whence they have been extracted, may serve as a striking example of the melancholy effects of prejudice and party zeal; a seal which, whilst it corrupts the heart, vitiates the understanding itself, and could mislead a writer of so penetrating a genius as Dr. Swift to imagine that posterity would accept online in the place of history, and would read with satisfaction a performance in which the courage and military skill of the duke of Marlborough are call'd in question. The real character of these great men was not what the low idolatry of the one faction or the malignity of the other would represent it. They were men who, with great virtue and great talents, mix'd with some human infirmities, did their country much service and honour. Their talents were a public benefit, their failings such as only affected their private character. The display of this mixture had been a very proper task for an impartial historian; and had prov'd equally agreeable and instructive to the reader in such hands. But these characters before us have all the signs of being written, as Tacitus calls it, *recessitæ odiis*. In all other respects the piece seems to be a work not unworthy of its author. A clear and strong, though not an elevated style; an entire freedom from every sort of affected ornament; a peculiar happiness of putting those he would satirise in the most odious and contemptible light, without seeming directly to intend it: these are the characteristics of all Swift's works; and they appear as strongly in this as in any of them. If there be anything different in this performance from the manner of his works published in his lifetime, it is, that the style is in this thrown something more backwards, and has a more antique cast. This probably he did designedly, as he might think it gave a greater dignity to the work. He had a strong prejudice in favour of the language as it was in queen Elizabeth's reign; and he rated the

^a See Dr. Swift's preface to the History; and see also particularly sir Thomas Hanmer's very honourable testimony; who, having perused the manuscript, returned it with a very few observations, "which," he says, "were as many as I could see occasion for; though, I do assure you, I read with the same strictness and maturity as in the former part."

^b *Journal to Stella*, Feb. 27, 1710-11.

^c See the dean's preface.

^d Printed for A. Millar; and in 1767, it was first inserted by Mr. Toulson in an edition of the dean's works.

^e The compiler of the Annual Register, 1756.

^f See the dean's preface.

style of the authors of that time a little above its real value. Their style was indeed sufficiently bold and nervous, but deficient in grace and elegance."

March 23, 1778.

ADVERTISEMENT

Prefixed to the Edition of 1734.

THUS the long-wished for "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign" is at length brought to light, in spite of all attempts to suppress it!

As this publication is not made under the sanction of the name or names which the author and the world had a right to expect, it is fit some account of the work's appearing in this manner should be here given.

Long before the dean's apparent decline some of his intimate friends with concern foresaw the impending fate of his fortune and his works. To this it is owing that these sheets, which the world now despaired of ever seeing, are rescued from obscurity, perhaps from destruction.

For this the public is indebted to a gentleman, now in Ireland, of the greatest probity and worth, with whom the dean long lived in perfect intimacy. To this gentleman's hands the dean entrusted a copy of his History, desiring him to peruse and give his judgment of it, with the last corrections and amendments the author had given it, in his own hand.

His friend read, admired, and approved. And from a dread of so valuable and so interesting a work's being by any accident lost or effaced, as was probable by its not being intended to be published in the author's lifetime, he resolved to keep this copy till the author should press him for it; but with a determined purpose it should never see the light while there were any hopes of the author's own copy being published or even preserved.

This resolution he inviolably kept till he and the world had full assurance that the dean's executors, or those into whose hands the original copy fell, were so far from intending to publish it that it was actually suppressed, perhaps destroyed.

Then he thought himself not only at liberty, but joined it his duty to his departed friend and to the public, to let this copy, which he had now kept many years most secretly, see the light.

Thus it has at length fallen into the hands of a person who publishes it for the satisfaction of the public, abstracted from all private regards; which are never to be permitted to come into competition with the common good.

Every judicious eye will see that the author of these sheets wrote with strong passions, but with stronger prepossessions and prejudices in favour of a party. These, it may be imagined, the editor in some measure may have adopted, and published this work as a kind of support of that party or some surviving remnant thereof.

It is but just to undeceive the reader and inform him from what kind of hand he has received this work. A man may regard a good piece of painting, while he despises the subject: if the subject be ever so despicable the masterly strokes of the painter may demand our admiration, while he in other respects is entitled to no portion of our regard.

In poetry we carry our admiration still further; and like the poet while we actually condemn the man. Historians share the like fate; hence some, who have no regard to propriety or truth, are yet admired for diction, style, manner, and the like.

The editor considers this work in another light: he long knew the author, and was no stranger to his politics, connexions, tendencies, passions, and the whole economy of his life. He has long been hardly

singular in condemning this great man's conduct amid the admiring multitude; nor ever could have thought of making an interest in a man whose principles and manners he could by no rule of reason or honour approve, however he might have admired his wit and parts.

Such was judged the disposition of the man whose history of the most interesting period of time in the annals of Britain is now herein offered to the reader. He may well ask from what motives? The answer is easily, simply given.

The causes assigned for delaying the publication of this history were principally these: That the manuscript fell into the hands of men who, whatever they might have been by the generality deemed, were by the dean believed to be of his party; though they did not, after his death, judge it prudent to avow his principles more than to deny them in his lifetime. These men, having got their beavers, tobacco-boxes, and other trifling remembrances of former friendship, by the dean's will, did not choose publicly to avow principles that had marred their friend's promotion and might probably put a stop to theirs; therefore, they gave the inquisitive world to understand that there was something too strong against many great men, as well as the succeeding system of public affairs in general, in the dean's History of the Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign, to admit of a publication in our times; and with this poor insinuation excused themselves, and satisfied the weakly well-affected in suppressing the manifestation of dispensing truths, of however great importance to society.

This manuscript has now fallen into the hands of a man who never could associate with, or even approve, any of the parties or factions that have differently distracted, it might be said disgraced, these kingdoms; because he has as yet known none whose motives or rules of action were truth and the public good alone; of one who judges that perjured magistrates of all denominations, and their most exalted minions, may be exposed, deprived, or cut off by the fundamental laws of his country; and who, upon these principles, from his heart approves and glories in the virtues of his predecessors, who revived the true spirit of the British polity in laying aside a priest-ridden, a hen-pecked, tyrannical tool, who had overturned the political constitution of his country, and in reconstituting the dissolved body politic by a revolution, supported by the laws of nature and the realm, as the only means of preserving the natural and legal, the civil and religious liberties of the members of the commonwealth.

Truth, in this man's estimation, can hurt no good cause. And falsehood and fraud, in religion and politics, are ever to be detected, to be exploded.

Insinuations that this history contained something injurious to the present establishment, and therefore necessary to be suppressed, serve better the purposes of mistaken or insidious malecontents than the real publication can. And if anything were by this or any other history to be shown essentially erroneous in our politics, who that calls himself a Briton can be deemed such an impious slave as to conceal the destructive evil? The editor of this work disdains and abhors the servile thought, and wishes to live no longer than he dares to think, speak, write, and in all things to act worthy of a Briton.

From this regard to truth and to his country, the editor of this History was glad of an opportunity of rescuing such a writing from those who meant to suppress it: the common cause, in his estimation, required and demanded it should be done, and the

sooner it is published, he judged, the better; for if the conduct of the queen and her ministers does not deserve the obloquy that has been long industriously cast upon it, what is more just than to vindicate it? What more reasonable than that this should be done while living witnesses may yet be called to prove or disprove the several allegations and assertions; since in a few years more such witnesses may be as much wanting as to prevent a canonization, which is therefore prudently procrastinated for above an age? Let us then coolly hear what is to be said on this side the question, and judge like Britons.

The editor would not be thought to justify the author of this History in all points, or even to attempt to acquit him of unbecoming prejudices and partiality: without being deeply versed in history or politics, he can see his author in many instances blinded with passions that disgrace the historian, and blending with phrases worthy of a Cæsar or a Cicero, expressions not to be justified by truth, reason, or common sense; yet think him a most powerful orator and a great historian.

No unprejudiced person will blame the dean for doing all that is consistent with truth and decency to vindicate the government of the queen, and to exculpate the conduct of her ministers and her last general; all good men would rejoice at such a vindication. But if he meant no more than this, his work would ill deserve the title of history. That he generally tells truth, and founds his most material assertions upon facts, will I think be found very evident. But there is room to suspect that while he tells no more than the truth he does not tell the whole truth. However, he makes it very clear that the queen's allies, especially our worthy friends the Dutch, were much to blame for the now generally condemned conduct of the queen with regard to the prosecution of the war and the bringing about the peace.

The author's drawings of characters are confessedly partial; for he tells us openly he means not to give characters entire, but such parts of each man's particular passions, acquirements, and habits, as he was most likely to transfer into his political schemes. What writing, what sentence, what character, can stand this torture? What extreme perversion may not, let me say does not, this produce? Yet thus does he choose to treat all men that were not favourers of the latest measures of the queen, when the best that has been said for her shows no more than that she was blindfolded and held in leading-strings by her ministers.

He does not spare a man confessed by all the world to have discharged the duties of his function like a soldier, like a hero; but charges prince Eugene with raising and keeping up a most horrible mob with intent to assassinate Harley. For all which odious charges he offers not one individual point of proof.

He is not content with laying open again the many faults already publicly proved upon the late duke of Marlborough; but insinuates a new crime by seeming to attempt to acquit him of aspiring at the throne. But this is done in a manner peculiar to this author.

On the other hand he extols the ministers and minions of the queen in the highest terms; and while he robs their antagonists of every good quality, generally gives those wisdom and every virtue that can adorn human nature.

He is not ashamed to attempt to justify what all thinking good men must condemn, the queen's making twelve peers at once to serve a particular turn.

All these may be ascribed to the strength of his passions, and to the prejudices early imbibed in favour of his indulgent royal mistress and her favourites and servants. The judicious will look through the elegant clothing, and dispassionately consider these as mere human errors to which no well-informed mind can assent. The editor thinks himself bound to protest against them.

He makes a few lapses on the other side, without being as clear as an impartial historian would choose to appear. He more than hints at the queen's displeasure at its being moved in parliament that the prince elector should be invited to reside in England, to whose crown he was by law declared presumptive heir; but is always open upon the queen's insisting on the pretender's being sent out of France.—It is easy to see how incompatible these things appear; nothing could tend more to secure the Hanover succession and to enlarge its benefits to Britain than the bringing over the successor, who should in every country be well instructed in the language, customs, manners, religion, and laws of his future subjects, before he comes to hold the reins of government. And our author does not take the proper care to inform us how far the French thought fit to comply with banishing the pretender their dominions; since many still live in doubt that if he was sent out of France he was sent into England.

But there is one expression of our author too perverse, too grossly abused, to admit of any apology, or any palliation. It is not to be supposed that he was ignorant of any word in the English language; and least of all can be supposed ignorant of the meaning of a word which, had it been ever so doubtful before, had a certain meaning impressed upon it by the authority of parliament of which no sensible subject can be ignorant.

Notwithstanding this, where our author speaks of the late king James he calls him the *abdicated king*, and gives the same epithet even to his family. Though this weak, ill-advised, and ill-fused prince in every sense of the word with Romans and English, and to all intents and purposes, *abdicated*, yet can he in no sense be called *abdicated*; unless the people's asserting their rights and defending themselves against a king who broke his compact with his subjects and overturned their government can be called *abdication* in them; which no man in his senses can be hardy enough to support upon any principle of reason or the laws of England. Let the reader judge which this is most likely to be, error or design.

These exceptions the editor thought himself bound to make to some parts of this work, to keep clear of the disagreeable imputations of being of a party of whatsoever denomination, in opposition to truth and the rights and liberties of the subject.

These laid aside, the work will be found to have many beauties, many excellencies. Some have of late affected to depreciate this history, from an insinuation made only since the author's death, to wit, that he was never admitted into the secrets of the administration, but made to believe he was a confident, only to engage him in the list of the ministerial writers of that reign.

The falsehood of this will readily appear upon perusal of this work. This shows he knew the most secret springs of every movement in the whole complicated machine; that he states facts too well known to be contested, in elegant simplicity, and reasons upon them with the talents of the greatest historian; and thus makes a history composed rather of negotiations than actions most entertain-

ing, affecting, and interesting, instead of being, as might be expected, heavy, dull, and disagreeable.

It is now fit to apologise for some errors which the judicious must discover upon a perusal of this work. It is for this among other reasons much to be lamented that this History was not published under the author's own inspection. It is next to impossible to copy or print any work without faults; and most so where the author's eye is wanting.

It is not to be imagined that even our author, however accurate, however great, was yet strictly and perfectly correct in his writings. Yet where some seeming inaccuracies in style or expression have been discovered, the deference due to the author made any alteration too presumptuous a task for the editor. These are therefore left to the amending hand of every sensible and polite reader.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

HAVING written the following History at Windsor in the happy reign of her majesty queen Anne, of ever glorious, blessed, and immortal memory, I resolved to publish it for the satisfaction of my fellow-subjects, in the year 1713: being under a necessity of going to Ireland to take possession of the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, I left the original with the ministers, and having stayed in that kingdom not above a fortnight, I found at my return that my lord-treasurer Oxford, and the secretary my lord Bollingbroke, who were then unhappily upon very ill terms with each other, could not agree upon publishing it without some alterations which I would not submit to. Whereupon I kept it by me until her majesty's death, which happened about a year after.

I have ever since preserved the original very safely, too well knowing what a turn the world would take upon the German family's succeeding to the crown; which indeed was their undoubted right, having been established solemnly by the act of an undisputed parliament, brought into the house of commons by Mr. Harley, who was then speaker.

But, as I have said in another discourse, it was very well understood some years before her majesty's death how the new king would act immediately upon his entrance in the choice of those (and those alone) whom he resolved to trust, and consequently what reports would industriously be raised as well as spread, to expose the proceedings of her majesty herself, as well as of her servants, who have been ever since blasted as enemies to the present establishment by the most ignorant and malevolent among mankind.

Therefore, as it was my lot to have been daily conversant with the persons then in power; never absent in times of business or conversation until a few weeks before her majesty's death; and a witness of almost every step they made in the course of their administration; I must have been very unfortunate not to be better informed than those miserable pamphleters or their patrons could pretend to. At the same time I freely confess it appeared necessary as well as natural, upon such a mighty change as the death of a sovereign, that those who were to be in power upon the succession, and resolved to act in every part by a direct contrary system of politics, should load their predecessors with as much infamy as the most inveterate malice and envy could suggest, or the most stupid ignorance and credulity in their underlings could swallow.

Therefore, as I pretend to write with the utmost impartiality the following History of the Four Last Years of her Majesty's Reign, in order to undeceive

prejudiced persons at present as well as posterity, I am persuaded in my own mind, as likewise by the advice of my oldest and wisest friends, that I am doing my duty to God and man by endeavouring to set future ages right in their judgment of that happy reign; and as a faithful historian I cannot suffer falsehoods to run on any longer, not only against all appearance of truth as well as probability, but even against those happy events which owe their success to the very measures then fixed in the general peace.

The materials of this history, beside what I have already mentioned,—I mean the confidence reposed in me for those four years by the chief persons in power,—were extracted out of many hundred letters written by our ambassadors abroad, and from the answers as well as instructions sent them by our secretaries of state, or by the first minister the earl of Oxford. The former were all originals, and the latter copies entered into books in the secretaries' office, out of both which I collected all that I thought convenient; not to mention several memorials given me by the ministers at home. Further, I was a constant witness and observer of all that passed, and entered every particular of any consequence upon paper.

I was so far from having any obligation to the crown, that, on the contrary, her majesty issued a proclamation offering three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the author of a certain short treatise [Public Spirit of the Whigs], which the queen well knew to have been written by me. I never received one shilling from the minister, or any other present except that of a few books; nor did I want their assistance to support me. I very often dined indeed with the treasurer and secretary; but in those days that was not reckoned a bribe, whatever it may have been at any time since. I absolutely refused to be chaplain to the lord-treasurer, because I thought it would ill become me to be in a state of dependence.

I say this to show that I had no other bias than my own opinion of persons and affairs. I preserved several of the opposite party in their employments who were persons of wit and learning, particularly Mr. Addison and Mr. Congreve, neither of whom were ever in any danger from the treasurer, who much esteemed them both; and by his lordship's commands I brought the latter to dine with him. Mr. Steele might have been safe enough if his continually repeated indiscretions, and a zeal mingled with acrimony, had not forfeited all title to lenity.

I know very well the numberless prejudices of weak and deceived people, as well as the malice of those who, to serve their own interest or ambition, have cast off all religion, morality, justice, and common decency. However, although perhaps I may not be believed in the present age, yet I hope to be so in the next by all who will bear any regard for the honour and liberty of England, if either of these shall then subsist or not.

I have no interest or inclination to palliate the mistakes, or omissions, or want of steadiness, or unhappy misunderstandings, among a few of those who then presided in affairs.

Nothing is more common than the virulence of superficial and ill-informed writers against the conduct of those who are now called prime ministers; and since fictions appear at present to be at a greater height than in any former times, although perhaps not so equally poised, it may probably concern those who are now in their height, if they have any regard to their own memories in future ages, to be

less warm against others who humbly differ from them in some state opinions. Old persons remember, at least by tradition, the horrible prejudices that prevailed against the first earl of Clarendon, whose character as it now stands might be a pattern for all ministers; although even bishop Burnet of Sarum, whose principles, veracity, and manner of writing are so little esteemed upon many accounts, has been at the pains to vindicate him.

Upon that irreparable breach between the treasurer and secretary Bolingbroke, after my utmost endeavours for above two years to reconcile them, I retired to a friend in Berkshire, where I stayed until her majesty's death, and then immediately returned to my station in Dublin, where I continued about twelve years without once seeing England. I there often reviewed the following Memoirs, neither chagring nor adding further than by correcting the style; and if I have been guilty of any mistakes, they must be of small moment; for it was hardly possible I could be wrong informed with all the advantages I have already mentioned.

I shall not be very uneasy under the obloquy that may perhaps be cast upon me by the violent leaders and followers of the present prevailing party. And yet I cannot find the least inconsistency with conscience or honour, upon the death of so excellent a princess as her late majesty, for a wise and good man to submit, with a true and loyal heart, to her lawful protestant successor, whose hereditary title was confirmed by the queen and both houses of parliament with the greatest unanimity, after it had been made an article in the treaty that every prince in our alliance should be a guarantee of that succession. Nay, I will venture to go one step further; that if the negotiators of that peace had been chosen out of the most professed zealots for the interest of the Hanover family, they could not have bound up the French king or the Hollanders more strictly than the queen's plenipotentiaries did in confirming the present succession; which was in them so much a greater mark of virtue and loyalty, because they perfectly well knew that they should never receive the least mark of favour when the succession had taken place.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I PROPOSE to give the public an account of the most important affairs at home during the last session of parliament, as well as of our negotiations of peace abroad, not only during that period but some time before and since. I shall relate the chief matters transacted by both houses in that session, and discover the designs carried on by the heads of a discontented party, not only against the ministry, but in some manner against the crown itself: I likewise shall state the debts of the nation; show by what mismanagement, and to serve what purposes, they were at first contracted; by what negligence or corruption they have so prodigiously grown; and what methods have since been taken to provide not only for their payment, but to prevent the like mischief for the time to come. Although, in an age like ours, I can expect very few impartial readers, yet I shall strictly follow truth, or what reasonably appeared to me to be such after the most impartial inquiries I could make, and the best opportunities of being informed by those who were the principal actors or advisers.

Neither shall I mingle panegyric or satire with a history intended to inform posterity, as well as to instruct those of the present age who may be ignorant or misled, since facts, truly related, are the best applauses or most lasting reproaches.

Discourses upon subjects relating to the public usually seem to be calculated for London only, and some few miles about it; while the authors suppose their readers to be informed of several particulars to which those that live remote are, for the generality of strangers. Most people who frequent this town acquire a sort of smattering, such as it is, which qualifies them for reading a pamphlet, and finding out what is meant by innuendoes, or hints at facts or persons, and initial letters of names; wherein gentlemen at a distance, although perhaps of much better understandings, are wholly in the dark: wherefore, that these Memoirs may be rendered more generally intelligible and useful, it will be convenient to give the reader a short view of the state and disposition of affairs when the last session of parliament began. And because the party leaders who had lost their power and places were, upon that juncture, employing all their engines in an attempt to re-establish themselves, I shall venture one step further, and represent so much of their characters as may be supposed to have influenced their politics.

On the 7th day of December, 1711, began the second session of parliament. It was now above a year since the queen had thought fit to put the great offices of state and of her own household into other hands; however, three of the discontented lords were still in possession of their places; for the duke of Marlborough continued general, the duke of Somerset master of the horse, and the earl of Cholmondeley treasurer of her majesty's household: likewise great numbers of the same party still kept employments of value and importance, which had not been usual of late years upon any change of ministry. The queen, who judged the temper of her people by this house of commons, which a landed interest had freely chosen, found them very desirous of a secure and honourable peace, and disposed to leave the management of it to her own wisdom and that of her council: she had therefore several months before the session began sent to inform the States General of some overtures which had been made her by the enemy; and during that summer her majesty took several further steps in that great affair, until at length, after many difficulties, a congress at Utrecht, for a general peace, was agreed upon; the whole proceedings of which previous negotiations between our court and that of France I shall, in its proper place, very particularly relate.

The nation was already upon a better foot with respect to its debts; for the earl of Oxford, lord-treasurer, had, in the preceding session, proposed and effected ways and means in the house of commons, where he was then a member, for providing a parliamentary fund to clear the heavy arrear of ten millions (whereof the greatest part lay upon the navy) without any new burden (at least after a very few years) to the kingdom; and at the same time he took care to prevent further incumbrances upon that article by finding ready money for naval provisions, which has saved the public somewhat more than cent. per cent. in that mighty branch of our expenses.

The clergy were altogether in the interests and the measures of the present ministry, which had appeared so boldly in their defence during a prosecution against one of their members (Sucheverell), where the whole sacred order was understood to be concerned. The zeal shown for that most religious bill to settle a fund for building fifty new churches in and about the city of London,^a was a fresh obligation; and they were further highly gratified by

^a Which owed its origin to Dr. Swift.

her majesty's choosing one of their body to be a great officer of state.*

By this time likewise all disputes about those principles which used originally to divide Whig and Tory were wholly dropped; and those fantastical words ought in justice to have been so too, provided we could have found out more convenient names whereby to distinguish lovers of peace from lovers of war; or those who would leave her majesty some degree of freedom in the choice of her ministers from others who could not be satisfied with her choosing any, except such as she was most averse from; but where a nation is once divided, interest and animosity will keep open this breach without being supported by any other principles; or at worst a body of discontented people can change and take up what principles they please.

As to the disposition of the opposite party, we all remember that the removal of the last ministry was brought about by several degrees; through which means it happened that they and their friends were hardly recovered out of one astonishment before they fell into another. This scene lasted for some months, and was followed by a period of rage and despair natural to those who reflect that they have lost a secure game by their own rashness, folly, and want of common management; when at the same time they knew by experience that a watchful and dexterous adversary lay ready to take the advantage. However, some time before the session the heads of that party began to recollect themselves and rally their forces, like an enemy who has been beaten out of the field, but finds he is not pursued; for although the chiefs of this faction were thought to have but little esteem or friendship for each other, yet they perfectly agreed in one general end, of distressing by all possible methods the new administration; wherein if they could succeed so far as to put the queen under any great necessity, another parliament must be called, and perhaps the power devolve again into their own hands.

The issue and event of that grand confederacy appearing in both houses, although under a different form, upon the very first day the parliament met, I cannot better begin the relation of affairs, commencing from that period, than by a thorough detection of the whole intrigue, carried on with the greatest privacy and application, which must be acknowledged to have for several days disconcerted some of the ministry, as well as dispirited their friends, and the consequences thereof, which have in reality been so very pernicious to the kingdom.

But because the principal leaders in this design are the same persons to whom, since the loss of their power, all the opposition has been owing which the court received, either in treaties abroad or the administration at home; it may not be improper to describe those qualities in each of them which few of their admirers will deny, and which appear chiefly to have influenced them in acting their several parts upon the public stage; for I do not intend to draw their characters entire, which would be tedious and little to the purpose; but shall only single out those passions, acquirements, and habits, which the owners were most likely to transfer into their political schemes, and which were most subservient to the designs they seemed to have in view.

The lord Somers may very deservedly be repented the head and oracle of that party: he has raised himself, by the concurrence of many circumstances, to the greatest employments of the state, without the least support from birth or fortune; he has constantly, and with great steadiness, cultivated those

* Dr. Robinson, bishop of Bristol, to be lord privy seal.

principles under which he grew. That accident which first produced him into the world, of pleading for the bishops whom king James had sent to the Tower, might have proved a piece of merit as honourable as it was fortunate; but the old republican spirit which the Revolution had restored began to teach other lessons—that since we had accepted a new king from a Calvinistical commonwealth, we must also admit new maxims in religion and government. But since the nobility and gentry would probably adhere to the established church and to the rights of monarchy, as delivered down from their ancestors, it was the practice of those politicians to introduce such men as were perfectly indifferent to any or no religion, and who were not likely to inherit much loyalty from those to whom they owed their birth. Of this number was the person I am now describing. I have hardly known any man with talents more proper to acquire and preserve the favour of a prince; never offending in word or gesture; in the highest degree courteous and complaisant, wherein he set an excellent example to his colleagues, which they did not think fit to follow; but this extreme civility is universal and undistinguished; and in private conversation, where he observes it as inviolably as if he were in the greatest assembly, it is sometimes censured as formal. Two reasons are assigned for this behaviour: first, from the consciousness of his humble original, he keeps all familiarity at the utmost distance, which otherwise might be apt to intrude; the second, that, being sensible how subject he is to violent passions, he avoids all incitements to them, by teaching those he converses with, from his own example, to keep a great way within the bounds of decency and respect. And it is indeed true that no man is more apt to take fire upon the least appearance of provocation; which temper he strives to subdue with the utmost violence upon himself; so that his breast has been seen to heave and his eyes to sparkle with rage in those very moments when his words and the cadence of his voice were in the humblest and softest manner: perhaps that force upon his nature may cause that insatiable love of revenge which his detractors lay to his charge, who consequently reckon dissimulation among his chief perfections. Avarice he has none; and his ambition is gratified by being the uncontested head of his party. With an excellent understanding, adorned by all the polite parts of learning, he has very little taste for conversation, to which he prefers the pleasure of reading and thinking; and in the intervals of his time amuses himself with an illiterate chaplain, an humble companion, or a favourite servant.

These are some few distinguishing marks in the character of that person who now presides over the discontented party, although he be not answerable for all their mistakes; and if his precepts had been more strictly followed, perhaps their power would not have been so easily shaken. I have been assured, and heard him profess, that he was against engaging in that foolish prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell, as what he foresaw was likely to end in their ruin; that he blamed the rough demeanour of some persons to the queen, as a great failure in prudence; and that when it appeared her majesty was firmly resolved upon a treaty of peace he advised his friends not to oppose it in its progress, but find fault with it after it was made; which would be a copy of the like usage themselves had met with after the treaty of Ryswick, and the safest as well as the most probable way of disgracing the promoters and advisers. I have been the larger in representing to the reader some idea of this extraordinary genius, because, whatever attempt has hitherto been made, with any

appearance of conduct or probability of success, to restore the dominion of that party, was infallibly contrived by him; and I prophesy the same for the future, as long as his age and infirmities will leave him capable of business.

The duke of Marlborough's character has been so variously drawn, and is indeed of so mixed a nature in itself, that it is hard to pronounce on either side, without the suspicion of flattery or detraction. I shall say nothing of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports of his friends and enemies among the soldiers have rendered problematical; but if he be among those who delight in war, it is agreed to be not for the reasons common with other generals. Those maligners who deny him personal valour seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture; since the person of a wise general is too seldom exposed to form any judgment in the matter: and that fear, which is said to have sometimes disconcerted him before an action, might probably be more for his army than for himself. He was bred in the height of what is called the Tory principle, and continued with a strong bias that way till the other party had bid higher for him than his friends could afford to give. His want of literature is in some sort supplied by a good understanding, a degree of natural elocution, and that knowledge of the world which is learned in armies and courts. We are not to take the height of his ambition from his soliciting to be general for life: I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and perquisites by continuing the war; and that he had then no intentions of settling the crown in his family, his only son having been dead some years before. He is noted to be master of great temper, able to govern or very well to disguise his passions, which are all melted down or extinguished in his love of wealth. That liberality which nature has denied him with respect to money, he makes up by a great profusion of promises: but this perfection so necessary in courts is not very successful in camps, among soldiers who are not refined enough to understand or to relish it.

His wife, the duchess, may justly challenge her place in this list. It is to her the duke is chiefly indebted for his greatness and his fall; for above twenty years she possessed without a rival the favours of the most indulgent mistress in the world, nor ever missed one single opportunity that fell in her way of improving it to her own advantage. She has preserved a tolerable court reputation with respect to love and gallantry; but three Furies reigned in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were sordid Avarice, disdainful Pride, and ungovernable Rage; by the last of these often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable sort, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind before it appeared to the world. This lady is not without some degree of wit, and has in her time affected the character of it by the usual method of arguing against religion, and proving the doctrines of Christianity to be impossible and absurd. Imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour, and employment, is capable of acting or attempting; and then I have said enough.

The next in order to be mentioned is the earl of Godolphin. It is said he was originally intended for a trade before his friends preferred him to be a page at court; which some have very unjustly objected as a reproach. He has risen gradually in four reigns, and was much more constant to his second master king James than some others who had received much greater obligations; for he attended the abdicated king to the sea-side, and kept constant correspondence with him till the day of his death. He

always professed a sort of passion for the queen at St. Germain's; and his letters were to her in the style of what the French call *double entendre*. In a mixture of love and respect, he used frequently to send her from hence little presents of those things which are agreeable to ladies, for which he always asked king William's leave, and without her privacy; because, if she had known that circumstance, it was to be supposed she would not accept them. Physiogonomists would hardly discover, by consulting the aspect of this lord, that his predominant passions were love and play; that he could sometimes scratch out a song in praise of his mistress with a pencil and card; or that he has tears at command, like a woman, to be used either in an intrigue of gallantry or politics. His alliance with the Marlborough family, and his passion for the duchess, were the cords which dragged him into a party whose principles he naturally disliked, and whose leaders he personally hated, as they did him. He became a thorough convert by a perfect trifle; taking fire at a nickname [Volpone] delivered by Dr. Sacheverell, with great indiscretion, from the pulpit, which he applied to himself: and this is one among many instances given by his enemies that magnanimity is none of his virtues.

The earl of Sunderland is another branch of that alliance. It seems to have been this gentleman's fortune to have learned his divinity from his uncle and his politics from his tutor. It may be thought a blemish in his character that he has much fallen from the height of those republican principles with which he began; for in his father's lifetime, while he was a member of the house of commons, he would often, among his familiar friends, refuse the title of lord (as he has done to myself), swear he would never be called otherwise than Charles Speneer, and hoped to see the day when there should not be a peer in England. His understanding, at the best, is of the middling size; neither has he much improved it, either in reality, or, which is very unfortunate, even in the opinion of the world, by an overgrown library. It is hard to decide whether he learned that rough way of treating his sovereign from the lady he is allied to,* or whether it be the result of his own nature. The sense of the injuries he has done renders him (as it is very natural) implacable towards those to whom he has given greatest cause to complain; for which reason he will never forgive either the queen or the present treasurer.

The earl of Wharton has filled the province allotted him by his colleagues with sufficiency equal to the ablest of them all. He has imbibed his father's principles in government; but dropped his religion and took up no other in its stead: excepting that circumstance, he is a firm presbyterian. He is perfectly skilled in all the arts of managing at elections, as well as in large baits of pleasure for making converts of young men of quality upon their first appearance; in which public service he contracted such large debts that his brethren were forced, out of mere justice, to leave Ireland at his mercy, where he had only time to set himself right. Although the graver heads of his party think him too prodigal and abandoned, yet they dare not be ashamed of him; for beside his talents above mentioned, he is very useful in parliament, being a ready speaker, and content to employ his gifts upon such occasions where those who conceive they have any remainder of reputation or modesty are ashamed to appear. In short, he is an incontestable instance to discover the true nature of faction; since, being overrun with every quality which produces contempt and hatred in all other commerce of the world, he has notwith-

* Second daughter of the duchess of Marlborough.

standing been able to make so considerable a figure.

The lord Cowper, although his merits are later than the rest, deserves a rank in this great council. He was considerable in the station of a practising lawyer; but as he was raised to be a chancellor and a peer without passing through any of the intermediate steps, which in late times had been the constant practice, and little skilled in the nature of government or the true interest of princes, further than the municipal or common law of England, his abilities as to foreign affairs did not equally appear in the council. Some former passages of his life were thought to disqualify him for that office by which he was to be the guardian of the queen's conscience; but these difficulties were easily overruled by the authors of his promotion, who wanted a person that would be subservient to all their designs; wherein they were not disappointed. As to his other accomplishments, he was what we usually call a *piece of a scholar* and a good logical reasoner; if this were not too often allayed by a fallacious way of managing an argument, which made him apt to deceive the unwary, and sometimes to deceive himself.

The last to be spoken of in this list is the earl of Nottingham, a convert and acquisition to that party since their fall, to which he contributed his assistance; I mean his words, and probably his wishes; for he had always lived under the constant visible profession of principles directly opposite to those of his new friends. His vehement and frequent speeches against admitting the prince of Orange to the throne are yet to be seen; and although a numerous family gave a specious pretence to his love of power and money, for taking an employment under that monarch, yet he was allowed to have always kept a reserve of allegiance to his exiled master; of which his friends produce several instances, and some while he was secretary of state to king William. His outward regularity of life, his appearance of religion and seeming zeal for the church, as they are an effect, so they are the excuse, of that stiffness and formality with which his nature is fraught. His austere complexion disposes him to rigour and severity, which his admirers palliate with the name of zeal. No man had ever a sincerer countenance, or more truly representing his mind and manners. He has some knowledge in the law, very amply sufficient to defend his property at least. A facility of utterance descended to him from his father, and improved by a few sprinklings of literature, has brought himself and some few admirers into an opinion of his eloquence. He is every way inferior to his brother Guernsey, but chiefly in those talents which he most values and pretends to; over whom, nevertheless, he preserves an ascendant. His great ambition was to be the head of those who were called the church party; and indeed gave solemn deportment and countenance, seconded by abundance of professions for their service, had given many of them an opinion of his veracity, which he interpreted as their sense of his judgment and wisdom; and this mistake lasted till the time of his defection, of which it was partly the cause; but then it plainly appeared that he had not credit to bring over one single proselyte to keep himself in countenance.

These lineaments, however imperfectly drawn, may help the reader's imagination to conceive what sort of persons those were who had the boldness to encounter the queen and ministry at the head of a great majority of the landed interest; and this upon a point where the quiet of her majesty's reign, the security, or at least the freedom, of her person, the lives of her most faithful friends, and the settling of

the nation by a peace, were in the consequences deeply concerned.

During the dominion of the late men in power addresses had been procured from both houses to the queen, representing their opinion that no peace could be secure for Britain while Spain or the West Indies remained in the possession of the Bourbon family. But her majesty, having, for reasons which have been often told to the world and which will not soon be forgotten, called a new parliament and chosen a new set of servants, began to view things and persons in another light. She considered the necessities of her people; the distant prospect of a peace upon such an improbable condition, which was never mentioned or understood in the grand alliance; the unequal burden she bore in the war, by the practices of the allies upon the corruption of some whom she most trusted, or perhaps by the practices of these upon the allies; and lastly, by the changes which death had brought about in the Austrian and Bourbon families. Upon all which motives she was prevailed upon to receive some overtures from France in behalf of herself and the whole confederacy. The several steps of this negotiation, from its first rise to the time I am now writing, shall be related in another part of this history. Let it suffice for the present to say that such proposals were received from France as were thought sufficient by our court whereupon to appoint time and place for a general treaty; and soon after the opening of the session, the bishop of Bristol, lord privy-seal, was despatched to Utrecht, where he and the earl of Strafford were appointed plenipotentiaries for the queen of Great Britain.

The managers of the discontented party, who during the whole summer had observed the motions of the court running fast toward a peace, began to gather up all their forces in order to oppose her majesty's designs when the parliament should meet. Their only strength was in the house of lords, where the queen had a very easy majority, made up by those whose hearts were in the other interest, but whose fears, expectations, or immediate dependence, had hitherto kept them within bounds. There were two lords upon whose abilities and influence of a very different nature the managers built their strongest hopes. The first was the duke of Somerset, master of the horse. This duke, as well as his duchess, was in a good degree of favour with the queen, upon the score of some civilities and respects her majesty had received from them while she was princess. For some years after the Revolution he never appeared at court, but was looked upon as a favourite of the abdicated family; and it was the late earl of Rochester who first presented him to king William. However, since the time he came into employment, which was toward the close of the last reign, he has been a constant zealous member of the other party, but never failed either in attendance or respect toward the queen's person; or at most only threatened sometimes that he would serve no longer while such or such men were employed; which as things went then was not reckoned any offence at all against duty or good behaviour. He had been much caressed and flattered by the lords of the juncto, who sometimes went so far as to give him hopes of the crown in reversion to his family, upon failure of the house of Hanover. All this worked so far upon his imagination, that he affected to appear the head of their party, to which his talents were no way proportioned; for they soon grew weary of his indigested schemes, and his imperious manner of obtruding them: they began to drop him at their meetings, or contradicted him

with little ceremony when he happened to be there, which his haughty nature was not able to brook. Thus a mortal quarrel was kindled between him and the whole assembly of party leaders; so that, upon the queen's first intention of changing her ministry, soon after the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, he appointed several meetings with Mr. Harley alone, in the most private manner, in places and at times least liable to suspicion. He employed all his credit with the queen to drive on the removal of my lord Godolphin and the rest; and in the council treated the small remainder who continued some time longer in their places with all possible marks of hatred or disdain. But when the question came for dissolving the parliament he stopped short; he had already satiated his resentments, which were not against things but persons; he furiously opposed that counsel, and promised to undertake for the parliament himself. When the queen had declared her pleasure for the dissolution he flew off in greater rage than ever; opposed the court in all elections where he had influence or power; and made very humble advances to reconcile himself with the discarded lords, especially the earl of Godolphin, who is reported to have treated him at Newmarket in a most contemptuous manner. But the sincerity of his repentance, which appeared manifestly in the first session of the new parliament, and the use he might be of by his own remaining credit, or rather that of his duchess, with the queen, at length brought a reconciliation.

He still kept his employment and place in the cabinet council; but had never appeared there, from an avowed dislike of all persons and proceedings. It happened about the end of summer, 1711, at Windsor, when the cabinet council was summoned, this duke, whether by direction from his teachers or the instability of his nature, took a fancy to resume his place, and a chair was brought accordingly; upon which, Mr. secretary St. John refused to assist, and gave his reasons. "That he would never sit in council with a man who had so often betrayed them, and was openly engaged with a faction which endeavoured to obstruct all her majesty's measures."

Thus the council was put off to next day, and the duke made no further attempts to be there. But upon this incident he declared open war against the ministry, and from that time to the session employed himself in spiriting up several depending lords to adhere to their friends when an occasion should offer. The arguments he made use of were, "That those in power designed to make an ignominious and insecure peace, without consulting the allies: that this could be no otherwise prevented than by an address from the lords to signify their opinion that no peace could be honourable or secure while Spain or the West Indies remained in any of the Bourbon family; upon which several further resolutions and inquiries would naturally follow: that the differences between the two houses upon this point must either be made up by the commons agreeing with the lords or must end in a dissolution, which would be followed by a return of the old ministry; who by the force of money and management could easily get another parliament to their wishes." He further assured them boldly, "That the queen herself was at the bottom of this design, and had empowered him to desire their votes against the peace as a point that would be for her service; and therefore they need not be in pain upon account of their pensions, or any further marks of favour they expected." Thus, by reviving the old arts of using her majesty's authority against her person, he prevailed over some who were not

otherwise in a station of life to oppose the crown; and his proselytes may pretend to some share of pity, since he offered for an argument his own example, who kept his place and favour after all he had done to deserve the loss of both.

The other lord in whom the discontented managers placed much of their hopes was the earl of Nottingham, already mentioned; than whom no man ever appeared to hate them more or to be more pleased at their fall; partly from his avowed principles, but chiefly from the hopes he had of sharing in their spoils. But it fell out that he was no way acceptable to the queen or her new servants: these apprehended no little trouble and impediment to the public business from his restless, talkative, overweening manner, if once he was suffered to have any part in affairs; and he stood very ill with the court, having made a motion in the house of lords, and in her majesty's presence, "That the electoral prince of Hanover might be invited to reside in England;" although he had before declared to the queen how much he was against that proposal, when it was first offered by the other party. However, some very considerable employments had been given to his nearest relations; and he had one or two offers for himself, which he thought fit to refuse as not equal to his merits and character. Upon the earl of Rochester's decease he conceived that the crown would hardly overlook him for president of the council, and deeply resented that disappointment. But the duke of Newcastle, lord privy-seal, dying some time after, he found that office was first designed for the earl of Jersey, and upon this lord's sudden death was actually disposed of to the bishop of Bristol: by which he plainly saw that the queen was determined against giving him any opportunity of directing in affairs, or displaying his eloquence in the cabinet council. He had now shaken off all remains of patience or temper; and from the contemplation of his own disappointments fell, as it is natural, to find fault with the public management, and to assure his neighbours in the country "That the nation was in imminent danger of being ruined." The discontented lords were soon apprised of this great change; and the duke of Roxburgh, the earl's son-in-law, was despatched to Burleigh-on-the-Hill, to cultivate his present dispositions and offer him whatever terms he pleased to insist on. The earl immediately agreed to fall in with any measures for distressing or destroying the ministry: but in order to preserve his reputation with the church party and perhaps bring them over to his interests, he proposed that a bill should be brought into the house of lords for preventing occasional conformity, and be unanimously agreed to by all the peers of the low-church principle; which would convince the world of their good intentions to the established religion, and that their oppositions to the court wholly proceeded from their care of the nation and concern for its honour and safety.

These preparations were public enough, and the ministers had sufficient time to arm themselves, but they seem to have acted in this juncture like men who trusted to the goodness of their cause and the general inclinations of the kingdom, rather than to those arts which our corruptions have too often made necessary. Calculations were indeed taken, by which it was computed that there would be a majority of ten upon the side of the court. I remember to have told my lord Harcourt and Mr. Prior that a majority of ten was only a majority of five, because if their adversaries could bring off five the number would be equal: and so it happened to prove, for the mistake lay in counting upon the bare promises

of those who were wholly in the interest of the old ministry, and were only kept in awe by the fear of offending the crown and losing their subsistence, wherein the duke of Somerset had given them full satisfaction.

With these dispositions of both parties, and fears and hopes of the event, the parliament met upon the 7th of December, 1711. The queen's speech (excepting what related to supplies) was chiefly taken up in telling both houses what progress she had made towards a general peace and her hopes of bringing it to a speedy conclusion. As soon as her majesty was withdrawn the house of lords, in a committee, resolved upon an address of thanks, to which the earl of Nottingham proposed an addition of the following clause:

"And we do beg leave to represent it to your majesty, as the humble opinion and advice of this house, that no peace can be safe or honourable to Great Britain and Europe if Spain and the West Indies are to be allotted to any branch of the house of Bourbon."

He was seconded by the earl of Scarborough; and after a debate of several hours the question for the clause was carried, as I remember, by not above two voices. The next day the house agreed with the committee. The depending lords (having taken fresh courage from their principals and some who professed themselves very humble servants to the present ministry and enemies to the former) went along with the stream, pretending not to see the consequences that must visibly follow. The address was presented on the 11th, to which her majesty's answer was short and dry. She distinguished their thanks from the rest of the piece, and in return to lord Nottingham's clause said, "She should be sorry that anybody could think she would not do her utmost to recover Spain and the West Indies from the house of Bourbon."

Upon the 15th of December the earl of Nottingham likewise brought in the bill to prevent occasional conformity (although under a disguised title), which met with no opposition, but was swallowed by those very lords who always appeared with the utmost violence against the least advantage to the established church.

But in the house of commons there appeared a very different spirit, for when one Mr. Robert Walpole offered a clause of the same nature with that of the earl of Nottingham it was rejected with contempt by a very great majority. Their address was, in the most dutiful manner, approving of what her majesty had done toward a peace, and trusting entirely to her wisdom in the future management of it.

This address was presented to the queen a day before that of the lords, and received an answer distinguishedly gracious. But the other party was nowise discouraged by either answer, which they looked upon as only matter of course, and the sense of the ministry, contrary to that of the queen.

The parliament sat as long as the approaching festival would allow, and upon the 22nd, the land-tax and occasional bills having received the royal assent, the house of commons adjourned to the 14th of January following; but the adjournment of the lords was only to the 2nd, the prevailing party there being in haste to pursue the consequences of the earl of Nottingham's clause, which they hoped would end in the ruin of the treasurer, and overthrow the ministry, and therefore took the advantage of this interval that they might not be disturbed by the commons.

When this address against any peace without Spain, &c., was carried in the house of lords, it is not

easy to describe the effects it had upon most men's passions. The partisans of the old ministry triumphed loudly and without any reserve, as if the game were their own. The earl of Wharton was observed in the house to smile and put his hands to his neck when any of the ministry were speaking, by which he would have it understood that some heads were in danger. Parker, the chief-justice, began already with great zeal and officiousness to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers writ in defence of the administration; in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in every countenance of that party.

On the other side, all well-wishers to the queen, the church, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark both of his enemies' fury and the censure of his friends: among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others to his unmeasurable public thrift. Both parties agreed that a first minister with very moderate skill in affairs might easily have governed the event; and some began to doubt whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, were what he justly deserved. All this he knew well enough, and heard it with great phlegm; neither did it make any alteration in his countenance or humour. He told Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, two days before the parliament sat, "That he was sorry for what was likely to pass, because the States would be the first sufferers, which he desired the envoy to remember." And to his nearest friends, who appeared in pain about the public or themselves, he only said "That all would be well;" and desired them not to be frightened.

It was I conceive upon these motives that the treasurer advised her majesty to create twelve new lords, and thereby disable the sting of faction for the rest of her lifetime. This promotion was so ordered that a third part were of those on whom, or their posterity, the peerage would naturally devolve; and the rest were such whose merit, birth, and fortune could admit of no exception.

The adverse party, being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain, which they loudly did—"That it was a pernicious example set for all princes to follow, who by the same rule might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve, and by these means become masters of the house of lords whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties." To this it was answered "That ill princes seldom trouble themselves to look for precedents; that men of great estates will not be less fond of preserving their liberties when they are created peers; that in such a government as this, where the prince holds the balance between two great powers, the nobility and people, it is the very nature of his office to remove from one scale into the other, or sometimes put his own weight in the lightest, so as to bring both to an equilibrium; and lastly, that the other party had been above twenty years corrupting the nobility with republican principles, which nothing but the royal prerogative could hinder from overspreading us."

The conformity-bill above mentioned was prepared by the earl of Nottingham before the parliament met, and brought in at the same time with the clause against peace, according to the bargain made between him and his new friends. This he hoped would not only save his credit with the church party, but bring them over to his politics, since they must needs be convinced, that instead of changing his own principles he had prevailed on the greatest enemies to the established religion to be the first movers in a law for the perpetual settlement of it.

Here it was worth observing with what resignation the junto lords (as they were then called) were submitted to by their adherents and followers, for it is well known that the chief among the dissenting teachers in town were consulted upon this affair, and such arguments used as had power to convince them that nothing could be of greater advantage to their cause than the passing of this bill. I did indeed see a letter at that time from one of them to a great man complaining "That they were betrayed and undone by their pretended friends;" but they were in general very well satisfied upon promises that this law should soon be repealed and others more in their favour enacted as soon as their friends should be re-established.

But nothing seemed more extraordinary than the event of this refined management, by which the earl of Nottingham was so far from bringing over proselytes (wherein his abilities felt very short even of the duke of Somerset's), or preserving the reputation of a firm churchman, that very few people did so much as imagine he had any such design; only when he brought in the bill they conceived it was some wonderful deepreach of politics, which they could not comprehend; however, they liked the thing, and without troubling themselves about the persons or motives from whence it rose it had a very speedy passage through both houses. It must be confessed that some attempt of this nature was much more necessary to the leaders of that party than is generally thought. The desire of power and revenge was common to them all; but several among them were also conscious that they stood in need of protection, whose safety was therefore concerned in the design of ruining the ministry as well as their ambition. The duke of Marlborough foresaw those examinations which were afterwards made into some parts of his management, and was apprehensive of a great deal more; that the parliament would perhaps inquire into the particulars of the negotiation at the Hague, 1709; for what ends and by whose advice the propositions of peace from France were rejected. Besides, he dreaded lest that mysterious policy might be laid open to the world, of desiring the queen to constitute him general for life, which was a very tender point and would admit of much proof. It is true indeed that, while the duke's affair was under the consideration of the house of commons, one of his creatures (whether by direction or otherwise) assured the speaker with a very serious countenance "that the world was mistaken in censuring his lord upon this article, for it was the queen who pressed the duke to accept that commission, and upon his humble refusal conceived her first displeasure against him." How such a defence would have passed if it had been offered in form is easier to be conceived than how any person in his wits could have the confidence to affirm it, which last it would indeed be hard to believe if there were any room left for doubt.

The earl of Godolphin wanted protection notwithstanding the act of general pardon which had been procured by his credit, and was principally calculated for his own security. He knew that his long neglect of compelling the accomplices to pass their accomplices might be punished as a breach of trust. He had run the kingdom into immense debts by taking up stores for the navy upon a vast discount, without parliamentary security, for which he could be able to plead neither law nor necessity; and he had given way at least to some proceedings not very justifiable in relation to remittances of money, whereby the public had suffered considerable losses. The barrier treaty sat heavy upon the lord Townshend's

spirits, because, if it should be laid before the house of commons, whoever negotiated that affair might be subject to the most severe animadversions; and the earl of Wharton's administration in Ireland was looked upon as a sufficient ground to impeach him at least for high crimes and misdemeanors.

The managers in Holland were sufficiently apprised of all this; and Monsieur Buys, their minister here, took care to cultivate that good correspondence between his masters and their English friends which became two confederates pursuing the same end.

This man had been formerly employed in England from that republic, and understood a little of our language. His proficiency in learning has been such as to furnish now and then a Latin quotation, of which he is as liberal as his stock will admit. His knowledge in government reaches no further than that of his own country, by which he forms and cultivates matters of state for the rest of the world. His reasonings upon politics are with great profusion at all meetings, and he leaves the company with entire satisfaction that he has fully convinced them. He is well provided with that inferior sort of cunning which is the growth of his country, of a standard with the genius of the people, and capable of being transferred into every condition of life among them from the poor to the hurgomaster. He came into England with instructions authorizing him to accommodate all differences between her majesty and the States; but having first advised with the confederate lords, he assured the ministry "he had powers to hear their proposals, but none to conclude;" and having represented to his masters what had been told him by the adverse party, he prevailed with them to revoke his powers. He found the interest of those who withstood the court would exactly fall in with the designs of the States, which were to carry on the war as they could at our expense, and to see themselves at the head of a treaty of peace, whenever they were disposed to apply to France or to receive overtures from thence.

The emperor, upon many powerful reasons, was utterly averse from all counsels which aimed at putting an end to the war without delivering him the whole dominion of Spain. Nay, the elector of Hanover himself, although presumptive heir to the crown of England, and obliged by all sorts of ties to cultivate her majesty's friendship, was so far deceived by misrepresentations from hence, that he seemed to suffer Monsieur Bothmar, his envoy here, to print and publish a memorial in English, directly disapproving all her majesty's proceedings; which memorial, as appears by the style and manner of it, was all drawn up or at least digested by some party pen on this side of the water.

Cautious writers, in order to avoid offence or danger and to preserve the respect ever due to foreign princes, do usually charge the wrong steps in court altogether upon the persons employed. But I should have taken a securer method, and have been wholly silent on this point, if I had not then conceived some hope that his clerical highness might possibly have been a stranger to the memorial of his resident: for, first, the manner of delivering it to the secretary of state was out of all form, and almost as extraordinary as the thing itself. Monsieur Bothmar, having obtained an hour of Mr. secretary St. John, talked much to him upon the subject of which that memorial consists; and upon going away desired he might leave a paper with the secretary, which he said contained the substance of what he had been discoursing. This paper Mr. St. John laid aside among others of little consequence; and a

few days after saw a memorial in print, which he found upon comparing to be the same with what Bothmar had left.

During this short recess of parliament, and upon the 5th day of January, prince Eugene of Savoy landed in England. Before he left his ship, he asked a person who came to meet him, "Whether the new lords were made, and what was their number?" He was attended through the streets with a mighty rabble of people to St. James's; where Mr. secretary St. John introduced him to the queen, who received him with great civility. His arrival had been long expected; and the project of his journey had as long been formed here, by the party leaders, in concert with Monsieur Buys and Monsieur Bothmar, the Dutch and Hanover envoys. This prince brought over credentials from the emperor, with offers to continue the war on a new foot, very advantageous to Britain; part of which, by her majesty's commands, Mr. St. John soon after produced to the house of commons, where they were rejected, not without some indignation, by a great majority. The emperor's proposals, as far as they related to Spain, were communicated to the house in the words following:

"His imperial majesty judges that forty thousand men will be sufficient for this service; and that the whole expense of the war in Spain may amount to four millions of crowns; toward which his imperial majesty offers to make up the troops which he has in that country to thirty thousand men, and to take one million of crowns upon himself."

On the other side, the house of commons voted a third part of those four millions as a sufficient quota for her majesty toward that service; for it was supposed the emperor ought to bear the greatest proportion, in a point that so nearly concerned him: or at least, that Britain contributing one-third, the other two might be paid by his imperial majesty and the States, as they could settle it between them.

The design of prince Eugene's journey was to raise a spirit in the parliament and people for continuing the war; for nothing was thought impossible to a prince of such high reputation in arms, in great favour with the emperor, and empowered to make such proposals from his master, as the ministry durst not reject. It appeared by an intercepted letter from count Gallas (formerly the emperor's envoy here), that the prince was wholly left to his liberty of making what offers he pleased in the emperor's name; for if the parliament could once be brought to raise funds, and the war go on, the ministry here must be under a necessity of applying and expending those funds; and the emperor could find afterwards twenty reasons and excuses as he had hitherto done for not furnishing his quota. Therefore prince Eugene for some time kept himself within generals; until, being pressed to explain himself upon that particular of the war in Spain, which the house of Austria pretended to have most at heart, he made the offer above mentioned, as a most extraordinary effort; and so it was, considering how little they had ever done before towards recovering that monarchy to themselves; but shameful as these proposals were, few believed the emperor would observe them; or indeed that he ever intended to spare so many men, as would make up an army of thirty thousand men to be employed in Spain.

Prince Eugene's visit to his friends in England continued longer than was expected. He was every day entertained magnificently by persons of quality of both parties. He went frequently to the treasurer, and sometimes affected to do it in private. He visited the other ministers and great officers of the court; but on all occasions, publicly owned the

character and appellation of a Whig; and in secret held continual meetings with the duke of Marlborough and the other discontented lords, where M. Bothmar usually assisted. It is the great ambition of this prince to be perpetually engaged in war, without considering the cause or consequence; and to see himself at the head of an army, where only he can make any considerable figure. He is not without a natural tincture of that cruelty sometimes charged upon the Italians; and his being nursed in arms has so far extinguished pity and remorse, that he will at any time sacrifice a thousand men's lives to a caprice of glory or revenge. He had conceived an incurable hatred for the treasurer, as the person who principally opposed this insatiable passion for war; said, "He had hopes of others; but that the treasurer was an *mechant diable*, not to be moved." Therefore, since it was impossible for him or his friends to compass their designs, while that minister continued at the head of affairs, he proposed an expedient often practised by those of his country, "that the treasurer (to use his own expression) should be taken off *à la negligence*; that this might be easily done and pass for an effect of chance, if it were preceded by encouraging some proper people to commit small riots in the night." And in several parts of the town a crew of obscure ruffians were accordingly employed about that time, who probably exceeded their commission, and mixing themselves with those disorderly people that often infest the streets at midnight, acted inhuman outrages on many persons, whom they cut and mangled in the face and arms and other parts of the body without any provocation. But an effectual stop was soon put to those enormities, which probably prevented the execution of the main design.

I am very sensible that such an imputation ought not to be charged upon any person whatsoever, upon slight grounds or doubtful surmises; and that those who think I am able to produce no better will judge this passage to be fitter for a libel than a history. But as the account was given by more than one person who was at the meeting, so it was confirmed past all contradiction by several intercepted letters and papers: and it is most certain that the rage of the defeated party, upon their frequent disappointments, was so far inflamed as to make them capable of some counsels yet more violent and desperate than this; which however by the vigilance of those near the person of her majesty were happily prevented.

On the 30th day of December, 1711, the duke of Marlborough was removed from all his employments; the duke of Ormond succeeding him as general, both here and in Flanders. This proceeding of the court (as far as it related to the duke of Marlborough) was much censured both at home and abroad, and by some who did not wish ill to the present situation of affairs. There were few examples of a commander being disgraced, after an uninterrupted course of success, for many years, against a formidable enemy, and this before a period was put to the war. Those who had least esteem for his valour and conduct thought it not prudent to remove a general whose troops were perpetually victorious while he was at their head; because this had infused into his soldiers an opinion that they should always conquer, and into the enemy that they should always be beaten; than which nothing is to be held of greater moment, either in the progress of a war or upon the day of battle: and I have good grounds to affirm, that these reasons had sufficient weight with the queen and ministry, to have kept the duke of Marlborough in his post, if a way could have been found out to have done it with

any assurance of safety to the nation. It is the misfortune of princes, that the effects of their displeasure make usually much more noise than the causes. Thus the sound of the duke's fall was heard further than many of the reasons which made it necessary; whereof, though some were visible enough, yet others lay more in the dark. Upon the duke's last return from Flanders, he had fixed his arrival to town (whether by accident or otherwise) upon the 17th of November, called queen Elizabeth's day; when great numbers of his creatures and admirers had thought fit to revive an old ceremony among the rabble, of burning the pope in effigy; for the performance of which with more solemnity they had made extraordinary preparations. From the several circumstances of the expense of this intended pageantry, and of the persons who promoted it, the court, apprehensive of a design to inflame the common people, thought fit to order that the several figures should be seized as popish trinkets; and guards were ordered to patrol for preventing any tumultuous assemblies. Whether this frolic was only intended for an affront to the court, or whether it had a deeper meaning, I must leave undetermined. The duke, in his own nature, is not much turned to be popular; and in his flourishing times, whenever he came back to England upon the close of a campaign, he rather affected to avoid any concourse of the *mobile*, if they had been disposed to attend him: therefore, so very contrary a proceeding at this juncture made it suspected as if he had a design to have placed himself at their head. "France," "Popery," "The Pretender," "Peace without Spain," were the words to be given about at this mock parade; and if what was confidently asserted be true, that a report was to have been spread at the same time of the queen's death, no man can tell what might have been the event.

But this attempt, to whatever purposes intended, proving wholly abortive by the vigilance of those in power, the duke's arrival was without any noise or consequence; and upon consulting with his friends, he soon fell in with their new scheme for preventing the peace. It was believed by many persons that the ministers might with little difficulty have brought him over, if they had pleased to make a trial; for, as he would probably have accepted any terms, to continue in a station of such prodigious profit, so there was sufficient room to work upon his fears, of which he is seldom unprovided (I mean only in his political capacity), and this infirmity very much increased by his unmeasurable possessions, which have rendered him *ipsique onerique timentem*. But reason, as well as the event, proved this to be a mistake; for the ministers being determined to bring the war to as speedy an issue as the honour and safety of their country would permit, could not possibly recompense the duke for the mighty incomes he held by the continuance of it. Then, the other party had calculated their numbers; and by the accession of the earl of Nottingham, whose example they hoped would have many followers, and the successful solicitations of the duke of Somerset, found they were sure of a majority in the house of lords; so that in this view of circumstances the duke of Marlborough thought he acted with security, as well as advantage. He therefore boldly fell, with his whole weight, into the design of ruining the ministry, at the expense of his duty to his sovereign and the welfare of his country, after the mighty obligations he had received from both. **WILLIAM** and **TORY** were now no longer the dispute; but **THE QUEEN**, or **THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH**. He was at the head of all the cabals and consults with **BUTHEM**, **BUYS**, and the discontented lords. He argued that government of his passion for

which his admirers used to celebrate him: fell into all the impotencies of anger and violence upon every party debate: so that the queen found herself under a necessity, either on the one side to sacrifice those friends who had ventured their lives in rescuing her out of the power of some, whose former treatment she had little reason to be fond of; to put an end to the progress she had made towards a peace, and dissolve her parliament; or on the other side, by removing one person from so great a trust, to get clear of all her difficulties at once. Her majesty therefore determined upon the latter, as the shorter and safer course; and during the recess at Christmas sent the duke a letter, to tell him she had no further occasion for his service.

There has not perhaps in the present age been a clearer instance to show the instability of greatness which is not founded upon virtue; and it may be an instruction to princes, who are well in the hearts of their people, that the overgrown power of any particular person, although supported by exorbitant wealth, can by a little resolution be reduced in a moment without any dangerous consequences. This lord, who was beyond all comparison the greatest subject in Christendom, found his power, credit, and influence, crumble away on a sudden; and except a few friends or followers by inclination, the rest dropped off in course. From directing in some manner the affairs of Europe, he descended to be a member of a faction, and with little distinction even there; that virtue of subduing his resentments, for which he was so famed when he had little or no occasion to exert it, having now wholly forsaken him when he stood most in need of its assistance; and upon trial was found unable to bear a reverse of fortune, giving way to rage, impatience, envy, and discontent.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE house of lords met upon the 2nd day of January, according to their adjournment; but before they could proceed to business the twelve new created peers were, in the usual form, admitted to their seats in that assembly; who by their numbers turned the balance on the side of the court, and voted an adjournment to the same day with the Commons. Upon the 14th of January the two houses met: but the queen, who intended to be there in person, sent a message to inform them "That she was prevented by a sudden return of the gout; and to desire they would adjourn for three days longer, when her majesty hoped she should be able to speak to them." However, her indisposition still continuing, Mr. secretary St. John brought another message to the house of commons from the queen, containing the substance of what she intended to have spoken: "That she could now tell them her plenipotentiaries were arrived at Utrecht; had begun, in pursuance of her instructions, to concert the most proper ways of procuring a just satisfaction to all powers in alliance with her, according to their several treaties, and particularly with relation to Spain and the West Indies: That she promised to communicate to them the conditions of peace, before the same should be concluded: That the world would now see how groundless those reports were and without the least colour, that a separate peace had been treated: That her ministers were directed to propose that a day might be fixed for the finishing, as was done for the commencement, of this treaty; and that, in the mean time, all preparations were hastening for an early campaign," &c.

Her majesty's endeavours towards this great work having been in such a forwardness at the time that

her message was sent, I shall here, as in the most proper place, relate the several steps by which the intercourse between the courts of France and Britain was begun and carried on.

The marquis de Torcy, sent by the most christian king to the Hague, had there, in the year 1700, made very advantageous offers to the allies in his master's name, which our ministers, as well as those of the States, thought fit to refuse, and advanced other proposals in their stead; but of such a nature as no prince could digest who did not lie at the immediate mercy of his enemies. It was demanded, among other things, "That the French king should employ his own troops, in conjunction with those of the allies, to drive his grandson out of Spain." The proposers knew very well that the enemy would never consent to this; and if it were possible they could at first have any such hopes, Mons. de Torcy assured them to the contrary in a manner which might well be believed; for when the British and Dutch plenipotentiaries were drawing up their demands, they desired that minister to assist them in the style and expression; which he very readily did, and made use of the strongest words he could find to please them. He then insisted to know their last resolution, whether these were the lowest terms the allies would accept; and, having received a determinate answer in the affirmative, he spoke to this effect:—

"That he thanked them heartily for giving him the happiest day he had ever seen in his life: That in perfect obedience to his master he had made concessions in his own opinion highly derogatory to the king's honour and interest: That he had not concealed the difficulties of his court or the discontents of his country by a long and unsuccessful war, which could only justify the large offers he had been empowered to make: That the conditions of peace now delivered into his hands by the allies would raise a new spirit in the nation and remove the greatest difficulty the court lay under; putting it in his master's power to convince all his subjects how earnestly his majesty desired to ease them from the burden of the war; but that his enemies would not accept of any terms which could consist either with their safety or his honour." Mons. de Torcy assured the pensionary, in the strongest manner, and bid him count upon it, "That the king his master would never sign those articles."

It soon appeared that the marquis de Torcy's predictions were true; for upon delivering to his master the last resolutions of the allies, that prince took care to publish them all over his kingdom as an appeal to his subjects against the unreasonableness and injustice of his enemies; which proceeding effectually answered the utmost he intended by it; for the French nation, extremely jealous of their monarch's glory, made universal offers of their lives and fortunes rather than submit to such ignominious terms; and the clergy, in particular, promised to give the king their consecrated plate towards continuing the war. Thus that mighty kingdom (generally thought to be wholly exhausted of its wealth), when driven to a necessity by the imprudence of the allies or by the corruption of particular men who influenced their councils, recovered strength enough to support itself for three following campaigns; and in the last, by the fatal blindness or obstinacy of the Dutch (venturing to act without the assistance of Britain, which they had shamefully abandoned), was an overmatch for the whole confederate army.

Those who, in order to defend the proceedings of the allies, have given an account of this negotiation, do wholly omit the circumstance I have now related;

and express the seal of the British and Dutch ministers for a peace, by informing us how frequently they sent after Mons. de Torcy and Mons. Rouille for a further conference. But in the mean time Mr. Horatio Walpole, secretary to the queen's plenipotentiaries, was dispatched over hither to have those abortive articles signed and ratified by her majesty at a venture; which was accordingly done: a piece of management altogether absurd and without example; contrived only to deceive our people into a belief that a peace was intended, and to show what great things the ministry designed to do.

But this hope expiring, upon the news that France had refused to sign those articles, all was resolved by recourse to the old tople of the French perfidiousness. We loaded them plentifully with ignominious appellations: "they were a nation never to be trusted." The parliament cheerfully continued their supplies, and the war went on. The winter following began the second and last session of the preceding parliament, noted for the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, and the occasions thereby given to the people to discover and exert their dispositions very opposite to the designs of those who were then in power. In the summer of 1710 ensued a gradual change of the ministry, and in the beginning of that winter the present parliament was called.

The king of France, whose real interests made him sincerely desirous of any tolerable peace, found it impossible to treat upon equal conditions with either of the two maritime powers engaged against him, because of the prevalence of factions in both, who acted in concert to their mutual private advantage, although directly against the general dispositions of the people in either, as well as against their several maxims of government. But upon the great turn of affairs and councils here in England, the new parliament and ministers acting from other motives and upon other principles, that prince hoped an opportunity might arise of resuming his endeavours toward a peace.

There was at this time in England a French ecclesiastic, called the Abbé Gualtier, who had resided several years in London, under the protection of some foreign ministers in whose families he used upon occasion to exercise his function of a priest. After the battle of Blenheim this gentleman went down to Nottingham, where several French prisoners of quality were kept; to whom he rendered those offices of civility suitable to persons in their condition, which upon their return to France they reported to his advantage. Among the rest the Chevalier de Croissy told his brother, the marquis de Torcy, "That whenever the French court would have a mind to make overtures of peace with England, Monsieur Gualtier might be very usefully employed in handing them to the ministers here." This was no further thought of at present. In the mean time the war went on, and the conferences at the Hague and Gertruydenberg miscarried, by the allies insisting upon such demands as they neither expected nor perhaps desired should be granted.

Some time in July, 1710, Monsieur Gualtier received a letter from the marquis de Torcy, signifying "That a report being spread of her majesty's intentions to change her ministry, to take Mr. Harley into her councils, and to dissolve her parliament, the most Christian king thought it might be now a favourable conjuncture to offer new proposals of a treaty." Monsieur Gualtier was therefore directed to apply himself in the marquis's name either to the duke of Shrewsbury, the earl of Jersey, or Mr. Harley, and inform the French court how such a proposition would be relished. Gualtier chose to de-

liver his message to the second of those who had been ambassador from the late king to France. But the earl excused himself from entering into particulars with a stranger and a private person, who had no authority for what he said more than a letter from Monsieur de Torcy. Gualtier offered to procure another from that minister to the earl himself; and did so in a month after; but obtained no answer till December following, when the queen had made all necessary changes and summoned a free parliament to her wishes. About the beginning of January, the abbé (after having procured his dismission from Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, at that time his protector) was sent to Paris to inform Mons. de Torcy, "That her majesty would be willing his master should resume the treaty with Holland, provided the demands of England might be previously granted." Gualtier came back after a short stay with a return in his message, "That the Dutch had used the most Christian king and his ministers in such a manner, both at the Hague and Gertruydenberg, as made that prince resolve not to expose himself any more to the like treatment; that he therefore chose to address himself to England, and was ready to make whatever offers her majesty could reasonably expect for the advantage of her own kingdoms and the satisfaction of her allies."

After this message had been duly considered by the queen and her ministers, Monsieur Gualtier was dispatched a second time to France about the beginning of March 1710-11, with an answer to the following purpose:—"That since France had their particular reasons for not beginning again to treat with Holland, England was willing to remove that difficulty, and proposed it should be done in this manner: That France should send over hither the propositions for a treaty which should be transmitted by England to Holland to be jointly treated on that side of the water; but it was to be understood that the same proposition formerly offered to Holland was to be made to England, or one not less advantageous to the allies: for although England would enter most sincerely into such a treaty, and show in the course of it the clearness of their intentions, yet they could not with honour entertain a less beneficial proposal than what was offered to the States."

That prince, as well as his minister Monsieur de Torcy, either felt or affected so much resentment of the usage the latter had met at the Hague and Gertruydenberg, that they appeared fully determined against making any application to the States, where the same persons continued still in power, of whose treatment they so heavily complained. They seemed altogether to distrust the inclination of that republic towards a peace; but at the same time showed a mighty complaisance to the English nation, and a desire to have her majesty at the head of a treaty. This appears by the first overture in form sent from that kingdom, and signed by Mons. de Torcy on the 22nd of April, N. S., 1711, to the following effect:

"That as it could not be doubted but the king was in a condition of continuing the war with honour, so it could not be looked on as a mark of weakness in his majesty to break the silence he had kept since the conferences at Gertruydenberg, and that before the opening of the campaign he now gives further proof of the desire he always had to procure the repose of Europe. But after what he has found by experience of the sentiments of those persons who now govern the republic of Holland, and of their industry in rendering all negotiations without effect, his majesty will, for the public good, offer to the English nation those propositions which he thinks fit to make for terminating the war, and

for settling the tranquillity of Europe upon a solid foundation. It is with this view that he offers to enter into a treaty of peace founded on the following conditions:

"First, The English nation shall have real securities for carrying on their trade in Spain, the Indies, and ports of the Mediterranean.

"Secondly, The king will consent to form a sufficient barrier in the Low Countries for the security of the republic of Holland; and this barrier shall be such as England shall agree upon and approve; his majesty promising at the same time entire liberty and security to the trade of the Dutch.

"Thirdly, All reasonable methods shall be thought of with sincerity and truth, for giving satisfaction to the allies of England and Holland.

"Fourthly, Whereas the affairs of the king of Spain are in so good a condition as to furnish new expedients for putting an end to the disputes about that monarchy, and for settling it to the satisfaction of the several parties concerned, all sincere endeavours shall be used for surmounting the difficulties arisen upon this occasion; and the trade and interest of all parties engaged in the present war shall be secured.

"Fifthly, The conferences, in order to treat of a peace upon these conditions, shall be immediately opened; and the plenipotentiaries whom the king shall name to assist thereto shall treat with those of England and Holland, either alone or in conjunction with those of their allies, as England shall choose.

"Sixthly, His majesty proposes the town of Aix la Chapelle or Liege for the place where the plenipotentiaries shall assemble; leaving the choice likewise to England of either of the said towns wherein to treat of a general peace."

These overtures, although expressing much confidence in the ministry here, great deference to the queen, and displeasure against the Dutch, were immediately transmitted by her majesty's command to her ambassador in Holland, with orders that they should be communicated to the pensionary. The Abbé Gualtier was desired to signify this proceeding to the marquis de Torcy; at the same time to let that minister understand "that some of the above articles ought to be explained." The lord Raby, now earl of Strafford, was directed to tell the pensionary "That her majesty being resolved in making peace as in making war, to act in perfect concert with the States, would not lose a moment in transmitting to him a paper of this importance: That the queen earnestly desired that the secret might be kept among as few as possible; and that she hoped the pensionary would advise upon this occasion with no person whatsoever, except such as by the constitution of that government are unavoidably necessary: That the terms of the several propositions were indeed too general; but, however, they contained an offer to treat; and that, although there appeared an air of complaisance to England through the whole paper, and the contrary to Holland, yet this could have no ill consequence as long as the queen and the States took care to understand each other, and to act with as little reserve as became two powers so nearly allied in interest; which rule on the part of Britain should be inviolably observed." It was signified likewise to the pensionary "That the duke of Marlborough had no communication of this affair from England, and that it was supposed he would have none from the Hague."

After these proposals had been considered in Holland, the ambassador was directed to send back the opinion of the Dutch ministers upon them. The court here was indeed apprehensive that the pen-

sionary would be alarmed at the whole frame of Monsieur de Torcy's paper, and particularly at these expressions, "That the English shall have real securities for their trade, &c.; and that the barrier for the States General shall be such as England shall agree upon and approve." It was natural to think that the fear which the Dutch would conceive of our obtaining advantageous terms for Britain, might put them upon trying underhand for themselves, and endeavouring to overreach us in the management of the peace as they had hitherto done in that of the war; the ambassador was therefore cautioned to be very watchful in discovering any workings which might tend that way.

When the lord Raby was first sent to the Hague, the duke of Marlborough and lord Townshend had, for very obvious reasons, used their utmost endeavours to involve him in as many difficulties as they could; upon which and other accounts, needless to mention, it was thought proper that his grace, then in Flanders, should not be let into the secret of this affair.

The proposal of Aix or Liege for a place of treaty was only a further mark of their old discontent against Holland, to show they would not name any town which belonged to the States.

The pensionary, having consulted those who had been formerly employed in the negotiations of peace, and enjoined them the utmost secrecy to avoid the jealousy of the foreign ministers there, desired the ambassador to return her majesty thanks for the obliging manner of communicating the French overtures, for the confidence she placed in the States, and for her promise of making no step towards a peace but in concert with them; assuring her of the like on their part: "That although the States endeavoured to hide it from the enemy, they were as weary of the war as we, and very heartily desirous of a good and lasting peace, as well as ready to join in any method which her majesty should think proper to obtain it: That the States looked upon these propositions as very dark and general; and they observed how the enemy would create jealousies between the queen, their republic, and the other allies; but they were satisfied it would have no effect, and relied entirely on the justice and prudence of her majesty, who they doubted not would make the French explain themselves more particularly in the several points of their proposals, and send a plan of the particular conditions whereupon they would make a peace; after which the States would be ready either to join with her majesty or to make their objections; and were prepared to bring with them all the facility imaginable towards promoting so good a work."

This is the sum of the verbal answer made by the pensionary upon communicating to him the French proposals; and I have chosen to set it down, rather than transcribe the other given to the ambassador some days after; which was more in form and to the same purpose, but shorter, and in my opinion not so well discovering the true disposition of the Dutch ministers: for after the queen had transmitted the French overtures to Holland, and the States found her majesty was bent in earnest upon the thoughts of a peace, they began to cast about how to get the negotiation into their own hands. They knew that whatever power received the first proposals would be wise enough to stipulate something for themselves; as they had done in their own case both at the Hague and Gertruydenberg, where they carried as they pleased without any regard to the interests of their nearest allies. For this reason, while they endeavoured to amuse the British court

with expostulations upon the several preliminaries sent from France, Monsieur Petecum, a forward meddling agent of Holstein who had resided some years in Holland, negotiated with Heinsius the grand pensionary, as well as with Vanderdussen and Buys, about restoring the conference in Gertruydenberg; pursuant to which, about the end of May, N. S. 1711, Petecum wrote to the marquis de Torcy, with the privity of the pensionary and probably of the other two. The substance of his letter was to inform the marquis "That things might easily be disposed so as to settle a correspondence between that crown and the republic, in order to renew the treaty of peace: That this could be done with the greater secrecy, because Monsieur Heinsius, by virtue of his oath as pensionary, might keep any affair private as long as he thought necessary and was not obliged to communicate it until he believed things were ripe; and as long as he concealed it from his masters, he was not bound to discover it either to the ministers of the emperor or those of her British majesty: That since England thought it proper for king Charles to continue the whole campaign in Catalonia (though he should be chosen emperor), in order to support the war in Spain, it was necessary for France to treat in the most secret manner with the States, who were not now so violently as formerly against baring Philip on the Spanish throne, upon certain conditions for securing their trade; but were jealous of England's design to fortify some trading towns in Spain for themselves: That Heinsius extremely desired to get out of the war, for some reasons which he (Petecum) was not permitted to tell; and that Vanderdussen and Buys were impatient to have the negotiations with France once more set on foot; which, if Monsieur Torcy thought fit to consent to, Petecum engaged that the States would determine to settle the preliminaries in the mid-way between Paris and the Hague, with whatever ministers the most christian king should please to employ."

Monsieur Torcy refused this overture; and in his answer to Monsieur Petecum assigned for the reason the treatment his master's former proposals had met with at the Hague and Gertruydenberg from the ministers of Holland. Britain and Holland seemed pretty well agreed that those proposals were too loose and imperfect to be a foundation for entering upon a general treaty; and Monsieur Gualtier was desired to signify to the French court "That it was expected they should explain themselves more particularly on the several articles."

But in the mean time the queen was firmly resolved that the interests of her own kingdoms should not be neglected at this juncture, as they had formerly twice been while the Dutch were principal managers of a negotiation with France. Her majesty had given frequent and early notice to the States of the general disposition of her people toward a peace, of her own inability to continue the war upon the old foot, under the disadvantage of unequal quotas and the universal backwardness of her allies. She had likewise informed them of several advances made to her on the side of France, which she had refused to barken to till she had consulted with those her good friends and confederates, and heard their opinion on that subject. But the Dutch, who apprehended nothing more than to see Britain at the head of a treaty, were backward and sullen, disliked all proposals by the queen's intervention, and said "It was a piece of artifice in France to divide the allies." Besides, they knew the ministry was young, and the opposite fiction

had given them assurances "That the people of England would never endure a peace without Spain, nor the men in power dare to attempt it after the resolutions of one house of parliament to the contrary." But in the midst of this unwillingness to receive any overtures from France by the queen's hands, the Dutch ministers were actually engaged in a correspondence with that court, where they urged our inability to begin a treaty by reason of those factions which themselves had inflamed; and were ready to commence a negotiation upon much easier terms than what they supposed we demanded. For not to mention the duke of Lorraine's interposition in behalf of Holland, which France absolutely refused to accept, the letters sent from the Dutch to that court were shown some months after to a British minister there, which gave much weight to Monsieur de Torcy's insinuations, "That he knew where to meet with more complaisance if the necessity of affairs should force him to it by our refusal." And the violence of the States against our entertaining that correspondence was only because they knew theirs would never be accepted; at least till ours were thrown off.

The queen sensible of all this resolved to provide for her own kingdoms; and having therefore prepared such demands for her principal allies as might be a ground for proceeding to a general treaty, without pretending to adjust their several interests, she resolved to stipulate in a particular manner the advantage of Britain. The following preliminary demands were accordingly drawn up, in order to be transmitted to France:

"Great Britain will not enter into any negotiation of peace otherwise than upon these conditions obtained beforehand:

"That the union of the two crowns of France and Spain shall be prevented: That satisfaction shall be given to all the allies, and trade settled and maintained.

"If France be disposed to treat upon this view it is not to be doubted that the following propositions will be found reasonable:

"A barrier shall be formed in the Low Countries for the States General, and their trade shall be secured.

"A barrier likewise shall be formed for the empire.

"The pretensions of all the allies founded upon former treaties shall be regulated and determined to their general satisfaction.

"In order to make a more equal balance of power in Italy the dominions and territories which, in the beginning of the present war, belonged to the duke of Savoy, and are now in the possession of France, shall be restored to his royal highness; and such other places in Italy shall be yielded to him as will be found necessary and agreeable to the sense of former treaties made with this prince.

"As to Great Britain, in particular, the succession to the crown of the kingdoms, according to the present establishment, shall be acknowledged.

"A new treaty of commerce between Great Britain and France shall be made after the most just and reasonable manner.

"Dunkirk shall be demolished.

"Gibraltar and Port-Mahon shall remain in the hands of the present possessors.

"The English shall have the assent to in the same manner the French now enjoy it; and such places in the Spanish West Indies shall be assigned to those concerned in this traffic, for the refreshment and sale of their negroes, as shall be found necessary and convenient.

"All advantages, rights, and privileges already

granted, and which may hereafter be granted, by Spain to the subjects of France or to any other nation whatsoever, shall be equally granted to the subjects of Great Britain.

"And for better securing the British trade in the Spanish West Indies, certain places, to be named in the treaty of peace, shall be put into possession of the English.

"Newfoundland, with the bay and straits of Hudson, shall be entirely restored to the English; and Great Britain and France shall severally keep and possess all those countries and territories in North America which each of the said nations shall be in possession of at the time when the ratification of this treaty shall be published in those parts of the world.

"These demands, and all other proceedings between Great Britain and France, shall be kept inviolably secret until they are published by the mutual consent of both parties."

The last article was not only intended for avoiding, if possible, the jealousy of the Dutch, but to prevent the clamours of the abettors here at home, who, under the pretended fears of our doing injustice to the Dutch by acting without the privacy of that republic, in order to make a separate peace, would be ready to drive on the worst designs against the queen and ministry in order to recover the power they had lost.

In June, 1711, Mr. Prior, a person of great distinction, not only on account of his wit but for his abilities in the management of affairs, and who had been formerly employed at the French court, was despatched thither by her majesty with the foregoing demands. This gentleman was received at Versailles with great civility. The king declared, "That no proceeding in order to a general treaty would be so agreeable to him as by the intervention of England; and that his majesty, being desirous to contribute with all his power towards the repose of Europe, did answer to the demands which had been made:

"That he would consent freely and sincerely to all just and reasonable methods for hindering the crowns of France and Spain from being ever united under the same prince; his majesty being persuaded that such an excess of power would be as contrary to the general good and repose of Europe as it was opposite to the will of the late catholic king Charles II." He said, "His intention was that all parties in the present war should find their reasonable satisfaction in the intended treaty of peace; and that trade should be settled and maintained for the future to the advantage of those nations which formerly possessed it.

"That, as the king will exactly observe the conditions of peace, whenever it shall be concluded, and as the object he proposes to himself is to secure the frontiers of his own kingdom, without giving any sort of disturbance to his neighbours, he promises to agree that by the future treaty of peace the Dutch shall be put into possession of all such fortified places as shall be specified in the said treaty, to serve for a barrier to that republic against all attempts on the side of France. He engages likewise to give all necessary securities for removing the jealousies raised among the German princes of his majesty's designs.

"That when the conferences in order to a general treaty shall be formed all the pretensions of the several princes and states engaged in the present war shall be fairly and amicably discussed; nor shall anything be omitted which may regulate and determine them to the satisfaction of all parties.

"That, pursuant to the demands made by England, his majesty promises to restore to the duke of Savoy those demesnes and territories which belonged to that prince at the beginning of this war, and which his majesty is now in possession of; and the king consents, further, that such other places in Italy shall be yielded to the duke of Savoy as shall be found necessary according to the sense of those treaties made between the said duke and his allies.

"That the king's sentiments of the present government of Great Britain, the open declaration he made in Holland of his resolution to treat of peace by applications to the English, the assurances he had given of engaging the king of Spain to leave Gibraltar in their hands (all which are convincing proofs of his perfect esteem for a nation still in war with him), leave no room to doubt of his majesty's inclination to give England all securities and advantages for their trade which they can reasonably demand. But as his majesty cannot persuade himself that a government so clear-sighted as ours will insist upon conditions which must absolutely destroy the trade of France and Spain as well as that of all other nations of Europe, he thinks the demands made by Great Britain may require a more particular discussion.

"That upon this foundation the king thought the best way of advancing and perfecting a negotiation, the beginning of which he had seen with so much satisfaction, would be to send into England a person instructed in his intention and authorized by him to agree upon securities for settling the trade of the subjects of England, and those particular advantages to be stipulated in their favour, without destroying the trade of the French and Spaniards or of other nations in Christendom.

"That therefore his majesty had charged the person chosen for this commission to answer the other articles of the memorial given him by Mr. Prior, the secret of which should be exactly observed."

Mons. de Torcy had for some years past used all his endeavours to incline his master toward a peace, pursuant to the maxim of his uncle Colbert, "That a long war was not for the interest of France." It was for this reason the king made choice of him in the conferences at the Hague, the had success whereof, although it filled him with resentments against the Dutch, did not alter his opinion; but he was violently opposed by a party both in the court and kingdom who pretended to fear he would sacrifice the glory of the prince and country by too large concessions; or perhaps would rather wish that the first offers should have been still made to the Dutch, as a people more likely to be less solicitous about the interest of Britain than her majesty would certainly be for theirs; and the particular design of Mr. Prior was to find out whether that minister had credit enough with his prince, and a support from others in power, sufficient to overrule the faction against peace.

Mr. Prior's journey could not be kept a secret, as the court here at first seemed to intend it. He was discovered, at his return, by an officer of the port at Dover, where he landed after six weeks' absence; upon which the Dutch Gazettees and English newspapers were full of speculations.

At the same time with Mr. Prior there arrived from France Mons. Mesnager, knight of the order of St. Michael, and one of the council of trade to the most christian king. His commission was in general, empowering him to treat with the minister of any prince engaged in the war against his master. In his first conferences with the queen's ministers he pretended orders to insist that her majesty should enter upon particular engagements in several articles,

which did not depend upon her, but concerned only the interest of the allies reciprocally with those of the most christian king; whereas the negotiation had begun upon this principle, that France should consent to adjust the interests of Great Britain in the first place, whereby her majesty would be afterwards enabled, by her good offices on all sides, to facilitate the general peace. The queen resolved never to depart from this principle, but was absolutely determined to remit the particular interests of the allies to general conferences, where she would do the utmost in her power to procure the repose of Europe and the satisfaction of all parties. It was plain France could run no hazard by this proceeding, because the preliminary articles would have no force before a general peace was signed; therefore it was not doubted but Mons. Mesnager would have orders to waive this new pretension, and go on in treating upon that foot which was at first proposed. In short, the ministers required a positive and speedy answer to the articles in question, since they contained only such advantages and securities as her majesty thought she had a right to require from any prince whatsoever to whom the dominions of Spain should happen to fall.

The particular demands of Britain were formed into eight articles, which Mons. Mesnager having transmitted to his court and received new powers from thence, had orders to give his master's consent by way of answers to the several points, to be obligatory only after a general peace. These demands, together with the answers of the French king, were drawn up and signed by Mons. Mesnager and her majesty's two principal secretaries of state; whereof I shall here present an extract to the reader.

In the preamble the most christian king sets forth, "That being particularly informed, by the last memorial which the British ministers delivered to Mons. Mesnager, of the dispositions of this crown to facilitate a general peace to the satisfaction of the several parties concerned; and his majesty finding in effect as the said memorial declares, that he runs no hazard by engaging himself in the manner there expressed, since the preliminary articles will be of no force until the signing of the general peace; and being sincerely desirous to advance to the utmost of his power the repose of Europe, especially by a way so agreeable as the interposition of a princess whom so many ties of blood ought to unite to him, and whose sentiments for the public tranquillity cannot be doubted; his majesty, moved by these considerations, has ordered Monsieur Mesnager, knight, &c., to give the following answers, in writing, to the articles contained in the memorial transmitted to him, entitled Preliminary Demands for Great Britain in particular."

The articles were these that follow:—

"First, The succession to the crown to be acknowledged, according to the present establishment.

"Secondly, A new treaty of commerce between Great Britain and France to be made, after the most just and reasonable manner.

"Thirdly, Dunkirk to be demolished.

"Fourthly, Gibraltar and Port-Mahon to continue in the hands of those who now possess them.

"Fifthly, The asiento (or liberty of selling negroes to the Spanish West Indies) to be granted to the English in as full manner as the French possess it at present; and such places in the said West Indies to be assigned to the persons concerned in this trade, for the refreshment and sale of their negroes, as shall be found necessary and convenient.

"Sixthly, Whatever advantages, privileges, and

rights are already or may hereafter be granted by Spain to the subjects of France or any other nation, shall be equally granted to the subjects of Great Britain.

"Seventhly, For better protecting their trade in the Spanish West Indies, the English shall be put into possession of such places as shall be named in the treaty of peace; or as an equivalent for this article, that the asiento be granted Britain for the term of thirty years.

"That the isle of St. Christopher's be likewise secured to the English.

"That the advantages and exemption from duties promised by Mons. Mesnager, which he affirms will amount to fifteen per cent. upon all goods of the growth and manufacture of Great Britain, be effectually allowed.

"That whereas, on the side of the river Plate, the English are not in possession of any colony, a certain extent of territory be allowed them on the said river for refreshing and keeping their negroes till they are sold to the Spaniards; subject nevertheless to the inspection of an officer appointed by Spain.

"Eightieth, Newfoundland, and the Bay and Straits of Hudson, shall be entirely restored to the English; and Great Britain and France shall respectively keep whatever dominions in North America each of them shall be in possession of when the ratification of this treaty shall be published in those parts of the world."

The six first articles were allowed without any difficulty, except that about Dunkirk, where France was to have an equivalent, to be settled in a general treaty.

A difficulty arising upon the seventh article, the proposed equivalent was allowed instead thereof.

The last article was referred to the general treaty of peace; only the French insisted to have the power of fishing for cod and drying them on the island of Newfoundland.

These articles were to be looked upon as conditions which the most christian king consented to allow; and whenever a general peace should be signed, they were to be digested into the usual form of a treaty, to the satisfaction of both crowns.

The queen having thus provided for the security and advantage of her kingdoms whenever a peace should be made, and upon terms no way interfering with the interest of her allies, the next thing in order was, to procure from France such preliminary articles as might be a ground upon which to commence a general treaty. These were adjusted and signed the same day with the former; and having been delivered to the several ministers residing here from the powers in alliance with England, were quickly made public. But the various constructions and censures which passed upon them have made it necessary to give the reader the following transcript:

"The king being willing to contribute all that is in his power to the re-establishing of the general peace, his majesty declares,—

"1. That he will acknowledge the queen of Great Britain in that quality, as also the succession of that crown according to the settlement.

"2. That he will freely and *bonâ fide* consent to the taking all just and reasonable measures for hindering, that the crowns of France and Spain may ever be united on the head of the same prince; his majesty being persuaded that this excess of power would be contrary to the good and quiet of Europe.

"3. The king's intention is that all the parties engaged in the present war, without excepting any of them, may find their reasonable satisfaction in the treaty of peace which shall be made; that commerce

may be re-established and maintained for the future, to the advantage of Great Britain, of Holland, and of the other nations who have been accustomed to exercise commerce.

"4. As the king will likewise maintain exactly the observance of the peace when it shall be concluded, and the object the king proposes to himself being to secure the frontiers of his kingdom without disturbing in any manner whatever the neighbouring states; he promises to agree, by the treaty which shall be made, that the Dutch shall be put in possession of the fortified places which shall be mentioned in the Netherlands to serve hereafter for a barrier, which may secure the quiet of the republic of Holland against any enterprise from the part of France.

"5. The king consents likewise that a secure and convenient barrier should be formed for the empire and for the house of Austria.

"6. Notwithstanding Dunkirk cost the king very great sums, as well to purchase it as to fortify it; and that it is further necessary to be at very considerable expense for razing the works; his majesty is willing, however, to engage to cause them to be demolished immediately after the conclusion of the peace, on condition that, for the fortifications of that place, a proper equivalent that may content him be given him; and as England cannot furnish that equivalent, the discussion of it shall be referred to the conferences to be held for the negotiation of the peace.

"7. When the conferences for the negotiation of the peace shall be formed, all the pretensions of the princes and states engaged in the present war shall be therein discussed *bonâ fide* and amicably; and nothing shall be omitted to regulate and terminate them to the satisfaction of all the parties.

"MESNAGER."

These overtures are founded upon the 8th article of the grand alliance made in 1701, wherein are contained the conditions without which a peace is not to be made; and whoever compares both will find the preliminaries to reach every point proposed in that article, which those who censured them at home, if they spoke their thoughts, did not understand; for nothing can be plainer than what the public has often been told, "that the recovery of Spain from the house of Bourbon was a thing never imagined when the war began, but a just and reasonable satisfaction to the emperor." Much less ought such a condition to be held necessary at present, not only because it is allowed on all hands to be impracticable, but likewise because by the changes in the Austrian and Bourbon families it would not be safe; neither did those who were loudest in blaming the French preliminaries know anything of the advantages privately stipulated for Britain, whose interests, they assured us, were all made a sacrifice to the corruption or folly of the managers; and therefore because the opposers of peace have been better informed by what they have since heard and seen, they have changed their battery, and accused the ministers for betraying the Dutch.

The lord Raby, her majesty's ambassador at the Hague, having made a short journey to England, where he was created earl of Strafford, went back to Holland about the beginning of October, 1711, with the above preliminaries, in order to communicate them to the pensionary and other ministers of the States. The earl was instructed to let them know "That the queen had, according to their desire, returned an answer to the first propositions signed by

Mons. Torcy, signifying that the French offers were thought, both by her majesty and the States, neither so particular nor so full as they ought to be, and insisting to have a distinct project formed of such a peace as the most Christian king would be willing to conclude: That this affair having been for some time transacted by papers, and thereby subject to delays, Mons. Mesnager was at length sent over by France, and had signed those preliminaries now communicated to them: That the several articles did not indeed contain such particular concessions as France must and will make in the course of a treaty; but that, however, her majesty thought them a sufficient foundation whereon to open the general conferences.

"That her majesty was unwilling to be charged with determining the several interests of her allies, and therefore contented herself with such general offers as might include all the particular demands proper to be made during the treaty, where the confederates must resolve to adhere firmly together, in order to obtain from the enemy the utmost that could be hoped for in the present circumstances of affairs; which rule her majesty assured the States she would on her part firmly observe."

If the ministers of Holland should express any uneasiness that her majesty may have settled the interest of her own kingdoms in a future peace by any private agreement, the ambassador was ordered to say "That the queen had hitherto refused to have the treaty carried on in her own kingdom, and would continue to do so unless they (the Dutch) constrained her to take another measure: that by these means the States and the rest of the allies would have the opportunity of treating and adjusting their different pretensions, which her majesty would promote with all the zeal she had shown for the common good and the particular advantage of that republic (as they must do her the justice to confess), in the whole course of her reign: that the queen had made no stipulation for herself which might clash with the interests of Holland; and that the articles to be inserted in a future treaty for the benefit of Britain, were for the most part such as contained advantages which must either be continued to the enemy or be obtained by her majesty; but, however, that no concession should tempt her to hearken to a peace unless her good friends and allies, the States General, had all reasonable satisfaction as to their trade and harrier as well as in all other respects."

After these assurances given in the queen's name, the earl was to insinuate "That her majesty should have just reason to be offended, and to think the proceedings between her and the States very unequal if they should pretend to have any further uneasiness upon this head: that helog determined to accept no advantages to herself repugnant to their interests, nor any peace without their reasonable satisfaction, the figure she had made during the whole course of the war, and the part she had acted superior to any of the allies, who were more concerned in danger and interest, might justly entitle her to settle the concerns of Great Britain before she would consent to a general negotiation."

If the States should object the engagements the queen was under by treaties of making no peace but in concert with them, or the particular obligations of the barrier treaty, the ambassador was to answer, "That as to the former, her majesty had not in any sort acted contrary thereto: that she was so far from making a peace without their consent as to declare her firm resolution not to make it without their satisfaction; and that what had passed between France and her amounted to no more than an introduction to a general treaty." As to the latter,

the earl had orders to represent very earnestly "how much it was even for the interest of Holland itself, rather to compound the advantage of the barrier treaty than to insist upon the whole, which the house of Austria and several other allies would never consent to: that nothing could be more odious to the people of England than many parts of this treaty, which would have raised universal indignation if the utmost care had not been taken to quiet the minds of those who were acquainted with the terms of that guaranty, and to conceal them from those who were not: that it was absolutely necessary to maintain a good harmony between both nations, without which it would be impossible at any time to form a strength for reducing an exorbitant power or preserving the balance of Europe; whence it followed, that it could not be the true interest of either country to insist upon any conditions which might give just apprehension to the other."

"That France had proposed Utrecht, Nimegueu, Aix, or Liege, wherein to hold the general treaty; and her majesty was ready to send her plenipotentiaries to whichever of those towns the States should approve."

If the imperial ministers, or those of the other allies, should object against the preliminaries as no sufficient ground for opening the conferences, and insist that France should consent to such articles as were signed on the part of the allies in the year 1709, the earl of Strafford was in answer directed to insinuate "That the French might have probably been brought to explain themselves more particularly had they not perceived the uneasiness, impatience and jealousy among the allies during our transactions with that court." However, he should declare to them in the queen's name, "That if they were determined to accept of peace upon no terms inferior to what was formerly demanded, her majesty was ready to concur with them; but would no longer bear those disproportions of expence yearly increased upon her, nor the deficiency of the confederates in every part of the war: that it was therefore incumbent upon them to furnish for the future such quotas of ships and forces as they were now wanting in, and to increase their expence, while her majesty reduced hers to a reasonable and just proportion."

That if the ministers of Vienna and Holland should urge their inability upon this head, the queen insisted "They ought to comply with her in war or in peace; her majesty desiring nothing as to the first, but what they ought to perform, and what is absolutely necessary; and as to the latter, that she had done and would continue to do the utmost in her power towards obtaining such a peace as might be to the satisfaction of all her allies."

Some days after the earl of Strafford's departure to Holland, M^{rs}. Buys, pensionary of Amsterdam, arrived here from thence with instructions from his masters to treat upon the subject of the French preliminaries and the methods for carrying on the war. In his first conference with a committee of council he objected against all the articles, as too general and uncertain; and against some of them, as prejudicial. He said, "The French promising that trade should be re-established and maintained for the future was meant in order to deprive the Dutch of their tariff of 1604, for the plenipotentiaries of that crown would certainly expound the word *rétablir* to signify no more than restoring the trade of the States to the condition it was in immediately before the commencement of the present war." He said, "That in the article of Dunkirk the destruction of the harbour was not mentioned, and that the fortifications were only to be razed upon condition of an equi-

valent, which might occasion a difference between her majesty and the States, since Holland would think it hard to have a town less in their harrier for the demolition of Dunkirk; and England would complain to have this thorn continued in their side for the sake of giving one town more to the Dutch." Lastly, he objected "That where the French promised effectual methods should be taken to prevent the union of France and Spain under the same king, they offered nothing at all for the cession of Spain, which was the most important point of the war."

"For these reasons, Monsieur Buys hoped her majesty would alter her measures, and demand specific articles upon which the allies might debate whether they would consent to a negotiation or not."

The queen, who looked upon all these difficulties raised about the method of treating as endeavours to wrest the negotiation out of her hands, commanded the lords of the committee to let Monsieur Buys know "That the experience she formerly had of proceeding by particular preliminaries toward a general treaty gave her no encouragement to repeat the same method any more: that such a preliminary treaty must be negotiated either by some particular allies, or by all: the first her majesty could never suffer, since she would neither take upon her to settle the interest of others, nor submit that others should settle those of her own kingdoms: as to the second, it was liable to Monsieur Buys's objection, because the ministers of France would have as fair an opportunity of sowing division among the allies when they were all assembled upon a preliminary treaty as when the conferences were open for a negotiation of peace: that this method could therefore have no other effect than to delay the treaty, without any advantage; that her majesty was heartily disposed, both then and during the negotiation, to insist on every thing necessary for securing the barrier and commerce of the States, and therefore hoped the conferences might be opened without further difficulties."

"That her majesty did not only consent, but desired to have a plan settled for carrying on the war as soon as the negotiation of peace should begin; but expected to have the burden more equally laid, and more agreeably to treaties; and would join with the States in pressing the allies to perform their parts, as she had endeavoured to animate them by her example."

Mons. Buys seemed to know little of his master's mind, and pretended he had no power to conclude upon anything. Her majesty's minister proposed to him an alliance between the two nations to subsist after a peace. To this he hearkened very readily, and offered to take the matter *ad referendum*, having authority to do no more. His intention was, that he might appear to negotiate, in order to gain time to pick out if possible the whole secret of the transactions between Britain and France; to disclose nothing himself, nor bind his masters to any conditions; to seek delays till the parliament met, and then observe what turn it took, and what would be the issue of those frequent cabals between himself and some other foreign ministers, in conjunction with the chief leaders of the discontented faction.

The Dutch hoped that the clamours raised against the proceedings of the queen's ministers toward a peace would make the parliament disapprove what had been done; whereby the States would be at the head of the negotiation, which the queen did not think fit to have any more in their hands, where it had miscarried twice already, although prince Eugene himself owned "That France was then dis-

posed to conclude a peace upon such conditions that it was not worth the life of a grenadier to refuse them." As to insisting upon specific preliminaries, her majesty thought her own method much better, "for each ally in the course of the negotiation to advance and manage his own pretensions, wherein she would support and assist them;" rather than for two ministers of one ally to treat solely with the enemy and report what they pleased to the rest, as was practised by the Dutch at Gertruydenberg.

One part of Mons. Buys's instructions was, "To desire the queen not to be so far amused by a treaty of peace as to neglect her preparation for war against the next campaign. Her majesty, who was firmly resolved against submitting any longer to that unequal burden of expense she had hitherto lain under, commanded Mr. secretary St. John to debate the matter with that minister, who said "He had no power to treat; only insisted that his masters had fully done their part, and that nothing but exhortations could be used to prevail on the other allies to act with greater vigour."

On the other side, the queen refused to concert any plan for the prosecution of the war till the States would join with her in agreeing to open the conferences of peace, which therefore by Mons. Buys's application to them was accordingly done, by a resolution taken in Holland upon the 21st of November, 1711, N. S.

About this time the count de Gallas was forbid the court by order from the queen, who sent him word "that she looked upon him no longer as a public minister."

This gentleman thought fit to act a very dishonourable part here in England, altogether inconsistent with the character he bore of envoy from the late and present emperors, two princes under the strictest ties of gratitude to the queen, especially the latter, who had then the title of king of Spain. Count Gallas, about the end of August, 1711, with the utmost privacy dispatched an Italian, one of his clerks, to Frankfort, where the earl of Peterborough was then expected. This man was instructed to pass for a Spaniard, and insinuate himself into the earl's service, which he accordingly did, and gave constant information to the last emperor's secretary at Frankfort of all he could gather up in his lordship's family, as well as copies of several letters he had transcribed. It was likewise discovered that Gallas had in his dispatches to the present emperor, then in Spain, represented the queen and her ministers as not to be confided in; "That when her majesty had dismissed the earl of Sunderland she promised to proceed no further in the change of her servants; yet soon after turned them all out, and thereby ruined the public credit, as well as abandoned Spain: that the present ministers wanted the abilities and good dispositions of the former; were persons of ill designs and enemies to the common cause, and he (Gallas) could not trust them." In his letters to count Zinzendorf he said "That Mr. secretary St. John complained of the house of Austria's backwardness only to make the king of Spain odious to England, and the people here desirous of a peace although it were ever so bad;" to prevent which count Gallas drew up a memorial which he intended to give the queen, and transmitted a draught of it to Zinzendorf for his advice and approbation. This memorial, among other great promises to encourage the continuance of the war, proposed the detaching of a good body of troops from Hungary to serve in Italy or Spain, as the queen should think fit.

Zinzendorf thought this too bold a step without consulting the emperor: to which Gallas replied,

"That his design was only to engage the queen to go on with the war: that Zinsendorf knew how earnestly the English and Dutch had pressed to have these troops from Hungary, and therefore they ought to be promised, in order to quiet those two nations; after which several ways might be found to elude that promise; and, in the mean time, the great point would be gained of bringing the English to declare for continuing the war: that the emperor might afterwards excuse himself by the apprehension of a war in Hungary or of that between the Turks and Muscovites: that if these excuses should be at an end, a detachment of one or two regiments might be sent, and the rest deferred by pretending want of money; by which the queen would probably be brought to maintain some part of those troops, and perhaps the whole body." He added, "That this way of management was very common among the allies;" and gave for an example, the forces which the Dutch had promised for the service of Spain, but were never sent; with several other instances of the same kind, which, he said, might be produced.

Her majesty, who had long suspected that count Gallas was engaged in these and the like practices, having at last received authentic proofs of this whole intrigue, from original letters and the voluntary confession of those who were principally concerned in carrying it on, thought it necessary to show her resentment by refusing the count any more access to her person or her court.

Although the queen, as it has been already observed, was resolved to open the conferences upon the general preliminaries, yet she thought it would very much forward the peace to know what were the utmost concessions which France would make to the several allies, but especially to the States General and the duke of Savoy. Therefore, while her majesty was pressing the former to agree to a general treaty, the abbé Gaultier was sent to France with a memorial, to desire that the most christian king would explain himself upon those preliminaries, particularly with relation to Savoy and Holland, whose satisfaction the queen had most at heart; as well from her friendship to both these powers, as because, if she might engage to them that their just pretensions would be allowed, few difficulties would remain of any moment to retard the general peace.

The French answer to this memorial contained several schemes and proposals for the satisfaction of each ally, coming up very near to what her majesty and her ministers thought reasonable. The greatest difficulties seemed to be about the elector of Bavaria, for whose interests France appeared to be as much concerned as the queen was for those of the duke of Savoy. However, those were judged not very hard to be surmounted.

The States having at length agreed to a general treaty, the following particulars were concerted between her majesty and that republic:

"That the congress should be held at Utrecht.
"That the opening of the congress should be upon the 12th of January, N.S., 1711-12.

"That, for avoiding all inconveniences of ceremony, the ministers of the queen and States during the treaty should only have the characters of plenipotentiaries, and not take that of ambassadors till the day on which the peace should be signed.

"Lastly, The queen and States insisted that the ministers of the duke of Anjou and the late electors of Bavaria and Cologne, should not appear at the congress, until the points relating to their masters were adjusted; and were firmly resolved not to send their passports for the ministers of France till the

most christian king declared that the absence of the forementioned ministers should not delay the progress of the negotiation."

Pursuant to the three former articles her majesty wrote circular letters to all the allies engaged with her in the present war; and France had notice, "That as soon as the king declared his compliance with the last article the blank passports should be filled up with the names of the mareschal d'Uxelles, the abbé de Polignac, and Monsieur Messenger, who were appointed plenipotentiaries for that crown."

From what I have hitherto deduced the reader sees the plan which the queen thought the most effectual for advancing a peace. As the conferences were to begin upon the general preliminaries the queen was to be empowered by France to offer separately to the allies what might be reasonable for each to accept, and her own interests being previously settled she was to act as a general mediator; a figure that became her best, from the part she had in the war, and more useful to the great end at which she aimed, of giving a safe and honourable peace to Europe.

Besides, it was absolutely necessary for the interests of Britain that the queen should be at the head of the negotiation: without which her majesty could find no expedient to redress the injuries her kingdoms were sure to suffer by the barrier-treaty. In order to settle this point with the States the ministers here had a conference with Monsieur Buys, a few days before the parliament met. He was told, "How necessary it was, by previous concert between the emperor, the queen, and the States, to prevent any difference which might arise in the course of the treaty at Utrecht; that under pretence of a barrier for the States General, as their security against France, infinite prejudice might arise to the trade of Britain in the Spanish Netherlands; for, by the fifteenth article of the barrier-treaty, in consequence of what was stipulated by that of Munster, the queen was brought to engage that commerce shall not be rendered more easy, in point of duties, by the sea-ports of Flanders than it is by the river Scheld and by the canals on the side of the Seven Provinces; which, as things now stood, was very unjust, for while the towns in Flanders were in the hands of France or Spain the Dutch and we traded to them upon equal foot; but now, since by the barrier-treaty those towns were to be possessed by the States, that republic might lay what duties they pleased upon British goods, after passing by Ostend, and make their own custom-free, which would utterly ruin our whole trade with Flanders."

Upon this the lords told Monsieur Buys very frankly, "That if the States expected the queen should support their barrier, as their demands from France and the house of Austria upon that head, they ought to agree that the subjects of Britain should trade as freely to all the countries and places which, by virtue of any former or future treaty, were to become the barrier of the States, as they did in the time of the late king Charles II. of Spain, or as the subjects of the States General themselves shall do; and it is hoped their high mightinesses would never scruple to rectify a mistake so injurious to that nation, without whose blood and treasure they would have had no barrier at all." Monsieur Buys had nothing to answer against these objections, but said "He had already wrote to his masters for further instructions."

Greater difficulties occurred about settling what should be the barrier to the States after a peace: the envoy insisting to have all the towns that were named in the treaty of barrier and succession; and

the queen's ministers excepting those towns which, if they continued in the hands of the Dutch, would render the trade of Britain to Flanders precarious. At length it was agreed in general, that the States ought to have what is really essential to the security of their barrier against France, and that some amicable expedient should be found for removing the fears both of Britain and Holland upon this point.

But at the same time Mons. Buys was told, "That although the queen would certainly insist to obtain all those points from France in behalf of her allies the States, yet she hoped his masters were too reasonable to break off the treaty rather than not obtain the very utmost of their demands, which could not be settled here unless he were fully instructed to speak and conclude upon that subject: That her majesty thought the best way of securing the common interest and preventing the division of the allies, by the artifices of France in the course of a long negotiation, would be to concert between the queen's ministers and those of the States, with a due regard to the other confederates, such a plan as might amount to a safe and honourable peace. After which the abbé Polignac, who of the French plenipotentiaries was most in the secret of his court, might be told that it was in vain to amuse each other any longer; that on such terms the peace would be immediately concluded; and that the conferences must cease if those conditions were not without delay and with expedition, granted."

A treaty between her majesty and the States to subsist after a peace was now signed, Monsieur Buys having received full powers to that purpose. His masters were desirous to have a private article added *sub secreto*, concerning those terms of peace; without the granting of which we should stipulate not to agree with the enemy. But neither the character of Buys, nor the manner in which he was empowered to treat, would allow the queen to enter into such an engagement. The congress likewise approaching, there was not time to settle a point of so great importance. Neither, lastly, would her majesty be tied down by Holland, without previous satisfaction upon several articles in the barrier-treaty, so inconsistent with her engagements to other powers in the alliance, and so injurious to her own kingdoms.

The lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford having, about the time the parliament met, been appointed her majesty's plenipotentiaries for treating on a general peace, I shall here break off the account of any further progress made in that great affair until I resume it in the last Book of this History.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE house of commons seemed resolved from the beginning of the session to inquire strictly, not only into all abuses relating to the accounts of the army, but likewise into the several treaties between us and our allies, upon what articles and conditions they were first agreed to, and how these had been since observed. In the first week of their sitting they sent an address to the queen to desire that the treaty, whereby her majesty was obliged to furnish forty thousand men to act in conjunction with the forces of her allies in the Low Countries, might be laid before the house. To which the secretary of state brought an answer, "That search had been made, but no footsteps could be found of any treaty or convention for that purpose." It was this unaccountable neglect in the former ministry which first gave a pretence to the allies for lessening their quotas, so much to the disadvantage of her majesty,

her kingdoms, and the common cause, in the course of the war. It had been stipulated by the grand alliance between the emperor, Britain, and the States, "That those three states should assist each other with their whole force; and that the several proportions should be specified in a particular convention." But if any such convention were made, it was never ratified; only the parties agreed by common consent to take each a certain share of the burden upon themselves, which the late king William communicated to the house of commons by his secretary of state; and which afterwards the other two powers, observing the mighty zeal in our ministry for prolonging the war, eluded as they pleased.

The commissioners for stating the public accounts of the kingdom had, in executing their office the preceding summer, discovered several practices relating to the affairs of the army; which they drew up in a report, and delivered to the house.

The commons began their examination of the report with a member of their own, Mr. Robert Walpole, already mentioned; who, during his being secretary at war, had received 500 guineas, and taken a note for 500*l.* more, on account of two contracts for forage of the queen's troops quartered in Scotland. He endeavoured to excuse the first contract; but had nothing to say about the second. The first appeared so plain and so scandalous to the commons, that they voted the author of it guilty of a high breach of trust and notorious corruption, committed him prisoner to the Tower, where he continued to the end of the session, and expelled him the house. He was a person much esteemed by the opposers of the queen and ministry; having been first drawn into their party by his indifference to any principles, and afterwards kept steady by the loss of his place. His bold, forward countenance, altogether a stranger to that infirmity which makes men bashful, joined to a readiness of speaking in public, has justly entitled him among those of his faction to be a sort of leader in the second form. The reader must excuse me for being so particular about one who is otherwise altogether obscure.

Another part of the report concerned the duke of Marlborough, who had received large sums of money by-way of gratuity from those who were the undertakers for providing the army with bread. This the duke excused in a letter to the commissioners, from the like practice of other generals; but that excuse appeared to be of little weight, and the mischievous consequences of such a corruption were visible enough; since the money given by these undertakers were but bribes for connivance at their indirect dealings with the army. And as frauds that begin at the top are apt to spread through all the subordinate ranks of those who have any share in the management, and to increase as they circulate, so in this case, for every 1000*l.* given to the general, the soldiers at least suffered fourfold.

Another article of this report relating to the duke was yet of more importance. The greatest part of her majesty's forces in Flanders were mercenary troops, hired from several princes of Europe. It was found that the queen's general subtracted 24 per cent. out of the pay of those troops for his own use, which amounted to a great annual sum. The duke of Marlborough in his letter already mentioned, endeavouring to extenuate the matter, told the commissioners "That this deduction was a free gift from the foreign troops, which he had negotiated with them by the late king's orders, and had obtained the queen's warrant for reserving and receiving it; that it was intended for secret service, the 10,000*l.* a-year given by parliament not proving suf-

silent; and had all been laid out that way." The commissioners observed, in answer, "That the warrant was kept dormant for nine years, as indeed no entry of it appeared in the secretary of state's books, and the deduction of it concealed all that time from the knowledge of parliament: that if it had been a free gift from the foreign troops, it would not have been stipulated by agreement, as the duke's letter confessed, and as his warrant declared; which latter affirmed this stoppage to be intended for defraying extraordinary contingent expenses of the troops, and therefore should not have been applied to secret services." They submitted to the house whether the warrant itself was legal or duly countersigned. The commissioners added, "That no receipt was ever given for this deducted money; nor was it mentioned in any receipts from the foreign troops, which were always taken in full. And lastly, that the whole sum on computation amounted to near 300,000*l*."

The house, after a long debate, resolved, "That the taking several sums from the contractors for bread for the duke of Marlborough was unwarrantable and illegal; and that the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. deducted from the foreign troops was public money and ought to be accounted for;" which resolutions were laid before the queen by the whole house, and her majesty promised to do her part in redressing what was complained of. The duke and his friends had, about the beginning of the war, by their credit with the queen, procured a warrant from her majesty for this perquisite of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The warrant was directed to the duke of Marlborough, and countersigned by sir Charles Hedges, then secretary of state; by virtue of which, the paymaster-general of the army was to pay the said deducted money to the general, and take a receipt in full from the foreign troops.

It was observed as very commendable and becoming the dignity of such an assembly, that this debate was managed with great temper and with few personal reflections upon the duke of Marlborough. They seemed only desirous to come at the truth, without which they could not answer the trust reposed in them by those whom they represented; and left the rest to her majesty's prudence. The attorney-general was ordered to commence an action against the duke for the subtracted money; which would have amounted to a great sum, enough to ruin any private person, except himself. This process is still depending, although very moderately pursued, either by the queen's indulgence to one whom she had formerly so much trusted, or perhaps to be revived or slackened, according to the future demeanour of the defendant.

Some time after, Mr. Cardonnell, a member of parliament and secretary to the general in Flanders, was expelled the house, for the offence of receiving yearly bribes from those who had contracted to furnish bread for the army; and met with no further punishment for a practice voted to be unwarrantable and corrupt.

These were all the censures of any moment which the commons, under so great a weight of business, thought fit to make upon the reports of their commissioners for inspecting the public accounts. But having promised in the beginning of this history to examine the state of the nation with respect to its debts; by what negligence or corruption they first began, and in process of time made such a prodigious increase; and lastly, what courses have been taken under the present administration, to find out funds for answering so many unprovided incumbrances, as well as put a stop to new ones; I shall endeavour to satisfy the reader upon this important article.

By all I have yet read of the history of our own country, it appears to me that the national debts, secured upon parliamentary funds of interest, were things unknown in England before the last Revolution under the prince of Orange. It is true, that in the grand rebellion the king's enemies borrowed money of particular persons, upon what they called the public faith; but this was only for short periods, and the sums no more than what they could pay at once, as they constantly did. Some of our kings have been very profuse in peace and war, and are blamed in history for their oppressions of the people by severe taxes, and for borrowing money which they never paid; but national debts was a style, which I doubt, would hardly then be understood. When the prince of Orange was raised to the throne, and a general war began in these parts of Europe, the king and his counsellors thought it would be ill policy to commence his reign with heavy taxes upon the people, who had lived long in ease and plenty, and might be apt to think their deliverance too dearly bought; wherefore, one of the first actions of the new government was to take off the tax upon chimneys, as a burden very ungrateful to the commonalty. But money being wanted to support the war (which even the convention parliament, that put the crown upon his head, were very unwilling he should engage in), the present bishop of Salisbury (Burnet) is said to have found out that expedient (which he had learned in Holland) of raising money upon the security of taxes that were only sufficient to pay a large interest. The motives which prevailed on people to fall in with this project were many and plausible; for supposing, as the ministers industriously gave out, that the war could not last above one or two campaigns at most, it might be carried on with very moderate taxes; and the debts accruing would in process of time be easily cleared after a peace. Then the bait of large interest would draw in a great number of those whose money, by the danger and difficulties of trade, lay dead upon their hands; and whoever were lenders to the government would, by surest principle, be obliged to support it. Besides, the men of estates could not be persuaded without time and difficulty, to have those taxes laid on their lands which custom has since made so familiar; and it was the business of such as were then in power to cultivate a monied interest; because the gentry of the kingdom did not very much relish those new notions in government, to which the king, who had imbibed his politics in his own country, was thought to give too much way. Neither perhaps did that prince think national incumbrances to be any evil at all; since the flourishing republic where he was born is thought to owe more than ever it will be able or willing to pay. And I remember, when I mentioned to Mons. Buys the many millions we owed, he would advance it as a maxim, "That it was for the interest of the public to be in debt;" which perhaps may be true in a commonwealth so exarbitrarily instituted, where the governors cannot have too many pledges of their subjects' fidelity, and where a great majority must inevitably be undone by any revolution however brought about. But to prescribe the same rules to a monarch whose wealth arises from the rents and improvements of lands, as well as trade and manufactures, is the mark of a confined and cramped understanding.

I was moved to speak thus, because I am very well satisfied that the pernicious counsels of borrowing money upon public funds of interest as well as some other state lessons, were taken indigested from the like practices among the Dutch, without allow-

ing in the least for any difference in government, religion, law, custom, extent of country, or manners and dispositions of the people.

But when this expedient of anticipations and mortgages was first put in practice, artful men in office and credit began to consider what uses it might be applied to; and soon found it was likely to prove the most fruitful seminary, not only to establish a faction they intended to set up for their own support, but likewise to raise vast wealth for themselves in particular who were to be the managers and directors in it. It was manifest that nothing could promote these two designs so much as burdening the nation with debts, and giving encouragement to lenders: for as to the first, it was not to be doubted that monied men would be always firm to the party of those who advised the borrowing upon such good security and with such exorbitant premiums and interest; and every new sum that was lent took away as much power from the landed men as it added to theirs: so that the deeper the kingdom was engaged, it was still the better for them. Thus a new estate and property sprung up in the hands of mortgagors, to whom every house and foot of land in England paid a rent charge, free of all taxes and defalcations, and purchased at less than half value. So that the gentlemen of estates were, in effect, but tenants to these new landlords; many of whom were able in time to force the election of boroughs out of the hands of those who had been the old proprietors and inhabitants. This was arrived at such a height, that a very few years more of war and funds would have clearly cast the balance on the moneyed side.

As to the second, this project of borrowing upon funds was of mighty advantage to those who were in the management of it, as well as to their friends and dependants; for funds proving often deficient, the government was obliged to strike tallies for making up the rest; which tallies were sometimes (to speak in the merchant's phrase) at above forty per cent. discount. At this price, those who were in the secret bought them up, and then took care to have that deficiency supplied in the next session of parliament; by which they doubled their principal in a few months; and for the encouragement of lenders, every new project of lotteries or annuities proposed some further advantage either as to interest or premium.

In the year 1697 a general mortgage was made of certain revenues and taxes already settled, which amounted to near a million a-year. This mortgage was to continue till 1706, to be a fund for the payment of above 5,100,000*l.* In the first parliament of the queen the said mortgage was continued till 1710, to supply a deficiency of 2,300,000*l.* and interest of above a million; and in the intermediate years a great part of that fund was branched out into annuities for ninety-nine years; so that the late ministry raised all their money, to 1710, only by continuing funds which were already granted to their hands. This deceived the people in general who were satisfied to continue the payments they had been accustomed to; and made the administration seem easy, since the war went on without any new taxes raised, except the very last year they were in power; not considering what a mighty fund was exhausted, and must be perpetuated, although extremely injurious to trade and to the true interest of the nation.

This great fund of the general mortgage was not only loaded year after year by mighty sums borrowed upon it, but with the interest due upon those sums; for which the treasury was forced to strike tallies payable out of that fund, after all the money already borrowed upon it, there being no other provision of

interest for three or four years; till at last the fund was so overloaded that it could neither pay principal nor interest, and tallies were struck for both, which occasioned their great discount.

But to avoid mistakes upon a subject where I am not very well versed either in the style or matter, I will transcribe an account sent me by Sir John Blunt, who is thoroughly instructed in these affairs:

"In the year 1707 the sum of 822,381*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* was raised by continuing part of the general mortgage from 1710 to 1712; but with no provision of interest till August 1, 1710, otherwise than by striking tallies for it on that fund, payable after all the other money borrowed.

"In 1708 the same funds were continued from 1712 to 1714, to raise 729,067*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; but no provision for interest till August 1, 1712, otherwise than as before, by striking tallies for it on the same fund payable after all the rest of the money borrowed. And the discount of tallies then beginning to rise, great part of that money remained unraised; and there is nothing to pay interest for the money lent till August 1, 1712. But the late lord-treasurer struck tallies for the full sum directed by the act to be borrowed; great part of which have been delivered in payment to the navy and victualling offices, and some are still in the hands of the government.

"In 1709 part of the same fund was continued from August 1, 1714, to August 1, 1716, to raise 645,000*l.*; and no provision for interest till August 1, 1714 (which was about five years), but by borrowing money on the same fund payable after the sums before lent; so that little of that money was lent. But the tallies were struck for what was unlent; some of which were given out for the payment of the navy and victualling, and some still remain in the hands of the government.

"In 1710 the sums which were before given from 1714 to 1716 were continued from thence to 1720, to raise 1,296,552*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.*; and no immediate provision for interest till August 1, 1716: only after the duty of 1*s.* per bushel on salt should be cleared from the money it was then charged with, and which was not so cleared till Midsummer, 1712, last; then that fund was to be applied to pay the interest till August 1, 1716; which interest amounted to about 77,793*l.* per annum: and the said salt fund produced but about 55,000*l.* per annum: so that no money was borrowed upon the general mortgage in 1710, except 150,000*l.* lent by the Swiss Cantons; but tallies were struck for the whole sum. These all remained in the late treasurer's hands at the time of his removal; yet the money was suspended, which occasioned those great demands upon the commissioners of the treasury who succeeded him, and were forced to pawn those tallies to the bank, or to remitters, rather than sell them at 20 or 25 per cent. discount, as the price then was. About 200,000*l.* of them they paid to clothiers of the army and others; and all the rest, being above 90,000*l.*, have been subscribed into the South Sea Company, for the use of the public."

When the earl of Godolphin was removed from his employment, he left a debt upon the navy of several millions, all contracted under his administration, which had no parliament security, and was daily increased. Neither could I ever learn whether that lord had the smallest prospect of clearing this incumbrance, or whether there were policy, negligence, or despair at the bottom of this unaccountable management. But the consequences were visible and ruinous; for by this means navy bills grew to be forty per cent. discount and upwards;

and almost every kind of stores bought by the navy and victualling offices cost the government double rates and sometimes more; so that the public has directly lost several millions upon this one article, without any sort of necessity that I could ever hear assigned by the ablest vindicators of that party.

In this oppressed and entangled state was the kingdom with relation to its debts when the queen removed the earl of Godolphin from his office and put it into commission, of which the present treasurer was one. This person had been chosen speaker successively to three parliaments, was afterwards secretary of state, and always in great esteem with the queen for his wisdom and fidelity. The late ministry about two years before their fall had prevailed with her majesty, much against her inclination, to dismiss him from her service; for which they cannot be justly blamed, since he had endeavoured the same thing against them, and very narrowly failed; which makes it the more extraordinary, that he should succeed in a second attempt against those very adversaries who had such fair warning by the first. He is firm and steady in his resolutions, not easily diverted from them after he has once possessed himself of an opinion that they are right; nor very communicative where he can act by himself, being taught by experience "That a secret is seldom safe in more than one breast." That which occurs to other men after mature deliberation offers to him as his first thoughts; so that he decides immediately what is best to be done, and therefore is seldom at a loss upon sudden exigencies. He thinks it a more easy and safe rule in politics to watch incidents as they come, and then turn them to the advantage of what he pursues, than to pretend to foresee them at a great distance. Fear, cruelty, avarice, and pride, are wholly strangers to his nature; but he is not without ambition. There is one thing peculiar in his temper which I altogether disapprove, and do not remember to have heard or met with in any other man's character; I mean an easiness and indifference under any imputation, although he be ever so innocent, and although the strongest probabilities and appearances are against him; so that I have known him often suspected by his nearest friends for some months in points of the highest importance, to a degree that they were ready to break with him, and only undeceived by time and accident. His detractors, who charge him with cunning, are but ill acquainted with his character; for in the sense they take the word and as it is usually understood, I know no man to whom that mean talent could be with less justice applied, as the conduct of affairs while he has been at the helm does clearly demonstrate, very contrary to the nature and principles of cunning, which is always employed in serving little turns, proposing little evils, and supplying daily exigencies by little shifts and expedients. But to rescue a prince out of the hands of insolent subjects, bent upon such designs as most probably end in the ruin of the government; to find out means for paying such exorbitant debts as this nation hath been involved in, and reduce it to a better management; to make a potent enemy offer advantageous terms of peace, and deliver up the most important fortresses of his kingdom as a security, and this against all the opposition mutually raised and inflamed by parties and allies; such performances can only be called cunning by those whose want of understanding or of candour puts them upon finding ill names for great qualities of the mind, which themselves do neither possess nor can form any just conception of. However, it must be allowed that an obstinate love of secrecy in this

minister seems at distance to have some resemblance of cunning; for he is not only very retentive of secrets, but appears to be so too; which I number among his defects. He has been blamed by his friends for refusing to discover his intentions, even in those points where the wisest man may have need of advice and assistance; and some have censured him upon that account as if he were jealous of power; but he has been heard to answer "That he seldom did otherwise without cause to repent."

However, so undistinguished a caution cannot in my opinion be justified, by which the owner loses many advantages, and whereof all men who deserve to be confided in may with some reason complain. His love of procrestation (wherein doubtless nature has her share) may probably be increased by the same means; but this is an imputation laid upon many other great ministers, who like men under too heavy a load, let fall that which is of the least consequence and go back to fetch it when their shoulders are free; for time is often gained as well as lost by delay, which at worst is a fault on the securer side. Neither probably is this minister answerable for half the clamour raised against him upon that article: his endeavours are wholly turned upon the general welfare of his country, but perhaps with too little regard to that of particular persons; which renders him less amiable than he would otherwise have been, from the goodness of his humour and agreeable conversation in a private capacity, and with few dependants. Yet some allowance may perhaps be given to this failing, which is one of the greatest he has, since he cannot be more careless of other men's fortunes than he is of his own. He is master of a very great and faithful memory, which is of mighty use in the management of public affairs; and I believe there are few examples to be produced in any age of a person who has passed through so many employments in the state, endowed with a greater share both of divine and human learning.

I am persuaded that foreigners as well as those at home who live too remote from the scene of business to be rightly informed, will not be displeased with this account of a person who in the space of two years has been so highly instrumental in changing the face of affairs in Europe, and has deserved so well of his own prince and country.

In that perplexed condition of the public debts which I have already described, this minister was brought into the treasury and exchequer and had the chief direction of affairs. His first regulation was that of exchequer bills, which to the great discouragement of public credit and scandal to the crown, were three *per cent.* less in value than the sums specified in them. The present treasurer, being then chancellor of the exchequer, procured an act of parliament by which the bank of England should be obliged in consideration of 45,000*l.* to accept and circulate those bills without any discount. He then proceeded to stop the depredations of those who dealt in remittances of money to the army; who by unheeded exactions in that kind of traffic had amassed prodigious wealth at the public cost: to which the earl of Godolphin had given too much way, possibly by neglect, for I think he cannot be accused of corruption.

But the new treasurer's chief concern was to restore the credit of the nation by finding some settlement for unprovided debts, amounting in the whole to 10,000,000*l.*, which hung on the public as a load equally heavy and disgraceful, without any prospect of being removed, and which former ministers never had the care or courage to inspect. He resolved to go at once to the bottom of this evil; and having

computed and summed up the debt of the navy and victualling, ordnance, and transport of the army, and transport debentures made out for the service of the last war, of the general mortgage tallies for the year 1710, and some other deficiencies, he then found out a fund of interest sufficient to answer all this; which being applied to other uses could not raise present money for the war, but in a very few years would clear the debt it was engaged for. The intermediate accruing interest was to be paid by the treasurer of the navy; and as a further advantage to the creditors, they should be erected into a company for trading to the South Seas and for encouragement of fishery. When all this was fully prepared and digested, he made a motion in the house of commons (who deferred extremely to his judgment and abilities) for paying the debts of the navy and other unprovided deficiencies, without entering into particulars; which was immediately voted. But a sudden stop was put to this affair by an unforeseen accident; the chancellor of the exchequer (which was then his title) being stabbed with a penknife the following day at the Cockpit, in the midst of a dozen lords of the council, by the sieur de Guiscard, a French papist; the circumstances of which fact being not within the compass of this history, I shall only observe that after two months' confinement and frequent danger of his life, he returned to his seat in parliament.

The overtures made by this minister, of paying so vast a debt under the pressures of a long war, and the difficulty of finding supplies for continuing it, was during the time of his illness, ridiculed by his enemies as an impracticable and visionary project; and when upon his return to the house he had explained his proposal, the very proprietors of the debt were, many of them, prevailed on to oppose it, although the obtaining this trade either through Old Spain or directly to the Spanish West Indies had been one principal end we aimed at by this war. However, the bill passed; and as an immediate consequence the navy bills rose to about twenty per cent., nor ever fell within ten of their discount. Another good effect of this work appeared by the parliamentary lotteries, which have since been erected. The last of that kind, under the former ministry, was eleven weeks in filling; whereas the first, under the present, was filled in a very few hours, although it cost the government less; and the others which followed were full before the acts concerning them could pass. And to prevent incumbrances of this kind from growing for the future he took care, by the utmost parsimony or by suspending payments where they seemed less to press, that all stores for the navy should be bought with ready money; by which cent. per cent. has been saved in that mighty article of our expense, as will appear from an account taken at the victualling office on the 9th of August, 1712. And the payment of the interest was less a burden upon the navy, by the stores being bought at so cheap a rate.

It might look invidious to enter into further particulars upon this head, but of smaller moment. What I have above related may serve to show in how ill a condition the kingdom stood with relation to its debts, by the corruption as well as negligence of former management; and what prudent effectual measures have since been taken to provide for old incumbrances, and binder the running into new. This may be sufficient for the information of the reader, perhaps already tired with a subject so little entertaining as that of accounts: I shall therefore now return to relate some of the principal matters that passed in parliament during this session.

Upon the 18th of January the house of lords sent down a bill to the commons for fixing the precedence of the Hanover family, which probably had been forgot in the acts for settling the succession of the crown. That of Henry VIII., which gives the rank to princes of the blood, carries it no further than to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren of the crown; by virtue of which the Princess Sophia is a princess of the blood, as niece to king Charles I. of England, and precedes accordingly; but the privilege does not descend to her son the elector or the electoral prince. To supply which defect and pay a compliment to the presumptive heirs of the crown this bill, as appears by the preamble, was recommended by her majesty to the house of lords, which the commons, to show their zeal for everything that might be thought to concern the interest or honour of that illustrious family, ordered to be read thrice, passed *nem. con.*, and returned to the lords without any amendment on the very day it was sent down.

But the house seemed to have nothing more at heart than a strict inquiry into the state of the nation with respect to foreign alliances. Some discourses had been published in print, about the beginning of the session, boldly complaining of certain articles in the barrier treaty, concluded about three years since by the lord viscount Townshend between Great Britain and the States General; and showing, in many particulars, the unequal conduct of the powers in our alliance in furnishing their quotas and supplies. It was asserted by the same writers, "That these hardships put upon England had been countenanced and encouraged by a party here at home, in order to preserve their power, which could be no otherwise maintained than by continuing the war; as well as by her majesty's general abroad, upon account of his own peculiar interest and grandeur." These loud accusations spreading themselves throughout the kingdom, delivered in facts directly charged, and thought, whether true or not, to be but weakly confuted, had sufficiently prepared the minds of the people; and by putting arguments into everybody's mouth, had filled the town and country with controversies both in writing and discourse. The point appeared to be of great consequence whether the war continued or not; for in the former case it was necessary that the allies should be brought to a more equal regulation, and that the States in particular, for whom her majesty had done such great things, should explain and correct those articles in the barrier treaty which were prejudicial to Britain; and in either case it was fit the people should have at least the satisfaction of knowing by whose counsels, and for what designs, they had been so hardly treated.

In order to this great inquiry the barrier treaty, with all other treaties and agreements entered into between her majesty and her allies during the present war, for raising and augmenting the proportions for the service thereof, were by the queen's directions laid before the house.

Several resolutions were drawn up and reported at different times upon the deficiencies of the allies in furnishing their quotas upon certain articles in the barrier treaty and upon the state of the war; by all which it appeared, "That whatever had been charged by public discourses in print against the late ministry and the conduct of the allies was much less than the truth." Upon these resolutions (by one of which the lord viscount Townshend, who negotiated and signed the barrier treaty, was declared an enemy to the queen and kingdom), and upon some further directions to the committee a representation was formed, and soon after the commons in a body pre-

sented it to the queen, the endeavours of the adverse party not prevailing to have it re-committed.

This representation (supposed to be the work of sir Thomas Haumer's^a pen) is written with much energy and spirit, and will be a very useful authentic record for the assistance of those who at any time shall undertake to write the history of the present times.

I did intend, for brevity sake, to have given the reader only an abstract of it; but upon trial found myself unequal to such a task without injuring so excellent a piece. And although I think historical relations are but ill patched up with long transcripts already printed, which upon that account I have hitherto avoided, yet this being the sum of all debates and resolutions of the house of commons in that great affair of the war, I conceived it could not well be omitted:—

“MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

“We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, having nothing so much at heart as to enable your majesty to bring this long and expensive war to an honourable and happy conclusion, have taken it into our most serious consideration how the necessary supplies to be provided by us may be best applied, and how the common cause may in the most effectual manner be carried on by the united force of the whole confederacy: We have thought ourselves obliged, in duty to your majesty, and in discharge of the trust reposed in us, to inquire into the true state of the war in all its parts: We have examined what stipulations have been entered into between your majesty and your allies; and how far such engagements have, on each side, been made good: We have considered the different interests which the confederates have in the success of this war; and the different shares they have contributed to its support: We have, with our utmost care and diligence, endeavoured to discover the nature, extent, and charge of it; to the end that, by comparing the weight thereof with our own strength, we might adapt the one to the other in such measure as neither to continue your majesty's subjects under a heavier burden than in reason and justice they ought to bear, nor deceive your majesty, your allies, and ourselves, by undertaking more than the nation in its present circumstances is able to perform.

“Your majesty has been graciously pleased upon our humble applications to order such materials to be laid before us as have furnished us with the necessary information upon the particulars we have inquired into: and when we shall have laid before your majesty our observations and humble advice upon this subject, we promise to ourselves this happy fruit from it, that if your majesty's generous and good purposes for the procuring of a safe and lasting peace should, through the obstinacy of the enemy or by any other means, be unhappily defeated, a true knowledge and understanding of the past conduct of the war will be the best foundation for a more frugal and equal management of it for the time to come.

“In order to take the more perfect view of what we proposed, and that we might be able to set the whole before your majesty in a true light, we have thought it necessary to go back to the beginning of the war; and beg leave to observe the motive and reasons upon which his late majesty king William engaged first in it. The treaty of the grand alliance explains those reasons to be for the supporting of the pretensions of his imperial majesty, then actually

engaged in a war with the French king, who had usurped the entire Spanish monarchy for his grandson the duke of Anjou; and for the assisting of the States General, who by the loss of their barrier against France were then in the same or a more dangerous condition than if they were actually invaded. As these were just and necessary motives for undertaking this war, so the ends proposed to be obtained by it were equally wise and honourable; for, as they are set forth in the eighth article of the same treaty, they appear to have been the *procuring of an equitable and reasonable satisfaction to his imperial majesty; and sufficient securities for the dominions, provinces, navigation, and commerce of the king of Great Britain and the States General; and making effectual provision that the two kingdoms of France and Spain should never be united under the same government; and particularly that the French should never get into the possession of the Spanish West Indies, or be permitted to sail thither upon the account of traffic or under any pretence whatsoever; and lastly, the securing to the subjects of the king of Great Britain and the States General all the same privileges and rights of commerce throughout the whole dominions of Spain as they enjoyed before the death of Charles II. king of Spain, by virtue of any treaty, agreement, or custom, or any other way whatsoever.* For the obtaining of these ends the three confederated powers engaged to assist one another with their whole force, according to such proportions as should be specified in a particular convention afterwards to be made for that purpose. We do not find that any such convention was ever ratified; but it appears that there was an agreement concluded, which, by common consent, was understood to be binding upon each party respectively, and according to which the proportions of Great Britain were from the beginning regulated and founded. The terms of that agreement were, That for the service at land his imperial majesty should furnish ninety thousand men, the king of Great Britain forty thousand, and the States General one hundred and two thousand; of which there were forty-two thousand intended to supply their garrisons, and sixty thousand to act against the common enemy in the field; and with regard to the operations of the war at sea, they were agreed to be performed jointly by Great Britain and the States General, the quota of ships to be furnished for that service being five-eighths on the part of Great Britain, and three-eighths on the part of the States General.

“Upon this foot the war began in the year 1702, at which time the whole yearly expense of it to England amounted to 3,706,494*l.*; a very great charge, as it was then thought by her majesty's subjects, after the short interval of ease they had enjoyed from the burden of the former war; but yet a very moderate proportion in comparison with the load which has since been laid upon them; for it appears, by estimates given in to your commons, that the sums necessary to carry on the service for this present year in the same manner as it was performed the last year amount to more than 6,060,000*l.*, beside interest for the public debts and the deficiencies accruing the last year, which two articles require 1,143,000*l.* more; so that the whole demands upon your commons are arisen to more than eight millions for the present annual supply. We know your majesty's tender regard for the welfare of your people will make it uneasy to you to hear of so great a pressure as this upon them: and as we are assured it will fully convince your majesty of the necessity of our present inquiry, so we beg leave to represent

^a The dean contributed a large share.

to you from what causes and by what steps this immense charge appears to have grown upon us.

"The service at sea, as it has been very large and extensive in itself, so it has been carried on through the whole course of the war in a manner highly disadvantageous to your majesty and your kingdom: for the necessity of affairs requiring that great fleets should be fitted out every year, as well for maintaining a superiority in the Mediterranean as for opposing any force which the enemy might prepare, either at Dunkirk or in the ports of West France; your majesty's example and readiness in fitting out your proportion of ships for all parts of that service have been so far from prevailing with the States General to keep pace with you, that they have been deficient every year to a great degree in proportion to what your majesty has furnished; sometimes no less than two-thirds, and generally more than half of their quota: hence your majesty has been obliged, for the prevention of disappointments in the most pressing services, to supply those deficiencies by additional reinforcements of your own ships; nor has the single increase of such a charge been the only ill consequence that attended it; for by this means the debt of the navy has been enhanced, so that the discounts arising upon the credit of it have affected all other parts of the service from the same cause. Your majesty's ships of war have been forced in greater numbers to continue in remote seas, and at unseasonable times of the year, to the great damage and decay of the British navy. This also has been the occasion that your majesty has been straitened in your convoys for trade; your coasts have been exposed for want of a sufficient number of cruisers to guard them; and you have been disabled from annoying the enemy in their most beneficial commerce with the West Indies, from whence they received those vast supplies of treasure without which they could not have supported the expenses of this war.

"That part of the war which has been carried on in Flanders was at first immediately necessary to the security of the States General, and has since brought them great acquisitions both of revenue and dominion; yet even there the original proportions have been departed from, and during the course of the war have been sinking by degrees on the part of Holland: so that in this last year we find the number in which they fell short of their three-fifths to your majesty's two-fifths have been twenty thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven men. We are not unblinded that in the year 1703 a treaty was made between the two nations for a joint augmentation of twenty thousand men, wherein the proportions were varied, and England consented to take half upon itself. But it having been annexed as an express condition to the grant of the said augmentation in parliament, that the States General should prohibit all trade and commerce with France, and that condition having not been performed by them, the commons think it reasonable that the first rule of three to two ought to have taken place again, as well in that as in other subsequent augmentations; more especially when they consider that the revenues of those rich provinces which have been conquered would, if they were duly applied, maintain a great number of new additional forces against the common enemy; notwithstanding which the States General have raised none upon that account, but make use of those fresh supplies of money only to ease themselves in the charges of their first established quota.

"As in the progress of the war in Flanders a disproportion was soon created to the prejudice of England, so the very beginning of the war in Por-

tugal brought an unequal share of burden upon us; for although the emperor and the States General were equally parties with your majesty in the treaty with the king of Portugal, yet the emperor neither furnishing his third part of the troops and subsidies stipulated for, nor the Dutch consenting to take an equal share of his imperial majesty's defect upon themselves, your majesty has been obliged to furnish two-thirds of the entire expense created by that service. Nor has the inequality stopped there; for ever since the year 1706, when the English and Dutch forces marched out of Portugal into Castile, the States General have entirely abandoned the war in Portugal, and left your majesty to prosecute it singly at your own charge; which you have accordingly done by replacing a greater number of troops there than even at first you took upon you to provide. At the same time your majesty's generous endeavours for the support and defence of the king of Portugal have been but ill seconded by that prince himself; for notwithstanding that by his treaty he had obliged himself to furnish twelve thousand foot and three thousand horse upon his own account, beside eleven thousand foot and two thousand horse more in consideration of a subsidy paid him; yet, according to the best information your commons can procure, it appears that he has scarce at any time furnished thirteen thousand men in the whole.

"In Spain the war has been yet more unequal and burdensome to your majesty than in any other branch of it; for being commenced without any treaty whatsoever the allies have almost wholly declined taking any part of it upon themselves. A small body of English and Dutch troops were sent thither in the year 1705; not as being thought sufficient to support a regular war, or to make the conquest of so large a country, but with a view only of assisting the Spaniards to set king Charles upon the throne, occasioned by the great assurances which were given of their inclinations to the house of Austria; but this expectation failing, England was insensibly drawn into an established war, under all the disadvantages of the distance of the place, and the feeble efforts of the other allies. The account we have to lay before your majesty upon this head is, that, although this undertaking was entered upon at the particular and earnest request of the imperial court, and for a cause of no less importance and concern to them than the reducing of the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria, yet neither the late emperors nor his present imperial majesty have ever had any forces there on their own account till the last year, and then only one regiment of foot consisting of two thousand men. Though the States General have contributed something more to this service, yet their share has been inconsiderable; for in the space of four years, from 1705 to 1708, both inclusive, all the forces they have sent into that country have not exceeded twelve thousand two hundred men; and from the year 1708 to this time they have not sent any forces or recruits whatsoever. To your majesty's care and charge the recovery of that kingdom has been in a manner wholly left, as if none else were interested or concerned in it. And the forces which your majesty has sent into Spain in the space of seven years from 1705 to 1711, both inclusive, have amounted to no less than fifty-seven thousand nine hundred seventy-three men; beside thirteen battalions and eighteen squadrons for which your majesty has paid a subsidy to the emperor.

"How great the established expense of such a number of men has been, your majesty very well knows, and your commons very sensibly feel: but

the weight will be found much greater when it is considered how many heavy articles of unusual and extraordinary charge have attended this remote and difficult service; all which have been entirely defrayed by your majesty, except that one of transporting the few forces which were sent by the States General, and the victualling of them during their transportation only. The accounts delivered to your commons show that the charge of your majesty's ships and vessels employed in the service of the war in Spain and Portugal, reckoned after the rate of 4*l.* a man per month, from the time they sailed from hence till they returned, were lost, or put upon other services, has amounted to 6,540,960*l.* 14*s.*; the charge of transports on the part of Great Britain, for carrying on the war in Spain and Portugal, from the beginning of it till this time, has amounted to 1,336,710*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*; that of victualling land forces for the same service to 383,770*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; and that of contingencies and other extraordinaries for the same service to 1,840,353*l.*

"We should take notice to your majesty of several sums paid upon account of contingencies and extraordinaries in Flanders, making together the sum of 1,107,096*l.*; but we are not able to make any comparison of them with what the States General have expended upon the same head, having no such state of their extraordinary charge before us. There remains therefore but one particular more for your majesty's observation, which arises from the subsidies paid to foreign princes. These at the beginning of the war were borne in equal proportion by your majesty and the States General; but in this instance also the balance has been cast in prejudice of your majesty; for it appears that your majesty has since advanced, more than your equal proportion, 3,155,000 crowns, beside extraordinaries paid in Italy, and not included in any of the foregoing articles, which arise to 539,553*l.*

"We have laid these several particulars before your majesty in the shortest manner we have been able; and by an estimate grounded on the preceding facts it does appear that over and above the quotas on the part of Great Britain, answering to those contributed by your allies, more than 19,000,000*l.* have been expended by your majesty, during the course of this war, by way of surplussage or exceeding in balance; of which none of the confederates have furnished anything whatsoever.

"It is with very great concern that we find so much occasion given us to represent how ill a use hath been made of your majesty's and your subjects' zeal for the common cause: that the interest of that cause has not been proportionably promoted by it, but others only have been eased at your majesty's and your subjects' costs, and have been connived at in laying their part of the burden upon this kingdom, although they have upon all accounts been equally, and in most respects much more nearly, concerned than Britain in the issue of the war. We are persuaded your majesty will think it pardonable in us, with some resentment, to complain of the little regard which some of those whom your majesty of late years intrusted have shown to the interest of their country, in giving way at least to such unreasonable impositions upon it, if not in some measure contriving them: the course of which impositions has been so singular and extraordinary, that the more the wealth of this nation has been exhausted, and the more your majesty's arms have been attended with success, the heavier has been the burden laid upon us; while on the other hand, the more vigorous your majesty's efforts have been, and the greater the advantages which have redounded thence to your allies,

the more those allies have abated in the share of their expense.

"At the first entrance into this war the commons were induced to exert themselves in the extraordinary manner they did, and to grant such large supplies as had been unknown to former ages, in hopes thereby to prevent the mischiefs of a lingering war, and to bring that in which they were necessarily engaged to a speedy conclusion; but they have been very unhappy in the event, while they have so much reason to suspect that what was intended to shorten the war has proved the very cause of its long continuance; for those to whom the profits of it have accrued have been disposed not easily to forego them. And your majesty will thence discern the true reason why so many have delighted in a war which brought in so rich a harvest yearly from Great Britain.

"We are as far from desiring as we know your majesty will be from concluding any peace but upon safe and honourable terms; and we are far from intending to excuse ourselves from raising all necessary and possible supplies for an effectual prosecution of the war till such a peace can be obtained. All that your faithful commons aim at, all that they wish, is an equal concurrence from the other powers engaged in alliance with your majesty, and a just application of what has been already gained from the enemy toward promoting the common cause. Several large countries and territories have been restored to the house of Austria; such as the kingdom of Naples, the duchy of Milan, and other places in Italy. Others have been conquered and added to their dominions; as the two electorates of Bavaria and Cologne, the duchy of Mantua, and the bishopric of Liege. These having been reduced in a great measure by our blood and treasure may, we humbly conceive, with great reason be claimed to come in aid toward carrying on the war in Spain. And therefore we make it our earnest request to your majesty that you will give instructions to your ministers to insist with the emperor that the revenues of those several places, excepting only such a portion thereof as is necessary for their defence, be actually so applied. And as to the other parts of the war to which your majesty has obliged yourself by particular treaties to contribute, we humbly beseech your majesty, that you will be pleased to take effectual care that your allies do perform their parts stipulated by those treaties; and that your majesty will for the future no otherwise furnish troops, or pay subsidies, than in proportion to what your allies shall actually furnish and pay. When this justice is done to your majesty and to your people, there is nothing which your commons will not cheerfully grant toward supporting your majesty in the cause in which you are engaged. And whatever further shall appear to be necessary for carrying on the war, either at sea or land, we will effectually enable your majesty to hear your reasonable share of any such expense; and will spare no supplies which your subjects are able with their utmost efforts to afford.

"After having inquired into and considered the state of the war, in which the part your majesty has borne appears to have been not only superior to that of any one ally, but even equal to that of the whole confederacy, your commons naturally inclined to hope that they should find ere had been taken of securing some particular advantages to Britain in the terms of a future peace; such as might afford a prospect of making the nation amends in time for that immense treasure which has been expended, and those heavy debts which have been contracted, in the course of so long and burdensome a war. This reasonable expectation could no way have been better

answered than by some provision made for the further security and the greater improvement of the commerce of Great Britain. But we find ourselves so very far disappointed in these hopes, that in a treaty not long since concluded between your majesty and the States General, under colour of a mutual guarantee given for two points of the greatest importance to both nations, the Succession and the Barrier, it appears the interest of Great Britain has been not only neglected but sacrificed; and that several articles in the said treaty are destructive to the trade and welfare of this kingdom, and therefore highly dishonourable to your majesty.

"Your commons observe, in the first place, that several towns and places are, by virtue of this treaty, to be put into the hands of the States General; particularly Newport, Dendermond, and the castle of Ghent, which can in no sense be looked upon as part of a barrier against France; but being the keys of the Netherlands toward Britain, must make the trade of your majesty's subjects in those parts precarious, and, whenever the States think fit, totally exclude them from it. The pretended necessity of putting these places into the hands of the States General, in order to secure to them a communication with their barrier, must appear vain and groundless; for the sovereignty of the Low Countries being not to remain to an enemy, but to a friend and an ally, that communication must be always secure and uninterrupted; beside that, in case of a rupture or an attack, the States have full liberty allowed them to take possession of all the Spanish Netherlands, and therefore needed no particular stipulation for the towns above mentioned.

"Having taken notice of this concession made to the States General for seizing upon the whole ten provinces, we cannot but observe to your majesty that in the manner this article is framed, it is another dangerous circumstance which attends this treaty; for had such a provision been confined to the case of an apparent attack from France only, the avowed design of this treaty had been fulfilled, and your majesty's instructions to your ambassador had been pursued; but this necessary restriction has been omitted; and the same liberty is granted to the States to take possession of all the Netherlands whenever they shall think themselves attacked by any other neighbouring nation as when they shall be in danger from France; so that if it should at any time happen (which your commons are very unwilling to suppose) that they should quarrel even with your majesty, the riches, strength, and advantageous situation of these countries may be made use of against yourself, without whose generous and powerful assistance they had never been conquered.

"To return to those ill consequences which relate to the trade of your kingdoms. We beg leave to observe to your majesty that, though this treaty revives and renders your majesty a party to the fourteenth and fifteenth articles of the treaty of Munster, by virtue of which the impositions upon all goods and merchandises brought into the Spanish Low Countries by the sea are to equal those laid on goods and merchandises imported by the Scheld, and the canals of Saxe and Swyn, and other mouths of the sea adjoining; yet no care is taken to preserve that equality upon the exportation of those goods out of the Spanish provinces into those countries and places which by virtue of this treaty are to be in possession of the States; the consequence of which must in time be, and your commons are informed that in some instances it has already proved to be the case, that the impositions upon goods

carried into those countries and places by the subjects of the States General will be taken off, while those upon the goods imported by your majesty's subjects remain; by which means Great Britain will entirely lose this most beneficial branch of trade, which it has in all ages been possessed of, even from the time when those countries were governed by the house of Burgundy, one of the most ancient as well as the most useful allies to the crown of England.

"With regard to the other dominions and territories of Spain, your majesty's subjects have always been distinguished in their commerce with them; and both by ancient treaties and an uninterrupted custom have enjoyed greater privileges and immunities of trade than either the Hollanders or any other nation whatsoever. And that wise and excellent treaty of the Grand Alliance provides effectually for the security and continuance of these valuable privileges to Britain in such a manner as that each nation might be left, at the end of war, upon the same foot as it stood at the commencement of it. But this treaty we now complain of, instead of confirming your subjects' rights, surrenders and destroys them; for although by the sixteenth and seventeenth articles of the treaty of Munster, made between his catholic majesty and the States General, all advantages of trade are stipulated for and granted to the Hollanders equal to what the English enjoyed, yet the crown of England, not being a party to that treaty, the subjects of England have never submitted to those articles of it, nor even the Spaniards themselves ever observed them. But this treaty revives those articles in prejudice of Great Britain, and makes your majesty a party of them, and even a guarantee to the States General for privileges against your own people.

"In how deliberate and extraordinary a manner your majesty's ambassador consented to deprive your subjects of their ancient rights, and your majesty of the power of procuring to them any new advantage, most evidently appears from his own letters, which by your majesty's directions have been laid before your commons; for when matters of advantage to your majesty and to your kingdom had been offered as proper to be made parts of this treaty, they were refused to be admitted by the States General upon this reason and principle,—that nothing foreign to the guarantees of the succession and of the barrier should be mingled with them. Notwithstanding which the States General had no sooner received notice of a treaty of commerce concluded between your majesty and the present emperor but they departed from the rule proposed before, and insisted upon the article of which your commons now complain; which article your majesty's ambassador allowed of, although equally foreign to the succession or the barrier; and although he had for that reason departed from other articles which would have been for the service of his own country.

"We have forbore to trouble your majesty with general observations upon this treaty, as it relates to and affects the empire and other parts of Europe. The mischiefs which arise from it to Great Britain are what only we have presumed humbly to represent to you, as they are very evident and very great. And as it appears that the lord viscount Townshend had not any orders or authority for concluding several of those articles which are most prejudicial to your majesty's subjects, we have thought we could do no less than declare your said ambassador who negotiated and signed, and all others who advised the ratifying of this treaty, enemies to your majesty and your kingdom.

"Upon these faithful informations and advices from your commons, we assure ourselves, your majesty, in your great goodness to your people, will rescue them from those evils which the private counsels of ill-designing men have exposed them to; and that in your great wisdom you will find some means for explaining and amending the several articles of this treaty, so as that they may consist with the interest of Great Britain, and with real and lasting friendship between your majesty and the States General."

Between the representation and the first debates upon the subject of it several weeks had passed, during which time the parliament had other matters likewise before them that deserve to be mentioned. For on the 9th of February was repealed the act for naturalizing foreign protestants, which had been passed under the last ministry, and as many people thought to very ill purposes. By this act any foreigner who would take the oaths to the government, and profess himself a protestant, of whatever denomination, was immediately naturalized, and had all the privileges of an English-born subject at the expense of a shilling. Most protestants abroad differ from us in the points of church government; so that all the acquisitions by this act would increase the number of dissenters; and therefore the proposal that such foreigners should be obliged to conform to the established worship was rejected. But because several persons were fond of this project as a thing that would be of mighty advantage to the kingdom, I shall say a few words upon it.

The maxim "That people are the riches of a nation" has been crudely understood by many writers and reasoners upon that subject. There are several ways by which people are brought into a country. Sometimes a nation is invaded and subdued; and the conquerors seize the lands and make the natives their under-tenants or servants. Colonies have been always planted where the natives were driven out or destroyed, or the land uncultivated and waste. In those countries where the lord of the soil is master of the labour and liberty of his tenants, or of slaves bought by his money, men's riches are reckoned by the number of their vassals. And sometimes in governments newly instituted, where there are not people to till the ground, many laws have been made to encourage and allure numbers from the neighbouring countries. And in all these cases the new comers have either lands allotted them or are slaves to the proprietors. But to invite helpless families by thousands into a kingdom inhabited like ours, without lands to give them, and where the laws will not allow that they should be part of the property as servants, is a wrong application of the maxim; and the same thing, in great, as infants dropped at the doors, which are only a burden and charge to the parish. The true way of multiplying mankind to public advantage in such a country as England is to invite from abroad only able handicraftsmen and artificers, or such who bring over a sufficient share of property to secure them from want; to enact and enforce sumptuary laws against luxury, and all excesses in clothing, furniture, and the like; to encourage matrimony, and reward, as the Romans did, those who have a certain number of children. Whether bringing over the Palatines were a mere consequence of this law for a general naturalization, or whether, as many surmised, it had some other meaning, it appeared manifestly by the issue that the public was a loser by every individual among them; and that a kingdom can no more be the richer by such an importation than a man can be fatter by a wen, which is

unsightly and troublesome at best, and intercepts that nourishment which would otherwise diffuse itself through the whole body.

About a fortnight after, the commons sent up a bill for securing the freedom of parliaments, by limiting the number of members in that house who should be allowed to possess employments under the crown. Bills to the same effect promoted by both parties had after making the like progress been rejected in former parliaments; the court and ministry, who will ever be against such a law, having usually a greater influence in the house of lords; and so it happened now. Although that influence were less, I am apt to think that such a law would be too thorough a reformation in one point while we have so many corruptions in the rest; and perhaps the regulations already made on that article are sufficient, by which several employments incapacitate a man from being chosen a member, and all of them bring it to a new election.

For my own part, when I consider the temper of particular persons, and by what maxims they have acted (almost without exception) in their private capacities, I cannot conceive how such a bill should obtain a majority, unless every man expected to be one of the fifty, which I think was the limitation intended.

About the same time likewise the house of commons advanced one considerable step toward securing us against further impositions from our allies, resolving that the additional forces should be continued, but with a condition that the Dutch should make good their propositions of three-fifths to two-fifths, which those confederates had so long and in so great degree neglected. The duke of Marlborough's deduction of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the pay of the foreign troops was also applied for carrying on the war.

Lastly, within this period is to be included the act passed to prevent the disturbing those of the episcopal communion in Scotland in the exercise of their religious worship and in the use of the liturgy of the church of England. It is known enough that the most considerable of the nobility and gentry there, as well as great numbers of the people, dread the tyrannical discipline of those synods and presbyteries, and at the same time have the utmost contempt for the abilities and tenets of their teachers. It was besides thought an inequality beyond all appearance of reason or justice, that dissenters of every denomination here, who are the meanest and most illiterate part among us, should possess a toleration by law, under colour of which they might upon occasion be bold enough to insult the religion established; while those of the episcopal church in Scotland groaned under a real persecution. The only specious objection against this bill was, that it set the religion by law in both parts of the island upon a different foot, directly contrary to the Union; because by an act passed this very session against occasional conformity our dissenters were shut out from all employments. A petition from Carstairs and other Scotch professors against this bill was offered to the house, but not accepted; and a motion made by the other party to receive a clause that should restrain all persons who have any office in Scotland from going to episcopal meetings passed in the negative. It is manifest that the promoters of this clause were not moved by any regard for Scotland, which is by no means their favourite at present, only they hoped that if it were made part of a law it might occasion such a choice of representatives in both houses from Scotland as would be a considerable strength to their faction here. But the

proposition was in itself extremely absurd, that so many lords and other persons of distinction, who have great employments, pensions, posts in the army, and other places of profit, many of whom are in frequent or constant attendance at the court, and utterly dislike their national way of worship, should be deprived of their liberty of conscience at home; not to mention those who are sent thither from hence to take care of the revenue and other affairs, who would ill digest the changing of their religion for that of Scotland.

With a further view of favour toward the episcopal clergy of Scotland, three members of that country were directed to bring in a bill for restoring the patronage to their ancient rights of presenting ministers to the vacant churches there, which the kirk during the height of their power had obtained for themselves. And to conclude this subject at once, the queen at the close of the session commanded Mr. secretary St. John to acquaint the house, "That, pursuant to their address, the profits arising from the bishops' estates in Scotland, which remained in the crown, should be applied to the support of such of the episcopal clergy there as would take the oaths to her majesty."

Nothing could more amply justify the proceedings of the queen and her ministers for two years past than that famous representation above at large recited: the unbiassed wisdom of the nation after the strictest inquiry confirming those facts upon which her majesty's counsels were grounded, and many persons who were before inclined to believe that the allies and the late ministry had been too much loaded by the malice, misrepresentations, or ignorance of writers, who were now fully convinced of their mistake by so great an authority. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear doing justice to Mr. St. John, who had been secretary-at-war for several years under the former administration, where he had the advantage of observing how affairs were managed both at home and abroad. He was one of those who shared in the present treasurer's fortune, resigning up his employment at the same time, and upon that minister's being again taken into favour this gentleman was some time after made secretary of state. There he began afresh by the opportunities of his station to look into past miscarriages, and by the force of an extraordinary genius and application to public affairs, joined with an invincible eloquence, laid open the scene of miscarriages and corruptions through the whole course of the war in so evident a manner, that the house of commons seemed principally directed in their resolutions upon this inquiry by his information and advice. In a short time after the representation was published there appeared a memorial in the Dutch gazette, as by order of the States, reflecting very much upon the said representation, as well as the resolutions on which it was founded, pretending to deny some of the facts and to extenuate others. This memorial, translated into English, a common writer of news had the boldness to insert in one of his papers. A complaint being made thereof to the house of commons, they voted the pretended memorial to be a false, scandalous, malicious libel, and ordered the printer to be taken into custody.

It was the misfortune of the ministers, that while they were halted by their professed adversaries of the discontented faction, acting in confederacy with emissaries of foreign powers, to break the measures her majesty had taken toward a peace, they met at the same time with frequent difficulties from those who agreed and engaged with them to pursue the same general end, but sometimes disapproved the methods

as too slack and remiss, or in appearance now and then perhaps a little dubious. In the first session of this parliament a considerable number of gentlemen, all members of the house of commons, began to meet by themselves and consult what course they ought to steer in this new world. They intended to revive a new country party in parliament, which might, as in former times, oppose the court in any proceedings they disliked. The whole body was of such who profess what is commonly called high-church principles, upon which account they were irreconcilable enemies to the late ministry and all its adherents. On the other side, considering the temper of the new men in power, that they were persons who had formerly moved between the two extremes, those gentlemen who were impatient for an entire change, and to see all their adversaries laid at once as low as the dust, began to be apprehensive that the work would be done by halves. But the juncture of affairs at that time both at home and abroad would by no means admit of the least precipitation, although the queen and her first minister had been disposed to it, which certainly they were not. Neither did the court seem at all uneasy at this league formed in appearance against it, but composed of honest gentlemen who wished well to their country, in which both were entirely agreed, although they might differ about the means; or if such a society should begin to grow resty, nothing was easier than to divide them and render all their endeavours ineffectual.

But in the course of that first session many of this society became gradually reconciled to the new ministry, whom they found to be greater objects of the common enemy's hatred than themselves; and the attempt of Gulcard, as it gained further time for deferring the disposal of employments, so it much endeared that person [Mr. Harley] to the kingdom, who was so near failing a sacrifice to the safety of his country. Upon the last session, of which I am now writing, this October Club (as it was called) renewed their usual meetings, but were now very much altered from their original institution, and seemed to have wholly dropped the design as of no further use. They saw a point carried in the house of lords against the court that would end in the ruin of the kingdom; and they observed the enemy's whole artillery directly levelled at the treasurer's head. In short, the majority of the club had so good an understanding with the great men at court, that two of the latter [Mr. St. John and Mr. Bromley], to show to the world how fair a correspondence there was between the court and country party, consented to be at one of their dinners; but this intercourse had an event very different from what was expected, for immediately the more zealous members of that society broke off from the rest and composed a new one, made up of gentlemen who seemed to expect little of the court, and perhaps with a mixture of others who thought themselves disappointed or too long delayed [called the March Club]. Many of these were observed to retain an incurable jealousy of the treasurer, and to interpret all delays which they could not comprehend as a reserve of favour in this minister to the persons and principles of the abandoned party.

Upon an occasion offered about this time some persons, out of distrust to the treasurer, endeavoured to obtain a point which could not have been carried without putting all into confusion. A bill was brought into the house of commons appointing commissioners to examine into the value of all lands and other interests granted by the crown since the 13th day of February, 1688, and upon what considerations such

grants had been made. The united country interest in the house was extremely set upon passing the bill. They had conceived an opinion from former precedents that the court would certainly oppose all steps toward a resumption of grants, and those who were apprehensive that the treasurer inclined the same way proposed the bill should be tacked to another for raising a fund by duties upon soap and paper, which has been always imputed, whether justly or not, as a favourite expedient of those called the Tory party. At the same time it was very well known that the house of lords had made a fixed and unanimous resolution against giving their concurrence to the passing of such united bills, so that the consequences of this project must have been to bring the ministry under difficulties, to stop the necessary supplies, and endanger the good correspondence between both houses; notwithstanding all which, the majority carried it for a tack, and the committee was instructed accordingly to make the two bills into one, whereby the worst that could happen would have followed if the treasurer had not convinced the warm leaders in this affair, by undeniable reasons, that the means they were using would certainly disappoint the end; that neither himself nor any other of the queen's servants were at all against this inquiry; and he promised his utmost credit to help forward the bill in the house of lords. He prevailed at last to have it sent up single, but their lordships gave it another kind of reception. Those who were of the side opposite to the court withstood it to a man, as in a party case; among the rest, some were personally concerned, and others by friends and relations, which they supposed a sufficient excuse to be absent or dissent. Even those whose grants were antecedent to this intended inspection began to be alarmed as men whose neighbours' houses are on fire. A show of zeal for the late king's honour occasioned many reflections upon the date of this inquiry, which was to commence with his reign, and the earl of Nottingham, who had now flung away the mask which he had lately pulled off, like one who had no other view but that of vengeance against the queen and her friends, acted consistently enough with his design by voting as a lord against the bill after he had directed his son in the house of commons to vote for the tack.

Thus miscarried this popular bill for appointing commissioners to examine into royal grants; but whether those chiefly concerned did rightly consult their own interest has been made a question, which perhaps time will resolve. It was agreed that the queen, by her own authority, might have issued out a commission for such an inquiry; and everybody believed that the intention of the parliament was only to tax the grants with about three years' purchase, and at the same time establish the proprietors in possession of the remainder for ever; so that upon the whole the grantees would have been great gainers by such an act, since the titles of those lands as they stood then were hardly of half value with others, either for sale or settlement. Besides the example of the Irish forfeitures might have taught these precarious owners that when the house of commons has once engaged in a pursuit which they think is right, although it be stopped or suspended for awhile, they will be sure to renew it upon every opportunity that offers, and seldom fail of success: for instance, if the resumption should happen to be made part of a supply, which can be easily done without the objection of a tack, the grantees might possibly then have much harder conditions given them; and I do not see how they could prevent it. Whether the resumption of royal grants be consistent with good policy

or justice would be too long a disquisition; besides, the profusion of kings is not likely to be a grievance for the future, because there have been laws since made to provide against that evil, or indeed rather because the crown has nothing left to give away. But the objection made against the date of the intended inquiry was invidious and trifling; for king James II. made very few grants; he was a better manager, and squandering was none of his faults; whereas the late king, who came over here a perfect stranger to our laws and to our people, regardless of posterity, wherein he was not likely to survive, thought he could no way better strengthen a new title than by purchasing friends at the expense of everything which was in his power to part with.

The reasonableness of uniting to a money-bill one of a different nature, which is usually called *tacking*, has been likewise much debated, and will admit of argument enough. In ancient times when a parliament was held the commons first proposed their grievances to be redressed, and then gave their aids; so that it was a perfect bargain between the king and the subject. This fully answered the ends of tacking. Aids were then demanded upon occasions which would hardly pass at present; such for instance as those for making the king's son a knight, marrying his eldest daughter, and some others of the like sort. Most of the money went into the king's coffers for his private use; neither was he accountable for any part of it. Hence arose the form of the king's thanking his subjects for their benevolence, when any subsidies, tenths, or fifteenths, were given him. But the supplies now granted are of another nature, and cannot be properly called a particular benefit to the crown, because they are all appropriated to their several uses; so that, when the house of commons tack to a money-bill what is foreign and hard to be digested, if it be not passed, they put themselves and their country in as great difficulties as the prince. On the other side there have been several regulations made, through the course of time, in parliamentary proceedings; among which it is grown a rule that a bill once rejected shall not be brought up again the same session; whereby the commons seem to have lost the advantage of purchasing a redress of their grievances by granting supplies, which upon some emergencies has put them upon this expedient of tacking; so that there is more to be said on each side of the case than is convenient for me to trouble the reader or myself in deducing.

Among the matters of importance during this session we may justly number the proceedings of the house of commons with relation to the press; since her majesty's message to the house of January 17th concludes with a paragraph representing the great licences taken in publishing false and scandalous libels, such as are a reproach to any government; and recommending to them to find a remedy equal to the mischief. The meaning of these words in the message seems to be confined to those weekly and daily papers and pamphlets reflecting upon the persons and the management of the ministry. But the house of commons, in their address which answers this message, make an addition of the hispanics against God and religion; and it is certain that nothing would be more for the honour of the legislature than some effectual law for putting a stop to this universal mischief; but as the person [lord Bolingbroke] who advised the queen in that part of her message had only then in his thoughts the redressing of the political and factious libels, I think he ought to have taken care, by his great credit in the house, to have proposed some ways by which that evil might be removed; the law for taxing single

papers having produced a quite contrary effect, as was then foreseen by many persons, and has since been found true by experience. For the adverse party, full of rage and leisure since their fall, and unanimous in defence of their cause, employ a set of writers by subscription, who are well versed in all the topics of defamation, and have a style and genius levelled to the generality of readers; while those who would draw their pens on the side of their princes and country are discouraged by this tax, which exceeds the intrinsic value both of the materials and the work; a thing, if I be not mistaken, without example.

It must be acknowledged that the bad practices of printers have been such as to deserve the severest animadversions of the public; and it is to be wished the party quarrels of the pen were always managed with decency and truth: but in the mean time to open the mouths of our enemies, and shut our own, is a turn of politics that wants a little to be explained. Perhaps the ministry now in possession, because they are in possession, may despise such trifles as this; and it is not to be denied that, acting as they do upon a national interest, they may seem to stand in less need of such supports, or may safely fling them down as no longer necessary. But if the leaders of the other party had proceeded by this maxim their power would have been none at all, or of very short duration; and had not some active pens fallen into improve the good dispositions of the people upon the late change, and continued since to overthrow the falsehood plentifully, and sometimes not unplanably, scattered by the adversaries, I am very much in doubt whether those at the helm would now have reason to be pleased with their success. A particular person may with more safety despise the opinion of the vulgar, because it does a wise man no real harm or good, but the administration a great deal; and whatever side has the sole management of the pen will soon find hands enough to write down their enemies as low as they please. If the people had no other idea of those whom her majesty trusts in her greatest affairs than what is conveyed by the passions of such as would compass sea and land for their destruction, what could they expect but to be torn in pieces by the rage of the multitude! How necessary therefore was it that the world should from time to time be undeceived by true representations of persons and facts, which have kept the kingdom steady to its interests against all the attacks of a cunning and virulent faction!

However, the mischiefs of the press were too exorbitant to be cured by such a remedy as a tax upon the smaller papers; and a bill for a much more effectual regulation of it was brought into the house of commons, but so late in the session that there was no time to pass it: for there has hitherto always appeared an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the press, whether from the inconveniences apprehended from doing too much or too little; or whether the benefit proposed by each party to themselves, from the service of their writers toward the recovering or preserving of power, be thought to outweigh the disadvantages. However it came about, this affair was put off from one week to another, and the bill not brought into the house till the 8th of June. It was committed three days and then heard of no more. In this bill there was a clause inserted (whether industriously with design to overthrow it), that the author's name and place of abode should be set to every printed book, pamphlet, or paper; to which I believe no man who has the least regard to learning would give his consent; for beside the objection to this clause from the prac-

tice of pious men, who in publishing excellent writings for the service of religion have chosen, out of an humble christian spirit, to conceal their names, it is certain that all persons of true genius or knowledge have an invincible modesty and suspicion of themselves upon their first sending their thoughts into the world; and that those who are dull or superficial, void of all taste and judgment, have dispositions directly contrary: so that, if this clause had been made part of a law, there would have been an end, in all likelihood, of any valuable production for the future either in wit or learning; and that in-sufferable race of stupid people who are now every day loading the press would then reign alone, in time destroy our very first principles of reason, and introduce barbarity among us, which is already kept out with so much difficulty by so few hands.

Having given an account of the several steps made toward a pence, from the first overtures begun by France to the commencement of the second session, I shall in the Fourth Book relate the particulars of this great negotiation, from the period last mentioned to the present time; and because there happened some passages in both houses occasioned by the treaty, I shall take notice of them under that head. There only remains to be mentioned one affair of another nature, which the lords and commons took into their cognizance after a very different manner, wherewith I shall close this part of my subject.

The sect of quakers among us, whose system of religion, first founded upon enthusiasm, has been many years growing into a craft, held it an unlawful action to take an oath to a magistrate. This doctrine was taught them by the author of their sect, from a literal application of the text "Swear not at all;" but being a body of people wholly turned to trade and commerce of all kinds, they found themselves on many occasions deprived of the benefit of the law as well as of voting at elections by a foolish scruple which their obstinacy would not suffer them to get over. To prevent this inconvenience these people had eredit enough in the late reign to have an act passed that their solemn affirmation and declaration should be accepted instead of an oath in the usual form. The great concern in those times was to lay all religion upon a level; in order to which this maxim was advanced, "That no man ought to be denied the liberty of serving his country upon account of a different belief in speculative opinions;" under which term some people were apt to include every doctrine of christianity. However, this act in favour of the quakers was only temporary, in order to keep them in constant dependence, and expired of course after a certain term, if it were not continued. Those people had therefore very early in the session offered a petition to the house of commons for a continuance of the act, which was not suffered to be brought up. Upon this they applied themselves to the lords, who passed a bill accordingly, and sent it down to the commons, where it was not so much as allowed a first reading.

And indeed it is not easy to conceive upon what motives the legislature of so great a kingdom could descend so low as to be ministerial and subservient to the caprices of the most absurd heresy that ever appeared in the world; and this in a point where those deluding or deluded people stand singular from all the rest of mankind who live under civil government; but the designs of an aspiring party at that time were not otherwise to be compassed than by undertaking anything that would humble and mortify the church: and I am fully convinced that if a set of sceptic philosophers (who profess to doubt of everything) had been then among us, and mingled

their tenets with some corruptions of christianity, they might have obtained the same privilege; and that a law would have been enacted, whereby the solemn doubt of the people called sceptics should have been accepted instead of an oath in the usual form: so absurd are all maxims formed upon the inconsistent principles of faction when once they are brought to be examined by the standard of truth and reason.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

We left the plenipotentiaries of the allies and those of the enemy preparing to assemble at Utrecht on the 1st of Jan. N. S., in order to form a congress for negotiating a general peace; wherein, although the Dutch had made a mighty merit of their compliance with the queen, yet they set all their instruments at work to inflame both houses against her majesty's measures. M. Bothmar, the Hanover envoy, took care to print and disperse his memorial, of which I have formerly spoken: Hoffman, the emperor's resident, was soliciting for a yacht and convoys to bring over prince Eugene at this juncture, fortified, as it was given out, with great proposals from the imperial court: the earl of Nottingham became a convert for reasons already mentioned; money was distributed where occasion required; and the dukes of Somerset and Marlborough, together with the earl of Godolphin, had put themselves at the head of their jundo and their adherents in order to attack the court. Some days after the vote passed the house of lords for admitting into the address the earl of Nottingham's clause against any peace without Spain, M. Buys, the Dutch envoy, who had been deep in all the consultations with the discontented party for carrying that point, was desired to meet with the lord privy seal, the earl of Dartmouth, and Mr. secretary St. John, in order to sign a treaty between the queen and the States, to subsist after a peace. There the envoy took occasion to expostulate upon the advantages stipulated for Britain with France; said, "It was his opinion that those ministers ought, in respect of the friendship between both nations, to acquaint him what these advantages were; and that he looked upon his country to be entitled by treaty to share them equally with us; that there was now another reason why we should be more disposed to comply with him upon this head; for since the late resolution of the house of lords he took it for granted it would be a dangerous step in us to give Spain to a prince of the house of Bourbon; and therefore that we should do well to induce the States by such a concession to help us out of this difficulty."

Mr. St. John made answer, "That there was not a man in the queen's council capable of so base a thought: that if Buys had anything to complain of which was injurious to Holland or justly tending to hurt the good correspondence between us and the States, he was confident her majesty would at all times be ready to give it up; but that the ministers scorned to screen themselves at the expense of their country: that the resolution Buys mentioned was chiefly owing to foreign ministers intermeddling in our affairs, and would perhaps have an effect the projectors did not foresee: That if the peace became impracticable the house of commons would certainly put the war upon another foot, and reduce the public expense within such a compass as our treaties required in the strictest sense, and as our present condition would admit, leaving the partisans for war to supply the rest."

Although the secretary believed this answer would

put an end to such infamous proposals, it fell out otherwise, for shortly after M. Buys applied himself to the treasurer, promising to undertake "That his masters should give up the article of Spain, provided they might share with us in the *asiento* for negroes." To which the treasurer's answer was short, "That he would rather lose his head than consent to such an offer."

It is manifest by this proceeding that whatever schemes were forming here at home, in this juncture, by the enemies to the peace, the Dutch only designed to fall in with it as far as it would answer their own account; and by a strain of the lower politics, wherein they must be allowed to excel every country in Christendom, lay upon the watch for a good bargain by taking advantage of the distress they themselves had brought upon their nearest neighbour and ally.

But the queen highly resented this indignity from a republic upon whom she had conferred so many obligations. She could not endure that the Dutch should employ their instruments to act in confederacy with a cabal of factions people, who were prepared to sacrifice the safety of their prince and country to the recovery of that power they had so long possessed and abused. Her majesty knew very well that, whatever were the mistaken or affected opinion of some people at home upon the article of Spain, it was a point the States had long given up; who had very openly told our ministry, "That the war in that country was only our concern, and what their republic had nothing to do with." It is true the party-leaders were equally convinced that the recovery of Spain was impracticable; but many things may be excused in a professed adversary fallen under a disgrace which are highly criminal in an ally upon whom we are that very instant conferring new favours. Her majesty therefore thought it high time to exert herself and at length put a stop to foreign influence upon British counsels; so that after the earl of Nottingham's clause against any peace without Spain was carried in the house of lords, directions were immediately sent to the earl of Strafford at the Hague to inform the Dutch "That it was obtained by a trick, and would consequently turn to the disappointment and confusion of the contrivers and the actors." He was likewise instructed to be very dry and reserved to the pensionary and Dutch ministers; to let them know "The queen thought herself ill-treated; and that they would soon hear what effects those measures would have upon a mild and good temper, wrought up to resentment by repeated provocations: that the States might have the war continued if they pleased, but that the queen would not be forced to carry it on after their manner, nor would suffer them to make her peace or to settle the interests of her kingdoms."

To others in Holland who appeared to be more moderate the earl was directed to say, "That the States were upon a wrong scent; that their minister here mistook everything that we had promised; that we would perform all they could reasonably ask from us in relation to their harrier and their trade; and that Mons. Buys dealt unfairly if he had not told them as much; but that Britain, proceeding in some respects upon a new scheme of politics, would no longer struggle for impossibilities nor be amused by words: that our people came more and more to their senses; and that the single dispute now was, whether the Dutch would join with a faction against the queen or with the nation for her."

The court likewise resolved to discourage prince Eugene from his journey to England, which he was

about this time undertaking, and of which I have spoken before. He was told "That the queen wanted no exhortations to carry on the war; but the project of it should be agreed abroad, upon which her majesty's resolutions might soon be signified; and until she saw what the emperor and allies were ready to do she would neither promise nor engage for anything." At the same time Mr. St. John told Hoffman, the emperor's resident here, "That if the prince had a mind to divert himself in London the ministers would do their part to entertain him, and be sure to trouble him with no manner of business."

This coldness retarded the prince's journey for some days, but did not prevent it, although he had a second message by the queen's order, with this further addition, "That his name had lately been made use of on many occasions to create ferment and stir up sedition; and that her majesty judged it would be neither safe for him nor convenient for her that he should come over at this time." But all would not do; it was enough that the queen did not absolutely forbid him; and the party-confederates, both foreign and domestic, thought his presence would be highly necessary for their service.

Toward the end of December, the lord privy seal set out for Holland. He was ordered to stop at the Hague, and in conjunction with the earl of Strafford to declare to the States, in her majesty's name, "Her resolutions to conclude no peace wherein the allies in general, and each confederate in particular, might not find their ample security and their reasonable satisfaction: that she was ready to insist upon their barrier and advantages in their trade, in the manner the States themselves should desire; and to concert with them such a plan of treaty as both powers might be under mutual engagements never to recede from: that nothing could be of greater importance than for the ministers of Great Britain and Holland to enter the congress under the strictest ties of confidence, and entirely to concur throughout the course of these negotiations; to which purpose it was her majesty's pleasure that their lordships should adjust with the Dutch ministers the best manner and method for opening and carrying on the conferences, and declare themselves instructed to communicate freely their thoughts and measures to the plenipotentiaries of the States, who they hoped had received the same instructions."

Lastly, The two lords were to signify to the pensionary and the other ministers, "That her majesty's preparations for the next campaign were carried on with all the despatch and vigour the present circumstances would allow; and to insist that the same might be done by the States; and that both powers should join in pressing the emperor and other allies to make greater efforts than they had hitherto done; without which the war must languish, and the terms of peace become every day more disadvantageous."

The two British plenipotentiaries went to Utrecht with very large instructions; and after the usual manner were to make much higher demands from France (at least in behalf of the allies) than they could have any hope to obtain. The sum of what they had in charge beside matter of form was to concert with the ministers of the several powers engaged against France, "That all differences arising among them should be accommodated between themselves, without suffering the French to interfere: that whatever were proposed to France by a minister of the alliance should be backed by the whole confederacy: that a time might be fixed for the conclusion as there had been for the commencement of the treaty." Spain was to be demanded

out of the hands of the Bourbon family, as the most effectual means for preventing the union of that kingdom with France; and whatever conditions the allies could agree upon for hindering that union their lordships were peremptorily to insist on.

As to the interests of each ally in particular, the plenipotentiaries of Britain were to demand "Strasbourg, the fort of Kehl with its dependencies, and the town of Brisach with its territory, for the emperor: that France should possess Alsatia according to the treaty of Westphalia, with the right of the prefecture only over the ten imperial cities in that country: that the fortifications of the said ten cities be put into the condition they were in at the time of the said treaty, except Landau, which was to be demanded for the emperor and empire, with liberty of demolishing the fortifications: that the French king should at a certain time, and at his own expense, demolish the fortresses of Hunningen, New Brisach, and Fort Lewis, never to be rebuilt."

"That the town and fortress of Rhinfelt should be demanded for the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, until that matter be otherwise settled."

"That the clause relating to religion in the fourth article of the treaty of Ryswick, and contrary to that of Westphalia, should be annulled; and the state of religion in Germany restored to the tenor of the treaty of Westphalia."

"That France should acknowledge the king of Prussia, and give him no disturbance in Neuchâtel and Valengin."

"That the principality of Orange and other estates belonging to the late king William should be restored as law should direct."

"That the duke of Hanover should be acknowledged elector."

"That the king of Portugal should enjoy all the advantages stipulated between him and the allies."

"That the States should have for their barrier Furnes, Fort Knock, Menin, Ipres, Lisle, Tournay, Condé, Valenciennes, Maubeuge, Douay, Bethune, Avie, St. Venant, and Bonchain, with their cannon, &c.: that the French king should restore all the places belonging to Spain now or during this war in his possession in the Netherlands: that such part of them as should be thought fit might be allowed likewise for a barrier to the States: that France should grant the tariff of 1664 to the States; and exemption of fifty pence per ton upon Dutch goods trading to that kingdom: but that these articles in favour of the States should not be concluded till the barrier treaty were explained to the queen's satisfaction."

"That the duke of Savoy should be put in possession of all taken from him in this war, and enjoy the places yielded to him by the emperor and other allies: that France should likewise yield to him Exilles, Fenestrelles, Chaumont, the valley of Pragats, and the land lying between Piedmont and Mount Genu."

"That the article about the demolishing of Dunkirk should be explained."

As to Britain, the plenipotentiaries were to insert, "That Nieupoort, Dendermonde, Ghent, and all places which appear to be a barrier rather against England than France, should either not be given to the Dutch, or at least in such a manner as not to hinder the queen's subjects free passage to and from the Low Countries."

"That the 7th article of the barrier treaty, which empowers the States in case of an attack to put troops at discretion in all the places of the Low Countries, should be so explained as to be understood only of an attack from France."

"That Britain should trade to the Low Countries with the same privileges as the States themselves.

"That the most christian klog should acknowledge the succession of Hanover, and immediately oblige the pretender to leave France; and that the said king should promise for himself and his heirs never to acknowledge any person for king or queen of England otherwise than according to the settlements now in force.

"That a treaty of commerce should be commenced as soon as possible between France and Britain; and in the mean time the necessary points relating to it be settled.

"That the Isle of St. Christopher's should be surrendered to the queen, Hudson's Bay restored, Placentia and the whole island of Newfoundland yielded to Britain by the most christian king: who was likewise to quit all claim to Nova Scotia and Annapolis Royal.

"That Gibraltar and Minorca should be annexed to the British crown.

"That the assiento should be granted to Britain for thirty years, with the same advantage as to France; with an extent of ground on the river of Plata for keeping and refreshing the negroes.

"That Spain should grant to the subjects of Britain as large privileges as to any other nation whatsoever; as likewise an exemption of duties, amounting to an advantage of at least 15 per cent.

"That satisfaction should be demanded for what should appear to be justly due to her majesty from the emperor and the States.

"Lastly, That the plenipotentiaries should consult with those of the protestant allies the most effectual methods for restoring the protestants of France to their religious and civil liberties, and for the immediate release of those who are now in the galleys."

What part of these demands were to be insisted on, and what were to be given up, will appear by the sequel of this negotiation. But there was no difficulty of moment enough to retard the peace, except a method for preventing the union of France and Spain under one prince, and the settling the barrier for Holland; which last, as claimed by the States, could in prudence and safety be no more allowed by us than by France.

The States General having appointed Mons. Buys to be one of their plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, that minister left England a few days after the lord privy seal. In his last conference with the lords of the council he absolutely declared, "That his masters had done their utmost, both by sea and land; that it was unreasonable to expect more; that they had exceeded their proportion, even beyond Britain; and that as to the emperor and other allies, he knew no expedient left for making them act with more vigour than to pursue them with pathetic exhortations."

This minister was sent over hither instructed and empowered by halves. The ferment raised by the united endeavours of our party leaders, among whom he was a constant fellow-labourer to the utmost of his skill, had wholly confounded him; and thinking to take the advantage of negotiating well for Holland at the expense of Britain, he acted but ill for his own country, and worse for the common cause. However, the queen's ministers and he parted with the greatest civility; and her majesty's present was double the value of what is usual to the character he bore.

As the queen was determined to alter her measures in making war, so she thought nothing would so much convince the States of the necessity of a peace as to have them frequently put in mind of this resolution; which her ambassador Strafford, then at the

Hague, was accordingly directed to do; and if they should object, of what ill consequence it would be for the enemy to know her majesty designed to lessen her expenses; he might answer, "That the ministers here were sorry for it; but the Dutch could only blame themselves for forcing into such a necessity a princess to whose friendship they owed the preservation and grandeur of their republic, and choosing to lean on a broken faction rather than place their confidence in the queen."

It was her majesty's earnest desire that there should be a perfect agreement at this treaty between the ministers of all the allies; than which nothing could be more effectual to make France comply with their just demands. Above all she directed her plenipotentiaries to enter into the strictest confidence with those of Holland; and that, after the States had consented to explain the barrier treaty to her reasonable satisfaction, both powers should form between them a plan of general peace, from which they would not recede, and such as might secure the quiet of Europe, as well as the particular interests of each confederate.

The Dutch were accordingly pressed before the congress opened to come to some temperment upon that famous treaty; because the ministers here expected it would be soon laid before the house of commons, by which the resentment of the nation would probably appear against those who had been actors and advisers in it: but Mons. Buys, who usually spoke for his colleagues, was full of opposition, began to expostulate upon the advantages Britain had stipulated with France; and to insist "That his masters ought to share equally in them all, but especially the assiento contract;" so that no progress was made in fixing a previous good correspondence between Britain and the States, which her majesty had so earnestly recommended.

Certain regulations having been agreed upon for the avoiding of ceremony and other inconveniences, the conferences began at Utrecht, upon the 20th of January, N. S., 1711-12, at ten in the morning. The ministers of the allies going into the town-house at one door, and those of France at the same instant at another, they all took their seats without distinction; and the bishop of Bristol, lord privy seal, first plenipotentiary of Britain, opened the assembly with a short speech, directed to the ministers of France, in words to the following effect:—

"Messieurs,—We are here to meet to-day in the name of God, to enter upon a treaty of general peace between the high allies and the king your master. We bring sincere intentions, and express orders from our superiors, to concur, on their part, with whatever may advance and perfect so salutary and christian a work. On the other side we hope you have the same disposition; and that your orders will be so full as to be able without loss of time to answer the expectation of the high allies, by explaining yourselves clearly and roundly upon the points we shall have to settle in these conferences; and that you will perform this in so plain and specific a manner as every prince and state in the confederacy may find a just and reasonable satisfaction."

The French began by promising to explain the overtures which Mons. Mesnager had delivered to the queen some months before, and to give in a specific project of what their master would yield, provided the allies would each give a specific answer by making their several demands; which method, after many difficulties and affected delays in the Dutch, was at length agreed to.

But the States, who had with the utmost discontent seen her majesty at the head of this negotiation, where they intended to have placed themselves

began to discover their ill-humour upon every occasion. They raised endless difficulties about settling the barrier treaty as the queen desired; and in one of the first general conferences they would not suffer the British secretary to take the minutes, but nominated some Dutch professor for that office; which the queen refused, and resented their behaviour, as a useless cavil, intended only to show their want of respect. The British plenipotentiaries had great reason to suspect that the Dutch were at this time privately endeavouring to engage in some separate measures with France, by the intervention of one Moleau, a busy factious agent at Amsterdam, who had been often employed in such intrigues; and that this was the cause which made them so litigious and slow in all their steps, in hopes to break the congress, and find better terms for their trade and barrier from the French than we ever could think fit to allow them. The Dutch ministers did also apply themselves with industry to cultivate the imperial plenipotentiary's favour, in order to secure all advantages of commerce with Spain and the West Indies, in case those dominions could be procured for the emperor; for this reason they avoided settling any general plan of peace in concert with the plenipotentiaries of Britain, which her majesty desired; and Mons. Buys plainly told their lordships "That it was a point which neither he nor his colleagues could consent to before the States were admitted equal sharers with Britain in the trade of Spain."

The court, having notice of this untractable temper in the Dutch, gave direct orders to the plenipotentiaries of Britain for pressing those of the States to adjust the gross inequalities of the barrier treaty; since nothing was more usual or agreeable to reason than for princes who find themselves aggrieved by prejudicial contracts to expect they should be modified and explained. And since it now appeared by votes in the house of commons that the sense of the nation agreed with what her majesty desired, if the Dutch ministers would not be brought to any moderate terms upon this demand, their lordships were directed to improve and amend the particular concessions made to Britain by France, and form them into a treaty; for the queen was determined never to allow the States any share in the assiento, Gibraltar, and Port Mahon; nor could think it reasonable that they should be upon an equal foot with her in the trade of Spain, to the conquest whereof they had contributed so little.

Nor was the conduct of the imperial minister at this time less perplexing than that of the States; both those powers appearing fully bent either upon breaking off the negotiation or upon forcing from the queen those advantages she expected by it for her own kingdoms. Her majesty therefore thought fit, about the beginning of March, to send Mr. Thos. Harley, a near relation of the treasurer's, to Utrecht, fully informed of her mind; which he was directed to communicate to the plenipotentiaries of Britain.

Mr. Harley stopped in his way to Utrecht at the Hague, and there told the pensionary "That nothing had happened lately in England but what was long ago foretold him, as well as the other ministers of the allies: that the proceedings of the house of commons, particularly about the barrier treaty, must chiefly be ascribed to the manner in which the queen and the nation had been treated by Mons. Bothmar, Count Gallas, Buys, and other foreign ministers: that if the States would yet enter into a strict union with the queen, give her satisfaction in the said treaty, and join in concert with her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, a safe and advantageous peace might be obtained for the whole alliance;

otherwise her majesty must save her own country, and join with such of her allies as would join with her.

"As to the war, that the conduct of the allies, and their opposition to the queen, her private intrigues carried on among her own subjects, as well as by open remonstrances, had made the house of commons take that matter out of the hands of the ministers."

"Lastly, That in case the present treaty were broken off by the Dutch refusing to comply, her majesty thought it reasonable to insist that some cautionary places be put into her hands as pledges that no other negotiation should be entered into by the States General without her participation."

Mr. Harley's instructions to the queen's plenipotentiaries were, "That they should press those of France to open themselves as far as possible in concerting such a plan of a general peace as might give reasonable satisfaction to all the confederates, and such as her parliament would approve: that the people of England believed France would consent to such a plan; wherein if they found themselves deceived they would be as eager for prosecuting the war as ever."

Their lordships were to declare openly to the Dutch, "That no extremity should make her majesty depart from insisting to have the assiento for her own subjects, and to keep Gibraltar and Port Mahon; but if the States would agree with her upon these three heads she would be content to reduce the trade of Spain and the West Indies to the condition it was in under the late catholic king Charles II."

The French were further to be pressed, "That the pretender should be immediately sent out of that kingdom; and that the most effectual method should be taken for preventing the union of France and Spain under one prince."

About this time her majesty's ministers, and those of the allies at Utrecht, delivered in the several *postulata* or demands of their masters to the French plenipotentiaries; which having been since made public, and all of them, except those of Britain, very much varying in the course of the negotiation, the reader would be but ill entertained with a transcript of them here.

Upon intelligence of the last dauphin's death, the father, son, and grandson, all of that title, dying within the compass of a year, Mons. Gualtier went to France with letters to the marquis de Torcy, to propose her majesty's expedient for preventing the union of that kingdom with Spain; which, as it was the most important article to be settled, in order to secure peace for Europe, so it was a point that required to be speedily adjusted under the present circumstances and situation of the Bourbon family; there being only left a child of two years old to stand between the duke of Anjou and his succeeding to the crown of France.

Her majesty likewise pressed France, by the same despatches, to send full instructions to their plenipotentiaries, empowering them to offer such a plan of peace as might give reasonable satisfaction to all her allies.

The queen's proposal for preventing a union between France and Spain was, "That Philip should formally renounce the kingdom of France for himself and his posterity; and that this renunciation should be confirmed by the cortes or states of Spain, who without question would heartily concur against such a union, by which their country must become a province to France." In like manner the French princes of the blood were severally to renounce all title to Spain.

The French raised many difficulties upon several

particulars of this expedient, but the queen persisted to refuse any plan of peace before this weighty point were settled in the manner she proposed; which was afterwards submitted to, as in proper place we shall observe. In the mean time the negotiation at Utrecht proceeded with a very slow pace; the Dutch interposing all obstructions they could contrive, refusing to come to any reasonable temper upon the barrier treaty, or to offer a plan in concert with the queen for a general peace. Nothing less would satisfy them than the partaking in those advantages we had stipulated for ourselves, and which did no wise interfere with their trade or security. They still expected some turn in England. Their friends on this side had ventured to assure them "That the queen could not live many months;" which indeed from the bad state of her majesty's health was reasonable to expect. The British plenipotentiaries daily discovered new endeavours of Holland to treat privately with France. And lastly, those among the States who desired the war should continue strove to gain time until the campaign should open; and, by resolving to enter into action with the first opportunity, render all things desperate, and break up the congress.

This scheme did exactly fall in with prince Eugene's dispositions, whom the States had chosen for their general, and of whose conduct in this conjuncture the queen had too much reason to be jealous. But her majesty, who was resolved to do her utmost toward putting a good and speedy end to the war, having placed the duke of Ormond at the head of her forces in Flanders, where he was now arrived, directed him to keep all the troops in British pay, whether subjects or foreigners, immediately under his own command; and to be cautious for awhile in engaging in any action of importance, unless upon a very apparent advantage. At the same time the queen determined to make one thorough trial of the disposition of the States, by allowing them the utmost concessions that could any way suit either with her safety or honour. She therefore directed her ministers at Utrecht to tell the Dutch, "That in order to show how desirous she was to live in perfect amity with that republic, she would resign up the 15 per cent. advantage upon English goods sent to the Spanish dominions, which the French king had offered her by a power from his grandson; and be content to reduce that trade to the state in which it was under the late king of Spain. She would accept of any tolerable softening of those words in the 7th article of the barrier treaty, where it is said, 'The States shall have power, in case of an apparent attack, to put as many troops as they please into all the places of the Netherlands,' without specifying an attack from the side of France, as ought to have been done; otherwise the queen might justly think they were preparing themselves for a rupture with Britain. Her majesty likewise consented that the States should keep Nisport, Dendermond, and the castle of Ghent, as an addition to their barrier, although she were sensible how injurious those concessions would be to the trade of her subjects; and would waive the demand of Ostend being delivered into her hands, which she might with justice insist on. In return for all this, that the queen only desired the ministers of the States would enter into a close correspondence with hers; and settle between them some plan of a general peace, which might give reasonable content to all her allies, and which her majesty would endeavour to bring France to consent to. She desired the trade of her kingdoms to the Netherlands, and to the towns of their barrier, might be upon as good a foot as it was before the war be-

gan: that the Dutch would not insist to have a share in the assiento, to which they had not the least pretensions; and that they would no longer encourage the intrigues of a faction against her government. Her majesty assured them, in plain terms, that her own future measures, and the conduct of her plenipotentiaries, should be wholly governed by their behaviour in these points; and that her offers were only conditional, in case of their compliance with what she desired."

But all these proofs of the queen's kindness and sincerity could not avail. The Dutch ministers pleaded "They had no power to concert the plan of general peace with those of Britain." However, they assured the latter "That the assiento was the only difficulty which stuck with their masters." Whereupon at their desire a contract for that traffic was twice read to them; after which they appeared very well satisfied, and said "They would go to the Hague for further instructions." Thither they went; and after a week's absence returned the same answer, "That they had no power to settle a scheme of peace; but could only discourse of it when the difficulties of the barrier treaty were over." And Muns. Buys took a journey to Amsterdam on purpose to stir up that city where he was pensionary against yielding the assiento to Britain; but was unsuccessful in his negotiation; the point being yielded up there and in most other towns in Holland.

It will have an odd sound in history, and appear hardly credible, that in several petty republics of single towns which make up the States General, it should be formally debated whether the queen of Great Britain, who preserved the commonwealth at the charge of so many millions, should be suffered to enjoy after a peace the liberty granted her by Spain of selling African slaves in the Spanish dominions of America! But there was a prevailing faction at the Hague violently bent against any peace where the queen must act that part which they had intended for themselves. These politicians, who held constant correspondence with their old dejected friends in England, were daily fed with the vain hopes of the queen's death or the party's restoration. They likewise endeavoured to spin out the time till prince Eugene's activity had pushed on some great event which might govern or perplex the conditions of peace. Therefore the Dutch plenipotentiaries who proceeded by the instructions of those mistaken patriots, acted in every point with a spirit of litigiousness, than which nothing could give greater advantage to the enemy; a strict union between the allies, but especially Britain and Holland, being doubtless the only means for procuring safe and honourable terms from France.

But neither was this the worst; for the queen received undoubted intelligence from Utrecht that the Dutch were again attempting a separate correspondence with France; and by letters intercepted here from Vienna it was found that the imperial court, whose ministers were in the utmost confidence with those of Holland, expressed the most furious rage against her majesty for the steps she had taken to advance a peace.

This unjustifiable treatment the queen could not digest from an ally upon whom she had conferred so many signal obligations, whom she had used with so much indulgence and sincerity during the whole course of the negotiation, and had so often invited to go along with her in every motion toward a peace. She apprehended likewise that the negotiation might be taken out of her hands if France could be secure of easier conditions in Holland, or might think that Britain wanted power to influence the

whole confederacy. She resolved therefore on this occasion to exert herself with vigour, steadiness, and despatch; and in the beginning of May sent her commands to the earl of Strafford to repair immediately to England, in order to consult with her ministers what was proper to be done.

The proposal above mentioned for preventing the union of France and Spain met with many difficulties; Mons. de Torcy raising objections against several parts of it. But the queen refused to proceed any further with France until this weighty point were fully settled to her satisfaction; after which she promised to grant a suspension of arms, provided the town and citadel of Dunkirk might be delivered as a pledge into her hands; and proposed that Ipses might be surrendered to the Dutch, if they would consent to come into the suspension. France absolutely refused the latter; and the States General having acted in perpetual contradiction to her majesty, she pressed that matter no further, because she doubted they would not agree to a cessation of arms. However, she resolved to put a speedy end or at least intermission to her own share in the war: and the French having declared themselves ready to agree to her expedients for preventing the union of the two crowns, and consented to the delivery of Dunkirk, positive orders were sent to the duke of Ormond to avoid engaging in any battle or siege until he had further instructions; but he was directed to conceal his orders, and to find the best excuses he could if any pressing occasion should offer.

The reasons for this unusual proceeding, which made a mighty noise, were of sufficient weight to justify it; for pursuant to the agreement made between us and France, a courier was then despatched from Fontainebleau to Madrid with the offer of an alternative to Philip, either of resigning Spain immediately to the duke of Savoy, upon the hopes of succeeding to France, and some present advantage, which not having been accepted is needless to dilate on; or of adhering to Spain, and renouncing all future claim to France for himself and his posterity.

Until it could be known which part Philip would accept, the queen would not take possession of Dunkirk, nor suffer an armistice to be declared. But, however, since the most christian king had agreed that his grandson should be forced in case of a refusal to make his choice immediately, her majesty could not endure to think that perhaps some thousands of lives of her own subjects and allies might be sacrificed without necessity, if an occasion should be found or sought for fighting a battle; which she very well knew prince Eugene would eagerly attempt, and put all into confusion, to gratify his own ambition, the enmity of his new masters the Dutch, and the rage of his court.

But the duke of Ormond, who, with every other quality that can accomplish or adorn a great man, inherits all the valour and loyalty of his ancestors, found it very difficult to acquit himself of his commission; for prince Eugene and all the field-deputies of the States had begun already to talk either of attacking the enemy or besieging Quenoy; the confederate army being now all joined by the troops they expected. And accordingly, about three days after the duke had received those orders from court, it was proposed to his grace at a meeting with the prince and deputies "That the French army should be attacked, their camp having been viewed, and a great opportunity offering to do it with success; for the Marechal de Villars, who had notice sent him by Mons. de Torcy of what was passing, and had signified the same by a trumpet to the duke, showed

less vigilance than was usual to that general; taking no precautions to secure his camp or observe the motions of the allies, probably on purpose to provoke them." The duke said, "That the earl of Strafford's sudden departure for England made him believe there was something of consequence now transacting, which would be known in four or five days; and therefore desired they would defer this or any other undertaking until he could receive fresh letters from England." Whereupon the prince and deputies immediately told the duke "That they looked for such an answer as he had given them; that they had suspected our measures for some time; and their suspicions were confirmed by the express his grace had so lately received, as well as by the negligence of Mons. Villars." They appeared extremely dissatisfied, and the deputies told the duke "That they would immediately send an account of his answer to their masters;" which they accordingly did; and soon after, by order from the States, wrote him an expostulating letter in a style less respectful than became them; desiring him among other things to explain himself, whether he had positive orders not to fight the French; and afterwards told him, "They were sure he had such orders, otherwise he could not answer what he had done." But the duke still waived the question, saying, "He would be glad to have letters from England before he entered upon action; and that he expected them daily."

Upon this incident the ministers and generals of the allies immediately took the alarm, vented their fury in violent expressions against the queen and those she employed in her councils; said "They were betrayed by Britain;" and assumed the countenance of those who think they have received an injury, and are disposed to return it.

The duke of Ormond's army consisted of 18,000 of her majesty's subjects, and about 30,000 hired from other princes, either wholly by the queen, or jointly by her and the States. The duke immediately informed the court of the dispositions he found among the foreign generals upon this occasion; and "that upon an exigency he could only depend on the British troops adhering to him; those of Hanover having already determined to desert to the Dutch, and tempted the Danes to do the like; and that he had reason to suppose the same of the rest."

Upon the news arriving at Utrecht that the duke of Ormond had refused to engage in any action against the enemy, the Dutch ministers there went immediately to make their complaints to the lord privy seal; aggravating the strangeness of this proceeding, together with the consequence of it, in the loss of a most favorable opportunity of ruining the French army, and the discontent it must needs create in the whole body of the confederates; adding "How hard it was that they should be kept in the dark, and have no communication of what was done in a point which so nearly concerned them." They concluded "That the duke must needs have acted by orders;" and desired his lordship to write both to court and to his grace what they had now said.

The bishop answered "That he knew nothing of this fact but what they had told him; and therefore was not prepared with a reply to their representations; only in general he would venture to say that this case appeared very like the conduct of their field-deputies upon former occasions: that if such orders were given, they were certainly built upon very justifiable foundations; and would soon be so explained as to convince the States and all the world that the common interest would be better provided for another way than by a battle or siege;

that the want of communication which they complained of could not make the States so uneasy as their declining to receive it had made the queen, who had used her utmost endeavours to persuade them to concur with her in concerting every step toward a general peace, and settling such a plan as both sides might approve and adhere to; but to this day the States had not thought fit to accept those offers, or to authorise any of their ministers to treat with her majesty's plenipotentiaries upon that affair, although they had been pressed to it ever since the negotiation began: that his lordship, to show that he did not speak his private sense alone, took this opportunity to execute the orders he had received the evening before, by declaring to them that all her majesty's offers for adjusting the differences between her and the States were founded upon this express condition,—That they should come immediately into the queen's measures, and act openly and sincerely with her; and that from their conduct so directly contrary she now looked upon herself to be under no obligation to them."

Monsieur Buys and his colleagues were stunned with this declaration, made to them at a time when they pretended to think the right of complaining to be on their side, and had come to the bishop upon that errand. But after their surprise was abated, and Buys' long reasonings at an end, they began to think how matters might be retrieved, and were of opinion that the States should immediately despatch a minister to England, unless his lordship were empowered to treat with them, which without new commands he said he was not. They afterwards desired to know of the bishop what the meaning was of the last words in his declaration, "That her majesty looked upon herself to be under no obligation to them." He told them his opinion, "That as the queen was bound by treaty to concert with the States the conditions of a peace, so upon their declining the concert so frequently offered she was acquitted of that obligation; but that he verily believed, whatever measures her majesty should take, she would always have a friendly regard to the interest of their commonwealth; and that, as their unkindness had been very unexpected and disagreeable to her majesty, so their compliance would be equally pleasing."

I have been the more circumstantial in relating this affair because it furnished abundance of discourse, and gave rise to many wild conjectures and misrepresentations, as well here as in Holland, especially that part which concerned the duke of Ormond; for the angry faction in the house of commons, upon the first intelligence that the duke had declined to act offensively against France in concurrence with the allies, moved for an address wherein the queen should be informed of "the deep concern of her commons for the dangerous consequences to the common cause which must arise from this proceeding of her general; and to beseech her that speedy instructions might be given to the duke to prosecute the war with vigour in order to quiet the minds of her people," &c. But a great majority was against this motion, and a resolution drawn up and presented to the queen by the whole house of a quite contrary tenor: "That they had an entire confidence in her majesty's most gracious promise to communicate to her parliament the terms of the peace before the same should be concluded; and that they would support her majesty in obtaining an honourable and safe peace against all such persons, either at home or abroad, who have endeavoured or shall endeavour to obstruct the same."

The courier sent with the alternative to Spain

was now returned, with an account that Philip had chosen to renounce France for himself and his posterity; whereof the queen having received notice, her majesty, upon the 6th of June, in a long speech to both houses of parliament, laid before them the terms of a general peace stipulated between her and France. This speech being the plan whereby both France and the allies have been obliged to proceed in the subsequent course of the treaty, I shall desire the reader's leave to insert it at length, although I believe it has been already in most mouths:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—The making of peace and war is the undoubted prerogative of the crown. Yet such is the just confidence I place in you, that, at the opening of this session, I acquainted you that a negotiation for a general peace was begun; and afterwards, by messages, I promised to communicate to you the terms of peace before the same should be concluded.

"In pursuance of that promise I now come to let you know upon what terms a general peace may be made."

"I need not mention the difficulties which arise from the very nature of this affair; and it is but too apparent that these difficulties have been increased by other obstructions artfully contrived to hinder this great and good work.

"Nothing however has moved me from steadily pursuing, in the first place, the true interests of my own kingdoms; and I have not omitted anything which might procure to all our allies what is due to them by treaties, and what is necessary for their security.

"The assuring of the protestant succession, as by law established, in the house of Hanover to these kingdoms, being what I have nearest at heart, particular care is taken, not only to have that acknowledged in the strongest terms, but to have an additional security by the removal of that person out of the dominions of France who has pretended to disturb this settlement.

"The apprehension that Spain and the West Indies might be united to France was the chief inducement to begin this war; and the effectual preventing of such a union was the principle I laid down at the commencement of this treaty. Former examples and the late negotiations sufficiently show how difficult it is to find means to accomplish this work. I would not content myself with such as are speculative or depend on treaties only; I insisted on what was solid, and to have at hand the power of executing what should be agreed.

"I can therefore now tell you that France at last is brought to offer that the duke of Anjou shall for himself and his descendants renounce for ever all claim to the crown of France; and that this important article may be exposed to no hazard, the performance is to accompany the promise.

"At the same time the succession to the crown of France is to be declared, after the death of the present dauphin and his sons, to be in the duke of Berry and his sons, and the duke of Orleans and his sons, and so on to the rest of the house of Bourbon.

"As to Spain and the Indies, the succession to those dominions, after the duke of Anjou and his children, is to descend to such prince as shall be agreed upon at the treaty; for ever excluding the rest of the house of Bourbon.

"For confirming the renunciations and settlements before mentioned, it is further offered that they should be ratified in the most strong and solemn manner both in France and Spain; and that those kingdoms, as well as all the other powers

engaged in the present war, shall be guarantees to the same.

"The nature of this proposal is such that it executes itself: the interest of Spain is to support it; and in France, the persons to whom that succession is to belong will be ready and powerful enough to vindicate their own right.

"France and Spain are now more effectually divided than ever. And thus, by the blessing of God, will a real balance of power be fixed in Europe, and remain liable to as few accidents as human affairs can be exempted from.

"A treaty of commerce between these kingdoms and France has been entered upon; but the excessive duties laid on some goods, and the prohibition of others, make it impossible to finish this work so soon as were to be desired. Care is however taken to establish a method of settling this matter; and in the mean time provision is made that the same privileges and advantages as shall be granted to any other nation by France shall be granted in like manner to us.

"The division of the island of St. Christopher between us and the French having been the cause of great inconvenience and damage to my subjects, I have demanded to have an absolute cession made to me of that whole island; and France agrees to this demand.

"Our interest is so deeply concerned in the trade of North America that I have used my utmost endeavours to adjust that article in the most beneficial manner. France consents to restore to us the whole bay and straits of Hudson; to deliver up the island of Newfoundland, with Placentia; and to make an absolute cession of Annapolis, with the rest of Nova Scotia or Acadie.

"The safety of our home trade will be better provided for by the demolition of Dunkirk.

"Our Mediterranean trade, and the British interest and influence in those parts, will be secure by the possession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon, with the whole island of Minorca, which are offered to remain in my hands.

"The trade to Spain and to the West Indies may in general be settled as it was in the time of the late king of Spain, Charles II.; and a particular provision be made that all advantages, rights, or privileges which have been granted, or which may hereafter be granted by Spain to any other nation, shall be in like manner granted to the subjects of Great Britain.

"But the part which we have borne in the prosecution of this war entitling us to some distinction in the terms of peace, I have insisted and obtained that the assiento or contract for furnishing the Spanish West Indies with negroes shall be made with us for the term of thirty years, in the same manner as has been enjoyed by the French for ten years past.

"I have not taken upon me to determine the interests of our confederates: these must be adjusted in the congress at Utrecht; where my best endeavours shall be employed, as they have hitherto constantly been, to procure to every one of them all just and reasonable satisfaction. In the mean time, I think it proper to acquaint you that France offers to make the Rhine the barrier of the empire; to yield Brisac, the fort of Kehl and Landau; and to raise all the fortresses both on the other side of the Rhine and in that river.

"As to the protestant interest in Germany, there will be, on the part of France, no objection to the resetting thereof on the foot of the treaty of Westphalia.

"The Spanish Low Countries may go to his imperial majesty: the kingdoms of Naples and Sardinia, the duchy of Milan, and the places belonging to Spain on the coast of Tuscany, may likewise be yielded by the treaty of peace to the emperor.

"As to the kingdom of Sicily, though there remains no dispute concerning the cession of it by the duke of Anjou, yet the disposition thereof is not yet determined.

"The interests of the States General with respect to commerce are agreed to as they have been demanded by their own ministers, with the exception only of some very few species of merchandise; and the entire barrier as demanded by the States in 1709 from France, except two or three places at most.

"As to these exceptions, several expedients are proposed: and I make no doubt but this barrier may be so settled as to render that republic perfectly secure against any enterprise on the part of France; which is the foundation of all my engagements upon this head with the States.

"The demands of Portugal depending on the disposition of Spain, and that article having been long in dispute, it has not been yet possible to make any considerable progress therein: but my plenipotentiaries will now have an opportunity to assist that king in his pretensions.

"Those of the king of Prussia are such as I hope will admit of little difficulty on the part of France; and my utmost endeavours shall not be wanting to procure all I am able to so good an ally.

"The difference between the barrier demanded for the duke of Savoy in 1709 and the offers now made by France is very inconsiderable: but that prince having so signally distinguished himself in the service of the common cause, I am endeavouring to procure for him still further advantages.

"France has consented that the elector Palatine shall continue his present rank among the electors, and remain in possession of the Upper Palatinate.

"The electoral dignity is likewise acknowledged in the house of Hanover, according to the article inserted, at that prince's desire, in my demands.

"And as to the rest of the allies, I make no doubt of being able to secure their several interests.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, — I have now communicated to you not only the terms of peace which may by the future treaty be obtained for my own subjects, but likewise the proposals of France for satisfying our allies.

"The former are such as I have reason to expect to make my people some amends for that great and unequal burden which they have lain under through the whole course of this war; and I am willing to hope that none of our confederates, and especially those to whom so great accessions of dominion and power are to accrue by this peace, will envy Britain her share in the glory and advantage of it.

"The latter are not so perfectly adjusted as a little more time might have rendered them; but the season of the year making it necessary to put an end to this session, I resolved no longer to defer communicating these matters to you.

"I can make no doubt but you are all fully persuaded that nothing will be neglected on my part, in the progress of this negotiation, to bring the peace to a happy and speedy issue; and I depend on your entire confidence in me and your cheerful concurrence with me."

The discontented party in the house of commons, finding the torrent against them not to be stemmed, suspended their opposition; by which means an address was voted, *nemine contradicente*, to acknowledge her majesty's condescension, to express their

satisfaction in what she had already done, and to desire she would please to proceed with the present negotiations for obtaining a speedy peace.

During these transactions at home the duke of Ormond was in a very uneasy situation at the army, employed in practising those arts which perhaps are fitter for a subtle negotiator than a great commander. But as he had always proved his obedience where courage or conduct could be of use, so the duty he professed to his prince made him submit to continue in a state of inactivity at the head of his troops, however contrary to his nature, if it were for her majesty's service. He had sent early notice to the ministers, "that he could not depend upon the foreign forces in the queen's pay;" and he now found some attempts were already begun to seduce them.

While the courier was expected from Madrid, the duke had orders to inform the marshal de Villars of the true state of this affair, and "that his grace would have decisive orders in three or four days." In the mean time he desired the marshal would not oblige him to come to any action, either to defend himself or to join with prince Eugene's army, which he must necessarily do if the prince were attacked.

When the courier was arrived with the account that Philip had chosen to accept of Spain, her majesty had proposed to France a suspension of arms for two months (to be prolonged to three or four) between the armies now in Flanders, upon the following conditions:

"That during the suspension endeavours should be used for concluding a general peace: or at least the article for preventing the union of France and Spain should be punctually executed, by Philip's renouncing France for himself and his posterity, and the princes of Bourbon in like manner renouncing Spain: and that the town, citadel, and forts of Dunkirk should be immediately delivered into the queen's hands." Her majesty, at the same time, endeavoured to get Cambray for the Dutch, provided they would come into the suspension. But this was absolutely rejected by France; which that court never would have ventured to do if those allies could have been prevailed on to have acted with sincerity and openness, in concert with her majesty, as her plenipotentiaries had always desired. However, the queen promised "that if the States would yield to a suspension of arms, they should have some valuable pledge put into their possession."

But now fresh intelligence daily arrived, both from Utrecht and the army, of attempts to make the troops in her majesty's pay desert her service; and a design even of seizing the British forces was whispered about and with reason suspected.

When the queen's speech was published in Holland, the lord privy seal told the Dutch ministers at Utrecht "that what her majesty had laid before her parliament could not, according to the rules of treaty, be looked on as the utmost of what France would yield in the course of a negotiation, but only the utmost of what that crown would propose in order to form the plan of a peace: that these conditions would certainly have been better, if the States had thought fit to have gone hand in hand with her majesty, as she had so frequently exhorted them to do: that nothing but the want of harmony among the allies had spirited the French to stand out so long: that the queen would do them all the good offices in her power, if they thought fit to comply; and did not doubt of getting them reasonable satisfaction, both in relation to their barrier and their trade." But this reasoning made no impression. The Dutch ministers said, "the queen's speech had deprived

them of the fruits of the war." They were in pain lest Lisle and Tonnay might be two of the towns to be excepted out of their barrier. The rest of the allies grew angry, by the example of the Dutch. The populace in Holland began to be inflamed: they publicly talked "that Britain had betrayed them." Sermons were preached in several towns of their provinces, whether by direction or connivance, filled with the highest instances of disrespect to her Britannic majesty, whom they charged as a papist and an enemy to their country. The lord privy seal himself believed something extraordinary was in agitation, and that his own person was in danger from the fury of the people.

It is certain that the States appeared, but a few days before, very much disposed to comply with the measures the queen had taken; and would have consented to a general armistice, if count Zinzendorf, one of the plenipotentiaries for the emperor, had not by direct orders from his court employed himself in sowing jealousies between Britain and the States; and at the same time made prodigious offers to the latter, as well as to the ministers of Prussia, the Palatinate, and Hanover, for continuing the war. That those three electors, who contributed nothing except bodies of men in return of pay and subsidies, should readily accept the proposals of the emperor is easy to be accounted for. What appears hardly credible is that a grave republic, usually cautious enough in making their bargains, should venture to reject the thoughts of a peace upon the promises of the house of Austria, the little validity whereof they had so long experienced; and especially when the counted upon losing too support of Britain, their most powerful ally: but the false hopes given them by their friends in England, of some new change in their favour, or an imagination of bringing France to better terms by the appearance of resolution, added to the weakness or corruption of some who administered their affairs, were the true causes which first created and afterwards inflamed this untractable temper among them.

The Dutch ministers were wholly disconcerted and surprised when the lord privy seal told them "that a suspension of arms in the Netherlands would be necessary; and the duke of Ormond intended very soon to declare it, after he had taken possession of Dunkirk." But his lordship endeavoured to convince them that this incident ought rather to be a motive for hastening the States into a compliance with her majesty. He likewise communicated to the ministers of the allies the offers made by France, as delivered in the speech from the throne, which her majesty thought to be satisfactory; and hoped "their masters would concur with her in bringing the peace to a speedy conclusion, wherein each in particular might be assured of her best offices for advancing their just pretensions."

In the mean time the duke of Ormond was directed to send a body of troops to take possession of Dunkirk as soon as he should have notice from the marshal de Villars that the commandant of the town had received orders from his court to deliver it. But the duke foresaw many difficulties in the executing of this commission. He could trust such an enterprise to no forces except those of her majesty's own subjects. He considered the temper of the States in this conjuncture, and was loth to divide a small body of men upon whose faithfulness alone he could depend. He thought it not prudent to expose them to march through the enemy's country, with whom there was yet neither peace nor truce; and he had sufficient reasons to apprehend that the Dutch

would either not permit such a detachment to pass through their towns (as themselves had more than hinted to him), or would raise them as they passed; besides, the duke had fairly signified to mareschal de Villars, "That he expected to be deserted by all the foreign troops in her majesty's pay as soon as the armistice should be declared;" at which the mareschal, appearing extremely disappointed, said, "the king his master reckoned that all the troops under his grace's command should yield to the cessation; and wondered how it should come to pass that those who might be paid for lying still would rather choose, after a ten years' war, to enter into the service of new masters, under whom they must fight on for nothing." In short, the opinion of Mons. Villars was, "that this difficulty excelled the promise of surrendering Dunkirk;" which therefore he opposed as much as possible in the letters he writ to his court.

Upon the duke of Ormond's representing those difficulties the queen altered her measures, and ordered forces to be sent from England to take possession of Dunkirk. The duke was likewise commanded to tell the foreign generals in her majesty's service how highly she would resent their desertion; after which their masters must give up all thoughts of any arrears, either of pay or subsidy. The lord privy seal spoke the same language at Utrecht, to the several ministers of the allies, as Mr. secretary St. John did to those who resided here; adding, "That the proceeding of the foreign troops would be looked upon as a declaration for or against her majesty; and that to ease they desert her service she would look on herself as justified before God and man to continue her negotiation at Utrecht or any other place, whether the allies consent or not." And particularly the Dutch were assured, "That if their masters seduced the forces hired by the queen, they must take the whole pay, arrears, and subsidies on themselves."

The earl of Strafford, preparing about this time to return to Utrecht, with instructions proper to the present situation of affairs, went first to the army, and there informed the duke of Ormond of her majesty's intentions. He also acquainted the States' deputies with the queen's uneasiness, lest by the measures they were taking they should drive her to extremities, which she desired so much to avoid. He further represented to them, in the plainest terms, the provocations her majesty had received and the grounds and reasons for her present conduct. He likewise declared to the commanders-in-chief of the foreign troops in the queen's pay, and in the joint pay of Britain and the States, "with how much surprise her majesty had heard that there was the least doubt of their obeying the orders of the duke of Ormond, which if they refused her majesty would esteem it not only as an indignity and affront, but as a declaration against her; and in such a case they must look on themselves as no further entitled either to any arrears or future pay or subsidies."

Six regiments, under the command of Mr. Hill, were now preparing to embark in order to take possession of Dunkirk; and the duke of Ormond, upon the first intelligence sent him that the French were ready to deliver the town, was to declare, "He could act no longer against France." The queen gave notice immediately of her proceedings to the States. She let them plainly know "That their perpetual chattering with her factious subjects against her authority had forced her into such measures as otherwise she would not have engaged in. However her majesty was willing yet to forget all that had passed and to unite with them in the strictest ties of amity, which she hoped they would now do;

since they could not but be convinced, by the late dutiful addresses of both houses, how far their high mightinesses had been deluded and drawn in as instruments to serve the turn and gratify the passions of a disaffected party: that their opposition and want of concert with her majesty's ministers, which she had so often invited them to, had encouraged France to except towns out of their harrier which otherwise might have been yielded; that however she had not precluded them, or any other ally, from demanding more; and even her own terms were but conditional, upon a supposition of a general peace to ensue: that her majesty resolved to act upon the plan laid down in her speech." And she repeated the promise of her best offices to promote the interest of the States, if they would deal sincerely with her.

Some days before the duke of Ormond had notice that orders were given for the surrender of Dunkirk, prince Eugene of Savoy sent for the generals of the allies, and asked them severally, "Whether, in case the armies separated, they would march with him or stay with the duke?" All of them, except two who commanded but small bodies, agreed to join with the prince; who thereupon about three days after sent the duke word "That he intended to march the following day" (as it was supposed to besiege Landrecy). The duke returned an answer, "That he was surprised at the prince's message, there having been not the least previous concert with him, nor any mention in the message which way or upon what design the march was intended; therefore that the duke could not resolve to march with him, much less could the prince expect assistance from the queen's army in any design undertaken after this manner." The duke told this beforehand, that he (the prince) might take his measures accordingly, and not attribute to her majesty's general any misfortune that might happen.

On the 16th of July, N. S., the several generals of the allies joined prince Eugene's army and began their march, after taking leave of the duke and the earl of Strafford, whose expostulations could not prevail on them to stay, although the latter assured them "That the queen had made neither peace nor truce with France; and that her forces would now be left exposed to the enemy."

The next day after this famous desertion the duke of Ormond received a letter from Mons. de Villars, with an account that the town and citadel of Dunkirk should be delivered to Mr. Hill. Whereupon a cessation of arms was declared, by sound of trumpet at the head of the British army, which now consisted only of about eighteen thousand men, all of her majesty's subjects except the Holsteiners and count Wallis's dragoons. With this small body of men the general began his march, and pursuant to orders from court retired toward the sea in the manner he thought most convenient for the queen's service. When he came as far as Flines he was told by some of his officers "That the commandants of Bouchain, Douay, Lille, and Tournay, had refused them passage through those towns, or even liberty of entrance; and said it was by order of their masters." The duke immediately recollected that when the deputies first heard of this resolution to withdraw his troops they told him "They hoped he did not intend to march through any of their towns." This made him conclude that the orders must be general, and that his army would certainly meet with the same treatment which his officers had done. He had likewise before the armies separated received information of some designs that concerned the safety, or at least the freedom, of his own person, and (which he much more valued) that of those few

British troops intrusted to his care. No general was ever more truly or deservedly beloved by his soldiers, who to a man were prepared to sacrifice their lives in his service, and whose resentments were raised to the utmost by the ingratitude, as they termed it, of their deserters.

Upon these provocations he laid aside all thoughts of returning to Dunkirk, and began to consider how he might perform in so difficult a conjuncture something important to the queen, and at the same time find a secure retreat for his forces. He formed his plan without communicating it to any person whatsoever; and the disposition of the army being to march toward Warneton, in the way to Dunkirk, he gave sudden orders to lieutenant-general Cadogan to change his route (according to the military phrase) and move toward Orchies, a town leading directly to Ghent.

When prince Eugene and the States deputies received news of the duke's motions, they were alarmed to the utmost degree; and sent count Nassau, of Wordenberg, to the general's camp near Orchies, to excuse what had been done, and to assure his grace "That those commandants who had refused passage to his officers had acted wholly without orders." Count Hompesch, one of the Dutch generals, came likewise to the duke with the same story, but all this made little impression on the general, who held on his march; and on the 23rd of July, N. S., entered Ghent, where he was received with great submission by the inhabitants, and took possession of the town, as he likewise did of Bruges a few days after.

The duke of Ormond thought that, considering the present disposition of the States toward Britain, it might be necessary for the queen to have some pledge from that republic in her hands as well as from France; by which means her majesty would be empowered to act the part that, best became her, of being mediator at least; and that, while Ghent was in the queen's hands, no provisions could pass the Scheldt or the Lys without her permission, by which he had it in his power to starve their army. The possession of these towns might likewise teach the Dutch and Imperialists to preserve a degree of decency and civility to her majesty which both of them were, upon some occasions, too apt to forget: and besides, there was already in the town of Ghent a battalion of British troops, and a detachment of five hundred men in the citadel, together with a great quantity of ammunition stores for the service of the war, which would certainly have been seized or embezzled; so that no service could be more seasonable or useful in the present juncture than this; which the queen highly approved, and left the duke a discretionary power to act as he thought fit on any future emergency.

I have a little interrupted the order of time in relating the duke of Ormond's proceedings, who, after having placed a garrison at Bruges and sent a supply of men and ammunition to Dunkirk, retired to Ghent, where he continued some months, till he had leave to return to England.

Upon the arrival of colonel Disney at court, with an account that Mr. Hill had taken possession of Dunkirk, a universal joy spread over the kingdom; this event being looked on as the certain forerunner of a peace: besides, the French faith was in so ill a reputation among us, that many persons otherwise sanguine enough could never bring themselves to believe that the town would be delivered, till certain intelligence came that it was actually in our hands. Neither were the ministers themselves altogether at ease or free from suspicion, whatever countenance

they made; for they knew very well that the French king had many plausible reasons to elude his promise, if he found cause to repent it; one condition of surrendering Dunkirk being a general armistice of all the troops in the British pay, which her majesty was not able to perform; and upon this failure the *mareschal de Villars* (as we have before related) endeavoured to dissuade his court from accepting the conditions; and in the very interval while those difficulties were adjusting, the *mareschal d'Uxelles*, one of the French plenipotentiaries at Utrecht (whose inclinations, as well as those of his colleague *Mons. Mesnager*, led him to favour the States more than Britain), assured the lord privy seal, "That the Dutch were then pressing to enter into separate measures with his master." And his lordship, in a visit to *abbé de Polignac*, observing a person to withdraw as he entered the *abbé's* chamber, was told by this minister "That the person he saw was one *Moleau* of Amsterdam (mentioned before), a famous agent for the States with France, who had been entertaining him (the *abbé*) upon the same subject; but that he had refused to treat with *Moleau* without the privy of England."

Mr. Harley, whom we mentioned above to have been sent early in the spring to Utrecht, continued longer in Holland than was at first expected, but having received her majesty's further instructions was about this time arrived at Hanover. It was the misfortune of his electoral highness to be very ill served by *Mons. Bothmar*, his envoy here, who assisted at all the factious meetings of the discontented party, and deceived his master by a false representation of the kingdom, drawn from the opinion of those to whom he confined his conversation. There was likewise at the elector's court a little Frenchman, without any merit or consequence, called *Robethon*, who by the assistance and encouragement of the last ministry had insinuated himself into some degree of that prince's favour, which he used in giving his master the worst impressions he was able of those whom the queen employed in her service; insinuating "That the present ministers were not in the interest of his highness's family; that their views were toward the pretender; that they were making an insecure and dishonourable peace; that the weight of the nation was against them; and that it was impossible for them to preserve much longer their credit or power."

The earl Rivers had, in the foregoing year, been sent to Hanover, in order to undeceive the elector and remove whatever prejudices might be infused into his highness against her majesty's proceedings; but it should seem that he had no very great success in his negotiation; for soon after his return to England *Mons. Bothmar's* memorial appeared, in the manner I have already related, which discovered the sentiments of his electoral highness (if they were truly represented in that memorial) to differ not a little from those of the queen. Mr. Harley was therefore directed to take the first opportunity of speaking to the elector in private; to assure him "That, although her majesty had thought herself justly provoked by the conduct of his minister, yet such was her affection for his highness and concern for the interests of his family, that instead of showing the least mark of resentment she had chosen to send him (Mr. Harley) fully instructed to open her designs and show his highness the real interest of Britain in the present conjuncture." Mr. Harley was to give the elector a true account of what had passed in England during the first part of this session of parliament; to expose to his highness the weakness of those with whom his minister had cou-

saulted and under whose directions he had acted; to convince him how much lower that faction must become when a peace should be concluded, and when the natural strength of the kingdom, disencumbered from the burden of war, should be at liberty to exert itself; to show him how his interest in the succession was sacrificed to that of a party: "that his highness had been hitherto a friend to both sides, but that the measures taken by his ministers had tended only to set him at the head of one, in opposition to the other;" to explain to the elector how fully the safety of Europe was provided for by the plan of peace in her majesty's speech; and how little reason those would appear to have who complained the loudest of this plan, if it were compared either with our engagements to them when we began the war, or with their performances in the course of it.

Upon this occasion, Mr. Harley was to observe to the elector "That it should rather be wondered at how the queen had brought France to offer so much than yet to offer no more: because, as soon as ever it appeared that her majesty would be at the head of this treaty and that the interests of Britain were to be provided for, such endeavours were used to break off the negotiation as are hardly to be paralleled; and the disunion thereby created among the allies had given more opportunities to the enemy of being slow in their concessions than any other measures might possibly have done: that this want of concert among the allies could not in any sort be imputed to the queen, who had all along invited them to it with the greatest earnestness, as the surest means to bring France to reason; that she had always in a particular manner pressed the States General to come into the strictest union with her, and opened to them her intentions with the greatest freedom; but finding that, instead of countenancing with her majesty, they were daily carrying on intrigues to break off the negotiation, and thereby deprive her of the advantages she might justly expect from the ensuing peace, having no other way left she was forced to act with France as she did by herself: that however the queen had not taken upon herself to determine the interests of the allies, who were at liberty of insisting on further pretensions; wherein her majesty would not be wanting to support them as far as she was able, and improve the concessions already made by France; in which case, a good understanding and harmony among the confederates would yet be of the greatest use for making the enemy more tractable and easy."

I have been more particular in reciting the substance of Mr. Harley's instructions, because it will serve as a recapitulation of what I have already said upon this subject, and seems to set her majesty's intentions and proceedings at this time in the clearest light.

After the cessation of arms declared by the duke of Ormond upon the delivery of Dunkirk, the British plenipotentiaries very earnestly pressed those of Holland to come in to a general armistice, for if the whole confederacy acted in conjunction this would certainly be the best means for bringing the common enemy to reasonable terms of peace; but the States, deluded by the boundless promises of count Zinzendorf and the undertaking talent of prince Eugene, who dreaded the conclusion of the war as the period of his glory, would not hear of a cessation. The loss of 18,000 Britons was not a diminution of weight in the balance of such an ally as the emperor and such a general as the prince. Besides, they looked upon themselves to be still superior to France in the field, and although their computation was certainly right in point of number, yet in my opinion the conclusion drawn

from it was grounded upon a great mistake. I have been assured by several persons of our own country, and some foreigners of the first rank both for skill and station in arms, that in most victories obtained in the present war the British troops were ever employed in the post of danger and honour, and usually began the attack (being allowed to be naturally more fearless than the people of any other country), by which they were not only an example of courage to the rest, but must be acknowledged without partiality to have governed the fortune of the day, since it is known enough how small a part of an army is generally engaged in any battle. It may likewise be added that nothing is of greater moment in war than opinion. The French, by their frequent losses, which they chiefly attributed to the courage of our men, believed that a British general at the head of British troops was not to be overcome, and the marshal de Villars was quickly sensible of the advantage he had got, for in a very few days after the desertion of the allies happened the earl of Albemarle's disgrace at Denain, by a feint of the marshal's and a manifest failure somewhere or other both of courage and conduct on the side of the confederates, the blame of which was equally shared between prince Eugene and the earl, although it is certain the blow of Ormond gave the latter timely warning of his danger, observing he was neither intrenched as he ought, nor provided with bridges sufficient for the situation he was in and at such a distance from the main army.

The marquis de Torey had likewise the same sentiments of what mighty consequence those few British battalions were to the confederate army, since he advised his master to deliver up Dunkirk, although the queen could not perform the condition understood, which was a cessation of arms of all the foreign forces in her pay.

It must be owned that Mons. de Torey made great merit of this confidence that his master placed in the queen, and, observing her majesty's displeasure against the Dutch on account of their late proceedings, endeavoured to inflame it with aggravations enough, insinuating "That, since the States had acted so ungratefully, the queen should let her forces join with those of France in order to compel the confederates to a peace." But although this overture was very tenderly hinted from the French court, her majesty heard it with the utmost abhorrence, and ordered her secretary, Mr. St. John (created about this time viscount Bolingbroke), to tell Mons. de Torey "That no provocations whatever should tempt her to distress her allies, but she would endeavour to bring them to reason by fair means or leave them to their own conduct: that if the former should be found impracticable she would then make her own peace, and content herself with doing the office of a mediator between both parties; but if the States should at any time come to a better mind and suffer their ministers to act in conjunction with hers, she would assert their just interests to the utmost, and make no further progress in any treaty with France until those allies received all reasonable satisfaction both as to their barrier and their trade." The British plenipotentiaries were directed to give the same assurances to the Dutch ministers at Utrecht, and withal to let them know "That the queen was determined, by their late conduct, to make peace either with or without them; but would much rather choose the former."

There was however one advantage which her majesty resolved to make by this defection of her foreigners. She had been led by the mistaken politics of some years past to involve herself in several gua-

rantees with the princes of the north, which were in some sort contradictory to one another; but this conduct of theirs wholly annulled all such engagements and left her at liberty to interpose in the affairs of those parts of Europe in such a manner as would best serve the interests of her own kingdoms as well as that of the protestant religion, and settle a due balance of power in the north.

The grand article for preventing the union of France and Spain was to be executed during a cessation of arms. But many difficulties arising about that and some other points of great importance to the common cause, which could not easily be adjusted either between the French and British plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, or by correspondence between Mons. de Torey and the ministry here, the queen took the resolution of sending the lord viscount Bolingbroke immediately to France, fully instructed in all her intentions, and authorised to negotiate everything necessary for settling the treaty of peace in such a course as might bring it to a happy and speedy conclusion. He was empowered to agree to a general suspension of arms by sea and land, between Great Britain, France, and Spain, to continue for four months or until the conclusion of the peace, provided France and Spain would previously give positive assurances to make good the terms demanded by her majesty for the duke of Savoy, and would likewise adjust and determine the forms of the several renunciations to be made by both those crowns in order to prevent their being ever united. The lord Bolingbroke was likewise authorised to settle some differences relating to the elector of Bavaria, for whose interests France was as much concerned as her majesty was for those of the duke of Savoy; to explain all doubtful articles which particularly related to the advantages of Britain; to know the real *ultimatum*, as it is termed, of France upon the general plan of peace; and lastly, to cut off all hopes from that court of ever bringing the queen to force her allies to a disadvantageous peace; her majesty resolving to impose no scheme at all upon them or to debar them from the liberty of endeavouring to obtain the best conditions they could.

The lord Bolingbroke went to France in the beginning of August, was received at court with particular marks of distinction and respect, and in a very few days, by his usual address and ability, performed every part of his commission extremely to the queen's content and his own honour. He returned to England before the end of the month, but Mr. Prior, who went along with him, was left behind to adjust whatever differences might remain or arise between the two crowns.

In the mean time the general conferences at Utrecht, which for several weeks had been let fall since the delivery of Dunkirk, were now resumed. But the Dutch still declaring against a suspension of arms and refusing to accept the queen's speech as a plan to negotiate upon, there was no progress made for some time in the great work of the peace. Whereupon the British plenipotentiaries told those of the States "That if the queen's endeavours could not procure more than the contents of her speech, or if the French should ever fall short of what was there offered, the Dutch could blame none but themselves, who by their conduct had rendered things difficult that would otherwise have been easy." However, her majesty thought it prudent to keep the States still in hopes of her good offices, to prevent them from taking the desperate course of leaving themselves wholly at the mercy of France, which was an expedient they formerly practised, and which a party among them was now inclined to advise.

While the congress at Utrecht remained in this inactive state the queen proceeded to perfect that important article for preventing the union of France and Spain. It was proposed and accepted that Philip should renounce France for himself and his posterity, and that the most christian king and all the princes of his blood should in the like manner renounce Spain.

It must be confessed that this project of renunciation lay under a great disrepute by the former practices of this very king Lewis XIV., pursuant to an absurd notion among many in that kingdom of a divine right annexed to proximity of blood not to be controlled by any human law.

But it is plain the French themselves had recourse to this method, after all their infractions of it, since the Pyrenean treaty, for the first dauphin, in whom the original claim was vested, renounced for himself and his eldest son, which opened the way to Philip duke of Anjou, who would however hardly have succeeded if it had not been for the will made in his favour by the last king Charles II.

It is indeed hard to reflect with any patience upon the unaccountable stupidity of the princes of Europe for some centuries past, who left a probability to France of succeeding in a few ages to all their dominions, while at the same time no alliance with that kingdom could be of advantage to any prince by reason of the *salique* law. Should not common prudence have taught every sovereign in Christendom to enact a *salique* law with respect to France? for want of which it is almost a miracle that the Bourbon family has not possessed the universal monarchy by right of inheritance. When the French assert that a proximity of blood gives a divine right, as some of their ministers (who ought to be more wise or honest), have lately advanced in this very case to the title of Spain, do they not by allowing a French succession make their own kings usurpers? Or if the *salique* law be divine, is it not of universal obligation, and consequently of force to exclude France from inheriting by daughters? Or lastly, if that law be of human institution, may it not be enacted in any state with whatever extent or limitation the legislature shall think fit? for the notion of an unchangeable human law is an absurdity in government to be believed only by ignorance and supported by power. Hence it follows that the children of the late queen of France, although she had renounced, were as legally excluded from succeeding to Spain as if the *salique* law had been fundamental in that kingdom, since that exclusion was established by every power in Spain which could possibly give a sanction to any law there, and therefore the duke of Anjou's title is wholly founded upon the bequest of his predecessor (which has great authority in that monarchy, as it formerly had in ours), upon the confirmation of the cortes and the general consent of the people.

It is certain the faith of princes is so frequently subservient to their ambition that renunciations have little validity otherwise than from the powers and parties whose interest it is to support them. But this renunciation which the queen has exacted from the French king and his grandson I take to be armed with all the essential circumstances that can fortify such an act, for as it is necessary for the security of every prince in Europe that those two great kingdoms should never be united, so the chief among them will readily consent to be guaranties for preventing such a misfortune.

Besides, this proposal (according to her majesty's expression in her speech) is of such a nature that it executes itself, because the Spaniards, who dread

such a union for every reason that can have weight among men, took care that their king should not only renounce in the most solemn manner, but likewise that the act should be framed in the strongest terms themselves could invent or we could furnish them with. As to France, upon supposal of the young dauphin's dying in a few years, that kingdom will not be in a condition to engage in a long war against a powerful alliance, fortified with the addition of the Spaniards and the party of the dukes of Berry, or whoever else shall be next elaimor; and the longer the present dauphin lives the weaker must Philip's interest be in France, because the princes who are to succeed by this renunciation will have most power and credit in the kingdom.

The mischiefs occasioned by the want of a good understanding between the allies, especially Britain and Holland, were increased every day; the French taking the advantage, and raising difficulties, not only upon the general plan of peace, but likewise upon the explanation of several articles in the projected treaty between them and her majesty. They insisted to have Lisle, as the equivalent for Dunkirk; and demanded Tournay, Maubeuge, and Condé, for the two or three towns mentioned in the queen's speech, which the British plenipotentiaries were so far from allowing that they refused to confer with those of France upon that foot; although, at the same time, the former had fresh apprehensions that the Dutch in a fit of despair would accept whatever terms the enemy pleased to offer, and by precipitating their own peace prevent her majesty from obtaining any advantages, both for her allies and herself.

It is most certain that the repeated losses suffered by the States, in little more than two months after they had withdrawn themselves from the queen's assistance, did wholly disconcert their counsels; and their prudence (as it is usual) began to forsake them with their good fortune. They were so weak as to be still deluded by their friends in England, who continued to give them hopes of some mighty and immediate resource from hence; for when the duke of Ormond had been about a month in Ghent he received a letter from the marshal de Villars to inform him "That the Dutch generals taken at Denain had told the marshal publicly of a sudden revolution expected in Britain; that particularly the earl of Albemarle and Mons. Hompesch disapproved very freely of it; and that nothing was more commonly talked of in Holland." It was then likewise confidently reported in Ghent that the queen was dead; and we all remember what rumour flew about here at the very same time as if her majesty's health were in a bad condition.

Whether such vain hopes as these gave spirit to the Dutch; whether their frequent misfortunes made them angry and sullen; whether they still expected to overreach us by some private stipulations with France, through the mediation of the elector of Bavaria, as that prince afterwards gave out; or whatever else was the cause, they utterly refused a cessation of arms, and made not the least return to all the advances and invitations made by her majesty until the close of the campaign.

It was then the States first began to view their affairs in another light; to consider how little the vast promises of count Zinzendorf were to be relied on; to be convinced that France was not disposed to break with her majesty, only to gratify their ill humour or unreasonable demands; to discover that that their factious correspondents on this side the water had shamefully misled them; that some of their own principal towns grew heartily weary of the

war and backward in their loans; and lastly, that prince Eugene, their new general, whether his genius or fortune had left him, was not for their turn. They therefore directed their ministers at Utrecht to signify to the lord privy seal and the earl of Stafford "That the States were disposed to comply with her majesty, and to desire her good offices with France; particularly, that Tournay and Condé might be left to them as part of their barrier, without which they could not be safe; That the elector of Bavaria might not be suffered to retain any town in the Netherlands, which would be as bad for Holland as if those places were in the hands of France: Therefore the States proposed that Luxembourg, Namur, Charleroy, and Nieupoit, might be delivered to the emperor: Lastly, That the French might not insist on excepting the four species of goods out of the tariff of 1664: that if her majesty could prevail with France to satisfy their masters on these articles, they would be ready to submit in all the rest."

When the queen received an account of this good disposition in the States General, immediately orders were sent to Mr. Prior to inform the ministers of the French court "That her majesty had now some hopes of the Dutch complying with her measures; and therefore she resolved, as she had always declared, whenever those allies came to themselves, not to make the peace without their reasonable satisfaction." The difficulty that most pressed was about the disposal of Tournay and Condé. The Dutch insisted strongly to have both, and the French were extremely unwilling to part with either.

The queen judged the former would suffice for completing the barrier of the States. Mr. Prior was therefore directed to press the marquis de Torcy effectually on this head, and to terminate all that minister's objections by assuring him of her majesty's resolution to appear openly on the side of the Dutch if this demand were refused. It was thought convenient to act in this resolute manner with France, whose late success against Holland had taught the ministers of the most christian king to resume their old imperious manner of treating with that republie; to which they were further encouraged by the ill understanding between her majesty and the allies.

This appeared from the result of an idle quarrel that happened, about the end of July, at Utrecht, between a French and a Dutch plenipotentiary, Mons. Mesnager and count Rechtersen; wherein the court of France demanded such abject submissions and with so much haughtiness as plainly showed they were pleased with any occasion of mortifying the Dutch.

Besides, the politics of the French ran at this time very opposite to those of Britain. They thought the ministers here durst not meet the parliament without a peace; and that therefore her majesty would either force the States to comply with France, by delivering up Tournay, which was the principal point in dispute, or would finish her own peace with France and Spain, leaving a fixed time for Holland to refuse or accept the terms imposed on them. But the queen, who thought the demand of Tournay by the States to be very necessary and just, was determined to insist upon it, and to declare openly against France rather than suffer her ally to want a place so useful for their barrier. And Mr. Prior was ordered to signify this resolution of her majesty to Mons. de Torcy, in case that minister could not be otherwise prevailed on.

The British plenipotentiaries did likewise, at the same time, express to those of Holland her majesty's great satisfaction "That the States were at last dis-

posed to act in confidence with her; that she wished this resolution had been sooner taken, since nobody had gained by the delay but the French king: that however her majesty did not question the procuring of a safe and honourable peace, by united counsels, reasonable demands, and prudent measures: that she would assist them in getting whatever was necessary to their barrier, and in settling to their satisfaction the exceptions made by France out of the tariff of 1664: that no other difficulties remained of moment to retard the peace, since the queen had obtained Sardinia for the duke of Savoy; and in the settlement of the Low Countries would adhere to what she delivered from the throne: that as to the empire, her majesty heartily wished their barrier as good as could be desired; but that we were not now in circumstances to expect everything exactly according to the scheme of Holland: France had already offered a great part, and the queen did not think the remainder worth the continuance of the war."

Her majesty conceived the peace in so much forwardness, that she thought fit, about this time, to nominate the duke Hamilton and the lord Lexington for ambassadors in France and Spain, to receive the renunciations in both courts and adjust matters of commerce.

The duke^a was preparing for his journey when he was challenged to a duel by the lord Mohun,^b a person of infamous character. He killed his adversary upon the spot, though he himself received a wound; and weakened by the loss of blood, as he was leaning in the arms of his second was most barbarously stabbed in the breast by lieutenant-general Macartney,^c who was second to lord Mohun. He died a few minutes after in the field, and the murderer made his escape. I thought so surprising an event might deserve barely to be related, although it be something foreign to my subject.

The earl of Strafford, who had come to England in May last, in order to give her majesty an account of the disposition of affairs in Holland, was now returning with her last instructions to let the Dutch minister know "That some points would probably meet with difficulties not to be overcome, which once might have been easily obtained: to show what evil consequences had already flowed from their delay and irresolution; and to entreat them to fix on some proposition, reasonable in itself, as well as possible to be effected: that the queen would insist upon the cession of Tournay by France, provided the States would concur in finishing the peace, without starting new objections or insisting upon further points: that the French demands in favour of the elector of Bavaria appeared to be such as the queen was of opinion the States ought to agree to; which were to leave the elector in possession of Luxembourg, Namur, and Charleroy, subject to the terms of their barrier, until he should be restored to his electorate; and to give him the kingdom of Sardinia, to efface the stain of his degradation in the electoral college: that the earl had brought over a project of a new treaty of succession and barrier, which her majesty insisted the States should sign before the conclusion

of the peace; the former treaty having been disadvantageous to her subjects, containing in it the seeds of future dissensions, and condemned by the sense of the nation: lastly, that her majesty, notwithstanding all provocations, had, for the sake of the Dutch and in hopes of their recovery from those false notions which had so long misled them, hitherto kept the negotiations open: that the offers now made them were her last, and this the last time she would apply to them: that they must either agree or expect the queen would proceed immediately to conclude her treaty with France and Spain, in conjunction with such of her allies as would think fit to adhere to her.

"As to Savoy; that the queen expected the States would concur with her in making good the advantage stipulated for that duke, and in prevailing with the emperor to consent to an absolute neutrality in Italy until the peace should be concluded."

The governing party in Holland, however in appearance disposed to finish, affected new delays and raised many difficulties about the four species of goods which the French had excepted out of the tariff. Count Zinsendorf, the emperor's plenipotentiary, did all that was possible to keep up this humour in the Dutch, in hopes to put them under a necessity of preparing for the next campaign; and some time after went so far in this pursuit, that he summoned the several ministers of the empire, and told them he had letters from his master with orders to signify to them "That his imperial majesty resolved to begin the campaign early, with all his forces united against France; of which he desired they would send notice to all their courts, that the several princes might be ready to furnish their contingents and recruits." At the same time Zinsendorf endeavoured to borrow two millions of florins upon the security of some imperial cities, but could not succeed either among the Jews or at Amsterdam.

When the earl of Strafford arrived at Utrecht, the lord privy seal and he communicated to the Dutch ministers the new treaty for a succession and barrier, as the queen had ordered it to be prepared here in England, differing from the former in several points of the greatest moment, obvious to any who will be at the pains to compare them. This was strenuously opposed for several weeks by the plenipotentiaries of the States. But the province of Utrecht, where the congress was held, immediately sent orders to their representatives at the Hague to declare their province thankful to the queen: "That they agreed the peace should be made on the terms proposed by France, and consented to the new projected treaty of barrier and succession." And about the close of the year 1712 four of the seven provinces had delivered their opinions for putting an end to the war.

This unusual precipitation in the States, so different from the whole tenor of their former conduct, was very much suspected by the British plenipotentiaries. Their lordships had received intelligence "That the Dutch ministers held frequent conferences with those of France, and had offered to settle their interests with that crown without the concurrence of Britain." Count Zinsendorf and his colleagues appeared likewise all on the sudden to have the same dispositions, and to be in great haste to settle their several differences with the States. The reasons for this proceeding were visible enough. Many difficulties were yet undetermined in the treaty of commerce between her majesty and France; for the adjusting of which and some other points, the queen had lately despatched the duke of Shrewsbury to that court. Some of these were of hard di-

^a James duke of Hamilton was gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II. He succeeded his father in the title, April 16, 1694, and was sent the same year envoy extraordinary to France; was appointed lord-lieutenant of Lancaster in 1710; created duke of Brandon, September 10, 1711; master-general of the ordnance, August 29, 1712; knight of the Garter, October 26; and when preparing for his embassy to France was killed, November 16, 1713.

^b Charles lord Mohun was the last offspring of a very noble and ancient family, of which William de Mohun, who accompanied the Norman conqueror, was the first founder in England.

^c Tried at the King's Bench for the murder, and the jury found him guilty of manslaughter.

gestion, with which the most christian king would not be under the necessity of complying when he had no further occasion for us, and might upon that account afford better terms to the other two powers. Besides, the emperor and the States could very well spare her majesty the honour of being arbitrator of a general peace; and the latter hoped by this means to avoid the new treaty of barrier and succession which were now forcing on them.

To prevent the consequences of this evil, there fortunately fell out an incident which the two lords at Utrecht knew well how to make use of. The quarrel between Mons. Mesnager and count Rechteren (formerly mentioned) had not yet been made up. The French and Dutch differing in some circumstances about the satisfaction to be given by the count for the affront he had offered, the British plenipotentiaries kept this dispute on foot for several days, and in the mean time pressed the Dutch to finish the new treaty of barrier and succession between her majesty and them, which about the middle of January was concluded fully to the queen's satisfaction.

But while these debates and differences continued at the congress, the queen resolved to put a speedy end to her part in the war. She therefore sent order to the lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford to prepare everything necessary for signing her own treaty with France. This she hoped might be done against the meeting of her parliament, now prorogued to the third of February; in which time those among the allies who were really inclined towards a peace might settle their several interests by the assistance and support of her majesty's plenipotentiaries; and as for the rest, who would either refuse to comply or endeavour to protract the negotiation, the heads of their respective demands, which France had yielded by her majesty's intervention, and agreeable to the plan laid down in her speech, should be mentioned in the treaty, and a time limited for the several powers concerned to receive or reject them.

The pretender was not yet gone out of France, upon some difficulties alleged by the French about procuring him a safe-conduct to Bar-le-duc in the duke of Lorraine's dominions, where it was then proposed he should reside. The queen, altogether bent upon quieting the minds of her subjects, declared "She would not sign the peace till that person were removed;" although several wise men believed he could be nowhere less dangerous to Britain than in the place where he was.

The argument which most prevailed on the States to sign the new treaty of barrier and succession with Britain was her majesty's promise to procure Tournay for them from France; after which no more differences remained between us and that republic; and consequently they had no further temptations to any separate transactions with the French, who thereupon began to renew their litigious and haughty manner of treating with the Dutch. The satisfaction they extorted for the affront given by count Rechteren to Mons. Mesnager, although somewhat softened by the British ministers at Utrecht, was yet so rigorous that her majesty could not forbear signifying her resentment of it to the most christian king. Mons. Mesnager, who seemed to have more the genius of a merchant than a minister, began in his conferences with the plenipotentiaries of the States to raise new disputes upon points which both we and they had reckoned upon as wholly settled. The abbé de Polignac, a most accomplished person, of great generosity and universal understanding, was gone to France to receive the cardinal's cap; and

the mareschal d'Uxelles was wholly guided by his colleague Mons. Mesnager, who kept up those brangles that for a time obstructed the peace; some of which were against all justice, and others of small importance, both of very little advantage to his country and less to the reputation of his master or himself. This low talent in business, which the cardinal de Polignac used in contempt to call a spirit of negotiating, made it impossible for the two lords plenipotentiaries, with all their abilities and experience, to bring Mesnager to reason in several points both with us and the States. His concessions were few and constrained, serving only to render him more tenacious of what he refused. In several of the towns which the States were to keep, he insisted "That France should retain the châtellenies, or extent of country depending on them, particularly that of Tournay;" a demand the more unjustifiable because he knew his master had not only proceeded directly contrary, but had erected a court in his kingdom where his own judges extended the territories about those towns he had taken as far as he pleased to direct them. Mons. Mesnager showed equal obstinacy in what his master expected for the elector of Bavaria, and in refusing the tariff of 1664: so that the queen's plenipotentiaries represented these difficulties as what might be of a dangerous consequence, both to the peace in general and to the States in particular, if they were not speedily prevented.

Upon these considerations her majesty thought it her shortest and safest course to apply directly to France, where she had then so able a minister as the duke of Shrewsbury.

The marquis de Torcy, secretary to the most christian king, was the minister with whom the duke was to treat, as having been the first who moved his master to apply to the queen for a peace, in opposition to a violent faction in that kingdom who were as eagerly bent to continue the war as any other could be, either here or in Holland.

It would be very unlike an historian to refuse this great minister the praise he so justly deserves of having treated through the whole course of so great a negotiation with the utmost candour and integrity; never once failing in any promise he made, and tempering a firm seal to his master's interest with a ready compliance to what was reasonable and just. Mr. Prior, whom I have formerly mentioned, resided likewise now at Paris, with the character of a minister plenipotentiary, and was very acceptable to that court upon the score of his wit and humour.

The duke of Shrewsbury was directed to press the French court upon the points yet unsettled in the treaty of commerce between both crowns; to make them drop their unreasonable demands for the elector of Bavaria; to let them know "that the queen was resolved not to forsake her allies who were now ready to come in; and that she thought the best way of hastening the general peace was to determine her own particular one with France, until which time she could not conveniently suffer her parliament to meet."

The States were by this time so fully convinced of the queen's sincerity and affection to their republic, and how much they had been deceived by the insinuations of the factious party in England, that they wrote a very humble letter to her majesty to desire her assistance towards settling those points they had in dispute with France, and professing themselves ready to acquiesce in whatever explanation her majesty would please to make of the plan proposed in her speech to the parliament.

But the queen had already prevented their desires; and in the beginning of February, 1712-13, directed the duke of Shrewsbury to inform the French court, "That, since she had prevailed on her allies the Dutch to drop the demand of Condé, and the other of the four species of goods which the French had excepted out of the tariff of 1664, she would not sign without them: that she approved of the Dutch insisting to have the chateaux restored with the towns; and was resolved to stand or fall with them until they were satisfied in this point."

Her majesty had some apprehensions that the French created these difficulties on purpose to spin out the treaty until the campaign should begin. They thought it absolutely necessary that our parliament should meet in a few weeks; which could not well be ventured until the queen were able to tell both houses that her own peace was signed: that this would not only facilitate what remained in difference between Britain and France, but leave the Dutch entirely at the mercy of the latter.

The queen, weary of these refined mistakes in the French politics and fully resolved to be trifled with no longer, sent her determinate orders to the duke of Shrewsbury to let France know "That her majesty had hitherto prorogued her parliament in hopes of accommodating the difficulties in her own treaties of peace and commerce with that crown, as well as settling the interests of her several allies; or at least that, the differences in the former being removed, the most christian king would have made such offers for the latter as might justify her majesty in signing her own peace, whether the confederates intended to sign theirs or not. But several points being yet unfinished between both crowns, and others between France and the rest of the allies, especially the States, to which the plenipotentiaries of that court at Utrecht had not thought fit to give satisfaction; the queen was now come to a final determination, both with relation to her own kingdoms and to the whole alliance, that, the campaign approaching, she would not willingly be surprised in case the war was to go on: that she had transmitted to the duke of Shrewsbury her last resolutions, and never would be prevailed on to reduce her own demands or those of her allies any lower than the scheme now sent over as an explanation of the plan laid down in her speech: that her majesty had sent orders to her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht to assume the character of ambassadors, and sign the peace immediately with the ministers of the most christian king, as soon as the duke of Shrewsbury should have sent them notice that the French had complied: that the queen had therefore further prorogued her parliament to the third of March, in hopes to assure them by that time of her peace being agreed on; for if the two houses meet while any uncertainty remained supplies must be asked as for a war."

The duke of Shrewsbury executed this important commission with that speed and success which could only be expected from an able minister. The French king immediately yielded to the whole scheme her majesty proposed; whereupon directions were sent to the lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford to sign a peace between Great Britain and France without delay.

Upon the 2nd day of March the two British plenipotentiaries met those of the allies in the town-house of Utrecht; where the lord privy seal addressed himself to them in a short speech: "That the negotiation had now continued fourteen months with great slowness, which had proved very injurious to the interests of the allies: that the queen

had stayed thus long and stopped the finishing of her own peace rather than leave her allies in any uncertainty: that she hoped they would now be all prepared to put an end to this great work; and therefore had commanded her plenipotentiaries to tell those of the allies that she found it necessary to conclude her own treaty immediately; and it was her opinion that the confederates ought to finish theirs at the same time; to which they were now accordingly invited by her majesty's orders." And lastly, his lordship declared, in the queen's name, "That whoever could not be ready on the day prefixed should have a convenient time allowed them to come in."

Although the orders sent by the queen to her plenipotentiaries were very precise, yet their lordships did not precipitate the performance of them. They were directed to appoint as short a day for the signing as they conveniently could; but, however, the particular day was left to their discretion. They hoped to bring over the Dutch and most of the other allies to conclude at the same time with the queen, which, as it would certainly be more popular to their country, so they conceived it would be more safe for themselves. Besides upon looking over their commission a scruple sprang in their minds that they could not sign a particular peace with France; their powers, as they apprehended, authorizing them only to sign a general one. Their lordships therefore sent to England to desire new powers; and in the mean time employed themselves with great industry between the ministers of France and those of the several allies, to find some expedient for smoothing the way to an agreement among them.

The earl of Strafford went for a few days to the Hague, to inform the States of her majesty's express commands to his colleague and himself for signing the peace as soon as possible; and to desire they would be ready at the same time, which the pensionary promised; and that their plenipotentiaries should be empowered accordingly, to the great contentment of Mons. Buys, who was now so much altered either in reality or appearance, that he complained to the earl of Mons. Heinsius's slowness, and charged all the delays and mismanagements of a twelvemonth past to that minister's account.

While the earl of Strafford stayed at the Hague he discovered that an emissary of the duke of Marlborough's had been there some days before, sent by his grace to dissuade the Dutch from signing at the same time with the ministers of the queen, which, in England, would at least have the appearance of a separate peace, and oblige their British friends, who knew how to turn so short a delay to very good account, as well as gratify the emperor; on whom it was alleged they ought to be so much more than on her majesty. One of the States likewise told the earl, "that the same person employed by the duke was then in conference with the magistrates of Rotterdam (which town had declared for the continuance of the war), to assure them, if they would hold off a little, they should see an unexpected turn in the British parliament: that the duke of Marlborough had a list of the discontented members in both houses who were ready to turn against the court; and to crown all, that his grace had certain intelligence of the queen being in so ill a state of health as made it impossible for her to live above six weeks." So restless and indefatigable are avarice and ambition when inflamed by a desire of revenge!

But representations which had been so often tried were now offered too late. Most of the allies, except the emperor, were willing to put an end to

the war upon her majesty's plan; and the further delay of three weeks must be chiefly imputed to that litigious manner of treating peculiar to the French, whose plenipotentiaries at Utrecht insisted with obstinacy upon many points which at Paris Mons. de Torcy had given up.

The emperor expected to keep all he had already possessed in Italy; that Port Languet, on the Tuscan coast, should be delivered to him by France; and lastly, that he should not be obliged to renounce Spain. But the queen, as well as France, thought his imperial majesty ought to sit down contented with his partage of Naples and Milan; and to restore those territories in Italy which he had taken from the rightful proprietors, and by the possession of which he has grown dangerous to the Italian princes by reviving antiquated claims upon them.

This prince had likewise objected to her majesty's expedient of suffering the elector of Bavaria to retain Luxembourg, under certain conditions, by way of security, until his electorate were restored. But the queen, supposing that these affected delays were intended only with a view of continuing the war, resolved to defer the peace no longer on the emperor's account.

In the middle of March, 1712-13, a courier arrived at Utrecht from France with the plan of a general peace, as it had been agreed between the duke of Shrewsbury and Mons. de Torcy; wherein every particular relating to the interests and pretensions of the several allies was brought so near to what each of them would accept, that the British plenipotentiaries hoped the peace would be general in ten or twelve days. The Portuguese and Dutch were already prepared, and others were daily coming in by the means of their lordships' good offices, who found Mons. Mesnager and his colleague very stubborn to the last. Another courier was despatched to France, upon some disputes about inserting the titles of her majesty and the most christian king; and to bring a general plan for the interests of those allies who should not be ready against the time prefixed. The French renunciations were now arrived at Utrecht; and it was agreed that those, as well as that of the king of Spain, should be inserted at length in every treaty; by which means the whole confederacy would become guarantees of them.

The courier last sent to France returned to Utrecht on the 27th of March with the concessions of that court upon every necessary point; so that, all things being ready for putting a period to this great and difficult work, the lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford gave notice to the ministers of the several allies "That their lordships had appointed Tuesday, the 31st inst., wherein to sign a treaty of peace and a treaty of commerce between the queen of Great Britain their mistress and the most christian king; and hoped the said allies would be prepared at the same time to follow their example." Accordingly their lordships employed the three intervening days in smoothing the few difficulties that remained between the French ministers and those of the several confederate powers.

The important day being now come, the lord bishop of Bristol and the earl of Strafford, having assumed the character of ambassadors extraordinary, gave a memorial in behalf of the French protestants to the marshal d'Uxelles and his colleague, who were to transmit it to their court; and these delivered to the British ambassadors a declaration in writing that the pretender was actually gone out of France.

The conditions of peace to be allowed the emperor and the empire, as adjusted between Britain and

France, were now likewise delivered to the count Zinzendorf. These and some other previous matters of smaller consequence being finished, the treaties of peace and commerce between her majesty of Britain and the most christian king were signed at the lord privy seal's house, between two and three of the clock in the afternoon. The ministers of the duke of Savoy signed about an hour after. Then the assembly adjourned to the earl of Strafford's, where they all went to dinner; and about nine at night the peace was signed by the ministers of Portugal, by those of Prussia at eleven, and when it was near midnight by the States.

Thus, after all the opposition raised by a strong party in France and by a virulent faction in Britain; after all the artifices of those who presided at the Hague, who for their private interest endeavoured, in conjunction with their friends in England, to prolong the war; after the restless endeavours of the imperial court to render the treaty ineffectual; the firm steady conduct of the queen, the wisdom and courage of her ministry, and the abilities of those whom she employed in her negotiations abroad, prevailed to have a peace signed in one day by every power concerned, except that of the emperor and the empire; for his imperial majesty liked his situation too well to think of a peace, while the drudgery and expenses of the war lay upon other shoulders, and the advantages were to redound only to himself.

During this whole negotiation the king of Spain, who was not acknowledged by any of the confederates, had consequently no minister at Utrecht; but the differences between her majesty and that prince were easily settled by the lord Lexington at Madrid and the marquis of Monteleon here; so that, upon the duke d'Ossuna's arrival at the congress some days after the peace, he was ready to conclude a treaty between the queen and his master. Neither is it probable that the Dutch, or any other ally except the emperor, will encounter any difficulties of moment, to retard their several treaties with his catholic majesty.

The treaties of peace and commerce between Britain and France were ratified here on the 7th of April; on the 28th the ratifications were exchanged; and on the 5th of May the peace was proclaimed in the usual manner, but with louder acclamations and more extraordinary rejoicings of the people than had ever been remembered on the like occasion.

SOME

FREE THOUGHTS

UPON THE

PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS.

1714.

ABOUT a month before the demise of queen Anne, the dean, having laboured to reconcile the ministers to each other without success, retired to the house of a friend in Berkshire, and never saw them more. But during this retreat he wrote the following treatise, which he thought might be of some use even in that juncture, and sent it up to London to be printed; but upon some difference in opinion between the author and the late lord Bolingbroke the publication was delayed till the queen's death, and then he recalled his copy; it was afterwards placed in the hands of alderman Barber, from whom it was obtained to be printed. The ruin of the ministry, by this animosity among themselves, was long foreseen and foretold by Swift; and it appears by lord Bolingbroke's letter to sir William Wyndham that in his heart he renounced his friendship for Oxford long before the conclusion of the peace, though it did not appear till afterwards. "The peace," says he, "which had been judged to be the only solid foundation whereupon we could erect a Tory system, and yet, when it was made, we found ourselves as

a stand; may, the very work which ought to have been the basis of our strength was in part demolished before our eyes, and we were strewed with the ruins of it." This event probably rendered the dissension of the ministry visible; some principally endeavouring to secure themselves, some still labouring to establish at all events the party they had espoused, which saw nothing but "increase of mortification and nearer approaches to ruin;" and it is not to be wondered at that when this treatise was written the dean's attempts to reconcile his friends were unsuccessful; for Bolingbroke declares that he abhorred Oxford to such a degree, that he would rather have suffered banishment or death than have taken measures in concert with him to have avoided either.

WHATEVER may be thought or practised by profound politicians, they will hardly be able to convince the reasonable part of mankind that the most plain, short, easy, safe, and lawful way to any good end, is not more eligible than one directly contrary to some or all of these qualities. I have been frequently assured by great ministers that politics were nothing but common sense; which, as it was the only true thing they spoke, so it was the only thing they could have wished I should not believe. God has given the bulk of mankind a capacity to understand reason when it is fairly offered; and by reason they would easily be governed if it were left to their choice. Those princes in all ages who were most distinguished for their mysterious skill in government found by the event that they had ill consulted their own quiet or the ease and happiness of their people; nor has posterity remembered them with honour: such as Lyander and Philip among the Greeks, Tiberius in Rome, pope Alexander the sixth and his son Cæsar Borgia, queen Catherine de Medicis, Philip II. of Spain, with many others. Nor are examples less frequent of ministers, famed for men of great intrigue, whose politics have produced little more than murmurings, factions, and discontents, which usually terminated in the disgrace and ruin of the authors.

I can recollect but three occasions in a state where the talents of such men may be thought necessary; I mean in a state where the prince is obeyed and loved by his subjects: first, in the negotiation of the peace; secondly, in adjusting the interests of our own country with those of the nations round us, watching the several motions of our neighbours and allies, and preserving a due balance among them: lastly, in the management of parties and factions at home. In the first of these cases I have often heard it observed that plain good sense and a firm adherence to the point have proved more effectual than all those arts which I remember a great foreign minister used in contempt to call the spirit of negotiating. In the second case, much wisdom and a thorough knowledge in affairs both foreign and domestic, are certainly required; after which I know no talents necessary beside method and skill in the common forms of business. In the last case, which is that of managing parties, there seems indeed to be more occasion for employing this gift of the lower politics whenever the tide runs high against the court and ministry; which seldom happens under any tolerable administration while the true interest of the nation is pursued. But here in England (for I do not pretend to establish maxims of government in general), while the prince and ministry, the clergy, the majority of landed men, and the bulk of the people, appear to have the same views and the same principles, it is not obvious to me how those at the helm can have many opportunities of showing their skill in mystery and refinement beside what themselves think fit to create.

I have been assured by men long practised in business that the secrets of court are much fewer than we generally suppose; and I hold it for the

greatest secret of the court that they are so; because the first springs of great events, like those of great rivers, are so often mean and so little that in decency they ought to be hid: and therefore ministers are so wise to leave their proceedings to be accounted for by reasoners at a distance, who often mould them into systems that do not only go down very well in the coffeehouse, but are supplies for pamphlets in the present age, and may probably furnish materials for memoirs and histories in the next.

It is true indeed that even those who are very near the court and are supposed to have a large share in the management of public matters are apt to deduce wrong consequences by reasoning upon the causes and motives of those actions wherein themselves are employed. A great minister puts you a case and asks your opinion, but conceals an essential circumstance upon which the whole weight of the matter turns; then he despises your understanding for counselling him no better, and concludes he ought to trust entirely to his own wisdom. Thus he grows to abound in secrets and reserves, even towards those with whom he ought to act in the greatest confidence and concert: and thus the world is brought to judge that, whatever be the issue and event, it was all foreseen, contrived, and brought to pass by some masterstroke of his politics.

I could produce innumerable instances, from my own memory and observation, of events imputed to the profound skill and address of a minister, which in reality were either the mere effects of negligence, weakness, humour, passion, or pride, or at best but the natural course of things left to themselves.

During this very session of parliament a most ingenuous gentleman, who has much credit with those in power, would needs have it, that in the late dissensions at court, which grew too high to be any longer a secret, the whole matter was carried with the utmost dexterity on one side and with manifest ill conduct on the other. To prove this he made use of the most plausible topics, drawn from the nature and disposition of the several persons concerned as well as of her majesty; all which he knows as much of as any man: and gave me a detail of the whole with such an appearance of probability as committed to writing would pass for an admirable piece of secret history. Yet I am at the same time convinced by the strongest reasons that the issue of those dissensions, as to the part they had in the court and the house of lords, was partly owing to very different causes and partly to the situation of affairs, whence in that conjuncture they could not easily terminate otherwise than they did, whatever unhappy consequences they may have for the future.

In like manner, I have heard a physician pronounce with great gravity that he had cured so many patients of malignant fevers, and as many more of the small-pox; whereas, in truth, nine parts in ten of those who recovered owed their lives to the strength of nature and a good constitution, while such a one happened to be their doctor.

But while it is so difficult to learn the springs and motives of some facts, and so easy to forget the circumstances of others, it is no wonder they should be so grossly misrepresented to the public by curious inquisitive heads who proceed altogether upon conjectures, and in reasoning upon affairs of state are sure to be mistaken by searching too deep. And as I have known this to be the frequent error of many others, so I am sure it has been perpetually mine whenever I have attempted to discover the causes of political events by refinement and conjecture;

at once into office was urged as an irrefragable reason for making changes by slow degrees. To discard an able officer from an employment, or part of a commission, where the revenue or trade were concerned, for no other reason but differing in some principles of government, might be of terrible consequence.

However, it is certain that none of these excuses were able to pass among men who argued only from the principles of general reason. For, first, they looked upon all schemes of comprehension to be as visionary and impossible in the state as in the church. Secondly, while the spirit raised by the trial of Dr. Sacheverell continued in motion, men were not so keen upon coming in themselves as to see their enemies out and deprived of all assistance to do mischief: and it is urged further that this general ambition of hunting after places grew chiefly from seeing them so long undisposed of, and from too general an encouragement by promises to all who were thought capable of doing either good or hurt. Thirdly, the fear of erecting another party in case the present faction were wholly subdued was in the opinion of plain men, and in regard to the situation of our affairs, too great a sacrifice of the nation's safety to the genius of politics; considering how much was to be done and how little time might probably be allowed. Besides the division of a house of commons into court and country parties, which was the evil they seemed to apprehend, could never be dangerous to a good ministry who had the true interest and constitution of their country at heart; as for the apprehension of too great a majority in the house of commons, it appeared to be so vain that upon some points of importance the court was hardly able to procure one. And the October Club, which appeared so formidable at first to some politicians, proved in the sequel to be the chief support of those who suspected them. It was likewise very well known that the greatest part of those men whom the former ministry left in possession of employments were loudly charged with insufficiency or corruption, over and above their obnoxious tenets in religion and government; so that it would have been a matter of some difficulty to make a worse choice; beside that the plea for keeping men of factional principles in employment upon the score of their abilities was thought to be extended a little too far and construed to take in all employments whatsoever, although many of them required no more abilities than would serve to qualify a gentleman-usher at court; so that this last excuse for the very slow steps made in disarming the adversaries of the crown was allowed indeed to have more plausibility but less truth than any of the former.

I do not here pretend to condemn the counsels or actions of the present ministry: their safety and interest are visibly united with those of the public; they are persons of unquestionable abilities, altogether unsuspected of avarice or corruption, and have the advantage to be farther recommended by the dread and hatred of the opposite faction. However it is manifest that the zeal of their friends has been cooling toward them for above two years past; they have been frequently deserted or distressed upon the most pressing occasions, and very near giving up in despair: their characters have been often treated with the utmost barbarity and injustice, in both houses, by scurrilous and enraged orators; while their nearest friends, and even those who must have a share in their disgrace, never offered a word in their vindication.

When I examine with myself what occasions the ministry may have given for this coldness, incon-

stancy, and discontent among their friends, I at the same time recollect the various conjectures, reasonings, and suspicions which have run so freely for three years past concerning the designs of the court: I do not only mean such conjectures as are born in a coffeehouse or invented by the malice of a party, but also the conclusions (however mistaken) of wise and good men, whose quality and station fitted them to understand the reason of public proceedings, and in whose power it lay to recommend or disgrace an administration to the people. I must therefore take the boldness to assert that all these discontents, how ruinous soever they may prove in the consequences, have most unnecessarily arisen from the want of a due communication and concert. Every man must have a light sufficient for the length of the way he is appointed to go: there is a degree of confidence due to all stations; and a petty constable will neither act cheerfully nor wisely without that share of it which properly belongs to him: although the main spring of a watch be out of sight there is an intermediate communication between it and the smallest wheel, or else no useful motion could be performed. This reserved mysterious way of acting upon points where there appeared not the least occasion for it, and towards persons who at least in right of their posts expected a more open treatment, was imputed to some hidden design, which every man conjectured to be the very thing he was most afraid of. Those who professed the height of what is called the church principle suspected that a comprehension was intended wherein the moderate men on both sides might be equally employed. Others went further, and dreaded such a comprehension as directly tending to bring the old exploded principles and persons once more into play. Again, some affected to be uneasy about the succession, and seemed to think there was a view of introducing that person, whatever he is, who pretends to claim the crown by inheritance. Others, especially of late, surmised on the contrary that the demands of the house of Hanover were industriously fomented by some in power, without the privity of the — or —. Now, although these accusations were too inconsistent to be all of them true, yet they were maliciously suffered to pass, and thereby took off much of that popularity of which those at the helm stood in need to support them under the difficulties of a long perplexing negotiation, a daily addition of public debts, and an exhausted treasury.

But the effects of this mystical manner of proceeding did not end here: for the late dissension between the great men at court (which have been for some time past the public entertainment of every coffeehouse) are said to have arisen from the same fountain; while on one side very great reserve, and certainly very great resentment on the other, if we may believe general report (for I pretend to know no further), have inflamed animosities to such a height as to make all reconciliation impracticable. Supposing this to be true, it may serve for a great lesson of humiliation in mankind, to behold the habits and passions of men, otherwise highly accomplished, triumphing over interest, friendship, honour, and their own personal safety, as well as that of their country, and probably of a most gracious princess who had intrusted it to them. A ship's crew quarrelling in a storm or while their enemies are within gunshot is but a faint idea of this fatal infatuation; of which, although it be hard to say enough, some people may think perhaps I have already said too much.

Since this unhappy incident the desertion of friends and loss of reputation have been so great,

that I do not see how the ministers could have continued many weeks in their stations if their opposers of all kinds had agreed about the methods by which they should be ruined; and their preservation hitherto seems to resemble his who had two poisons given him together of contrary operations.

It may seem very impertinent in one of my level to point out to those who sit at the helm what course they ought to steer. I know enough of courts to be sensible how mean an opinion great ministers have of most men's understandings; to a degree that in any other science would be called the grossest pander. However, unless I offer my sentiments in this point, all I have hitherto said will be to no purpose.

The general wishes and desires of a people are perhaps more obvious to other men than to ministers of state. There are two points of the highest importance wherein a very great majority of the kingdom appear perfectly hearty and unanimous. First, that the church of England should be preserved entire in all her rights, powers, and privileges; all doctrines relating to government discouraged which she condemns; all schisms, sects, and heresies discountenanced and kept under due subjection, as far as consists with the lenity of our constitution; her open enemies (among whom I include at least dissenters of all denominations) not trusted with the smallest degree of civil or military power; and her secret adversaries, under the names of Whigs, low church, republicans, moderation-men, and the like, receive no marks of favour from the crown but what they should deserve by a sincere reformation.

Had this point been steadily pursued in all its parts for three years past and asserted as the avowed resolution of the court, there must probably have been an end of fiction, which has been able ever since with so much vigour to disturb and insult the administration. I know very well that some refinements pretend to argue for the usefulness of parties in such a government as ours; I have said something of this already, and have heard a great many idle wise topics upon the subject. But I shall not argue that matter at present: I suppose, if a man think it necessary to play with a serpent, he will choose one of a kind that is least mischievous; otherwise, although it appears to be crushed, it may have life enough to sting him to death. So I think it is not safe tampering with the present fiction, at least in this juncture: first, because their principles and practices have been already very dangerous to the constitution in church and state; secondly, because they are highly irritated with the loss of their power, full of venom and vengeance, and prepared to execute everything that rage or malice can suggest; but principally because they have prevailed, by misrepresentations and other artifices, to make the successor look upon them as the only persons he can trust: upon which account they cannot be too soon or too much disabled: neither will England ever be safe from the attempts of this wicked confederacy until their strength and interests shall be so far reduced that for the future it shall not be in the power of the crown, although in conjunction with any rich and factious body of men, to choose an ill majority in the house of commons.

One step very necessary to this great work will be to regulate the army, and chiefly those troops which in their turns have the care of her majesty's person; who are most of them fitter to guard a prince under a high court of justice than seated on the throne. The peculiar hand of Providence has hitherto preserved her majesty, uncompanied, whether sleeping or travelling, by her enemies; but since religion teaches us that Providence ought not to be tempted,

It is ill venturing to trust that precious life any longer to those who, by their public behaviour and discourse, discover their impatience to see it at an end, that they may have liberty to be the instruments of glutting at once the revenge of their patrons and their own. It should be well remembered what a satisfaction these gentlemen (after the example of their betters) were so sanguine to express upon the queen's last illness at Windsor, and what threatenings they used of refusing to obey their general in case that illness had proved fatal. Nor do I think it a want of charity to suspect that in such an evil day an enraged faction would be highly pleased with the power of the sword, and with great connivance leave it so long unsheathed until they were got rid of their most formidable adversaries. In the mean time it must be a very melancholy prospect, that whenever it shall please God to visit us with this calamity, those who are paid to be defenders of the civil power will stand ready for any acts of violence that a junto, composed of the greatest enemies to the constitution, shall think fit to enjoin them.

The other point of great importance is the security of the protestant succession in the house of Hanover; not from any partiality to that illustrious house further than as it has had the honour to mingle with the blood royal of England, and is the nearest branch of our regal line reformed from popery. This point has one advantage over the former that both parties profess to desire the same blessing for posterity, but differ about the means of securing it. Whence it has come to pass that the protestant succession, in appearance the desire of the whole nation, has proved the greatest topic of slander, jealousy, suspicion, and discontent.

I have been so curious to ask several acquaintances among the opposite party whether they or their leaders did really suspect there had been ever any design in the ministry to weaken the succession in favour of the pretender or of any other person whatsoever. Some of them freely answered in the negative; others were of the same opinion, but added they did not know what might be done in time and upon further provocations; others again seemed to believe the affirmative, but could never produce any plausible grounds for their belief. I have likewise been assured by a person of some consequence that during a very near and constant familiarity with the great men at court for four years past he never could observe, even in those hours of conversation where there is usually least restraint, that one word ever passed among them to show a dislike to the present settlement; although they would sometimes lament that the false representations of theirs and the kingdom's enemies had made some impressions in the mind of the successor. As to my own circle of acquaintance, I can safely affirm that, excepting those who are nonjurors by profession, I have not met with above two persons who appeared to have any scruples concerning the present limitation of the crown. I therefore think it may very impartially be pronounced that the number of those who wish to see the son of the abdicated prince upon the throne is altogether inconsiderable. And further, I believe it will be found that there are none who so much dread any attempt he shall make for the recovery of his imagined rights as the Roman catholics of England; who love their freedom and properties too well to desire his entrance by a French army and a field of blood; who must continue upon the same foot if he changes his religion, and must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers if he should happen to fail.

As to the person of this nominal prince, he lies under all manner of disadvantages; the vulgar imagine him to have been a child imposed upon the nation by the fraudulent zeal of his parents and their bigoted counsellors; who took special care against all the rules of common policy to educate him in their hateful superstition, sucked in with his milk and confirmed in his manhood, too strongly to be now shaken by Mr. Lesley; and a counterfeit conversion will be too gross to pass upon the kingdom after what we have seen and suffered from the like practice in his father. He is likewise said to be of weak intellectuals and an unsound constitution; he was treated contemptibly enough by the young princes of France even during the war; is now wholly neglected by that crown, and driven to live in exile upon a small exhibition; he is utterly unknown in England, which he left in the cradle; his father's friends are most of them dead, the rest antiquated or poor. Six-and-twenty years have almost passed since the Revolution, and the bulk of those who are now most in action either at court, in parliament, or public offices, were then boys at school or the universities, and look upon that great change to have happened during a period of time for which they are not accountable. The logic of the highest Tories is now that this was the establishment they found as soon as they arrived at a capacity of judging; that they had no hand in turning out the late king, and therefore had no crime to answer for if it were any; that the inheritance to the crown is fixed in pursuance of laws made ever since their remembrance, by which all papists are excluded, and they have no other rule to go by; that they will no more dispute king William III.'s title than king William I.'s; since they must have recourse to history for both; that they have been instructed in the doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and hereditary right, and find them all necessary for preserving the present establishment in church and state and for continuing the succession in the house of Hanover, and must in their own opinion renounce all those doctrines by setting up any other title to the crown. This, I say, seems to be the political creed of all the high principled men I have for some time met with of forty years old and under; which, although I do not pretend to justify in every part, yet I am sure it sets the protestant succession upon a much firmer foundation than all the indigested schemes of those who profess to act upon what they call Revolution principles.

Neither should it perhaps be soon forgotten that, during the greatest licentiousness of the press, while the sacred character of the queen was every day insulted in factions papers and ballads, not the least reflecting insinuation ever appeared against the Hanover family, whatever occasion was offered to intemperate pens by the rashness or indiscretion of one or two ministers from thence.

From all these considerations I must therefore lay it down as an incontestable truth that the succession to these kingdoms in the illustrious house of Hanover is as firmly secured as the nature of the thing can possibly admit; by the oaths of all those who are intrusted with any office, by the very principles of those who are termed the high church, by the general inclinations of the people, by the insignificance of that person who claims it from inheritance, and the little assistance he can expect either from princes abroad or adherents at home.

However, since the virulent opposers of the queen and her administration have so far prevailed by their emissaries at the court of Hanover, and by their practices upon one or two ignorant unmanly

messengers from thence, as to make the elector desire some further security, and send over a memorial here to that end, the great question is how to give reasonable satisfaction to his highness, and (what is infinitely of greater consequence) at the same time consult the honour and safety of the queen, whose quiet possession is of much more consequence to us of the present age than his reversion. The substance of his memorial, if I retain it right, is to desire that some one of his family might live in England, with such a maintenance as is usual to those of the royal blood, and that certain titles should be conferred upon the rest, according to ancient custom. The memorial does not specify which of the family should be invited to reside here; and if it had, I believe however her majesty would have looked upon it as a circumstance left to her own choice.

But as all this is most manifestly unnecessary in itself, and only in compliance with the mistaken doubts of a presumptive heir; so the nation would (to speak in the language of Mr. Steele) expect that her majesty should be made perfectly easy from that side for the future; no more to be alarmed with apprehensions of visits, or demands of writs, where she has not thought fit to give any invitation. The nation would likewise expect that there should be an end of all private commerce between that court and the leaders of a party here; and that his electoral highness should declare himself entirely satisfied with all her majesty's proceedings, her treaties of peace and commerce, her alliances abroad, her choice of ministers at home, and particularly in her most gracious condescensions to his request; that he would upon all proper occasions, and in the most public manner, discover his utter dislike of factious persons and principles, but especially of that party which under the pretence or shelter of his protection has so long disquieted the kingdom; and lastly, that he would acknowledge the goodness of the queen and justice of the nation in so fully securing the succession to his family.

It is indeed a problem which I could never comprehend, why the court of Hanover, who have all along thought themselves so perfectly secure in the affections, the principles, and the professions of the low church party, should not have endeavoured, according to the usual politics of princes, to gain over those who are represented as their enemies; since these supposed enemies had made so many advances, were in possession of all the power, and framed the very settlement to which that illustrious family owes its claim, had all of them abjured the pretender, were now employed in the great offices of state, and composed a majority in both houses of parliament. Not to mention that the queen herself, with the bulk of the landed gentry and commonalty throughout the kingdom, were of the number. This one would think might be a strength sufficient not only to obstruct but to bestow a succession; and since the presumed heir could not but be perfectly secure of the other party, whose greatest avowed grievance was the pretended danger of his future rights, it must therefore surely have been worth his while to have made at least one step toward cultivating a fair correspondence with the power in possession. Neither could those who are called his friends have blamed him, or with the least decency enter into any engagements for defeating his title.

But why might not the reasons of this proceeding in the elector be directly contrary to what is commonly imagined? Methinks I could endeavour to believe that his highness is thoroughly acquainted with both parties; is convinced that no true member

of the church of England can easily be shaken in his principles of loyalty, or forget the obligation of an oath, by any provocation. That these are therefore the people be intends to rely upon, and keeps only fair with the others from a true notion he has of their doctrines, which prompt them to forget their duty upon every motive of interest or ambition. If this conjecture be right, his highness cannot sure but entertain a very high esteem of such ministers, who continue to act under the dread and appearance of a successor's utmost displeasure, and the threats of an enraged faction, whom he is supposed alone to favour, and to be guided entirely in his judgment of British affairs and persons by their opinions.

But to return from this digression: the presence of that infant prince among us could not, I think in any sort, be inconsistent with the safety of the queen; he would be in no danger of being corrupted in his principles, or exposed in his person by vicious companions; he could be at the head of no factious clubs and cabals, nor be attended by a hired rabble, which his flatterers might represent as popularity. He would have none of that impatience which the frailty of human nature gives to expecting heirs. There would be no pretence for men to make their court, by affecting German modes and refinements in dress or behaviour: nor would there be any occasion of insinuating to him how much more his levee was frequented than the antechamber of St. James's. Add to all this the advantages of being educated in our religion, laws, language, manners, nature of government, each so very different from those he would leave behind. By which likewise he might be highly useful to his father, if that prince should happen to survive her majesty.

The late king William, who, after his marriage with the lady Mary of England, could have no probable expectation of the crown, and very little even of being a queen's husband (the duke of York having a young wife), was no stranger to our language or manners, and went often to the chapel of his princess; which I observe the rather, because I could heartily wish the like disposition were in another court, and because it may be disagreeable to a prince to take up new doctrines on a sudden, or speak to his subjects by an interpreter.

An ill-natured or inquisitive man may still perhaps desire to press the question further, by asking what is to be done in case it should so happen that this malevolent working party at home has credit enough with the court of Hanover to continue the suspicion, jealousy, and uneasiness there, against the queen and her ministry; to make such demands he still insisted on as are by no means thought proper to be complied with; and in the mean time to stand at arms' length with her majesty and in close conjunction with those who oppose her.

I take the answer to be easy: in all contests the safest way is to put those we dispute with as much in the wrong as we can. When her majesty shall have offered such or the like concessions as I have above mentioned, in order to remove those scruples artificially raised in the mind of the expectant heir, and to divide him from that faction by which he is supposed to have been misled, she has done as much as any prince can do, and more than any other would probably do in her case, and will be justified before God and man whatever be the event. The equitable part of those who now side against the court will probably be more temperate; and if a due despatch be made in placing the civil and military power in the hands of such as wish well to the constitution, it cannot be any way for the quiet or

interest of a successor to gratify so small a faction as will probably then remain at the expense of a much more numerous and considerable part of his subjects. Neither do I see how the principles of such a party, either in religion or government, will prove very agreeable, because I think Luther and Calvin seem to have differed as much as any two among the reformers; and because a German prince will probably be suspicious of those who think they can never depress the prerogative enough.

But supposing once for all as far as possible that the elector should utterly refuse to be upon any terms of confidence with the present ministry and all others of their principles, as enemies to him and the succession; nor easy with the queen herself but upon such conditions as will not be thought consistent with her safety and honour; and continue to place all his hopes and trust in the discontented party: I think it were humbly to be wished that whenever the succession shall take place the alterations intended by the new prince should be made by himself, and not by his deputies; because I am of opinion that the clause empowering the successor to appoint a latent, unlimited number, additional to the seven regents named in the act, went upon a supposition that the secret committee would be of such whose enmity and contrary principles disposed them to confound the rest. King William, whose title was much more controverted than that of her majesty's successor can ever probably be, did for several years leave the administration of the kingdom in the hands of lords-justices during the height of a war, and while the abdicated prince himself was frequently attempting an invasion; whence one might imagine that the regents appointed by parliament upon the demise of the crown would be able to keep the peace during an absence of a few weeks without any colleagues. However, I am pretty confident that the only reason why a power was given of choosing dormant viceroys was to take away all pretence of a necessity to invite over any of the family here during her majesty's life. So that I do not well apprehend what arguments the elector can use to insist upon both.

To conclude: the only way of securing the constitution in church and state, and consequently this very protestant succession itself, will be by lessening the power of our domestic adversaries as much as can possibly consist with the lenity of our government; and if this be not speedily done it will be easy to point where the nation is to fix the blame; for we are well assured that since the account her majesty received of the cabals, the triumphs, the insolent behaviour of the whole faction during her late illness at Windsor, she has been as willing to see them deprived of all power to do mischief as any of her most zealous and loyal subjects can desire.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE CONSEQUENCES HOPED AND FEARED

FROM THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN

AUGUST 9, 1714.

IN order to set in a clear light what I have to say upon this subject, it will be convenient to examine the state of the nation with reference to the two contending parties; this cannot well be done without some little retrospection into the five last years of her late majesty's reign.

I have it from unquestionable authority that the duchess of Marlborough's favour began to decline very soon after the queen's accession to the throne, and that the earl Godolphin's held not much above two years longer; although her majesty (so ill coucealer of her affections) did not think fit to deprive them of their power until a long time after.

The duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin having fallen early into the interests of the lower party for certain reasons not reasonable here to be mentioned (but which may deserve a place in the history of that reign), they made large steps that way upon the death of the prince of Denmark, taking several among the warmest leaders of that side into the chief employments of state. Mr. Harley, then secretary of state, who disliked their proceedings and had very near overthrown their whole scheme, was removed with the utmost indignation; and about the same time sir Simon Harcourt and Mr. St. John, with some others, voluntarily gave up their employments.

But the queen, who had then a great esteem for the person and abilities of Mr. Harley (and in proportion of the other two, although at that time not equally known to her), was deprived of his service with some regret; and upon that and other motives well known at court, began to think herself hardly used; and several stories ran about, whether true or false, that her majesty was not always treated with that duty she might expect. Meantime the church party were loud in their complaints; surmising from the virulence of several pamphlets, from certain bills projected to be brought into parliament, from endeavours to repeal the sacramental test, from the avowed principles and free speeches of some persons in power, and other jealousies needless to repeat, that ill designs were forming against the religion established. These fears were all confirmed by the trial of Sacheverell, which drew the populace, as one man, into the party against the ministry and parliament.

The ministry were very suspicious that the queen had still a reserve of favour for Mr. Harley, which appeared by a passage that happened some days after his removal; for the earl of Godolphin's coach and his happening to meet near Kensington, the earl, a few hours after, reproached the queen that she privately admitted Mr. Harley, and was not without some difficulty undeceived by her majesty's asseverations to the contrary.

Soon after the doctor's trial this gentleman, by the queen's command and the intervention of Mrs. Masham, was brought up the back stairs, and that princess, spirited by the addresses from all parts, which showed the inclinations of her subjects to be very averse from the proceedings in court and parliament, was resolved to break the united power of the Marlborough and Godolphin families, and to begin this work by taking the disposal of employments into her own hands, for which an opportunity happened by the death of the earl of Essex, lieutenant of the Tower, whose employment was given to the earl Rivers, to the great discontent of the duke of Marlborough, who intended it for the duke of Northumberland, then colonel of the Oxford regiment, to which the earl of Hertford was to succeed. Some time after the chamberlain's staff was disposed of to the duke of Shrewsbury in the absence and without the privy of the earl of Godolphin. The earl of Sunderland's removal followed; and lastly, that of the high treasurer himself, whose office was put into commission, whereof Mr. Harley (made at the same time chancellor of the exchequer) was one. I need say nothing of other removals, which are well

enough known and remembered; let it suffice that in eight or nine months' time the whole face of the court was altered, and very few friends of the former ministry left in any great stations there.

I have good reason to be assured that when the queen began this change she had no intentions to carry it so far as the church party expected, and have since been so impatient to see. For although she was a true professor of the religion established, yet the first motives to this alteration did not arise from any dangers she apprehended to that or the government, but from a desire to get out of the dominion of some who she thought had kept her too much and too long in pupillage. She was in her own nature extremely dilatory and timorous, yet upon some occasions positive to a great degree. And when she had got rid of those who had as she thought given her the most uneasiness, she was inclined to stop and entertain a fancy of acting upon a moderating scheme, whence it was very difficult to remove her. At the same time I must confess my belief that this imagination was put into her head, and made use of as an encouragement to begin that work, after which her advisers might think it easier to prevail with her to go as far as they thought fit. That these were her majesty's dispositions in that conjuncture may be confirmed by many instances. In the very height of the change she appeared very loth to part with two great officers of state of the other party, and some whose absence the new ministers most earnestly wished held in for above two years after.

Mr. Harley, who acted as first minister before he had the staff, as he was a lover of gentle measures and inclined to procrastination, so he could not with any decency press the queen too much against her nature, because it would be like running upon the rock where his predecessor had split. But violent humours running about in the kingdom and the new parliament against the principles and persons of the low-church party gave this minister a very difficult part to play. The warm members in both houses, especially among the commons, pressed for a thorough change, and so did almost all the queen's new servants, especially after Mr. Harley was made an earl and high treasurer. He could not in good policy own his want of power, nor fling the blame upon his mistress. And as too much secrecy was one of his faults, he would often upon these occasions keep his nearest friends in the dark. The truth is, he had likewise other views, which were better suited to the maxims of state in general than to that situation of affairs. By leaving many employments in the hands of the discontented party he fell in with the queen's humour; he hoped to acquire the reputation of lenity; and kept a great number of expectants in order, who had liberty to hope while anything remained undisposed of. He seemed also to think, as other ministers have done, that, since factions are necessary in such a government as ours, it would be prudent not altogether to lay the present one prostrate, lest another more plausible and therefore not so easy to grapple with might arise in its stead.

However, it is certain that a great part of the load he bore was unjustly laid on him. He had no favourites among the Whig party, whom he kept in upon the score of old friendship or acquaintance; and he was a greater object of their hatred than all the rest of the ministry together.

AN INQUIRY

INTO THE BEHAVIOUR OF

THE QUEEN'S LAST MINISTRY,

WITH RELATION TO THEIR QUARRELS AMONG THEMSELVES, AND THE DESIGN CHARGED UPON THEM OF ALTERING THE SUCCESSION OF THE CROWN.

SINCE the death of the queen it was reasonable enough for me to conclude that I had done with all public affairs and speculations, besides the scene and station I am in have reduced my thoughts into a narrow compass, and being wholly excluded from any view of favour under the present administration, upon that invincible reason of having been in some degree of trust and confidence with the former, I have not found the transition very difficult into a private life, for which I am better qualified both by nature and education.

The reading of and inquiring after news not being one of my diversions, having always disliked a mixed and general conversation, which however it fell to my lot is now in my power to avoid; and being placed by the duties of my function at a great distance from the seat of business, I am altogether ignorant of many common events which happen in the world; only from the little I know and hear it is manifest that the hearts of most men are filled with doubts, fears, and jealousies, or else with hatred and rage to a degree that there seems to be an end of all amicable commerce between people of different parties; and what the consequences of this may be let those consider who have contributed to the causes, which I thank God is no concern of mine.

There are two points with reference to the conduct of the late ministry much insisted on and little understood by those who write or talk upon that subject, wherein I am sufficiently qualified to give satisfaction, and would gladly do it, because I see very much weight laid upon each and most men's opinions of persons and things regulated accordingly.

About two months before the queen's death, having lost all hopes of any reconciliation between the treasurer and the rest of the ministry, I retired into the country to await the issue of that conflict, which ended, as every one had reason to foresee, in the earl of Oxford's disgrace, to whom the lord Bolingbroke immediately succeeded as first minister; and I was told that an earldom and the Garter were intended for him in a fortnight, and the treasurer's staff against the next session of parliament, of which I can say nothing certain, being then in Berkshire and receiving this account from some of his friends. But all these schemes became soon abortive, by the death of the queen, which happened in three days after the earl of Oxford's removal.

Upon this great event I took the first opportunity of withdrawing to my place of residence, and rejoiced as much as any man for his majesty's quiet accession to the throne, to which I then thought, and it has since appeared indisputable, that the peace procured by the late ministry had among other good effects been highly instrumental. And I thank God I have been ever since a loyal humble spectator during all the changes that have happened, although it were no secret to any man of common sagacity that his present majesty's choice of his servants, whenever he should happen to succeed, would be determined to those who most opposed the proceedings during the four last years of his predecessor's reign; and I think there has not since happened one particular of any moment which the ministers did not often mention at their tables as what they certainly expected from the disposition of

the court at Hanover, in conjunction with the party at home, which, upon all occasions, publicly disapproved their proceedings, excepting only the attainment of the duke of Ormond, which indeed neither they nor I, nor I believe any one person in the three kingdoms, did ever pretend to foresee; and now it is done, it looks like a dream to those who consider the nobleness of his birth, the great merits of his ancestors, and his own; his long unspotted loyalty, his affability, generosity, and sweetness of nature. I knew him long and well, and excepting the frailties of his youth, which had been for some years over and that easiness of temper which did sometimes lead him to follow the judgment of those who had by many degrees less understanding than himself, I have not conversed with a more faultless person; of great justice and charity; a true sense of religion without ostentation; of undoubted valour, thoroughly skilled in his trade of a soldier; a quick and ready apprehension, with a good share of understanding and a general knowledge in men and history, although under some disadvantage by an invincible modesty, which however could not but render him yet more amiable to those who had the honour and happiness of being thoroughly acquainted with him. This is a short imperfect character of that great person, the duke of Ormond, who is now attainted for high treason, and therefore I shall not presume to offer one syllable in his vindication upon that head against the decision of a parliament. Yet this I think may be allowed me to believe, or at least to hope, that when, by the direct and repeated commands of the queen his mistress, he committed those faults for which he has now forfeited his country, his titles, and his fortune, he no more conceived himself to be acting high treason than he did when he was wounded and a prisoner at Landen for his sovereign king William, or when he took and burned the enemy's fleet at Vigo.

Upon this occasion, although I am sensible it is an old precept of wisdom to admire at nothing in human life, yet I consider, at the same time, how easily some men arrive at the practice of this maxim, by the help of plain stupidity or ill nature, without any strain of philosophy; and although the uncertainty of human things be one of the most obvious reflections in morality, yet such unexpected, sudden, and signal instances of it as have lately happened among us are so much out of the usual form that a wise man may perhaps be allowed to start and look aside, as at a sudden and violent clap of thunder, which is much more frequent and more natural.

And here I cannot but lament my own particular misfortune, who, having singled out three persons from among the rest of mankind, on whose friendship and protection I might depend, whose conversation I most valued and chiefly confined myself to, should live to see them all within the compass of a year accused of high treason; two of them attainted and in exile, and the third under his trial, whereof God knows what may be the issue. As my own heart was free from all treasonable thoughts, so I did little imagine myself to be perpetually in the company of traitors. But the fashion of this world passeth away. Having already said something of the duke of Ormond, I shall add a little toward the characters of the other two. It happens to very few men, in any age or country, to come into the world with so many advantages of nature and fortune as the late secretary Bolingbroke; descended from the best families in England, heir to a great patrimonial estate, of a sound constitution, and a most graceful, amiable person; but all these, had they been of equal value, were infinitely inferior in degree to the ac-

accomplishments of his mind, which was adorned with the choicest gifts that God has yet thought fit to bestow upon the children of men; a strong memory, a clear judgment, a vast range of wit and fancy, a thorough comprehension, an invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution. He had well cultivated all these talents by travel and study, the latter of which he seldom omitted even in the midst of his pleasures, of which he had indeed been too great and criminal a pursuer; for although he was persuaded to leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for some time to such a degree that he seemed rather abstemious, yet he was said to allow himself other liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to religious or moral, whereof I have reason to believe he began to be sensible. But he was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteemed excellent at both; upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would be gladly thought to resemble. His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and perhaps not altogether without grounds; since it was hardly possible for a young man, with half the business of the nation upon him and the applause of the whole, to escape some tincture of that infirmity. He had been early bred to business, was a most artful negotiator, and perfectly understood foreign affairs. But what I have often wondered at in a man of his temper was his prodigious application whenever he thought it necessary; for he would plod whole days and nights like the lowest clerk in an office. His talent of speaking in public, for which he was so very much celebrated, I know nothing of except from the informations of others; but understanding men of both parties have assured me that, in this point, in their memory and judgment, he was never equalled.

The earl of Oxford is a person of as much virtue as can possibly consist with the love of power; and his love of power is no greater than what is common to men of his superior capacities; neither did any man ever appear to value it less after he had obtained it or exert it with more moderation. He is the only instance that ever fell within my memory or observation of a person passing from a private life, through the several stages of greatness, without any perceivable impression upon his temper or behaviour. As his own birth was illustrious, being descended from the heirs general of the Veres and the Mortimers, so he seemed to value that accidental advantage in himself and others more than it could pretend to deserve. He abounded in good nature and good humour, although subject to passion, as I have heard it affirmed by others and owned by himself; which, however, he kept under the strictest government, till toward the end of his ministry, when he began to grow soured and to suspect his friends, and perhaps thought it not worth his pains to manage any longer. He was a great favourite of men of wit and learning, particularly the former, whom he caressed without distinction of party, and could not endure to think that any of them should be his enemies: and it was his good fortune that none of them ever appeared to be so; at least if one may judge by the libels and pamphlets published against him, which he frequently read by way of amusement, with a most unaffected indifference: neither do I remember ever to have endangered his good opinion so much as by appearing uneasy when the dealers in that kind of writing first began to pour out their scurrilities against me; which he thought was a weakness altogether inexcusable in a man of virtue and liberal education. He had the greatest variety of knowledge that I have anywhere met with, was

a perfect master of the learned languages, and well skilled in divinity. He had a prodigious memory and a most exact judgment. In drawing up any state-paper, no man had more proper thoughts, or put them in so strong and clear a light. Although his style were not always correct, which, however, he knew how to mend, yet often to save time he would leave the smaller alterations to others. I have heard that he spoke but seldom in parliament, and then rather with art than eloquence: but no man equalled him in the knowledge of our constitution; the reputation whereof made him be chosen a speaker to three successive parliaments, which office I have often heard his enemies allow him to have executed with universal applause; his sagacity was such that I could produce very amazing instances of it, if they were not unaccountable. In all difficulties he immediately found the true point that was to be pursued, and adhered to it; and one or two others in the ministry have confessed very often to me that, after having condemned his opinion, they found him in the right and themselves in the wrong. He was utterly a stranger to fear; and consequently had a presence of mind upon all emergencies. His liberality and contempt of money were such that he almost ruined his estate while he was in employment; yet his avarice for the public was so great, that it neither consisted with the present corruptions of the age nor the circumstances of the time. He was seldom mistaken in his judgment of men, and therefore not apt to change a good or ill opinion by the representation of others, except toward the end of his ministry. He was affable and courteous, extremely easy and agreeable in conversation, and altogether disengaged; regular in his life, with great appearance of piety, nor ever guilty of any expressions that could possibly tend to what was indecent or profane. His imperfections were at least as obvious, although not so numerous, as his virtues. He had an air of secrecy in his manner and countenance by no means proper for a great minister, because it warned all men to prepare against it. He often gave no answer at all, and very seldom a direct one: and I rather blame this reservedness of temper, because I have known a very different practice succeed much better: of which, among others, the late earl of Sunderland and the present lord Somers, persons of great abilities, are remarkable instances; who used to talk in so frank a manner that they seemed to discover the bottom of their hearts, and by that appearance of confidence would easily unlock the breasts of others. But the earl of Oxford pleads, in excuse of this charge, that he has seldom or never communicated anything which was of importance to be concealed wherein he has not been deceived by the vanity, treachery, or indiscretion of those he discovered it to. Another of his imperfections, universally known and complained of, was procrastination or delay; which was, doubtless, natural to him, although he often bore the blame without the guilt, and when the remedy was not in his power; for never were prince and minister better matched than his sovereign and he upon that article; and, therefore, in the disposal of employments, wherein the queen was very absolute, a year would often pass before they could come to a determination. I remember he was likewise heavily charged with the common court vice of promising very liberally and seldom performing; of which, although I cannot altogether acquit him, yet I am confident his intentions were generally better than his disappointed solicitors would believe. It may be likewise said of him that he certainly did not value, or did not understand, the art of acquiring friends; having made very few

during the time of his power, and contracted a great number of enemies. Some of us used to observe that those whom he talked well of or suffered to be often near him were not in a situation of much advantage; and that his mentioning others with contempt or dislike was no hindrance at all to their preferment. I have dwelt the longer upon this great man's character because I have observed it so often mistaken by the wise reasoners of both parties; besides, having had the honour for almost four years of a nearer acquaintance with him than usually happens to men of my level, and this without the least mercenary obligation, I thought it lay in my power, as I am sure it is in my will, to represent him to the world with impartiality and truth.

Having often considered the qualities and dispositions of these two ministers, I am at a loss to think how it should come to pass that men of exalted abilities when they are called to public affairs are generally drawn into inconveniences and misfortunes, which others of ordinary talents avoid; whereof there appear so many examples, both ancient and modern, and of our own as well as other countries. I cannot think this to have been altogether the effect of envy, as it is usually imputed in the case of Themistocles, Aristides, Scipio, and others; and of sir Walter Raleigh, the earls of Clarendon and Strafford, here in England. But I look upon it that God, intending the government of a nation in the several branches and subordinations of power, has made the science of governing sufficiently obvious to common capacities: otherwise the world would be left in a desolate condition, if great affairs did always require a great genius, whereof the most fruitful age will hardly produce above three or four in a nation; among which, princes, who of all other mortals are the worst educated, have twenty millions to one against them that they shall not be of the number; and proportionable odds, for the same reasons, are against every one of noble birth or great estates.

Accordingly we find that the dullest nations, ancient and modern, have not wanted good rules of policy or persons qualified for administration. But I take the infelicity of such extraordinary men to have been caused by their neglect of common forms, together with the contempt of little helps and little hinderances; which is made by Hobbes the definition of magnanimity; and this contempt, as it certainly displeases the people in general, so it gives offence to all with whom such ministers have to deal: for I never yet knew a minister who was not earnestly desirous to have it thought that the art of government was a most profound science; whereas, it requires no more in reality than diligence, honesty, and a moderate share of plain natural sense. And, therefore, men thus qualified may very reasonably and justly think that the business of the world is best brought about by regularity and forms wherein themselves excel. For I have frequently observed more causes of discontent arise from the practice of some refined ministers to act in common business out of the common road, than from all the usual topics of displeasure against men in power. It is the same thing in other scenes of life and among all societies or communities; where no men are better trusted, or have more success in business, than those who, with some honesty and a moderate portion of understanding, are strict observers of time, place, and method; and, on the contrary, nothing is more apt to expose men to the censure and obloquy of their colleagues and the public than a contempt or neglect of these circumstances, however attended with a superior genius and an equal desire of doing good: which has made me sometimes say

to a great person of this latter character that a small infusion of the aiderman was necessary to those who are employed in public affairs. Upon this occasion I cannot forget a very trifling instance, that, one day observing the same person to divide a sheet of paper with a penknife, the sharpness of the instrument occasioned its moving so irregularly and crooked that he spoiled the whole sheet; whereupon I advised him to take example by his clerks, who performed that operation much better with a blunt piece of ivory, which directed by a little strength and a steady hand never failed to go right.

But to return from this long digression: about a fortnight after the queen's death I came to my place of residence, where I was immediately attacked with heat enough by several of my acquaintance of both parties, and soon learned that what they objected was the general sense of the rest. Those of the church side made me a thousand reproaches upon the slowness and inactivity of my friends, upon their foolish quarrels with each other for no visible cause, and thereby sacrificing the interests of the church and kingdom to their private piques; and that they had neglected to cultivate the favour and good opinion of the court at Hanover. But the weight of these gentlemen's displeasure fell upon the earl of Oxford: "That he had acted a trimming part; was never thoroughly in the interest of the church, but held separate commerce with the adverse party; that, either from his negligence, proseratinating nature, or some sinister end, he had let slip many opportunities of strengthening the church's friends; that he undertook more business than he was equal to, affected a monopoly of power, and would concert nothing with the rest of the ministers." Many facts were likewise mentioned which it may not now be very prudent to repeat: I shall only take notice of one relating to Ireland, where he kept four bishoprics undisposed of, though often and most earnestly pressed to have them filled; by which omission the church interest of that kingdom in the house of lords is in danger of being irrecoverably lost.

Those who discoursed with me after this manner did at the same time utterly renounce all regard for the pretender; and mentioned with pleasure the glorious opportunity then in his majesty's bands of putting an end to party distinctions for the time to come; and the only apprehension that seemed to give them any uneasiness was lest the zeal of the party in power might not perhaps represent their loyalty with advantage.

On the other side, the gainers and men in hope by the queen's death talked with great freedom in a very different style: they all directly asserted "That the whole late ministry were fully determined to bring in the pretender," although they would sometimes a little demur upon the earl of Oxford; and by a more moderate amendment they charged the same accusation without any reserve upon the late queen herself. "That if her majesty had died but a month later, our ruin would have been inevitable." But in that juncture it happened (to use their own term, which I could never prevail with them to explain) things were not ripe. "That this accusation would in a short time infallibly be proved as clear as the sun at noonday to all the world." And the consequences naturally following from these positions were, "That the leaders ought to lose their heads, and all their abettors he utterly stripped of power and favour."

These being the sentiments and discourses of both parties, tending to load the late ministry with faults of a very different nature, it may perhaps be either

of some use or satisfaction to examine those two points; that is to say, first, how far these ministers are answerable to their friends for their neglect, mismanagement, and mutual dissensions; and secondly, with what justice they are accused by their enemies for endeavouring to alter the succession of the crown in favour of the pretender.

It is true, indeed, I have occasionally done this already in two several treatises, of which the one is a history,^a and the other memoirs^b of particular facts, but neither of them fit to see the light at present, because they abound with characters freely drawn and many of them not very amiable, and therefore intended only for the instructing of the next age and establishing the reputation of those who have been useful to their country in the present. At the same time I take this opportunity of assuring those who may happen some years hence to read the history I have written, that the blackest characters to be met with in it were not drawn with the least mixture of malice or ill-will, but merely to expose the odiousness of vice; for I have always held it as a maxim that ill men are placed beyond the reach of an historian, who indeed has it in his power to reward virtue but not to punish vice; because I never yet saw a profligate person who seemed to have the least regard in what manner his name should be transmitted to posterity; and I knew a certain lord (earl of Wharton), not long since dead, who I am very confident would not have disposed of one single shilling to have had it in his choice whether he should be represented to future ages as an Atticus or a Catiline.

However, being firmly resolved, for very material reasons, to avoid giving the least offence to any party or person in power, I shall barely set down some facts and circumstances during the four last years of queen Anne's reign which at present are little known; and whereby those of the church-party who object against the unsteadiness, neglect, and want of concert in the late ministry, may better account for their faults. Most of those facts I can bear witness of myself and have received the rest from sufficient authority.

It is most certain that when the queen first began to change her servants it was not from a dislike of things but of persons, and those persons were a very small number. To be more particular would be *invidere per ignes*. It was the issue of Dr. Sacheverell's trial that encouraged her to proceed so far; and several of the low-church party, knowing that her displeasure went no further than against one single family, did not appear to dislike what was done; of which I could give some extraordinary instances. But that famous trial had raised such a spirit in the nation against the parliament that her majesty thought it necessary to dissolve them, which I am confident she did not at first intend. Upon this resolution, delivered by the queen in council in a more determinate manner than was usual with her, as I was particularly informed by my lord Somers, then president, some who were willing to sacrifice one or two persons would not sacrifice their cause, but immediately flew off, and the great officers of the court and kingdom began to resign their employments, which the queen suffered most of them to do with the utmost regret, and which those who knew her best thought to be real, especially lord Somers and lord Cowper, for whom she had as great a personal regard and esteem as her nature was capable of admitting, particularly for the former. The new parliament was called during that ferment in

the nation, and a great majority of the church-party was returned without the least assistance from the court: whether to gain a reputation of impartiality where they were secure, or, as Mr. Hurley's detractors would have it (who was then minister), from a refinement of his politics, not to suffer upon the account of I know not what wise reasons too great an inequality in the balance.

When the parliament met they soon began to discover more zeal than the queen expected or desired. She had entertained the notion of forming a moderate or comprehensive scheme, which she maintained with great firmness, nor would ever depart from until half a year before her death; but this neither the house of commons nor the kingdom in general were then at all inclined to admit, whatever they may have been in any juncture since; several country members, to almost a third part of the house, began immediately to form themselves into a body under a fantastic name of the October Club. These daily pressed the ministry for a thorough change in employments, and were not put off without jealousy and discontent. I remember it was then commonly understood and expected that when the session ended a general removal would be made; but it happened otherwise, for not only few or none were turned out, but much deliberation was used in supplying common vacancies by death. This manner of proceeding in a prime minister, I confess, appeared to me wholly unaccountable and without example; and I was little satisfied with the solution I had heard and partly knew, "That he acted thus to keep meo at his devotion by letting expectation lie in common;" for I found the effect did not answer, and that in the mean time he led so uneasy a life, by solicitations and pursuits, as no man would endure who had a remedy at hand. About the beginning of his ministry I did, at the request of several considerable persons, take the liberty of representing this matter to him. His answer was short and cold: "That he hoped his friends would trust him; that he heartily wished none but those who loved the church and queen were employed; but that all things could not be done on a sudden." I have reason to believe that his nearest acquaintance were then wholly at a loss what to think of his conduct. He was forced to preserve the opinion of power, without which he could not act, while in reality he had little or none; and, besides, he thought it became him to take the burden of reproach upon himself rather than lay it upon the queen's mistress, who was grown very positive, slow, and suspicious, and from the opinion of having been formerly too much directed fell into the other extreme and became difficult to be advised. So that few ministers had ever perhaps a harder game to play, between the jealousy and discontents of his friends on one side and the management of the queen's temper on the other.

There could hardly be a firmer friendship in appearance than what I observed between those three great men who were then chiefly trusted; I mean the lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Harecourt. I remember, in the infancy of their power, being at the table of the first, where they were all met, I could not forbear taking notice of the great affection they bore to each other; and said, "I would venture to prophesy that, however inconstant our court had hitherto been, their ministry would certainly last, for they bad the church, the crown, and the people entirely on their side: then it happened that the public good and their private interest had the same bottom, which is a piece of good fortune that does not always fall to the share of men in power. But

^a Of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne.

^b Relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry in 1710.

principally because I observed they heartily loved one another, and I did not see how their kindness could be disturbed by competition, since each of them seemed contented with his own district; so that, notwithstanding the old maxim which pronounces court friendships to be of no long duration, I was confident theirs would last as long as their lives." But it seems the inventor of that maxim happened to be a little wiser than I, who lived to see this friendship first degenerate into indifference and suspicion, and thence corrupt into the greatest animosity and hatred, contrary to all appearances and much to the discredit of me and my sagacity. By what degrees and from what causes their discussions grew I shall, as far as it may be safe and convenient, very impartially relate.

When Mr. Harley was stabbed by Guiscard, the writer of a weekly paper called the Examiner, taking occasion to reflect on that accident, happened to let fall an idle circumstance, I know not upon what grounds, "That the French assassin confessed he at first intended to have murdered Mr. secretary St. John; who sitting at too great a distance he was forced to vent his rage on the other." Whether the secretary had been thus informed or was content that others should believe it, I never yet could learn; but nothing could be more unfortunate than the tendency of such a report, which by a very unfair decision derived the whole merit of that accident to Mr. St. John, and left Mr. Harley nothing but the danger and the pain of both which, although he had a sufficient share (his physicians being often under apprehensions for his life), yet I am confident the time of his illness was a period of more quiet and ease than he ever enjoyed during the rest of his administration. This report was not unresented by Mr. Harley's friends; and the rather because the fact was directly otherwise, as it soon appeared by Guiscard's confession.

While that minister lay ill of his wound and his life in question, the weight of business fell in some measure upon the secretary, who was not without ambition; which I confess I have seldom found among the wants of great men: and it was conceived that he had already entertained the thoughts of being at the head of affairs in case Mr. Harley should die; although at the same time I must do justice to Mr. St. John, by repeating what he said to me with great appearance of concern (and he was but an ill dissembler), "That if Mr. Harley's accident should prove fatal it would be an irreparable loss: that as things then stood, his life was absolutely necessary: that as to himself he was not master of the scheme by which they were to proceed, nor had credit enough with the queen; neither did he see how it would be possible for them in such a case to wade through the difficulties they were then under." However, not to be over particular in so nice a point, thus much is certain, that some things happened during Mr. Harley's confinement which bred a coldness and jealousy between those two great men, and these, increasing by many subsequent accidents, could never be removed.

Upon Mr. Harley's recovery, which was soon followed by his promotion to an earldom and the treasurer's staff, he was earnestly pressed to go on with the change of employments, for which his friends and the kingdom were very impatient; wherein, I am confident he was not unwilling to comply, if a new incident had not put further difficulties in his way. The queen having thought fit to take the key from the duchess of Marlborough, it was after some time given to another great lady, wholly in the in-

terest of the opposite party; who by a most obsequious behaviour, of which she is a perfect mistress, and the privileges of her place, which gave her continual access, quickly won so far upon the affections of her majesty, that she had more personal credit than all the queen's servants put together. Of this lady's character and story, having spoken so much in other papers which may one day see the light, I shall only observe that, as soon as she was fixed in her station, the queen, following the course of her own nature, grew daily much more difficult and uncomplying. Some weak endeavours were indeed used to divert her majesty from this choice; but she continued steady, and pleaded "That, if she might not have liberty to choose her own servants, she could not see what advantage she had gotten by the change of her ministry;" and so little was her heart set upon what they call a high-church or Tory administration, that several employments in court and country and a great majority in all commissions remained in the hands of those who most opposed the present proceedings; nor do I remember that any removal of consequence was made till the winter following, when the earl of Nottingham was pleased to prepare and offer a vote in the house of lords against any peace while Spain continued in the hands of the Bourbon family. Of this vote the ministers had early notice; and by casting up the numbers concluded they should have a majority of ten to overthrow it. The queen was desired and promised to speak to a certain lord who was looked upon as dubious. That lord attended accordingly; but heard not a word of the matter from her majesty, although she afterward owned it was not for want of remembering, but from perfect indifference. The treasurer, who trusted to promises, and reckoned that others would trust to his, was by a most unseasonable piece of parsimony grossly deceived, and the vote carried against the court. The queen had the curiosity to be present at the debate; and appeared so little displeased at the event, or against those from whom she might have expected more compliance, that a person in high station among her domestics, who that day in her presence had shown his utmost eloquence (such as it was) against the ministers, received a particular mark of distinction and favour, which by his post he could not pretend to; and was not removed from her service but with exceeding difficulty many months after. And it is certain that this vote could not have been carried if some persons very near her majesty had not given assurances where they were proper that it would be acceptable to the queen; which her behaviour seemed to confirm.

But when the consequences of this vote were calmly represented to her—"That the limitation specified therein had wholly tied up her hands, in case the recovery of Spain should be found impossible, as it was frequently allowed and owned by many principal leaders of the opposite party, and had hitherto been vainly endeavoured either by treaty or war: that the kingdom was not in a condition to bear any longer its burden and charge, especially with annual additions: that other expedients might possibly be found for preventing France and Spain from being united under the same king, according to the intent and letter of the grand alliance: that the design of this vote was to put her majesty under the necessity of dissolving the parliament, beginning all things anew, and placing the administration in the hands of those whom she had thought fit to lay aside; and this by sacrificing her present servants to the rage and vengeance of the former;" with many other obvious considerations not very proper

at this time to be repeated—her majesty, who was earnestly bent upon giving peace to her people, consented to fall upon the sole expedient that her own coldness or the treasurer's thrift and want or contempt of artifice had left her, which was, to create a number of peers sufficient to turn the balance in the house of lords. I confess that, in my history of those times, where this matter among others is treated with a great deal more liberty, and consequently very unfit for present perusal, I have refined so far as to conjecture that if this were the treasurer's counsel he might possibly have given it upon some further views than that of avoiding the consequences of my lord Nottingham's vote. And what those were I suppose I may offer without offence. It is known enough that, from the time of the Revolution to the period I am now speaking of, the favour of the court was almost perpetually turned toward those who in the party term are called Whigs, or the low-church; and this was a space of above 20 years, wherein great additions were made to the peerage, and the bishops' bench almost wholly renewed. But the majority of lauded men still retaining the old church principles in religion and government, notwithstanding all endeavours to convert them, the late king was under many insuperable difficulties during the course of his reign; elections seldom succeeding so well as to leave the court side without strenuous opposition, sufficient to carry many points against him which he had much at heart. Upon the late queen's succeeding to the crown, the church party, who seemed to have grown more numerous under all discouragements, began to conceive hopes that her majesty, who had always professed to favour their principles, would make use of their service. And indeed upon that foot things stood for some time; but a new war being resolved on, three persons* who had most credit with her majesty, and who were then looked upon to be at least as high principled as could possibly consist with the protestant succession, having consulted their friends, began to conceive that the military spirit was much more vigorous in the other party, who appeared more keen against France, more sanguine upon the power and wealth of England, and better versed in the arts of finding out funds to which they had been so long used. There were some other motives for this transition of the ministers at that time, which are more proper for the history above mentioned, where they are faithfully recorded. But thus the queen was brought to govern by what they call a low-church ministry, which continued for several years; till at length grown weary of the war, although carried on with great glory and success, and the nation rising into a flame (whether justly or not) upon the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, which in effect was a general muster of both parties, her majesty, following her own inclinations and those of her people, resolved to make some changes in the ministry and take Mr. Harley into her councils. This was brought about, as the charge against that minister says, by the basest insinuations; upon which, being a determination of parliament, I shall not dispute; although I confess to have received a very different account of that matter from a most excellent lady,^b upon whose veracity I entirely depend; and who being then in chief confidence with her mistress, must needs know a particular fact wherein she was immediately concerned and trusted better than any one man or

number of men, except the majority of a house of commons.

When the new parliament met, whose elections were left entirely to the people, without the least influence from the court, it plainly appeared how far the church party in the nation outnumbered the other, and especially in the several counties. But in the house of lords, even after some management, there was but a weak and crazy majority; nor even could this have been expected if several great lords, who were always reputed of the other party, had not only complied but been highly instrumental in the change; as the dukes of Shrewsbury and Argyle, the earls of Peterborough, Rivers, and some others, who certainly came into the queen's measures upon other motives than that of party. Now since the government of England cannot go on while the two houses of parliament are in opposition to each other, and that the people, whenever they acted freely, would infallibly return a majority of church-men, one of these two things was of necessity to be done; either first to dissolve that parliament and call another of the Whig stamp, by force of a prodigious expense, which would be neither decent nor safe, and perhaps at that time hardly feasible, or else to turn the balance in the house of lords; which, after the success of lord Nottingham's vote, was not otherwise to be done than by creating a sufficient number of peers, in order at once to make the queen and her people easy upon that article for the rest of her reign. And this I should be willing to think was the treasurer's meaning when he advised those advancements, which, however, I confess I did very much dislike.

But if after all I have said my conjecture should happen to be wrong, yet I do not see how the treasurer can justly be blamed for preserving his cause, his friends, and himself, from unavoidable ruin by an expedient allowed on all hands to be lawful. Perhaps he was brought under that necessity by the want of proper management; but when that necessity appeared he could not act otherwise without unravelling whatever had been done, which, in the language of those times, would have been called delivering the queen and kingdom back into the hands of a faction they had so lately got rid of. And I believe no minister of any party would, in his circumstances, have scrupled to take the same step when the *summa rerum* was at stake.

Although the queen was brought into this measure by no other motive than her earnest desire of a peace, yet the treasurer's friends began to press him anew for further changes in employments, concluding from what was past that his credit was great enough to compass whatever he pleased. But this proved to be ill reasoning, for the queen had no dislike at all to the other party (whatever personal piques she might bear to some among them) further than as she conceived they were bent upon continuing the war, to which her majesty resolved to put as speedy an end as she could with honour and safety to her kingdoms, and therefore fell with readiness enough into the methods proposed to her for advancing that great work. But in dispensing her favours she was extremely cautious and slow, and, after the usual mistake of those who think they have been often imposed on, became so very suspicious that she overshot the mark and erred in the other extreme. When a person happened to be recommended as useful for her service or proper to be obliged, perhaps after a long delay she would consent; but if the treasurer offered at the same time a warrant or other instrument to her, already prepared in order to be signed, because he presumed to reckon upon

* The duke of Marlborough and the earls of Godolphin and Sunderland.

^b There can be no doubt that Mrs. Masham was the conductor of the whole intrigue.

her consent beforehand, she would not, and thus the affair would sometimes lie for several months together, although the thing were ever so reasonable, or even although the public suffered by the delay. So that this minister had no other remedy but to let her majesty take her own time, which never failed to be the very longest that the nature of the thing could suffer her to defer it.

When this promotion was made, Mr. secretary St. John, whose merits and pretensions as things then stood were far superior to any, was purposely left out, because the court had need of his great abilities the following session in the house of commons; and the peace being then upon the anvil, he was best able to explain and justify the several steps toward it, which he accordingly did with invincible reason and universal applause. When the session was over the queen thought fit to give him a title, and that he might not lose his rank created him viscount. There had been an erudition in his name and family lately extinct, though a barony fell to a collateral branch in the person of an infant, and the secretary, being of the same house, expected and desired the same degree. For he reasoned "that making him a viscount would be but rigorous justice; and he hoped he might pretend to some mark of favour." But the queen could not be prevailed with, because, to say the truth, he was not much at that time in her good graces, some women about the court having infused an opinion into her that he was not so regular in his life as he ought to be. The secretary laid the whole blame of this disappointment upon the earl of Oxford, and freely told me that he would never depend upon the earl's friendship as long as he lived, nor have any further commerce with him than what was necessary for carrying on the public service. And although I have good reason to be assured that the treasurer was wholly innocent in this point, as both himself and lady Masham then protested to me, yet my lord Bolingbroke thought the appearances were so strong that I was never able to bring him over to my opinion.

The divisions between these two great men began to split the court into parties. Harcourt lord-chancellor, the dukes of Shrewsbury and Argyle, sir William Wyndham, and one or two more, adhered to the secretary; the rest were either neutrals or inclined to the treasurer, whether from policy or gratitude, although they all agreed to blame and lament his mysterious and procrastinating manner in acting, which the state of affairs at that time could very ill admit, and must have rendered the earl of Oxford inexcusable if the queen's obstinate temper had not put him under the necessity of exerting those talents wherewith it must be confessed his nature was already too well provided.

This minister had stronger passions than the secretary, but kept them under stricter government. My lord Bolingbroke was of a nature frank and open, and as men of great genius are superior to common rules he seldom gave himself the trouble of disguising or subduing his resentments, although he was ready enough to forget them. In matters of state, as the earl was too reserved, so perhaps the other was too free, not from any incontinency of talk, but from the mere contempt of multiplying secrets, although the graver counsellors imputed this liberty of speech to vanity or lightness. And upon the whole, no two men could differ more in their diversions, their studies, their ways of transacting business, their choice of company, or manner of conversation.

The queen, who was well informed of these animosities among her servants, of which her own

dubious management had been the original cause, began to find and lament the ill consequences of them in her affairs both at home and abroad, and to lay the blame upon her treasurer, whose greatest fault in his whole ministry was too much compliance with his mistress, by which his measures were often disconcerted and himself brought under suspicion by his friends.

I am very confident that this alteration in the queen's temper toward the earl of Oxford could never have appeared if he had not thought fit to make one step in politics which I have not been able to apprehend. When the queen first thought of making a change among her servants, after Dr. Sacheverell's trial, my lady Masham was very much heard and trusted upon that point, and it was by her intervention Mr. Harley was admitted into her majesty's presence. That lady was then in high favour with her mistress, which I believe the earl was not so very sedulous to cultivate or preserve as if he had it much at heart, nor was altogether sorry when he saw it under some degree of declination. The reasons for this must be drawn from the common nature of mankind and the incompatibility of power, but the juncture was not favourable for such a refinement, because it was early known to all who had but looked into the court that this lady must have a successor who, upon pique and principle, would do all in her power to obstruct his proceedings. My lady Masham was a person of a plain sound understanding, of great truth and sincerity, without the least mixture of falsehood or disguise; of an honest boldness and courage superior to her sex; firm and disinterested in her friendship; and full of love, duty, and veneration for the queen her mistress; talents as seldom found or sought for in a court, as unlikely to thrive while they are there; so that nothing could then be more unfortunate to the public than a coldness between this lady and the first minister; nor a greater mistake in the latter than to suffer or connive at the lessening of her credit, which he quickly saw removed very disadvantageously to another object [the duchess of Somerset], and wanted the effects of when his own was sunk in the only domestic affair for which I ever knew him under any concern.

While the queen's favour to the earl was thus gradually lessening, the breaches between him and his friends grew every day wider, which he looked upon with great indifference, and seemed to have his thoughts only turned upon finding out some proper opportunity for delivering up his staff, but this her majesty would not then admit, because indeed it was not easy to determine who should succeed him.

In the midst of these dispositions at court, the queen fell dangerously sick at Windsor about Christmas, 1713. It was confidently reported in town that she was dead; and the heads of the expecting party were said to have various meetings thereupon, and a great hurrying of chairs and coaches to and from the earl of Wharton's house. Whether this were true or not, yet thus much is certain, that the expressions of joy appeared very frequent and loud among many of that party, which proceeding men of form did not allow to be altogether decent. A messenger was immediately despatched with an account of the queen's illness to the treasurer, who was then in town, and in order to stop the report of her death appeared next day abroad in his chariot with a pair of horses, and did not go down to Windsor till his usual time. Upon his arrival there the danger was over, but not the fright, which still sat on everybody's face, and the account given of the confusion and distraction the whole court had been under is

bardly to be conceived, upon which the treasurer said to me, "Whenever anything ails the queen these people are out of their wits, and yet they are so thoughtless that as soon as she is well they act as if she were immortal." I had sufficient reason both before and since to allow his observation to be true, and that some share of it might with justice be applied to himself.

The queen had early notice of this behaviour among the disaffected leaders during her illness. It was indeed an affair of such a nature as required no aggravation, which however would not have been wanting, the women of both parties who then attended her majesty being well disposed to represent it in the strongest light. The result was, that the queen immediately laid aside all her schemes and visions of reconciling the two opposite interests; and entered upon a firm resolution of adhering to the old English principles from an opinion that the adverse party waited impatiently for her death, upon views little consisting (as the language and opinion went then) with the safety of the constitution either in church or state. She therefore determined to fall into all just and proper methods that her ministers should advise her to, for the preservation and continuance of both. This I was quickly assured of, not only by the lord-chancellor and lord Bolingbroke, but by the treasurer himself.

I confess myself to have been then thoroughly persuaded that this incident would perfectly reconcile the ministers, by uniting them in pursuing one general interest; and considering no further than what was fittest to be done, I could not easily foresee any objections or difficulties that the earl of Oxford would make. I had for some time endeavoured to cultivate the strictest friendship between him and the general [the duke of Ormond], by telling both of them (which happened to be the truth) how kindly they spoke of each other; and by convincing the latter of what advantage such a union must be to her majesty's service. There was an affair upon which all our friends laid a more than ordinary weight. Among the horse and foot guards appointed to attend on the queen's person, several officers took every occasion, with great freedom and bitterness of speech, to revile the ministry upon the subject of the peace and the pretender, not without many gross expressions against the queen herself; such as I suppose will hardly be thought on or attempted, but certainly not suffered, under the present powers; which proceeding, beside the indignity, begot an opinion that her majesty's person might be better guarded than by such keepers, who, after attending at court or at the levee of the general or first minister, adjourned to publish their disaffection in coffeehouses and gaming ordinaries, without any regard to decency or truth. It was proposed that ten or a dozen of the least discreet among these gentlemen should be obliged to sell their posts in the guards; and that two or three who had gone the greatest lengths should have a price fixed for their commissions somewhat below the exorbitant rate usually demanded for a few years past. The duke of Ormond desired but ten thousand pounds to make the matter easy to those officers who were to succeed; which sum his grace told me the treasurer had given him encouragement to expect, although he pleaded present want of money; and I cannot but say that, having often at the duke's desire pressed this minister to advance the money, he gave me such answers as made me think he really intended it. But I was quickly undeceived; for expostulating some days after with him upon the same subject, after great expressions of esteem and friendship for the duke of Ormond, and mentioning some ill treat-

ment he had received from his friends, he said, "he knew not why he should do other people's work." The truth is, that except the duke, my lord Trevor, and Mr. secretary Bromley, I could not find he had one friend left of any consequence in her majesty's service. The lord-chancellor [Harcourt], lord Bolingbroke, and lady Masham, openly declared against him; to whom were joined the bishop of Rochester [Dr. Atterbury] and some others. Dartmouth, then privy-seal, and Poulett, lord-steward, stood neuter. The duke of Shrewsbury hated the treasurer, but sacrificed all resentments to ease, profit, and power, and was then in Ireland, acting a part directly opposite to the court, which he had sagacity enough to foresee might quickly turn to account, so that the earl of Oxford stood almost single and every day found a visible declension of the queen's favour toward him; which he took but little care to redress, desiring nothing so much as leave to deliver up his staff; which, however, as conjunctures then stood, he was not able to obtain, his adversaries not having determined where to place it; neither was it, upon several accounts, a work so proper to be done while the parliament sat, where the ministry had already lost too much reputation, and especially in the house of lords. By what I could gather from several discourses with the treasurer, it was not very difficult to find out how he reasoned with himself. The church party continued violently bent to have some necessary removals made in the guards, as well as a further change in the civil employments through the kingdom. All the great officers about the court or in her majesty's service, except the duke of Shrewsbury and one or two more, were in the same opinion. The queen herself, since her last illness at Windsor, had the like dispositions; and I think it may appear from several passages already mentioned that the blame of those delays so often complained of did not originally lie at the earl of Oxford's door. But the state of things was very much changed by several incidents. The chancellor, lord Bolingbroke, and lady Masham, had entirely forsaken him upon suspicions I have mentioned before: which, although they were founded on mistake, yet he never would be at the pains to clear. And as he first lessened his confidence with the queen by pressing her upon those very points for which his friends accused him that they were not performed, so upon her change of sentiments after her recovery he lost all favour and credit with her for not seconding those new resolutions from which she had formerly been so averse. Besides, he knew as well as all others who were near the court that it was hardly possible the queen could survive many months; in which case he must of necessity bring upon him the odium and vengeance of the successor, and of that party which must then be predominant, who would quickly unravel all he had done; or if her majesty should hold out longer than it was reasonable to expect, yet, after having done a work that must procure him many new enemies, he could expect nothing but to be discharged in displeasure. Upon these reasons he continued his excuses to the duke of Ormond for not advancing the money; and during the six last months of his ministry would enter into no affairs but what immediately concerned the business of his office. That whole period was nothing else but a scene of murmuring and discontent, quarrel and misunderstanding, animosity and hatred, between him and his former friends. In the mean time the queen's countenance was wholly changed toward him; she complained of his silence and sullenness, and in return gave him every day fresh instances of neglect or displeasure.

The original of this quarrel among the ministers, which had been attended with so many ill consequences, began first between the treasurer and lord Bolingbroke, from the causes and incidents I have already mentioned, and might very probably have been prevented if the treasurer had dealt with less reserve or the lord Bolingbroke had put that confidence in him which so sincere a friend might reasonably have expected. Neither, perhaps, would a reconciliation have been an affair of much difficulty, if their friends on both sides had not too much observed the common prudential forms of not caring to intermeddle; which, together with the addition of a shrug, was the constant answer I received from most of them whenever I pressed them upon the subject. I cannot tell whether my lord Trevor may be excepted because I had little acquaintance with him, although I am inclined to the negative. Mr. Prior, who was much loved and esteemed by them both, as he well deserved, upon account of every virtue that can qualify a man for private conversation, might have been the properest person for such a work, if he could have thought it to consist with the prudence of a courtier; but, however, he was absent in France at those junctures when it was chiefly necessary. And to say the truth, most persons had so avowedly declared themselves on one side or the other, that these two great men had hardly a common friend left except myself. I had ever been treated with great kindness by them both; and I conceived that what I wanted in weight and credit might be made up with sincerity and freedom. The former they never doubted, and the latter they had constant experience of: I had managed between them for almost two years, and their candour was so great that they had not the least jealousy or suspicion of me. And I thought I had done wonders when, upon the queen's being last at Windsor, I put them in a coach to go thither by appointment, without other company, where they would have four hours' time to come to a good understanding; but in two days after I learned from them both that nothing was done.

There had been three bishoprics for some time vacant in Ireland; and I had prevailed on the earl of Oxford that one of them should be divided. Accordingly four divines of that kingdom were named to the queen and approved by her; but upon some difficulties not worth mentioning, the queen's mandatory letters to Ireland had been delayed. I pressed the treasurer every week while her majesty was at Windsor, and every day after her return, to finish this affair, as a point of great consequence to the church in that kingdom; and growing at length impatient of so many excuses I fell into some passion; when his lordship freely told me "that he had been earnest with the queen upon that matter about ten times the last fortnight, but without effect, and that he found his credit wholly at an end." This happened about eleven weeks before the queen died; and two nights after, sitting with him and lord Bolingbroke, in lady Masham's lodgings at St. James's for some hours, I told the treasurer "that, having despaired of any reconciliation between them, I had only stayed some time longer to forward the disposal of those bishoprics in Ireland; which since his lordship told me was out of his power, I now resolved to retire immediately, as from an evil I could neither help to redress nor endure the sight of: that before I left them, I desired they would answer me two questions: first, whether these mischiefs might not be remedied in two minutes; and secondly, whether upon the present foot the ministry would not be infallibly ruined in two months?" Lord Bolingbroke answered to each question in the affirmative, and approved of

my resolution to retire; but the treasurer after his manner evaded both, and only desired me to dine with him next day. However, I immediately went down to a friend in Berkshire to await the issue, which ended in the removal of my lord-treasurer, and three days after in her majesty's death.

Thus I have with some pains recollected several passages, which I thought were most material for the satisfaction of those who appear so much at a loss upon the unaccountable quarrels of the late ministry. For indeed it looked like a riddle to see persons of great and undisputed abilities, called by the queen to her service in the place of others with whose proceedings she was disgusted, and with great satisfaction to the clergy, the landed interest, and body of the people, running on a sudden into such a common beaten court track of ruin, by divisions among themselves; not only without a visible cause but with the strongest appearances to the contrary, and without any refuge to the usual excuse of evil instruments or cunning adversaries, to blow the coals of dissension: for the work was entirely their own.

I impute the cause of these misfortunes to the queen; who, from the variety of hands she had employed and reasonings she had heard since her coming to the crown, was grown very fond of moderating schemes, which, as things then stood, were by no means reducible to practice. She had likewise a good share of that adherence to her own opinions which is usually charged upon her sex. And lastly (as I have before observed), having received some hints that she had formerly been too much governed, she grew very difficult to be advised.

The next in fault was the treasurer, who, not being able to influence the queen in many points, with relation to party, which his friends and the kingdom seemed to have much at heart, would needs take all the blame on himself, from a known principle of state prudence "That a first minister must always preserve the reputation of power." But I have ever thought that there are few maxims in politics which, at some conjectures, may not be very liable to an exception. The queen was by no means inclined to make many changes in employments; she was positive in her nature and extremely given to delay. And surely these were no proper qualities for a chief minister to personate toward his nearest friends, who were brought into employment upon very different views and promises. Nor could any reputation of power be worth preserving at the expense of bringing sincerity into question. I remember, upon a Saturday, when the ministers and one or two friends of the treasurer constantly met to dine at his house, one of the company attacked him very warmly, on account that a certain lord who perpetually opposed the queen's measures was not dismissed from a great employment,* which, beside other advantages, gave that lord the power of choosing several members of parliament. The treasurer evaded the matter with his usual answer, "That this was whipping-day." Upon which the secretary Bolingbroke, turning to me, said "It was a strange thing that my lord Oxford would not be so kind to his friends and so just to his own innocence as to vindicate himself where he had no blame; for to his knowledge and the chancellor's (who was then also present) the treasurer had frequently and earnestly moved the queen upon that very point without effect." Whereupon this minister, finding himself pressed so far, told the company "That he had at last prevailed with her majesty, and the thing would be done in two days;" which followed accordingly. I mention this fact as an instance of the earl of Ox-

* The duke of Somerset, master of the horse.

ford's disposition to preserve some reputation of power in himself, and remove all blame from the queen; and this to my particular knowledge was a frequent case; but how far justifiable in point of prudence I have already given my opinion. However, the treasurer's friends were yet much more to blame than himself: he had abundance of merit with them all; not only upon account of the public, the whole change of the ministry having been effected, without any intervention of theirs, by him and Lady Masham; but likewise from the consequence of that change, whereby the greatest employments of the kingdom were divided among them; and therefore in common justice, as well as prudence, they ought to have been more indulgent to his real failings, rather than suspect him of imaginary ones, as they often did, through ignorance, refinement, or mistake: and I mention it to the honour of the secretary Bolingbroke, as well as of the treasurer, that, having myself upon many occasions joined with the former in quarrelling with the earl's conduct upon certain points, the secretary would in a little time after frankly own that he was altogether mistaken.

Lastly, I cannot excuse the remissness of those whose business it should have been, as it certainly was their interest, to have interposed their good offices for healing this unhappy breach among the ministers: but of this I have already spoken.

CHAPTER II.

Written about a year after.

HAVING proceeded thus far, I thought it would be unnecessary to say anything upon the other head, relating to the design of bringing in the pretender: for upon the earl of Oxford's impeachment, the gentlemen of the prevailing side assured me "That the whole mystery would be soon laid open to the world;" and were ready to place the merit of their cause upon that issue. This discovery we all expected from the report of the secret committee: but when that treatise appeared (whoever were the compilers) we found it to be rather the work of a luxurious fancy, an absolute state pamphlet arguing for a cause, than a dry recital of facts or a transcript of letters: and for what related to the pretender, the authors contented themselves with informing the public that the whole intrigue was privately carried on in personal treaties between the earl of Oxford and the abbé Gualtier; which must needs be a doctrine hard of digestion to those who have the least knowledge either of the earl or the abbé, or upon what foot the latter stood at that time with the English ministry: I conceive that whoever is at distance enough to be out of fear either of a vote or a messenger, will be as easily brought to believe all the popish legends together. And to make such an assertion in a public report, delivered to the house of commons, without the least attempt to prove it, will some time or other be reckoned such a strain upon truth and probability as is hard to be equalled in a Spanish romance. I think it will be allowed that the articles of high treason drawn up against the earl were not altogether founded upon the report; or at least, that those important hints about bringing in the pretender were more proper materials to furnish out a pamphlet than an impeachment; since this accusation has no part even among the high crimes and misdemeanors.

But notwithstanding all this and that the earl of Oxford, after two years' residence in the tower, was at length dismissed without any trial, yet the reproach still went on that the queen's last ministry in concert with their mistress were deeply engaged

in a design to set the pretender upon the throne. The cultivating of which accusation I impute to the great goodness of those in power, who are so gracious to assign a reason, or at least give a countenance, for that sudden and universal sweep they thought fit to make on their first appearance: where as they might as well have spared that ceremony, by a short recourse to the royal prerogative, which gives every prince a liberty of choosing what servants he will.

There are two points which I believe myself able to make out. First, that neither the late queen nor her ministers did ever entertain a design of bringing in the pretender during her majesty's life, or that he should succeed after her decease.

Secondly, that, if they conceived such a design, it was absolutely necessary to prosecute it from the first year of their ministry; because, for at least a year before the queen's death, it was impossible to have put such a design in execution.

I must premise with three circumstances, which have a great effect on me, and must have the like upon those among my friends who have any tolerable opinion of my veracity; and it is only to those that I offer them.

I remember, during the late treaty of peace, discoursing at several times with some very eminent persons of the opposite side, with whom I had long acquaintance; I asked them seriously "Whether they or any of their friends did in earnest believe or suspect the queen or the ministry to have any favourable regards toward the pretender?" They all confessed for themselves "That they believed nothing of the matter:" and particularly, a person at present in great employment said to me with much frankness, "You set up the church and Sacheverell against us; and we set up trade and the pretender against you."

The second point I would observe is this, that during the course of the late ministry, upon occasion of the libels every day thrown about, I had the curiosity to ask almost every person in great employment "Whether they knew or had heard of any one particular man (except those who professed to be non-jurors) that discovered the least inclination toward the pretender?" And the whole number they could muster up did not amount to above five or six; among which, one was a certain old lord lately dead, and one a private gentleman of little consequence and of a broken fortune: yet I do not believe myself to have omitted any one great man that came in my way, except the duke of Buckingham, in whose company I never was above once or twice at most. I am therefore as confident as a man can be of any truth which will not admit a demonstration, that upon the queen's death, if we except papists and non-jurors, there could not be five hundred persons in England of all ranks who had any thoughts of the pretender; and among these not six of any quality or consequence: but how it has come to pass that several millions are said to have since changed their sentiments, it shall not be my part to inquire.

The last point is of the same strain; and I offer it, like the two former, to convince only those who are willing to believe me on my own word: that having been for the space of almost four years very nearly and perpetually conversant with those who had the greatest share of power, and this in their times of leisure as well as business, I could never hear one single word let fall in favour of the pretender, although I was curious enough to observe in a particular manner what passed upon that subject. And I cannot but think that, if such an affair had been in agitation, I must have had either very

bad luck or a very small share of common understanding not to have discovered some grounds at least for suspicion: because I never yet knew a minister of state, or indeed any other man, so great a master of secrecy as to be able among those he nearly conversed with wholly to conceal his opinions, however he may cover his designs. This I say upon a supposition that they would have held out the mask always before me, which, however, I have no reason to believe. And I confess it is with the expense of some patience that I hear this matter summarily determined by those who had no advantages of knowing anything that passed, otherwise than what they found in a libel or a coffeehouse, or at best from general reasonings built upon mistaken facts. Now, although what I have hitherto said upon this point can have no influence further than my own personal credit reaches, yet I confess I shall never be brought to change my opinion till some one who had more opportunities than I will be able to produce any single particular from the letters, the discourses, or the actions of those ministers, as a proof of what they allege; which has not yet been attempted or pretended.

But I believe there may be several arguments of another nature produced, which can make it very evident to those who will bear reason that the queen's ministers never had it in their thoughts to alter the succession of the crown.

For first, when her majesty had determined to change her servants, it is very well known that those whom she appointed to succeed them were generally accounted favourers of what is called the low church party; not only my lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Harecourt, but a great majority of the rest: among which I can immediately name the dukes of Shrewsbury, Newcastle, and Argle, the earls of Peterborough, Rivers, Strafford, Ilay, and Orrery, the lords Mansel and Masham, with several others whom I cannot at present recollect. Whereas, of the other party, the dukes of Ormond and Buckingham, and the earl of Dartmouth, were the only persons introduced at first, and very few afterward: which I suppose will clearly evince that the bringing in of the pretender was not the original scheme of such ministers, and that they were by no means proper instruments for such a work.

And whoever knew anything of the queen's disposition must believe she had no inclinations at all in favour of the pretender. She was highly and publicly displeased with my lord Bolingbroke, because he was seen under the same roof with that person at an opera when his lordship was sent to France upon some difficulties about the peace. Her majesty said "That he ought immediately to have withdrawn upon the appearance of the other:" wherein, to speak with freedom, I think her judgment was a little mistaken. And at her toilet among her women, when mention happened to be made of the chevalier, she would frequently let fall expressions of such a nature as made it manifest how little she deserved those reproaches which had been cast on her since her death upon that account.

Besides, I have already said that her majesty began those changes at court for no other cause than her personal displeasure against a certain family and their allies; and from the hope she had to obtain a peace by the removal of some whose interest it was to obstruct it: that when the former chancellor, president, and others came to her, determined to deliver up their employments, she pressed them somewhat more than it became her dignity to continue in their stations; of which I suppose my lord Cowper is yet a living witness.

I am forced to repeat what I have before observed, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could be ever persuaded to dismiss any person upon the score of party; and that she drove her ministers into the greatest distress, upon my lord Nottingham's vote against any peace without Spain, for want of speaking to one or two depending lords, although with the last danger of breaking the measures she was most fond of toward settling the repose of Europe. She had besides, upon the removal of the duchess of Marlborough, chosen another great lady to succeed [the duchess of Somerset], who quickly grew into higher credit than all her ministers together: a lady openly professing the utmost aversion for the persons, the principles, and measures of those who were then in power, and excelling all even of her own sex in every art of insinuation: and this her majesty thought fit to do, in opposition to the strongest representations that could possibly be made to her of the inconveniences which would ensue. Her only objection against several clergymen recommended to her for promotions in the church was their being too violent in party. And a lady in high favour with her has frequently assured me, "That whenever she moved the queen to discard some persons who upon all occasions with great violence opposed the court, her majesty would constantly refuse, and at the same time condemn her for too much party zeal."

But besides all this, there never was a more stale or antiquated cause than that of the pretender at the time when her majesty chose her last ministers, who were most of them children or youths when king James II. abdicated. They found a prince upon the throne before they were of years to trouble themselves with speculations upon government; and consequently could have no scruples of conscience in submitting to the present powers, since they hardly remembered any other. And truly this was in general the case of the whole kingdom; for the adherents of king James II. were all either dead or in exile or sunk in obscurity, laden with years and want; so that if any guilt were contracted by the revolution, it was generally understood that our ancestors were only to answer for it. And I am confident (with an exception to professed nonjurors) there was not one man in ten thousand through England who had other sentiments. Nor can the contrary opinion be defended by arguing the prodigious disaffection at present; because the same thing has happened before from the same cause, in our own country, and within the memory of man, although not with the same event.

But such a disaffection could hardly have been raised against an absent prince who was only in expectation of the throne; and indeed I cannot but reckon it as a very strong argument for the good disposition, both in the ministry and kingdom, toward the house of Hanover, that during my lord Oxford's administration there was never thrown out the least reflection against that illustrious house in any libel or pamphlet; which would hardly have happened if the small party writers could have thought that by such a performance they would have made their court to those in power, and which would certainly have been a very useful preliminary if any attempt had been intended toward altering the succession to the crown. But however, to say the truth, invectives against the absent and with whom we have nothing to do, although they may render persons little and contemptible, can hardly make them odious; for hatred is produced by motives of a very different nature, as experience has shown. And although politicians affirm it more eligible for a prince to be hated than despised, yet

that maxim is better calculated for an absolute monarchy than for the climate of England. But I am sensible this is a digression; therefore I return.

The treaties made by her majesty with France and Spain were calculated in several points directly against the pretender, as he has now found to his cost and as it is manifest to all the world. Neither could anything be more superficial than the politics of those who could be brought to think that the regent of France would ever engage in measures against the present king of England; and how the grimace of an ambassador's taking or not taking his public character, as in the case of the earl of Stair, should serve so long for an amusement, cannot be sufficiently wondered at. What can be plainer than that the chief interest of the duke of Orleans is woven and twisted with that of king George; and this, whether it shall be thought convenient to suffer the young king of France to live longer or not! For in the second case, the regent perfectly agrees with our present king in this particular circumstance, that the whole order of succession has been broken for his sake; by which means he likewise will be encumbered with a pretender, and thereby engaged, upon the strongest motives, to prevent the union of France and Spain under one monarch. And even in the other case, the chance of a boy's life and his leaving heirs male of his body is so dubious, that the hopes of a crown to the regent or his children will certainly keep that prince as long as his power continues very firm in his alliance with England.

And as this design was originally intended and avowed by the queen's ministers in their treaties with France and Spain, so the events have fully answered in every particular. The present king succeeded to these crowns with as hearty and universal a disposition of the people as could possibly consist with the grief for the loss of so gracious and excellent a princess as her late majesty. The parliament was most unanimous in doing everything that could endear them to a new monarch. The general peace did entirely put an end to any design which France or Spain might probably have laid to make a diversion by an invasion upon Scotland, with the pretender at the head, in case her majesty had happened to die during the course of the war; and upon the death of the late French king, the duke of Orleans fell immediately into the strictest measures with England; as the queen and her ministers easily foresaw it would be necessary for him to do, from every reason that could regard his own interest. If the queen had died but a short time before the peace, and either of the two great powers engaged against us had thought fit to have thrown some troops into Scotland, although it could not have been a very agreeable circumstance to a successor and a stranger, yet the universal inclinations at that time in England toward the house of Hanover would in all probability have prevented the consequences of such an enterprise. But on the other side, if the war had continued a year longer than her majesty's life and the same causes had been applied to produce the same effects upon the affections of the people, the issue must inevitably have been either a long and bloody civil war or a sudden revolution. So that no incident could have arrived more effectual to fortify the present king's title and secure his possession than that very peace so much exploded by one party and so justly celebrated by the other; in continuing to declare which opinions under the present situation of things it is not very improbable that they may both be in jest.

But if any articles of that peace were likely to endanger the protestant succession, how could it

come to pass that the Dutch, who were guaranteees of that succession and valued far zealous defenders of it, should be so ready with their offers to comply with every article; and this for no greater a reward than a share in the assiento trade, which the opposers of peace represented to be only a trifle! That the fact is true I appeal to M. de Buys, who upon some difficulties the ministry were under by the earl of Nottingham's vote against any peace while Spain continued in the Bourbon family, undertook to make that matter easy by getting a full approbation from the States, his masters, of all her majesty's proceedings, provided they might be sharers in that trade. I can add this further, that some months after the conclusion of the peace and amid all the appearing discontents of the Dutch, a gentleman who had long resided in Holland and was occasionally employed by the ministers here assured me "That he had power from the pensionary to treat with the earl of Oxford about sending hither an extraordinary embassy from Holland, to declare that the States were fully satisfied with the whole plan of the peace, upon certain conditions which were easy and honourable and such as had no relation at all to the pretender." How this happened to fail I never inquired, nor had any discourse about it with those in power; for then their affairs were growing desperate, by the earl of Oxford's declination in the queen's favour; both which became so public, as well as her majesty's bad state of health, that I suppose those circumstances might easily cool the Dutch politicians in that pursuit.

I remember to have heard it objected against the last ministry, as an instance of their inclination toward the pretender, "That they were careless in cultivating a good correspondence with the house of Hanover." And, on the other side, I know very well what continual pains were employed to satisfy and inform the elector and his ministers in every step taken by her majesty, and what offers were made to his highness for any further securities of the succession in him and his family that could consist with the honour and safety of the queen. To this purpose were all the instructions given to earl Rivers, Mr. Thomas Harley, lord Clarendon, and some others. But all endeavours were rendered abortive by a foolish circumstance, which has often made me remember the common observation of the greatest events depending frequently upon the lowest, vilest, and obscurest causes; and this is never more verified than in courts and the issues of public affairs, whereof I could produce from my own knowledge and observation three or four very surprising instances. I have seen an old bed-maker, by officiously going to one door when gratitude as well as common sense should have sent her to another, become the instrument of putting the nation to the expense of some thousand lives and several millions of money. I have known as great an event from the stupidity or wilfulness of a beggarly Dutchman,* who lingered on purpose half an hour at a visit when he had promised to be somewhere else. Of no greater dignity was that circumstance which rendered ineffectual all endeavours of the late ministry to establish themselves in the good graces of the court of Hanover, as I shall particularly relate in another work. It may suffice to hint at present that a delay in conveying a very inconsiderable sum to a very inconsiderable French vagrant† gave the opportunity to a more industrious party of corrupting

* Carew lord Hunsdon, born and bred in Holland.

† Rolihou, then at Hanover, but in the service of some other German prince, it is not known how, got into some credit with the elector.

that channel through which all the ideas of the dispositions and designs of the queen, the ministers, and the whole British nation, were conveyed.

The second point which I conceived myself able to make out is this, that if the queen's ministers had, with or without the knowledge of their mistress, entertained any thoughts of altering the succession in favour of the pretender, it was absolutely necessary for them to have begun and prosecuted that design as soon as they came into her majesty's service.

There were two circumstances which would have made it necessary for them to have lost no time. First, because it was a work that could not possibly be done on a sudden; for the whole nation, almost to a man, excepting professed nonjurors, had conceived the utmost abhorrence of a popish successor; and as I have already observed, the scruple of conscience upon the point of loyalty was wholly confined to a few antiquated nonjurors who lay starving in obscurity; so that, in order to have brought such an affair about in a parliamentary way, some years must have been employed to turn the bent of the nation, to have rendered one person odious and another amiable, neither of which is to be soon compassed toward absent princes, unless by comparing them with those of whom we have had experience, which was not then the case.

The other circumstance was the bad condition of the queen's health, her majesty growing every day more unwell, and the gout with other disorders increasing on her, so that whoever was near the court for about the two last years of her reign might boldly have fixed the period of her life to a very few months without pretending to prophecy. And how little a time the ministers had for so great a work as that of changing the succession of the crown, and how difficult the very attempt would have been may be judged from the umbrage taken by several lords of the church party in the last year of her reign, who appeared under an apprehension that the very quarrels among the ministers might possibly be of some disadvantage to the house of Hanover. And the universal declaration, both among lords and commons at that time, as well in favour of the elector as against the pretender, are an argument beyond all conviction that some years must have been spent in altering the dispositions of the people. Upon this occasion I shall not soon forget what a great minister then said to me, and which I have been since assured was likewise the duke of Shrewsbury's opinion: "That there could be no doubt of the elector's undisturbed succession; but the chief difficulty lay in the future disaffection of the church and people and landed interest from that universal change of men and measures which he foresaw would arrive." And it must be to all impartial men above a thousand witnesses, how innocent her majesty's servants were upon this article; that, knowing so well through what channels all favour was to pass upon the queen's demise, they by their coming into power had utterly and for ever broken all measures with the opposite party, and that in the beginning of their administration there wanted not, perhaps, certain favourable junctures which some future circumstances would not have failed to cultivate. Yet their actions showed them so far from any view toward the pretender that they neglected pursuing those measures which they had constantly in their power, not only of securing themselves but the interest of the church, without any violence to the protestant succession in the person of the elector. And this unhappy neglect I take to have been the only disgrace of their ministry. To prevent this evil was, I confess, the chief point wherein all ray

little politics terminated; and the methods were easy and obvious. But whoever goes about to gain favour with a prince by a readiness to enlarge his prerogative, although out of principle and opinion, ought to provide that he be not outbid by another party, however professing a contrary principle. For I never yet read or heard of any party, acting in opposition to the true interest of their country, whatever republican denominations they affected to be distinguished by, who would not be contented to cherish public liberty for personal power or for an opportunity of gratifying their revenge, of which truth Greece and Rome, as well as many other states, will furnish plenty of examples. This reflection I could not well forbear, although it may be of little use further than to discover my own resentment. And yet perhaps that misfortune ought rather to be imputed to the want of concert and confidence than of prudence or of courage.

I must here take notice of an accusation charged upon the late ministry by the house of commons, that they put a lie or falsehood into the queen's mouth, to be delivered to her parliament. Mr. Thomas Harley was sent to the elector of Hanover with instructions to offer his highness any further securities for settling the succession in him and his family that could consist with her majesty's honour and safety. This gentleman writ a letter to the secretary of state a little before his return from Hanover, signifying in direct terms "That the elector expressed himself satisfied in the queen's proceedings, and desired to live in confidence with her." He writ to the same purpose to one of the under-secretaries; and mentioned the fact as a thing that much pleased him, and what he desired might be as public as possible. Both these letters I have read, and the queen, as she had reason to suppose, being sufficiently authorised by this notice from her minister, made mention of that information in a speech from the throne. If the fact were a lie it is what I have not heard Mr. Harley to have been charged with. From what has since passed in the world I should indeed be inclined to grant it might have been a compliment in his highness, and perhaps understood to be so by the queen; but, without question, her majesty had a fair excuse to take the elector according to the literal meaning of his words. And if this be so the imputation of falsehood must remain where these accusers of that excellent princess's veracity will, I suppose, not profess at least an inclination to place it.

I am very willing to mention the point wherein as I said all my little politics terminated, and wherein I may pretend to know that the ministers were of the same opinion, and would have put it in practice if it pleased God to let them continue to act with any kind of unanimity.

I have already observed how well it was known at court what measures the elector intended to follow whenever his succession should take place, and what hands he would employ in the administration of his affairs. I have likewise mentioned some facts and reasons which influenced and fixed his highness in that determination notwithstanding all possible endeavours to divert him from it. Now, if we consider the dispositions of England at that time, when almost the whole body of the clergy, a vast majority of the landed interest and of the people in general, were of the church party, it must be granted that one or two acts, which might have passed in ten days, would have put it utterly out of the power of the successor to have procured a house of commons of a different stamp, and this with very little diminution to the prerogative; which acts might have

been only temporary. For the usual arts to gain parliaments can hardly be applied with success after the election against a majority at least of three in four, because the trouble and expense would be too great, beside the loss of reputation. For neither could such a number of members find their account in point of profit, nor would the crown be at so much charge and hazard, merely for the sake of governing by a small party against the bent and genius of the nation. And as to all attempts of influencing electors, they would have been sufficiently provided for by the scheme intended. I suppose it need not be added that the government of England cannot move a step while the house of commons continues to dislike proceedings or persons employed; at least in an age where parliaments are grown so frequent and are made so necessary; whereas a minister is but the creature of a day, and a house of lords has been modelled in many reigns by enlarging the number as well as by other obvious expedients.

The judicious reader will soon comprehend how easily the legislature at that time could have provided against the power and influence of a court or ministry in future elections, without the least injury to the succession and even without the modern invention of perpetuating themselves; which, however, I must needs grant to be one of the most effectual, vigorous, and resolute proceedings that I have yet met with in reading or information. For the long parliament under king Charles I., although it should be allowed of good authority, will hardly amount to an example.

I must again urge and repeat that those who charge the earl of Oxford and the rest of that ministry with a design of altering the succession of the crown in favour of the pretender will perhaps be at some difficulty to fix the time when that design was in agitation; for if such an attempt had begun with their power it is not easy to assign a reason why it did not succeed; because there were certain periods when her majesty and her servants were extremely popular, and the house of Hanover not altogether so much, upon account of some behaviour here and some other circumstances that may better be passed over in silence; all which however had no other consequence than that of repeated messages of kindness and assurance to the elector. During the last two years of the queen's life her health was in such a condition that it was wondered how she could hold out so long; and then as I have already observed it was too late and hazardous to engage in an enterprise which required so much time, and which the ministers themselves had rendered impracticable by the whole course of their former proceedings, as well as by the continuance and heightening of those dissensions which had early risen among them.

The party now in power will easily agree that this design of overthrowing the succession could not be owing to any principle of conscience in those whom they accuse; for they know very well, by their own experience and observation, that such kind of scruples have given but small disturbance of late years in these kingdoms. Since interest is therefore the only test by which we are to judge the intentions of those who manage public affairs, it would have been but reasonable to have shown how the interest of the queen's ministers could be advanced by introducing the pretender before they were charged with such an intention. Her majesty was several years younger than her intended successor; and at the beginning of that ministry had no disorders except the gout, which is not usually reckoned a shortener of life; and those in chief trust were, generally speak-

ing, older than their mistress; so that no persons had ever a fairer prospect of running on the natural life of an English ministry; considering likewise the general vogue of the kingdom, at that time in their favour. And it will be hard to find an instance in history of a set of men in full possession of power so sanguine as to form an enterprise of overthrowing the government without the visible prospect of a general defection, which (then at least) was not to be hoped for. Neither do I believe it was ever heard of that a ministry in such circumstances durst engage in so dangerous an attempt without the direct commands of their sovereign. And as to the persons then in service, if they may be allowed to have common sense, they would much sooner have surrendered their employments than hazard the loss of their heads at so great odds before they had tried or changed the disposition of the parliament; which is an accusation that I think none of their libellers have charged upon them, at least till toward the end of their ministry; and then very absurdly, because the want of time and other circumstances rendered such a work impossible, for several reasons which I have already related.

And whoever considers the late queen, so little enterprising in her nature, so much given to delay, and at the same time so obstinate in her opinions (as restlessness is commonly attended with slowness), so great a pursuer of peace and quiet, and so exempt from the two powerful passions of love and hatred, will hardly think she had a spirit turned for such an undertaking; if we add to this the contempts she often expressed for the person and concerns of the chevalier her brother, of which I have already said enough to be understood.

It has been objected against the late queen and her servants, as a mark of no favourable disposition toward the house of Hanover, that the electoral prince was not invited to reside in England; and at the same time it ought to be observed that this objection was raised and spread by the leaders of that party who first opposed the counsel of inviting him; offering among other arguments against it the example of queen Elizabeth, who would not so much as suffer her successor to be declared, expressing herself that she would not live with her grave-stone always in her sight; although the case be by no means parallel between the two queens. For in her late majesty's reign the crown was as firmly settled on the Hanover family as the legislature could do it; and the question was only whether the presumptive heir of distant kindred should keep his court in the same kingdom and metropolis with the sovereign, while the nation was torn between different parties, to be at the head of that faction which her majesty and the body of her people utterly disapproved; and therefore the leaders on both sides, when they were in power, did positively determine this question in the negative. And if we may be allowed to judge by events, the reasons were cogent enough; since differences may happen to arise between two princes the most nearly allied in blood; although it be true indeed that where the duty to a parent is added to the allegiance of a subject the consequence of family dissensions may not always be considerable.

For my own part I freely told my opinion to the ministers; and did afterward offer many reasons for it in a discourse intended for the public, but stopped by the queen's death, that the young grandson (whose name I cannot remember) should be invited over to be educated in England; by which I conceived the queen might be secure from the influence of cabals and factions; the zealots, who affected to

believe the succession in danger, could have no pretences to complain; and the nation might one day hope to be governed by a prince of English manners and language, as well as acquainted with the true constitution of church and state. And this was the judgment of those at the helm before I offered it; neither were they nor their mistress to be blamed that such a resolution was not pursued. Perhaps, from what has since happened, the reader will be able to satisfy himself.

I have now said all I could think convenient (considering the time wherein I am writing) upon those two points which I proposed to discourse on, wherein I have dealt with the utmost impartiality, and I think upon the fairest supposition, which is that of allowing men to act upon the motives of their interests and their passions; for I am not so weak as to think one ministry more virtuous than another, unless by chance or by extraordinary prudence and virtue of the prince; which last, taking mankind in the lump, and adding the great counterbalance of royal education, is a very rare accident; and where it happens is even then of little use when factions are violent. But it so falls out that, among contending parties in England, the general interest of church and state is more the private interest of one side than the other; so that whoever professes to act upon a principle of observing the laws of his country may have a safe rule to follow by discovering whose particular advantage it chiefly is that the constitution should be preserved entire in all its parts. For there cannot, properly speaking, be above two parties in such a government as ours; and one side will find themselves obliged to take in all the subaltern denominations of those who dislike the present establishment in order to make themselves a balance against the other; and such a party, composed of mixed bodies, although they differ widely in the several fundamentals of religion and government, and all of them from the true public interest, yet whenever their leaders are taken into power under an ignorant, unactive, or ill-designing prince, will probably, by the assistance of time or force, become the majority, unless they be prevented by a steadiness which there is little reason to hope; or by some revolution, which there is much more reason to fear. For abuses in administration may last much longer than politicians seem to be aware of, especially where some bold steps are made to corrupt the very fountain of power and legislature; in which case, as it may happen in some states, the whole body of the people are drawn in by their own supposed consent to be their own enslavers; and where will they find a thread to wind themselves out of this labyrinth? or will they not rather wish to be governed by arbitrary power after the manner of other nations? For whoever considers the course of the Roman empire after Caesar's usurpation, the long continuance of the Turkish government, or the destruction of the Gothic balance in most kingdoms of Europe, will easily see how controllable that maxim is that *res nolunt diu male administrari*; because, as corruptions are more natural to mankind than perfections, so they are more likely to have a longer continuance. For the vices of men, considered as individuals, are exactly the same when they are moulded into bodies; nor otherwise to be withheld in their effects than by good fundamental laws, in which when any great breaches are made, the consequence will be the same as in the life of a particular man, whose vices are seldom known to end but with himself.

A TRUE NARRATIVE
OF WHAT PASSED AT THE EXAMINATION OF
THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD,
AT THE COCKPIT, MARCH 8, 1710-11;
FOR HIS STABBING MR. HARLEY; AND OTHER PRE-
CEDENT AND SUBSEQUENT FACTS, RELATING
TO THE LIFE OF THE SAID GUISCARD.

"YESTERDAY was sent me a narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself; so I sent my hints to the author of the *Atalantis* and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style; only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I am afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true."—*Journal to St. John*, April 16, 1711. "Guiscard, and what you will read in the Narrative I ordered to be written." *Ibid.* April 28. The facts in this Narrative are confirmed by several other passages in the dean's works; particularly in the Examiner, No. 33, and the share he had in it is acknowledged in "Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry."

THERE is nothing received with more pleasure in history than the minute passages and circumstances of such facts as are extraordinary and surprising. We often lament to see an important accident nakedly told, stripped of those particularities which are most entertaining and instructive in such relations. This defect is frequent in all historians, not through their own fault but for want of information. For while facts are fresh in memory nobody takes care to record them, as thinking it idle to inform the world in what they know already; and by this means the accounts we have of them are only traditional, the circumstances forgotten, and perhaps supplied with false ones or formed upon probabilities according to the genius of the writer.

But beside the informing posterity on such occasions there is something due to the present age. People at distance are curious and concerned to know the particulars of great events as well as those in the metropolis, and so are the neighbouring nations. And the relations they receive are usually either very imperfect or misrepresented on purpose by the prejudice of party in the relations.

I shall endeavour to avoid both these errors in the fact I am going to relate; and having made use of some good opportunities to be informed from the first hands of several passages not generally known, I hope it will be in my power to give some satisfaction to the public. About six years ago there came into England a French papist, the younger brother of a noble family in that kingdom, called Antoine de Guiscard, abbot de Borly, near the Cevennes in France. And as it is the usual custom for cadets of quality there to betake themselves to the army or the church, Guiscard chose the latter and had an abbey given him of a considerable revenue; but being of a vicious and profligate nature he fell into the most horrible crimes that a man can commit. Among other instances, it is said that he seduced a nun. It is likewise reported that he and his younger brother, suspecting their receiver had cheated, got

* Mrs. Manley was also employed by Dr. Swift in "A learned Comment upon Dr. Hare's excellent Sermon, preached before the Duke of Marlborough, on the Surrender of Rouleau;" "A true Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended Riot and Tumult on Queen Elizabeth's Birthday;" and in "A modest Inquiry into the Reasons of the Joy expressed by a certain set of People, upon the spreading a Report of Her Majesty's Death;" and wrote "A New Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough, &c.," see *Journal to St. John*, Nov. 3, 1711. Beside these four tracts she was supposed to have written "A Letter to the Examiner, concerning the Harrier Treaty vindicated (by Dr. Hare)"; and "An Answer to Baron Bothmar's Memorial;" from hints suggested by the dean.

the poor man to their house and put him to the torture to force a discovery from him. Beside keeping a *serail* in his abbey, when he used to receive a sum together from his revenue, his custom was to go to Tholouse and invisit it in all sorts of excesses. A young lady of a good family was so unhappy to be prevailed on, to her dishonour, by his brother. Monsieur de Guiscard was afterwards employed to steal her from her father; but falling in love with her himself, he carried her off from his rival into Switzerland. Satiety not long after succeeding, he was so inhuman to poison the poor unfortunate lady. After his flight, he was hanged in effigy by the magistrates at the principal town in Rouergue for his intended rebellion. It is agreed on all hands that upon account of his many enormities (but, as himself terms them in his *Memoirs*, "private domestic concerns and the crying injustice done his family"), he withdrew to his own lands in the province of Rouergue, contiguous to that part of Languedoc called The Cevennes; where he endeavoured to raise insurrections among the discontented people, of which he has published a very foolish account; but having neither credit nor ability for such an undertaking his success was answerable. He was forced to fly into Switzerland, without taking any measures for the safety of those poor wretches involved with him, and who had been so unhappy to be wrought by his insinuations. Thirty of the Roman catholic persuasion (seduced by Guiscard into the design of rebelling for liberty, not religion) fell under the sentence of the magistrate, and were broken upon the wheel; though it is said if Monsieur de Guiscard, upon whom they depended for intelligence, had but delayed his flight only so long as to send notice to those gentlemen of the danger impending, they might all, or at least the greater number of them, have escaped as well as himself.

The marquis de Guiscard had an early, an undoubted propensity to mischief and villany, but without those fine parts useful in the cabinet; he had not capacity to conduct a design, though he might have brain enough to form one; was wholly unacquainted with war, had never been in the army, a profligate abbot, who knew nothing of the soldier. Yet this man we find immediately made a colonel of a regiment of horse, and lieutenant-general, with a pension as it is said from Holland as well as from us. To do all this for one wholly ignorant of a camp was foolish as well as scandalous.

Nor had adversity made any impression upon his manners. His behaviour here was expensive, luxurious, vicious; lavishing at play and upon women what was given him for his own support. Beside his continual good fortune with other ladies, he kept two in constant pay, upon whom he made a profuse and regular expense: one of those creatures was married, whom, that he might possess with the greater ease, he procured her husband to be pressed and sent away into the service: a transcript of that state cunning sometimes practised by great politicians (when they would disencumber themselves of an *incommode*) in affairs of the like emergency.

At first there was none more caressed than our foreign favourite. A late minister seldom saw a levee without him, though we admit that is not always a proof of being a favourite of those to whom they make their court. There are who crowd themselves where they have done the most sensible in-

juries, and against whom they have been guilty of the highest offence: but want of shame is one part of an ill man's character, as another branch is that he can submit to the meanest things.

Monsieur de Guiscard had the misfortune to sink under his character, even to those great men who at first had most indulged him. His parts were too mean to balance or uphold him against a just contempt; he was found a useless villain whose inferior understanding could not answer expectation. Proving unserviceable he was consequently discountenanced, dropped by degrees, and afterward totally neglected, his pension ill paid, and himself reduced to extremity. This put him upon making his peace with France: a common practice of such villains, whose only business being to support an infamous life in fulness of luxury, they never weigh what stands between them and the end.

The marquis de Guiscard had no religion, knew nothing of principles, or indeed humanity: brutish, bold, desperate, an engine fit for the blackest mischief; revengeful, busy to design, though full of inconsistencies and preposterous in his management; his schemes impracticable to any less rash and inconsiderate, as may be seen at large in those his ill-formed projects of rebellion against his prince; his aspect gloomy and forbidding, no false indication of the malignancy within. Nor could the evil in his nature be diverted by benefits. The present ministry, regarding him as a man of family, one who had been caressed in England, though they liked neither his principles nor his practice, thought it against the glory of the queen (who is the sanctuary of distressed foreigners) to let a gentleman of such birth want the supports of life, and therefore entered upon measures to pay him four hundred pounds a-year as part of that pension which at first was granted him and had been for some time discontinued. He could no longer with any pretence be a malecontent, but he would not forego his treacherous design nor his desire to make his peace at home. Mr. Harley discovered his correspondence: he knew he had wrote three letters to France with advice of our affairs. This discovery was made a fortnight before Monsieur de Guiscard's seizure. Mr. Harley was willing to convict him under his own hand, and accordingly took all necessary precaution to have what letters he should write brought to the secretary's office. In the mean time persons were employed that should give an account of all his motions; such who played with him, drank with him, walked with him, in a word those who under the pretence of diversion and friendship should never lose sight of him till that day, when he went to a merchant of his acquaintance to the city, and gave him a letter with this request, "that he would be pleased to forward it and let it be sent away with his own foreign letters."

This letter was brought to Mr. Harley; where he read Monsieur Guiscard's advice to the ministers of France, "That they should invade England as soon as possible, whether they succeeded or no, because the mischief it would do us would be irreparable: it would disconcert and divide us, ruin our credit, and do us a vast deal of hurt." &c.

On the 8th of March, the queen's inauguration day, Monsieur de Guiscard, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon was seized in the Mall in St. James's Park, by a warrant of high treason from Mr. secretary St. John, and carried by the queen's messengers to the Cockpit. He seemed then to have taken his resolution, and to determine that his ruin should be fatal to those persons who occasioned it, by desiring leave to send for a glass of sack, a wine

* "Authentic memoirs, being secret transactions in the southern provinces of France, to rescue that nation from slavery; dedicated to the queen of Great Britain. By the marquis de Guiscard, Lieutenant-General of the Forces gone upon the present drought."

bread and butter, and a *knife*. The woman of the coffeehouse sent him all but the knife, which was accidentally omitted. He was brought into the clerks' room, and kept there till the cabinet council was assembled; in that room he found a *penknife*, and took it away unperceived; which as it is supposed he hid in his sleeve, for there was none found in his pockets, which were searched before his examination.

There were present at the committee of cabinet council, the lord keeper, lord president, duke of Ormond, duke of Newcastle, duke of Buckingham, duke of Queensberry, earl Poulet, lord Dartmouth, Mr. Harley, Mr. secretary St. John.

[Mr. Tilson, Mr. Hare, under-secretaries, sat at a table by themselves.]

Monsieur de Guiscard being brought in to be examined, Mr. secretary St. John, whose business it was to interrogate him, asked him some questions about his corresponding with France, and whether he had not sent letters thither? Monsieur de Guiscard denied it boldly: mean time his colour came and went. Earl Poulet, before he was brought in, had desired Mr. St. John to change places with Mr. Harley, that Guiscard's face might be full in the light, and his countenance better perceived in any alteration that might happen at the questions that should be asked him.

The presence of that august assembly, the obligations the criminal had to some in particular who had honoured him with their favour, and to all in general, as they were of the first rank among a people who had so generously refuted him in his misfortunes; his own guilt and dread of being detected; might well cause an emotion in the mind and face of the most resolved, most hardened person. He flushed and turned pale, the posture of his feet restless and unassured, his hands in perpetual motion, fumbling in his pocket; which some of that noble assembly reflecting on, could yet well account for by remembering it was his usual manner: a French air which has been long since received in England, among some of our fine gentlemen, to a great degree of imitation.

Could one have looked into Guiscard's guilty soul, how terrible at that moment had been the prospect! His dread of conviction, his ingratitude, his treachery, his contempt or desire of death, his despair of heaven, his love of his native country, his spirit of revenge, embroiled his thoughts, fermented his blood, roused his shame, and worked up his resolution to a pitch of doing all the service to France and mischief he could to England. Like falling Sampson, to involve in his fate the strength of the enemy; yet he would make one push for life, and till proof were produced not give up a cause he could defend so easily as by denying the crime he was charged with; which he did with an undaunted assurance, till Mr. secretary asked him "If he knew such a gentleman?" naming the merchant with whom he had left the letter. At that Guiscard rolled his eyes, assured of his ruin, yet surprised and shocked at the approach. The same question being repeated, he answered "Yes, what of that?" Being pressed again to discover what he knew of his corresponding with France, he continued obstinate in his pretended ignorance; when Mr. secretary St. John produced his letter, and with a force of eloquence inseparable from what he speaks represented to Monsieur de Guiscard the baseness, the blackness of his crime; "to betray the queen, his benefactress; Britain, the country that had refuted, supported, trusted, honoured him by the command of her troops with such noble confidence, that made it double vil-

lany in him to be a villain!" exhorting him "yet to be sincere, and give up to their information what he knew of the treacherous design he had formed."

While the secretary's words were making an irresistible impression upon every mind but his to whom they were addressed, the criminal formed to himself the destruction of those two dreadful enemies of France, Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John. It seemed to him too hazardous to attempt the design at the full board; not in regard of his own life (that was already devoted), but lest they should not be both involved. It appeared reasonable to him, that if upon the pretence of discovery, he could get Mr. St. John to withdraw, Mr. Harley might possibly be of the party, and he have a chance to murder both before they could be assisted. Accordingly, when he was pressed to discover, he desired to speak with Mr. St. John apart. The secretary told him, "That was impracticable: he was before the whole committee as a criminal, and what he had to say must be said to all." Upon Guiscard's persisting to speak only to the secretary, they went to ring the bell, to call in the messengers to carry him away; which he observing, cried out "That is hard! not one word! *pas un mot!*" and stooping down, said "*J'en veux donc à toi.*" Then have at thee!" so stabbed Mr. Harley. Redoubling the stroke the penknife broke, which he was not sensible of; but rushing on toward Mr. St. John, overthrew the clerks' table that stood between. Mr. St. John saw Mr. Harley fall; and cried out "The villain has killed Mr. Harley!" Then he gave him a wound, as did the duke of Ormond and the duke of Newcastle. Mr. St. John was resolved to have killed him, but that he saw Mr. Harley got up and walking about, and heard earl Poulet cry out, "not to kill Guiscard." The messengers laid hold of him and tore his coat. He raged, he struggled, he overthrew several of them with the strength of one desperate or frantic, till at last they got him down by pulling him backward by the cravat. Like a lion taken in the toils, he foamed, he grinned, his countenance seemed despoiled of the aspect of anything human; his eyes gleamed fire, despair, and fury. He cried out to the duke of Ormond, whilst they were hindering him, amid his execrations and his raving, "My lord Ormond, *Pourquoi ne moi dépêchez vous?* Why do you not dispatch me?" The noble duke made this memorable answer, "*Ce n'est pas l'affair des hommes gens; c'est l'affair d'un autre.*" It is not the work of gentlemen; it is the work of others."

Let us turn our eyes from so detestable an object to another not less surprising, though of a quite different kind; where we shall behold a gentleman, arrived by long practice to that difficult attainment of possessing his soul in all conditions, in all accidents, whether of life or death, with moderation. This is the man that may truly be said to know himself, whom even assassination cannot surprise; to whom the passions are in such obedience, they never contend for sway nor attempt to throw him from his guard. Mr. Harley, falling back in his chair by the redoubled stroke that was given him, and seeing them busy about taking Guiscard, by whom he imagined himself killed, did not call or cry

* Monsieur Mesnager says, Mr. Harley was stabbed "by an *écuyer* François, a French miscreant, at the council board, where that wretch was brought to be examined;" and adds, in a strain of national vanity, "They may take notice in England how good judges we are of men in France, and believe they have reason to be wary how they entertain any, whom the wisest prince on earth, than whom none sees further into the merits of men, has determined to be worthless and not fit to be employed."—Extracted from the Negotiations of Mesnager.

for help; but getting up as well as he could of himself, applied his handkerchief to the wound to stop the blood and keep out the air, walking about the room till they had time to come to him, not complaining nor accusing, nor encouraging them to revenge him upon Guiscard; his countenance serene, unaltered; so that from his own behaviour, all his friends, particularly his tenderest, Mr. St. John, hoped he was but slightly hurt. When Busiere, the surgeon, searched the wound, they were all surprised to find it so dangerous; the penknife was struck aside and buried in the wound, which Mr. Harley himself took out, wiped, called for the handle, and said "They belong to me." He asked "if the wound were mortal, as he had affairs to settle." Even in our incredulous age, we may term his escape a miracle: the blow was struck exactly upon his breast-bone, which broke the knife; had it been an inch lower, it had touched the *diaphragma*, and all the world could not have saved his life: or a nail's breadth deeper it would have reached his heart. I have heard it affirmed, "that if one should attempt a thousand times at an imitation of Guiscard's design, without his rage and force, not once in that thousand times would it be probable that a life could escape the blow, as Mr. Harley's has done." He had a double deliverance, first from the knife striking upon the breast-bone and then from its breking there; he must else have infallibly been murdered by the repetition of the blow. Neither was the cure less doubtful; the contusion was more dangerous than the wound itself: about a week after the bruised blood fell down, which beld his life in suspense. He had been ill for some time before, and was not as yet recovered.

As soon as Mr. Harley was dressed he ordered the surgeon to take care of Monsieur de Guiscard; and was himself carried home in a chair, followed by the lamentations and prayers of the people for his recovery, who attended him to his own door with their sighs and sorrows.

The bold marquis, though subdued, was still untamed: his fury, despair, and desire of instant death made him use his efforts to prevent the good intentions of the surgeon and the assistants. They were forced to keep him down by strength of hand whilst his wounds were searched and dressed, after which he was sent to Newgate, where he continued in the same violence of mind. He begged to die; he strove to die by rubbing the plasters from his wounds; to prevent which there were persons perpetually employed to watch on each side the bed.

If we read his sentiments in his own Memoirs we may find they were always disposed to violence. Speaking to those whom he would draw into a confederacy against the king, "That it was better to die once for all, than to die in a manner a thousand times a-day, always at the mercy of men who made it their business to embitter their life and make it insupportable."—p. 8. In another place, "How can we better spend some few and uncertain days, which every moment are ended by some disease, by misfortune or old age, than by making our name famous and immortal?"—p. 14. And thus, "Pusillanimous men, who for want of courage dare not attempt anything at their peril, will never see an end of their misfortune."—p. 46.

These being his avowed tenets may give us some light into a design so execrable that it were sin to look into it with any other eyes but detestation. Monsieur de Guiscard was to reconcile himself to France, which could not probably be done but by something more notorious than his disaffection. Upon his deathbed examination he told the lords

"There was something horrible he had to tell them!—for which he ought to be torn in pieces!—something inconceivable!—exceeding all barbarity!"—There he stopped as if for breath, a reanimation of spirits, or to recollect what he had to say. After awhile, seeing he did not proceed, they reminded him to go on. He repeated those and many more such expressions. Being pressed to proceed, he fell into something very trifling, which he knew they knew already; said, "It was no matter—content—content"—meaning to die.

Upon their examination of him in Newgate he seemed to boast his resolution and performance; bade them "judge what he was able to do in a good cause had they thought fit to employ and trust him, since he could go so far in an ill one." The vanity of his nation kept him company to the last: he valued himself upon his intrepidity, his contempt of death, and thirst of honour, &c. The last time the lords were with him, he desired Mr. St. John's hand, and said "Pardonne, pardonne." Mr. St. John replied, "Je vous pardonne—Dieu vous pardonne!"—Guiscard repeating, "Content—content"—he became delirious.

The roughness of his nature seems to have hindered him from encouraging that remorse which approaching death might occasion, else we should doubtless have had disclosed the blackest scene that any age has shown. It is very well known the eager desire he had for some time expressed to see the queen alone; the pretence of that audience he so earnestly importuned was, "To get his pension assured." He was of late often found in the ante-chamber and at the back stairs. He generally carried a bottle of poison about him, supposed to answer the disappointment of some foreseen event. This compared with his own words and several letters from France and Holland at that time, mentioning it was expected they should hear of a *coup d'état en Angleterre*, makes it almost past doubt that he did design to kill the queen, and failing of his attempt there stabbed Mr. Harley, as by his own confession he would have done Mr. St. John, because they were the two important lives that gave dread and anguish to that monarch who has so long and often been the terror of others.

The queen, all merciful and saintlike as she is, had herself the goodness (notwithstanding appearances were against him in the supposition of his horrible intentions to destroy her) to appoint two surgeons and two physicians to attend him in Newgate, with whatever was befitting a man of family. This gracious treatment could depart only from a mind so conversant with heaven, so near of kindred, as that of our pious queen.

Her cares and prayers were the balm that healed Mr. Harley's wound. The honour that was done him by the address of parliament will never be forgotten, nor her majesty's gracious answer. It is remarkable that when it was brought into the house of lords the Whigs all went out except one, who raised a weak objection "that Monsieur de Guiscard was not a pspit convict."

Notwithstanding the surgeon's and physician's art and care, Monsieur de Guiscard died in Newgate. His wounds, of which he received four in the forepart of his body, were cured; the fifth was in his back, which the surgeons deposed was not mortal. The jury gave in their verdict "That his bruises were the cause of his death." It appeared upon this examination of Mr. Wilcox, the queen's messenger, that it was he that wounded the marquis in the back and gave him those bruises of which he died. Monsieur de Guiscard in struggling with Wilcox threw

him against a window, which caused him to void above a quart of blood the same night.

His resolution or rather obstinacy continued to the last: he would not permit his wounds to be dressed nor accepted of any nourishment but what was forced upon him; he made no profession of religion, had no show of remorse or contrition, nor desired the assistance of a priest. He was privately interred by order from the court—a merey no nation but ours would have conferred upon a spy, a traitor, and an assassin.

Is it not obvious to all England what had been our distress in the confusion wherein so long a run of mismanagement has plunged us, if heaven had permitted the knife of a barbarous foreigner to have robbed us of a minister whose conduct, wise, steadfast, vigorous, extricates our affairs and embroils the enemy? Does not the flourishing church of England owe him all things for her deliverance from prebtery and atheism; a miracle no less reasonable than when she was assaulted by all the force of Rome? Were he not a sincere worshipper at our increasing altars, would he not reduce rather than multiply? Is not even our gracious sovereign indebted to him for scattering those persons from about her whose excessive tyranny strove to ruin all those who aimed to come at the queen but by them? Does he not sacrifice his quiet to the good of his country without enriching his own family with her treasure or decking himself with her honours, though the *has nona* but what with pride and joy she is ready to bestow upon him? Was not his blood (even now devoted to the restless genius of France), spilt in dread of his pursuits and endeavours to reduce that monarch to humanity and reason? Is not his modesty so excessive that he comes from those persons who have treated him as a traitor the extent of his power, lest he should seem to insult their disgrace? Free from that false delicacy which so often makes people uneasy at what either the mistaken or our enemies say of us; his actions have their foundation on solid judgment, propped by a most extensive genius, unlimited foresight, and immoveable prudence. France records her *Ricbelieu*, *Mazzini*, and *Louvois*; we talk with veneration of the *Cecil*s; but posterity shall boast of *Harley* as a prodigy in whom the spring is pure as the stream; not troubled by ingratitude or avarice, nor its beauty deformed by the feature of any vice. The coming age will envy ours a minister of such accumulated worth; they will see and know how happy we were. Why then should we ourselves be wilfully blind or wilfully ignorant of it? Is it not his distress to be born among a people so divided? Could he be in any other country have failed of universal love and veneration? How long shall our divisions make us the sport and proverb of the neighbouring nations? *Monsieur Quillet*, by the purity of his Latin, has diffused our character throughout the world; and when the curious would be informed of the genius of the British people, the learned refer to him: it is thought the most beautiful part of his *Callipedia*, and moreover the spirit of the author may have suffered by the change, I will present it to the reader in the English translator's words:

"If then from *Celaie* you design to land
On England's vile, inhospitable strand,
There you shall find a race of monstrous men.
Where mangled princes strew the cyprip's den.
A false, ungrateful, and rebellious brood.
New from a slaughter'd monarch's sacred blood.
They break all laws, all fancies they pursue,
And follow all religions but the true.

* Alluding to the bill for building fifty new churches.

All there are priests, each differently prays,
And worship heaven ten thousand different ways
If by the mob the cutting foal's admired,
The brother's gifted, and the saint inspired.
Hence the fanatics rave, and wildly stam,
Convert by pistol, and by pike reform.
Nor are the enthusiasts an abhorrent crew
To holy ceremonious rites alone:
An Englishman on all extremes will run,
And by consent be wilfully undone.
If an opinion thwart what ancients wrote,
He catches it, and bosoms up the thought.
Aleides would his club as soon resign,
As be a darling heresy decline.

"Yet we must do the sons of England right:
Some stars shine through the horror of the night.
For navigation, and for skill renown'd,
To sailing the tempestuous globe around.
To them no shore's untried, no sea's unknown,
Where waves have murmur'd and where winds have blown.
Typhis and Jason, who in *Argo* came,
Lay no pretensions to so just a fame,
As *Cædric*, *Willoughby*, and *Drake's* immortal name."

Is it not time to redeem our character, that the world in applauding our courage may no longer object our divisions? Though we disagree in religion, yet for common good, we should methinks be glad to unite in politics. Our ceremonies may differ, but our essentials are the same; and to people of reason, one would imagine there needed not much persuasion to join in those advantageous particulars, reputation and interest.

Parties break their force against one another, do the work of our foes, are weakened by perpetual animosities, hate their adversary at home much more strenuously than a foreign enemy, incapacitate themselves from doing all the injury they should to France, all the good they ought to England. Our piques and distastes for trifles have run us up to frenzy; the world beholds the hatred and aversion among us as lunacy in our blood, incurable but by letting forth; they foresee and long for a civil war, to reduce us to misery and reason; they flatter themselves that our dissensions tend that way, and prophesy they can have no end but with our ruin.

It is ourselves only can disappoint the hopes of our enemies, and extricate ourselves. The very *Mahometans* claim our pity for being misled by the grand impostor; and shall a fellow-christian be hated? Have we no arguments but bitterness and reproach? must we continue as violent against our neighbour at home, as brave in the field abroad? If we were not all Britons, or had different interests, something might be said for that eager desire of ruin so conspicuous in the contending parties.

How ridiculous it appears to a reasonable man, who reflects how greatly our happy constitution is envied by our enemies and how little valued or enjoyed by ourselves! We boast of liberty, and yet do all we can to enslave others to our opinions; meanwhile the common interest of the island is lost or forgotten in the desire of gratifying our particular revenge and aversions.

We have now a queen and ministry of consummate piety, prudence, and abilities, who know the true interest of England and will pursue it. The church is delivered from oppression and fears; religion secured according to every Englishman's heart's desire. What should we next consider but the interest of the body politic? Which way can that be so effectually carried on as by calming our heats and animosities, by taking off the veil of prejudice and party which so long has blinded us; to have every individual consider what would be for the good of the whole and sincerely to give into it? Were these measures faithfully pursued, France could never be formidable to England; nor the protestant religion here be under any apprehension from the restless and encroaching spirit of the Roman.

A LEARNED COMMENT

UPON DR. HARE'S EXCELLENT SERMON,

PREACHED (SER. 9. 1711) BEFORE THE DUKE
OF MARLBOROUGH, ON THE SURRENDER
OF BOUCHAIN.

BY AN ENEMY TO PEACE.

Et nullis utile bellum.

"I HAVE got a set of Examiners; and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the 'Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough,' and is entirely of the author of the *Atalantis*."—*Journal to Stella*, Oct. 27, 1711.

"Comment on Hare's sermon by the same woman; only hints sent to the printer from Presto, to give her."—*Ibid.* Nov. 3.

I HAVE been so well entertained by reading Dr. Hare's sermon, preached before the duke of Marlborough and the army, in way of thanksgiving for passing the lines and taking Bouchain, that I cannot forbear giving part of my thoughts thereupon to the public. If a colonel had been to preach at the head of his regiment, I believe he would have made just such a sermon; which before I begin with, I must beg leave to consider the preface, and that stale topic in the publisher of "printing a discourse without the author's leave, by a copy got from a friend; being himself so modest that he would by no means hear of printing what was drawn up in so much haste." If the thing be not worth publishing, either the author is a fool or his friend a knave. Besides, the apology seems very needless for one that has so often been complimented upon his productions; of which we have seen several without either art or care, though published with this famous doctor's consent. A good argument indeed is not the worse for being without art or care; but an ill one is nothing without both. If pluniness and honesty made amends for every hasty foolish composition, we should never have an end, and every dunce that blotted paper would have the same plea. But the good doctor's zeal for the continuation of the war must atone for the rest of his defects. His politics and his divinity seem to be much of a size; there is no more of the last in his sermon than what is to be found in the text; he is so great an enemy to a partition that he scorns to divide even that.

He begins p. 62.^b—"I cannot but think that one of the properest acknowledgments to God, for the manifest tokens we receive of his good providence, is to consider their natural tendency, and what is the true use which he has put into our power to make of them." May we not very well query whether this be sense or truth? The properest acknowledgments to God for the manifest tokens, &c., is to offer him thanks and praise and obey his laws.

P. 63.—"Persevere bravely in the just and necessary war we are engaged in, till we can obtain such a peace as the many successes he has given us natu-

rally lead to, and by the continuance of the divine favour must end in, if we be content to wait his leisure, and are not by our impatience and misgiving fears wanting to ourselves." At this rate when must we expect a peace? May we not justly inquire whether it be God's or the duke of Marlborough's leisure he would have us wait? He is there in an army well paid, sees nothing but plenty, may profuseness in the great officers and riches in the general. Profuseness, when they every day in their turns receive the honour of his grace's company to dinner with them. At that sumptuous table which his grace once a week provides for himself and them, the good doctor never considers what we suffer at home, or how long we shall be able to find them money to support their magnificence. I should think the queen and ministry next under God the best judges what peace we ought to make. If by our impatience he meant the army, it was needless and absurd; if he meant our impatience here at home, being so far removed from the scene and in quite another view, he can be no judge of that.

P. 64.—"One would think a people who by such a train of wonderful successes were now brought to the very banks of Jordan, could not be so fearful as to stop there, or doubt with themselves whether or no they should try to pass the river, (quero, Senet or Scheilt!) and get possession of the land which God had promised them; that they could with their own eyes take a view of it (applied to Pleadry), and behold it was exceeding good," &c. Our case and the Israelites' is very different. What they conquered they got for themselves; we take a view of the land as they did, and "behold it to be exceeding good," but good for others. If Joshua had spent many years in conquering the Amorites (with the loss of infinite blood and treasure), and then delivered the land over to the Gibeonites, the Israelites might have had good reason to murmur; and that has been our case.

Ibid.—"It seems incredible that men should for many years together struggle with the greatest difficulties, and successfully go through innumerable dangers in pursuit of a noble end, an end worthy of all the pains and trouble they are at, and yet lose their courage as they gain ground," &c. Though this be a falsity, yet to lose courage as we gain ground may very probably happen, if we squander our courage by the yard and gain ground by the inch.

Ibid.—"Of all the virtues human nature would aspire to, constancy seems to be that it is least made for. A steady pursuit of the same end for any long time together hath something in it that looks like immortality," (hath not this slight something in it that looks like nonsense?) "and seems to be above the reach of mortal man." (How does a steady pursuit look like immortality? If it looks like immortality, it certainly seems to be above the reach of mortal man.) The "earth we live on, the air we breathe, the nourishment we take, everything about us is by nature subject to continual change; our bodies themselves are in a perpetual flux, and not a moment together the same as they were. What place then can there be for a constant steady principle of action amidst so much inconstancy?" If these reasons were true, it would be impossible not to be inconstant. With this old beaten trash of a flux he might go on a hundred pages on the same subject without producing anything new; it is a wonder we had not the grave observation, "That nothing is constant but inconstancy." What does all this end in? His first heat and edge shows us indeed a flux of what we did not expect.

P. 66.—"And though the end we aim at be the

^a Dr. Francis Hare, bred at Eton, was a fellow of King's college, Cambridge, where he had the tuition of the marquis of Hindsford, only son to the duke of Marlborough; who appointed him chaplain general to her majesty's forces in the Low Countries. He afterwards obtained first the deanery of Worcester, and then that of St. Paul's; in 1727 was advanced to the see of St. Asaph, and in 1731 translated to Chichester; which he held till his death, in 1746. "He has written three small pamphlets upon the management of the war, and the treaty of peace," says Swift, *Examiner*, No. 28. He was author of "The Barrier Treaty Vindicated," and of four treatises against "The Conduct of the Allies." He was also a writer in the *Banqueting* controversy; and drew upon himself the severest of bishop Hoadly's treatises, under the title of "The dean of Worcester still the same." His works were collected in four volumes, 8vo., 1746.—N.

^b Adapted to the bishop's works, 4 vols. 8vo.

same it was, and certainly nearer." This puts me in mind of a divine, who preaching on the day of judgment said, "There was one thing he would be bold to affirm, that the day of judgment was nearer now than ever it was since the beginning of the world." So the war is certainly nearer an end to-day than it was yesterday, though it does not end these twenty years.

Ibid.—"Such fickle, inconstant, irresolute creatures are we in the midst of our bravest resolutions. When we set out, we seem to look at what we are aiming at through that end of the perspective that magnifies the object, and it brings it nearer to us; but when we are got some way, before we are aware we turn the glass, and looking through the little end, what we are pursuing seems to be at a vast distance and dwindled almost into nothing." This is strange reasoning. Where does his instrument-maker live? We may have the same constancy, the same desire to pursue a thing and yet not the same abilities. For example, in hunting, many accidents happen; you grow weary, your horse falls lame, or in leaping a hedge throws you: you have the same reason to pursue the game but not the same ability.

P. 67.—"Their zeal, perhaps, flames at first; but it is the flame of straw, it has not strength to last. When the multitude once begin to be weary and indifferent, how easily are they then seduced into false measures! how readily do they give into suspicions against those who would encourage them to persevere, while they are fond of others who, to serve themselves, fall in with their complaints, but at the bottom mean nothing but their own interest!" How base and false soever this reproach be, I have set it almost at length that I may not be charged with unfair quotation. By the company the doctor keeps and the patrons he has chosen, I should think him an undoubted judge when people mean their own interest, but that I know conversing only on one side generally gives our thoughts the same turn; just as the jaundice makes those that have it think all things yellow. This writer is prejudiced, and looks upon the rest of the world to be as self-interested as those persons from whom he has taken his observation. But if he means the present ministry, it is certain they could find their own interest in continuing the war as well as other people; their capacities are not less, nor their fortunes so great, neither need they be at a loss how to follow in a path so well beaten. Were they thus inclined, the way is open before them; the means that enriched their predecessors gave them pretence to continue their power, and made them almost necessary evils to the state, are now no longer a secret. Did their successors study their own interest with the same zeal as they do that of the public, we should not have the doctor in these agonies for fear of a peace; things would be then as he would have them; it would be no longer a flame of straw, but a solid fire likely to last as long as his poor countrymen had any materials to feed it. But I wonder he would talk of those who mean their own interest; in such an audience, especially before those "who fall in with their complaints," unless he had given it quite another turn and bestowed some of his eloquence in showing what he really thinks, that nothing in nature is so eligible as self-interest, though purchased at the price of a lasting war, the blood and treasure of his fellow-subjects, and the weal of his native country.

P. 68.—"This is a misfortune which free assemblies and popular or mixed governments are almost unavoidably exposed to; and it is for this reason, so

few nations have ever steadily pursued for any long time, the measures at first resolved on, were they never so right and just; and it is for the same reason that a single power seldom fails at long run to be too hard for a confederacy." A very good argument for this war; a good overture and warning to make a general for life. It is an excellent panegyric upon arbitrary power; at this rate, the French king is sure to get the better at last. This preacher must certainly be an admirable judge of popular assemblies by living in an army. Such poor writers get a rote and common place of talking by reading pamphlets, and from thence presume to make general observations upon government and set up for statesmen. If the duke of Marlborough be Moses, what promised land is he bringing us to, unless this sermon be preached only to the Dutch? He may have promised them land and they him something else, and both been as good as their words. In his allegory of the people brought out of Egypt does the doctor mean our army? The parallel must then be drawn to make the war last forty years, or else it can be no parallel; we may easily see how near the comparison grows. Moses was accused by certain Israelites: "Is it a small thing," say they, "that thou hast brought us out of a land that floweth with milk and honey, to kill us in the wilderness, except thou make thyself altogether a prince over us?" Hath the duke of Marlborough been suspected of any such design? Moses was wroth, and said unto the Lord, "Respect not thou their offering; I have not taken one ass from them, neither have I hurt one of them." (Num. xvi. 15.) And to the same purpose Samuel, "Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes with? and I will restore it you!" (1 Sam. xii. 3.) Does the British Moses speak thus to the people? Is there any sort of agreement between them? Nor are we sure of God's commands to go up against the Amorites, p. 69, as the Israelites were; and we have fifty times more reason to murmur. They were carried from the wilderness "into a land flowing with milk and honey;" we from such a land into the wilderness, that is, poverty and misery, and are like to be kept in the wilderness till this generation and the next too are consumed by mortgages, anticipations, &c.

P. 71.—Where the doctor says, "The country itself was much too narrow for them," he must certainly mean the Dutch, who never think their frontiers can be too much extended.

The doctor tells us, p. 72, "The justice and necessity of our cause is little short of the force of a command." Did God command to fight because the chaplain-general will have no peace? He asks, "What is bidding us go on if our successes are not?" At this rate, whenever any new success is gained or a town taken, no peace must be made. The whole exhortation against peace which follows, is very proper for the chaplain of an army; it looks like another Essay of the Management of the War. "These successes have generally been so much wanted and so little expected." If we have been ten years at this vast expense, getting successes that we could not expect, we were mad to begin this war, which hath ruined us with all this success. But why this acclamation? Is taking one small town such great success as points out to us the finger of God? Who is his God? I believe the general has no little share in his thoughts, as well as the present ministry, though upon a quite different consideration. "The clouds have never this war thickened

more or looked blacker than this year: things looked so black on every side as not to leave us the faintest glimpse of light. We apprehended nothing less than the dissolution of the alliance." Whatever the doctor may be for a preacher, he has proved but an indifferent prophet. The general and army may be obliged to him for the dissipation of these clouds, though the ministry are not. Were they the cause that such clouds gathered, "as made him fear an universal storm which could no way be fenced against!" To hear him run on in praise of the wonders of this campaign, one would scarce believe he was speaking to those very persons who had formerly gained such memorable victories, and taken towns of so much greater importance than Bouhain. Had the French no lines before! I thought Mons, Lisle, &c. had been once esteemed considerable places. But this is his youngest child: he does like most mothers when they are past the hopes of more; they do not upon the youngest, though not so healthy nor praiseworthy as the rest of the brethren. Is it our fault, that "three of the princes in alliance with us resolved to recall their troops!" p. 78. We brought our *quotas*, if our allies did not. By whose indulgence was it that some of them have not been pressed more closely upon that head, or rather have been left to do as they please! It is no matter how hard a bargain people pretend to make if they are not tied to the performance.

P. 75.—"If the enemy are stronger than they were," how are we so near our great hopes, the promised land! The affectation of eloquence, which carries the doctor away by a tide of words, makes him contradict himself and betray his own argument. Yet by all those expressions, p. 75, we can only find that whatever success we have must be miraculous; he says "we must trust to miracles for our success," which, as I take it, is to tempt God: though, p. 77, he thinks "the most fearful cannot doubt of God's continuance." We have had miraculous success these nine years by his own account; and this year, he owns, "we should have been all undone without a new miracle; black clouds, &c., hanging over our heads." And why may not our sins provoke God to forsake us and bring the black clouds again! greater sins than our inconstancy; avarice, ambition, disloyalty, corruption, pride, drunkenness, gaming, profaneness, blasphemy, ignorance, and all other immoralities and irreligion! These are certainly much greater sins; and whether found in a court or in a camp, much likelier to provoke God's anger than inconstancy.

Ibid.—"If we have not patience to wait till he has finished by gradual steps this great work, in such a manner as he in his infinite wisdom shall think fit." I desire the doctor would explain himself upon the business of gradual steps, whether three-and-twenty years longer will do, or what time he thinks the general and himself may live: I suppose he does not desire his gradual steps should exceed their date, as fond as he seems of miracles. I believe he is willing enough they should be confined to his grace's life and his own.

What does he mean, p. 78, by the natural and moral consequences that must lead us! If those moral consequences are consequences upon our morals, they are very small. "Whatever reason there can be for putting an end to the war but a good one, was a stronger reason against beginning it." Right! so far we allow. "And yet those very reasons, that make us in so much haste to end it, show the necessity there was for entering into it." I am as mighty hope to get out of a squabble, and therefore I had reason to get into it; generally the con-

trary is true. "What enmition should we have now been in had we tamely let that prodigious power settle and confirm itself without dispute?" It could never settle and confirm itself but by a war.

P. 79. "Did we not go into the war in hopes of success! The greatest argument for going on with the war is that we may have more success." According to the doctrine laid down by our author, we must never be inclined to peace till we lose a battle: every victory ought to be a motive to continue the war. Upon this principle I suppose a peace was refused after the battle of Ramillies.

Ibid. "How can we doubt that we shall not still succeed, or that an enemy that grows every day weaker and weaker," &c. The doctor's seal overbears his memory: just now the enemy was stronger than ever.

P. 80. "If we consider that our strength is from God," &c. Though all men ought to trust in God; yet our Saviour tells us, we ought to regard human means: and in the point before us, we are told, "that a king going forth to war against another king, sitteth down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand; or else while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an embassy, and desireth conditions of peace." [Luke xiv. 31, 32]. Our Saviour was a preacher of peace; "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," &c. [John xiv. 27]. But the doctor chooseth rather to drive on furiously with Jehu. He answers to the question, "Is it peace?" as that king did to the horsemen, "What hast thou to do with peace! Get thee behind me." He saith, "Our ingratitude and impenitence may defeat the surest prospects we have." May we not ask him, whose ingratitude! As to impenitence, I think this paragraph is the only one wherein he vouchsafes and that but very slightly in his whole sermon, to remind the people of repentance and amendment; but leaves a subject "so little suited to a day of joy," p. 81, to encourage them to "go on to obtain the end toward which they have made so many happy steps." We differ about that end; some desire peace, others war, that so they may get money and power. It is the interest of some to be in action, others to be at rest: some people clap their finger upon one point, and say that alone can be a good peace; we say there be many sorts of good peace, of all which we esteem the queen and ministry to be the best judges. The doctor tells us, "Our sins may force us to put an ill end to the war." He should explain what he calls an ill end; I am apt to think, he will think nothing good that puts an end to it, since he saith, "Vengeance may affect not only six but generations yet unborn." That they have taken care of already. We have pretty well mortgaged posterity, by the expences of this devouring war; and must we never see an end to it, till there is not an enemy left to contend with! for so our author would intimate. In what a condition must we expect to be long before that! It is very happy for the nation that we do not lie at the mercy of this gentleman; that his voice is not necessary toward the great end we pant after, the unloading of our burden and the mitigation of our taxes. A just and necessary war is an ostentatious theme, and may bear being declaimed on. Let us have war; what have we to do with peace! We have beaten our enemy; let us beat him again. God has given us success; he encourages us to go on. Have we not won battles and towns, passed the lines, and taken the great Bouhain; what avails our miseries at home; a little paltry wealth, the decay of trade, increase of taxes, dearth of necessaries, expence

of blood, and lives of our countrymen! Are there not foreigners to supply their places? have not the loss of so many brave soldiers been offered to the legislature as a reason for calling in such numbers of poor Palatines, as it were to fill up the chasm of war and atone for desolation among our subjects? If we continue thus prodigal of our blood and treasure, in a few years we shall have as little of the one as the other left; and our women, if they intend to multiply, must be reduced, like the Amazons, to go out of the land or take them husbands at home of those wretched strangers whom our piety and charity relieved. Of the natives there will be scarce a remnant preserved; and thus the British name may be endangered once more to be lost in the German.

Were it not for fear of offending the worthy doctor I should be tempted to compare his sermon with one that some time since made so much noise in the world [that of *Sacheverell*]; but I am withheld by the consideration of its being so universally condemned, nay prosecuted, on one side. Perhaps the chaplain-general will not like the parallel; there may be found the same heat, the same innuendoes, upon different subjects, though the occasion be not so pressing. What necessity was there of preaching up war to an army who daily enrich themselves by the continuation of it? Does he not think loyalty and obedience would have been a proper subject? To have exhorted them to a perseverance in their duty to the queen, to prepare and soften their minds, that they may receive with resignation if not applause whatever her majesty shall think fit to transact. The doctor without suspicion of flattery, might very well have extolled their great actions, and congratulated with them upon the peace we are likely to enjoy; by which they will be at leisure to reap the harvest of their blood and toil, take their rest at home, and be relieved from the burden and danger of a cruel war. And as our gratitude will be ever due to them for delivering us from our distant enemy the French, so shall we have reason to bless whoever are the authors of peace to these distressed nations, by which we may be freed from those nearer and much more formidable enemies, discontent and poverty at home.

A NEW VINDICATION

OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH;

IN ANSWER TO A PAMPHLET, LATELY PUBLISHED,
CALLED BOUCHAIN;

Or, a Dialogue between the Medley and the Examiner.

"This Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough" is entirely of the author of the *Atalantis*.—*Journal to Stella*, Oct. 22, and Nov. 3, 1711.

I was always satisfied of the stupidity and disingenuity of the author who called himself "The

* Mrs. Manley, daughter of sir Roger Manley, a zealous Royalist, was early in life cheated into marriage with a near relation of the same name, who had at the same time a former wife living. Deserted by her husband, she was patronized by the duchess of Cleveland, a mistress of Charles II.; but the duchess being of a fickle temper, grew tired of Mrs. Manley in six months, and discharged her on pretence that she intrigued with her son. Retiring into solitude, she wrote her first tragedy, "The Royal Mischief." This play being acted in 1696 with great success, she received such unbounded income from admirers that her apartment was crowded with men of wit and gaiety, which in the end proved fatal to her virtue. In the same year, she also published "The Lust Lover, or Jealous Husband," a comedy. In her retired hours she wrote the "Atalantis;" for which, she having made free in it with several distinguished characters, her printer was apprehended by a warrant from the secretary's office. Mrs. Manley, unwilling an innocent person should suffer, presented herself before the board of king's bench as the author. Lord Macclesfield, then

Medley;" but never till now so thoroughly convinced of his assurance. He (or one who personates him) appears, in a little book called "*Bouchain*," as if he were in close conference and great intimacy with the Examiner; where according to the unfair manner of modern dialogue he reserves all the wit and reasoning for himself, and makes the poor Examiner one of the silliest, dullest rogues that ever pretended to speak or hear of politics; nay, he has even treated him worse than the real Medley did; who, though hired by the party to call him names by the week, had still so much modesty not to take away his understanding, though he did his integrity. But here he is made just as stupid as was necessary to introduce all the fine things that are thought fit to be said of this campaign; and is directed to ask those questions which none that reads and lives in any part of England can be supposed to be ignorant of, on purpose to heighten the glory of the general and abuse the capacities of the present ministry. This method of his seems to be copied from that great genius and champion of their cause, the Observer; and our Examiner acts the part of his countryman Roger, which how agreeable to the spirit and sense of the Examiner may be easily judged from his writings, which have met with a general approbation for their wit and learning.

But leaving the falshness and improbability of the dietion, I shall only consider the malice and design of this *boute-fus*, that would set the people on flame, and advance the general to a height where none had ever been holsted before, only for the bare consequences that attend his being at the head of an army so often victorious, so well paid and encouraged, with no enemies in view but those whom it was familiar to them to overcome, and who, though superior in number (as indeed they were), yet are wholly dispirited by continued losses, and at present restrained by the positive commands of their monarch; who has given it in charge to Monsieur Villars, not to venture the army but upon manifest advantages; so that nothing might be left to fortune, which had appeared so contrary to them of late, and seems to have so great a hand in the rise and fall of empires, and that period which is set to human glory.

This new Medley would bespeak our compassion for his hero, by telling of "the hard usage he has met with, and the sufficient reason he has had to be disgusted; his scandalous manner of treatment from the Examiner and his party; for," he says, "he is sensible the usage he gave him was not wholly from himself." And again, "That the duke of Marlborough is divested of all interest and authority both at home and in the army, whom so much pains have been taken to mortify, that he might

secretary of state, being curious to know from whom she got information of several particulars which were supposed above her own intelligence; she replied, with great humility, "that she had no design in writing further than her own amusement and diversion in the country, without intending particularly to feed and characters; and did assure them that nobody was concerned with her." When this was not believed, and the contrary urged against her by several circumstances, she said, "then it must be by inspiration; because, knowing her own innocence, she could account for it no other way." Whether those in power were ashamed to bring a woman to trial for a few amorous trifles, or whether (her characters being under feigned names) the laws did not actually reach her, she was discharged after several public examinations. On the change of the ministry she lived in retirement and gaiety; and amused herself in writing poems and letters and conversing with the wits. A second edition of a volume of her letters was published in 1718. "Lucina," a well received tragedy, was written by her, and acted in 1717. It was dedicated to sir Richard Steele, who was then on such friendly terms with her that he wrote the prologue to her play, as Mr. Prior did the epilogue. She died July 11, 1724.

either in discontent throw up his command or continue in it without honour; whom we laboured to make the mark of public hatred; as if it were impossible for liberty and gratitude to consist together, and men were to be ill used for no other reason but because they could not be used so well as they deserve." And further, "Your friends may use the duke of Marlborough as ill as they please; but let them be assured in the end this will certainly turn upon themselves; and the time will come when it will be as safe to speak truth of the present ministry, as it is now to helie the old! and then, my friend, you may hear further from me." Who, after this, would not conclude the duke of Marlborough had been turned out of all, his estate confiscated, and himself under the most rigid sentence! Nothing less should have provoked this audacious person to have taken such liberty of speech, and been guilty of such threatenings against the persons the queen is pleased to honour and trust. Yet, that we may examine things more coolly than this incendiary, what hardships has this great man to complain of! I believe we shall scarce find any precedent among the Romans, that their generals abroad ever thought themselves disobliged upon the removal of a quæstor at home or the changing one secretary for another; and yet this is the height of that discontent they so much complain against. The queen, who seems directed by heaven as a reward for her piety, in the choice of her ministers and officers, did herself set the duke of Marlborough at the head of her army; she knew his long experience in military affairs; that he had run through all the several degrees of service, and either had a genius for war or nothing. No man ever entered upon his command with greater encouragement; the love and smiles of his sovereign, the good wishes of the people, and if not the personal love of the soldiers, yet the hatred they had for the enemy and their sufferings during the late peace gave them a double edge to war, and made them gain such glorious victories which all must own were got by the bravery of the English. Their personal valour proved of use, when neither genius in the general nor extraordinary conduct was required; though none will dispute his excelling in either, it has chanced that our greatest victories have been obtained more by the courage of the soldiers than the *finesse* of the commander; yet he has reaped all the advantage. Is he not the richest and greatest subject in Christendom! Has there not been a more than ordinary application, since the troops under his command first took the field, to supply them with everything that was necessary! Whoever of her majesty's subjects were left unpaid, care was taken that money should not be wanting for the war in Flanders. Even upon the change of ministry, it was almost the first act of power in the new, to borrow money to send to the army under the duke of Marlborough's command. He was so far from being "divested of all authority both at home and abroad," that there was not any change in what related to his grace's family, save the golden key; which after long waiting was thought necessary to be bestowed upon a person who would not think herself grown too great for the indispensable attendance of the place. The queen, say the new ministers, used his grace with the same goodness and confidence in relation to his charge as the former did. What occasion was there for discontent! Did he ask any favour and was refused it! Had not her majesty forgiven, any forget, that supreme mark of arrogance in the duke of Marlborough, when he durst show himself disobliged at her giving away one regiment without first obtaining

his leave as general! Was there any remembrance but in his own thoughts, of all that had been done by his party to perpetuate his command! If he was really disgusted because one of his sons-in-law [the earl of Sunderland], and the father of another [the earl of Godolphin], were removed, how ungrateful and undutiful was that behaviour to the person that had so wonderfully raised him; to a sovereign who had honoured him with such superlative marks of her favour! It is possible he might only seem discontented to please his family, though it has been shown without reason; to which they interpreted his going to Blenheim just before the queen's birth-day, from whence he returned the day after; as if he purposely chose to omit paying his duty and respects upon so remarkable an occasion.

But what mortifications, what hardships are these which our author complains of! Was his commission limited! had he not power to advance or retreat! was he forbidden to besiege or fight! was he commanded to take no steps but what were directed from above! wherein was he divested of his authority! when was this barbarous usage! was there any person hired to assassinate his fame or take away his life! what conspiracy, what confederacy, to make criminals accuse him! did any of his enemies tamper with Monsieur de Guiscard, and offer him his life, pardon, and money, to lay his villany upon the duke! Had the persons here in power a mind that his designs this campaign should miscarry, how easy would it have been for them to have effectually disappointed them and without being discovered! An artful hand can make more wonderful, though concealed movements. But instead of such usage, has he not been supplied with all possible vigour! was not a young general [the duke of Ormond] sent off, that the duke of Marlborough might have no occasion of discontent, nor appearance for complaint! were not his soldiers flushed with many victories eager and impatient to be led on to more! did he not very well know, as I have said before, that Monsieur Villars durst not fight him, though he had greater numbers than the duke, since the king had forbidden his venturing his army without evident advantages! are not the French dispirited and overawed by the superior genius of the English, by whom they have been so often vanquished! is it then such a wonder, after all the glorious victories the duke of Marlborough has obtained, that with the same fortune, the same cause, the same army, and against the same enemy, his grace has added one inferior fortress to his greater conquests! are the Sene and the Scheldt more formidable rivers than the Danube or the Rhine! are only passing the lines near Bonchain more wonderful then beating the French in their lines near Brabant! or have our former campaigns been so barren of great actions, that we need so much cry up the passing of two rivers and one morass where none durst oppose them; as if the general's glory were never consummate till now, or as if indeed he could have done less, except he had been resolved to do nothing, which could scarce have been with an army so full of ardour to fight! These flights of joy upon so small an occasion seem to me just as reasonable as if some great conqueror should land in England, beat all her armies, and take London in one campaign; and yet reserve his triumphs and the people's acclamations for the next, only upon the taking of Islington.

Whether this action, in respect to those the duke of Marlborough had performed before, deserves to be valued at that height our author carries it, may be gathered from what Sir W. Temple says: "In

May, 1676, the king of France sent the duke of Orleans to besiege Bouchain, with some part of his troops, being a small though strong place, considerable for its situation to the defence of the Spanish Netherlands. The king, with the strength of his army, posted himself so advantageously as to hinder the prince of Orange from being able to relieve it or to fight without disadvantage. The armies continued some days facing one another, and several times drawing out in order to battle, which neither of them thought fit to begin. Bouchain was surrendered the eighth day of the siege." Behold the same circumstance, attended with the same conquest, differing only in the number of days, in which the disadvantage lies by many on his grace's side!

I can never believe the duke of Marlborough will think himself obliged to the author of this paper for representing him as "a mortified person, and one divested of all authority both at home and abroad;" no more than I do imagine that his grace can, in his own nature, be undutiful to that power that has raised him; however accidentally he might once be wanting in that respect he owed the queen in the business of the regiment belonging to the late earl of Essex. Nor when I remember how much he did formerly for conscience' sake and the interest of the church of England, can I persuade myself he will now engage against it. How reasonably did he decline king James's service, when the papists and dissenters were united in interests to destroy the church; king James, to whom the duke of Marlborough was engaged by the highest gratitude! He had saved his life in the Gloucester frigate, and honoured his grace's family so far as to mingle his own royal blood with it. Did not the duke of Marlborough forego the interests of his sister and her children, his nephews and nieces that he was so fond of before, for the good of his country and the security of the Protestant religion? was he not contriving to deliver up the king to the prince of Orange, if the design had not been prevented? and did he not withdraw himself from his benefactor to serve against him under his greatest enemy; protesting in his letter to the king, "that his desertion from his majesty proceeded from no other cause than the inviolable dictates of conscience and a high and necessary concern for his religion, with which he was instructed that nothing could come in competition?" Did the duke do all this for the church of England; and will our author, or any of the Whiggish side, persuade us he can so far recede from his former principles to take party against that very church he has helped to preserve? to join in opposition to her with her bitterest foes when he is already as great and rich as a subject ought to be.

No! no! such restless spirits as this writer, who in the words of Mr. Dryden, "fire that world which they were sent by preaching to warm," those "Phœtons of mankind," abuse the reputation of the greatest persons, and do themselves honour at the expense of others who, being equally ignorant of many things, yet pretend to determine of all the affairs of war and the cabinet; to inflame the people, abuse the ministry, and the queen through them; to trouble the waters, in hopes crows and mitres may be found floating on the surface and ready to fall to the share of the boldest hand.

We shall next consider the "scandalous manner of treatment" the duke of Marlborough, as this writer tells us, "has met with from the Examiner and his party;" for he is sensible the usage he gave him was "not wholly from himself." How can he be sensible of that? for to this day it does not appear who the Examiner is, nor that he had instruc-

tions to talk of Crassus, Catiline, or Anthony. That pen still remains concealed; neither rewards nor presents have been given to any that we can suppose was author of those papers. Whoever he were he has had the modesty not to reveal himself, though his remarks were only against those persons whom the queen had thought fit to displease with from further serving her: the general excepted, as this writer would have us believe, but he is the satirist who makes the application. Cannot a person treat of the excessive avarice and sordid behaviour of Marcus Crassus, but because the duke of Marlborough is known to be an extreme good husband of his money, he must needs intend his grace as a parallel? Indeed! does this libeller think there is so near a resemblance between them? Why, where then is the injustice? To show that there has been any let his convince us that his grace is become generous or less in love with riches, and the comparison will cease. But till then, though he were the conqueror of Europe instead of Flanders, the people will be apt to detest a vice they are sure to suffer by; regarding it as a counterpoise to the bravest actions, or indeed the only motive to the performance of them; and where interest is suspected to be the spur to glory, the reputation will always be less clear and shining. As to the comparison with Catiline, I find not the least ground for it; nor can it be so intended, though the old Medley with his unfair quotation has charged it upon the Examiner. The passage is in the fourth Examiner, to which I refer the reader, which can never I hope be applicable to England; for how ambitious soever a general may prove, a brave true English army cannot create either fear or danger of their becoming a mercenary army. But the author further tells us, the Examiner was "pleased to make the civil comparison of the duke of Marlborough and his duchess to Anthony and Fulvia." What is there said of Anthony is so little that it is scarce worth anybody's taking it to themselves. I am sorry an author cannot introduce a figure, though in poetry, of a haughty, proud, wrathful, and envious woman, but the application must be presently made to his hand, as if there were no vices in history but what could be paralleled in life! In such a case I must say, as I did just before in that of Crassus, with this addition, that sure there must be some sort of resemblance or one's very friends would never dare to make the ready comparison!

Behold here the utmost of that charge this author has drawn up of what has been done by way of mortification to the duke of Marlborough. Alas! this is but one instance of the liberty of the press! whereas the present ministry may complain of a hundred; but their heads are too strong to be shaken by such impotent blasts or disordered by every libeller's malice. What clouds of pointless arrows, though sent with a good will, have flown from the Observer, the Review, and Medley! How have great and mean geniuses united to asperse their conduct, and turn the management of the late persons in power upon these! Humours, senseless ballads, foolish parallels, the titles of Oxford and Mortimer, have been an ample field. Who but must despise such wretched wits! I could quote several others if it were not reviving them from their obscurity, or rather giving new life to those still-born shapeless births which but just appeared and perished. Nor do I remember any person to have so far gloried in those monstrous productions as to own being a parent to them but the renowned Dr. Hare. The close of his fourth letter of the "Management of the War" is indeed very extraordinary; where he tells, "If they should describe the duke of Marlborough

to be a short, black, fattish, ill-shaped man, that loves to drink hard, never speaks to be understood, is extremely revengeful and ill-bred; if they should represent his mind to be a complication of all ill qualities," &c. Here is more malice, though less wit and truth, than anything they accuse in the Examiner. In times of liberty and faction we must expect that the best persons will be libelled; the difference lies in the skill of the libeller. One draws near the life, another must write the name under or else we cannot understand; for as yet I never met one person that could find out who Dr. Hare designed by his short, black, fattish, ill-shaped man, though he has so far exceeded the liberty the Examiner has taken as to pretend to paint the very lineaments of the body as well as those of the mind.

Thus far you see what little reason our author has to complain for the duke of Marlborough's hard usage; but he grows bolder, and in just despair of the continuation of a war from which he reaps so many advantages, attacks what (notwithstanding the many refinements of some late patriots) I take still to be an undoubted prerogative of the crown, the power of making peace and war. This author, treating the queen with as little consideration as his patrons used to do, does not so much as consult her majesty's wisdom and inclination; but supposes, "no British parliament will ever be chosen here that will ratify an ill peace or will not crush the bold man who shall propose it." This is like what he says, "That the time will come when it will be as safe to speak truth of the present ministry as it is to belie the old." What can one suppose from these threatenings! They are such as in wisdom should never be made, scarce with an army to back them: did I not know the loyalty of ours I should fear, from our author's great intelligence, that they were to the secret to frighten the ministry and parliament from taking into consideration the unanimous wishes and wants of our people, who have sustained so long a war to the ruin of their trade and a vast expense of their blood and treasure, upon such disinterested views as are no people besides ever did. We very well know his reasons for providing peace should not be made without Spain; yet when all those kingdoms and dependencies were united to the empire, the house of Austria was more terrible to Europe than the house of Bourbon has been since; and a confederate war was then successfully carried on as now to fix the balance of power. Let us but consider what wonderful things this ministry has already done; let us enter into their character and capacity, their true love of their country, and sincere endeavours for its welfare; and then may our hearts be at rest; and conclude that whatever peace they shall think fit to advise will be the best that they could obtain for the safety of the church, the glory of their sovereign, and the ease and happiness of her whole people. Let them that would oppose it consider how many millions this one year's war hath cost us, when all the great actions performed by a great army, with a greater general at their head, hath been only gaining one single fortress; an action so much gloried in and so far magnified that we are made to think it is of equal importance to the most fortunate campaigns! Let us consider how long we shall be able to pay such a price for so small a conquest! I speak only of our money; having learned by good example not to value the blood of these poor wretches that are yearly sacrificed in vast numbers in trenches and at the foot of walled towns. But say we were even at the gates of Paris, say that Paris were ours,—what alloy would that be to our personal sufferings at home! Let us look into our

gazettes for the number of bankrupts; along the streets of our metropolis and observe but the decay of trade, the several shops shut up, and more in daily apprehension of failing. Let us remove ourselves into the country and see the penury of country gentlemen with small estates and numerous families that pay in such large proportions to the war; and there let us inquire how acceptable, nay, how indispensable, peace is to their further subsisting! True! there is still a great deal of money in England; but in whose hands? Those who have had the management of such prodigious sums as have been given these last three-and-twenty years, on pretence of carrying on the war. Inquire what sums the late lord-treasurer [lord Godolphin] left the exchequer, and what immense debts in the navy and elsewhere: how the funds were all anticipated or loaded. Observe but what industry has been used that the late party should part with none of their vast wealth to assist the present exigency, and then let us wonder at the wisdom and conduct of that ministry which has been able to wade through all these difficulties, restore credit, and uphold the armies abroad: and can we doubt after this of their entering into the true interests of the nation or dispute the peace they shall think fit to advise the queen to make! How can our malicious author say, "That it will be a severe mortification for so great and successful a general to see the fruits of his victories thrown all away at once by a shameful and scandalous peace; after a war of nine years, carried on with continued successes, greater than have been known in story! And how grievous must it be to him to have no footstep remain except the building at Woodstock, of all the great advantages which he has obtained for the queen and the British nation against their dangerous enemy; and consequently of his own extraordinary merit to her majesty and his country!" Not are they about to take the Garter from him! to unprince, unduke him! to confiscate all his large possessions except Woodstock! those vast sums in the banks of Venice, Genoa, and Amsterdam! His stately moveables, valuable paintings, costly jewels, and in a word, those immense riches of which himself and his lady (as good an accountant as she is) do not yet know the extent off! Are all these, I say, to be resumed, and nothing remaining but that edifice or *monument* of a subject's ambition, the stately walls of Blenheim, built while his gracious benefactress is contented to take up her residence in an old patched-up palace, during the burden of a heavy war, without once desiring to rebuild Whitehall till by the blessing of peace her subjects shall be incapacitated to undergo the necessary taxes! I am ashamed to enumerate those obligations the duke has to his queen and country, while he has such wretched and ingrateful advocates, who bellow his unfitness and exaggerate his mortifications. It is the misfortune of the times that we cannot explain to our own people the occasion we have for a peace without letting our enemies into our necessities, by which they may rise in their demands. Could there be a poll made and voices collected from house to house, we should quickly see how unanimous our people are for a peace; those excepted who either gain by the war or, concealing their hoards, pay but small proportions toward it; an art well known and practised in this great city, where a person worth many thousands shall get himself rated at but one, two, or three hundred pounds stock; while the poor landed man is forced to pay to the extent because his estate is known and accordingly valued.

To conclude: I think in the hands we are in we

need not dispute our safety; and if, as this author would insinuate, even a separate peace should be intended by some of our allies, after the example of our wise neighbours the Dutch at the treaty of Nimègue, the generality of the people will be easily brought to agree that it is better than no peace at all. They know that our ministry are so well acquainted with the true interest of the nation and are so tender of its welfare, that they will not consent to take one step in this affair but what makes for the glory of the queen and the happiness of her subjects.

A TRUE RELATION

OF THE SEVERAL FACTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF
THE INTENDED RIOT AND TUMULT ON QUEEN
ELIZABETH'S BIRTH-DAY:

Gathered from authentic accounts; and published for the
information of all true lovers of our constitution
in church and state.

THE *Journal to Stella* has the following passages concerning this designed riot and the pamphlet which contains an account of it:

"This is queen Elizabeth's birth-day, usually kept in this town by premiums, &c. But the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight; and had laid out a thousand pounds, to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Rochester, &c., and carry them with torches about and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas. But they were seized last night by order from the secretary."

"I am told the officers are so impatient that they intend to imprison them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is made as like Lord Treasurer as they could."

"I saw to-day the pope, the devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c. Effeen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an understrapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet, to give an account of the whole design."

London, Nov. 24, 1711.

Sir,—I am very sorry so troublesome a companion as the gout delays the pleasure I expected by your conversation in town. You desire to know the truth of what you call "a ridiculous story," inserted in "Dyer's Letter" and "The Postboy," concerning the figures that were seized in Drury-lane, and seemed only designed for the diversion of the mob, to rouse their old antipathy to popery and create new aversion in them to the pretender. If indeed this had been their only intent your reflections would be reasonable, and your compassion pardonable. It is an odd sort of good nature to grieve at the rabble's being disappointed of their sport, or as you please to term it, "of what would for the time being have certainly made them very happy." But, Sir, you will not fail to change your opinion when I shall tell you that there was never a blacker design formed unless it were blowing up the parliament house. No mortal can foresee what might have been the ill effects if it had once come to execution. We are well assured, that under pretence of custom and zeal and what they call an innocent diversion, lurked a dangerous conspiracy: for whoever goes about to disturb the public peace and tranquillity must needs be enemies to the queen and her government.

You have been informed of the surprising generosity and fit of housekeeping the German princess has been guilty of this summer at her country seat, in direct contradiction to her former thrifty management; yet, to do her justice, she is not so parsimonious as her lord nor sets half that value upon a

guinea: though her dexterity in getting be as great as his, he outdoes her in preserving. She has had a wonderful address in some things! witness the known story of the diamond, which is as great an instance of good management on her side as my lord's making one suit of clothes serve three sets of buttons can be of his frugality. She seems to have forgotten or rather outlived all the softer passions, those beautiful blemishes for which they are often pitied by our sex but never really hated. Wrath, ill nature, spleen, and revenge, are those with whom her ladyship has been in league for many months; she has even fallen into the common weakness of unfortunate women, who have recourse to silly fellows called conjurers, or perhaps in imitation of her mother her ladyship wanted a very witch; she would give anything to converse with a real witch: at last she took up with a wizard, an ignorant creature who pretends to deal with the stars, and by corresponding with thief-catchers helps people to their goods when they have been stolen. To please her highness he revived an old cheat of making an image like the person she most hated, upon which image he would so far work by enchantment, that him it represented from that moment should grow distempered and languish out his short life in diverse sort of pains. Since the wizard was taken into the lady's pay a certain great man has happened to be indisposed, by which means she remains very well satisfied with the experiment, and imagines this accident to be owing to the force of her enchantment, from which she promises herself still greater events. Though we laugh at the folly, we cannot but remark the malice of the attempt.

On Friday the 16th of November, the heads of the party met at the new palace, where the late viceroy recooited to them the happy disposition of affairs, and concluded "That notwithstanding all their misfortunes they had still to-morrow for it." This person who had so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *lullaberry* song, with which if you will believe himself he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms, was resolved to try if by the cry of "No peace, high church, popery, and the pretender," he could halloo another in. There were several figures dressed up; fifteen of them were found in an empty house in Drury-lane; the pope, the pretender, and the devil, seated under a state whereof the canopy was scarlet stuff trimmed with deep silver fringe; the pope was as fine as a pope need to be, the devil as terrible, the pretender habited in scarlet laced with silver, a full fair long periwig, and a hat and feather. They had all white gloves, not excepting the very devils, which whether quite so proper I leave to the learned. This machine was designed to be borne upon men's shoulders; the long trains dependant from the figures were to conceal those that carried them. Six devils were to appear as drawing the chariot, to be followed by four cardinals in fine proper habits; four Jesuits and four Franciscan friars, each with a pair of white gloves on, a pair of beads, and a flaming or if you please a bloody falchion in their hands. Pray judge if such a parade should at any time appear without the proper disposition of lights, &c., as was here intended; if you not believe it would be a sufficient call to the multitude; and that they would never forsake it till their curiosity had been satisfied to the full! Any man in his senses may find this was a deliberate as well as a great expense. To prepare men's minds for sedition one Stoughton's sermon (which was burnt by the common hangman in Ireland by order of the house of lords), preached at St. Patrick's in

* Newspapers read by the Tories, especially by the country gentlemen.

Dublin and printed there, was that very week reprinted here and hauded about with extreme diligence: and to fill the people with false fear and terror they had some days before reported that the queen was dangerously ill of the gout in her stomach and bowels. The very day of the designed procession it was whispered upon the Exchange and all over the city that she was dead. A gentleman that makes wax-work declares "That some time before, certain persons of quality as she judged, who called one another sir Harry, sir John, sir James, &c., came to her house and bespoke several wax-work figures, one for a lady; they agreed to her price, paid half in hand and the rest when they fetched them away." These figures are not yet taken. One was designed to represent the lord-treasurer, the lady Mrs. Masham, and the rest the other great officers of the court, with Dr. Sacheverell, which the workwoman was ordered to make as like his picture as possibly she could. A certain lady renowned for beauty^a at the princess's palace desired that she might have the dressing up of the young handsome statesman^b whose bright parts are so terrible to the enemies of his country; in order to it she proposed borrowing from the playhouse *Æsop's* large white horsehair periwig. Her lord^c furnished out the rest of the materials from the queen's wardrobe. No wonder he should be an enemy to peace when his father gains so much by the continuance of the war, nor that a certain young duchess was so eager to have him go in disguise with the viceroy when his absence was convenient!

Further to convince you that this was a premeditated design, and carried on in all its forms, proper persons had been busy beforehand to secure a thousand mols, to carry lights at this gaudy procession.^d One of these agents came to a victualling-house in Clare Market; he called for drink and the master of the house, of whom he inquired, "If he could procure him forty stout fellows to carry flambeaux on Saturday the 17th instant, to meet there at one o'clock?" They should have a crown apiece in hand, and whatever they drank till five he would be there to see discharged." At such a proposal mine host pricked up his ears, and told his honour, "His honour need not fear but that he might have as many as his honour pleased at that price." Accordingly he fetched in several from the market, hutchers, tripe-men, poulterers' prentices, who joyfully listed themselves against the day, because it was to be a holiday and they should not stand in need of their masters' leave; "for on queen Bess's day," they said, "they always went out of course." The lord promised to make up the complement by the appointed time with honest lads, who would be glad to get their bellies full of drink and a crown apiece in an honest way. All was agreed upon, the gentleman paid the reckoning, which came to a considerable sum in beer and brandy for his mob, and departed with assurance of being there at one o'clock to meet his myrmidons; but the matter being discovered he has not been heard of since, to the great disappointment of the good man and the people he had engaged. The like was done in several parts of the town. They had secured to the number as I told you of one thousand persons, who were so hired to carry lights, though they knew not to what end, doubtless for a burial, among whom were many of the very foot guards. Drinking from one to five, it is plain they were to be made drunk, the better to

qualify them for what mischief was designed by their proper leaders. The viceroy [lord Wharton], with some others of as good and two or three of better rank than himself, were resolved to act in disguise; the viceroy like a seaman, in which he hoped to outdo Massaniello of Naples, whose fame he very much envies for the mighty mischief he occasioned. His busy head was the first inventor of the design, and he would take it very ill if he were robbed of the glory. He had lately proved the power of an accidental mob,^e and therefore hoped much better from a premeditated one; he did not doubt inflaming them to his wish by the noise of popery and the pretender, by which they would be put into a humour to burn even Dr. Sacheverell and the other effigies. At their several honfres where the parade was to make a stand, the preliminary articles were to be thrown in, with a cry of "No peace!" and proper messengers were to come galloping as if like to break their necks, their horses all in a foam, who should cry out, "The queen, the queen, was dead at Hampton Court." At the same time the duke of Marlborough was to make his entry through Aldgate where he was to be met with the cry of "Victory, Bouchain, the lines, no peace, no peace." If matters had once come to this pass, I do not see what could have hindered the leaders from doing all the mischief they desired, from exalting and pulling down whom they pleased, nor from executing during the rage of the people, prepossessed as they would be with the news of the queen's death, whatever violence, injustice, and cruelty, they should think fit. They had resolved before what houses should be burnt. They were to begin with one in Essex-street, where the commissioners of accounts meet, from whence a late discovery has been made of vast sums annually received by a great man for his permission to serve the army with bread. They said, "Harley should have better luck than they expected if he escaped de Witting; they would set people to watch him all that day that they might know where to find him when they had occasion." And truly who can answer for the consequence of such a tumult, the rage of a mad drunken populace, fomented by such incendiaries (for the whole party, to a man, were engaged to be there)? I do not see how the city could have escaped destruction. There were many to kindle fires, none to put them out. The Spectator who ought to be but a looker on, was to have been an assistant, that seeing London in a flame, he might have opportunity to paint after the life, and remark the behaviour of the people in the ruin of their country, so to have made a diverting Spectator. But I cannot but look up to God Almighty with praise for our deliverance, and really think we have very much need of a thanksgiving; for in all probability, the mischief had been universal and irremediable. I tremble to think what lengths they would have gone; I dare not so much as imagine it. They had taken Massaniello's insurrection for a precedent, by which all who were not directly of their own party had suffered, as may be gathered from what we know of their nature, and by what is already discovered, though there is doubtless a great deal more behind. As soon as the figures were seized, they dispatched away a messenger express to the place where it was known the duke intended to land, to tell him he might now take his own time; there was no occasion "for his being on the 17th instant, by seven at night, at Aldgate;" and so he lay that night five miles short of the town.

However the viceroy may value himself upon this design, he seems but to have copied my lord Shaftes-

^e The riot in the case of Dr. Sacheverell.

^a Lady Mary Churchill, duchess of Mootagus, youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough.

^b Mr. secretary St. John.

^c John, the second duke of Mootagus.

^d Illuminated by flambeaux.

bury in 1678, on the same anniversary. It is well known, by the favour of the mob, they hoped then to have made the duke of Monmouth king, who was planted at sir Thomas Fowle's at Temple bar, to wait the event; while the rest of the great men of his party were over the way at Henry VIII's tavern. King Charles had been persuaded to come to sir Francis Child's to see the procession; but before it began, he had private notice given him to retire, for fear of what mischief the mob might be wrought up to. He did so; which ruined the design they had to seize on his person and proclaim the duke king. This was the scheme our modern politicians went upon. One of them was heard to say, "They must have more diversions than one, *i. e.* burning, for the good people of London; since the mob loved to create as well as to destroy."

By this time, I do not doubt, sir, but you are thoroughly convinced of the innocence of this intended procession, which they publicly avow, and tell the ministry they are welcome to make what they can of it, knowing themselves safe by having only intended not acted the mischief; if it had once come to that, they would have been so far above the fear of punishment for their own crimes as to become executioners of the innocent.

Truly I think the malice of that party is immortal, since not to be satiated with twenty-three years' plunder, the blood of so many wretches, nor the immense debt with which they have burdened us. Through the unexampled goodness of the queen and the lenity of the other parts of the legislature, they are suffered to sit down unmolested, to bask and revel in that wealth they have so unjustly acquired: yet they pursue their principles with unwearied industry, club their wit, money, politics, toward restoring their party to that power from whence they are fallen; which, since they find so difficult, they take care by all methods to disturb and vilify those who are in possession of it. Peace is such a bitter pill they know not how to swallow; to poison the people against it they try every nail, and have at last hit of one they think will go, and that they drive to the head. They cry, "No peace!" till the trade of our nation be entirely given up to our neighbours. Thus they would carry on the public good of Europe at the expense of our private destruction. They cry, "Our trade will be ruined if the Spanish West Indies remain to a son of France;" though the death of his father may cause Philip to forget his birth and country, which he left so young. After the decease of his grandfather he will be only the brother of a haughty rough-natured king, who in all probability may give him many occasions to become every day more and more a Spaniard.

They do not allow the dauphin's or the emperor's death have made an alteration in affairs, and confide all things to the supine temper of the Austrian princes; from whence they conclude there can be no danger in trusting half Europe to the easy unactive hands of such an emperor. But may not another Charles V. arise? another Philip II. who, though not possessed of the Austrian territories, gave more trouble and terror to England than ever she felt from France; inasmuch as had not the seas and winds fought our battles, their invincible Armada had certainly brought upon us slavery and a popish queen! Neither is it a new thing for princes to improve as well as degenerate. Power generally brings a change of temper. Philip de Comines tells us, "That the great duke of Burgundy in his youth hated the thoughts of war and the fatigue of the field. After he had fought and gained one battle he loved

nothing else; and could never be easy in peace, but led all his life in war, and at length died in it; for want of other enemies fighting against the poor barren Swissers, who were possessed of nothing worth contending for."

But it is not reason, or even facts, that can subdue this stubborn party. They bear down all by noise and misrepresentation. They are but will not seem convinced, and make it their business to prevent others from being so. If they can but rail and raise a clamour they hope to be believed, though the miserable effects of their mal-administration are ten thousand to one against them; a festering obvious sore, which when it can be healed we know not, though the most famous artists apply their constant skill to endeavour at a cure. Their aversion to any government but their own is unalterable; like some rivers that are said to pass through without mingling with the sea, though disappearing for a time, they rise the same and never change their nature.

I am, sir, &c.

The preceding tract will be best illustrated by the following account of the subject of it, transcribed from a folio half-sheet published in 1711:—

"An account of the mock procession of burning the pope and the chevalier de St. George, intended to be performed on the 17th instant, being the anniversary of queen Elizabeth of pious and glorious memory.

"The owners of the pope, the chevalier de St. George, fourteen cardinals, and as many devils, which were taken out of a house in Drury-lane at midnight between the 16th and 17th instant, and exposed to view at the Cockpit for nothing (on the latter of those days), think fit to acquaint the world that their intention in making them was, with those and other images (in case their goods had not been forcibly taken away), to have formed the following procession:—

"Twenty watchmen to clear the way, with link-bells lighting them on each side.

"Twenty-four bagpipes marching four and four, and playing the memorable tune of Lillibullero.

"Ten watchmen marching two and two, to prevent disorder.

"Four drums in mourning, with the pope's arms in their caps.

"A figure representing cardinal Gualteri, lately made by the pretender protector of the English nation, looking down on the ground in a sorrowful posture; his train supported by two missionaries from Rome, supposed to be now in England.

"Two pages, throwing heads, bulls, pardons, and indulgences.

"Two jack-puddings sprinkling holy water.

"Twelve hautoys plying the tune of the Greenwood-tree.

"Two laces on each side of them bearing streamers, with these words, *Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutare*, being the device on the colours of the right reverend the bishop of London's troops when he marched into Oxford in the year 1688.

"Six bundles with protestant flags in their hands.

"These followed by four persons bearing streamers, each with the pictures of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower.

"Twelve monks, representing the fellows who were put into Magdalen-college in Oxford on the expulsion of the protestants.

"Twelve streamer-bearers with different devices, representing sandals, ropes, beads, bald pates, and big-bellied nuns.

"A lawyer, representing the clerk of the high commission court.

"Twelve heralds marching one after another at a great distance, with pamphlets setting forth king James II.'s power of dispensing with the test and penal laws.

"On each side of the heralds fifty links.

"After these four fat friars in their habits, streamers carried over their heads, with these words, 'Eat and pray.'

"Four Jesuits in English habits, with flower-de-luces on their shoulders, inscribed, 'Indefensible,' and masks on their faces, on which is writ 'The house of Hanover.'

"Four Jesuits in their proper habits.

"Four cardinals of Rome in their red hats curiously wrought.

"The pope under a magnificent canopy, with a right silver fringe, accompanied by the chevalier St. George on the left and his counsellor the devil on his right.

"The whole procession closed by twenty streamers, on each of which was wrought these words:

God bless queen Anne, the nation's great defender!
Keep out the French, the pope, and the pretender.

"In this order it was intended, with proper reliefs of lights at several stations in the march, to go through Drury-lane, Long-acre, Gerrard-street, Piccadilly, Germain-street, St. James's-square, Pell-mell, Strand, Catherine-street, Russell-street, Drury-lane, Great Queen-street, Little Queen-street, Holbourn, Newgate-street, Cornhill, Bishopsgate-street, where they were to wheel about and return thorough to St. Paul's-churchyard to Fleet-street. And at the Temple, before the statue of that illustrious lady whose anniversary was then celebrated, that queen wearing a veil, on which are drawn the picture of her present majesty, and under it the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and the passes of the lines in this present year, 1711, after proper ditties were sung, the pretender was to have been committed to the flames, being first absolved by the cardinal Gualteri. After that the said cardinal was to be absolved by the pope, and burnt. And then the devil was to jump into the flames with his holiness in his arms.

"And let all the people say—*Amen.*"

THE NEW WAY

OF SELLING PLACES AT COURT.

IN A LETTER FROM A SMALL COURTIER TO A GREAT STOCKJOBBER.

"——— Omnia Roma
Cum pretio.———" *JUVENAL, lib. 183.*

"Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place for 7000*l.*, and had received some guinea earnest; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examination taken of it by lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swung. The vice-chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at lord Masham's." — *Journal to Stella, March 24, 1711-12.*

In that friendly dispute which happened between us some time ago, wherein you endeavoured to prove that the city politics outdid those of the court, I remember there was nothing upon which you seemed to pride yourself more than that mystery of your brethren in Exchange Alley, which is usually called "selling the bear's skin;" whereby a very beneficial

trade is daily driven with imaginary stocks, and many thousands bought and sold to great advantage by those who were not worth a groat. This you challenged me to match with all my knowledge in the lower arts of the court. I confess, you had then the better of the argument; and I was forced to yield, which I would hardly do at present if the controversy were to be resumed: I could now make you acknowledge that what you in the city call "selling the bear's skin," does not deserve the name, when compared with the dexterity of one of our artists. I shall leave the decision of this matter to yourself, after you have received the following story, which I shall most faithfully relate.

There is a certain petty retainer to the court who has no employment at all himself, but is a partner for life to one that has. This gentleman resides constantly with his family among us, where being wholly at leisure he is consequently very speculative, perpetually turning his thoughts to improve those happy talents that nature has given him. He has maturely considered with himself the strange opinions that people at distance have of courts. Strangers are apt to think that whoever has an apartment in the royal palace can go through the lodgings as if he were at home and talk familiarly with every one he meets, must needs have at any time a dozen or two of employments in his power; the least word from him to a great man, or upon extraordinary occasions to the queen herself, would certainly do the business! This ignorance has often been made very good use of by dexterous men among us. Old courtiers will tell you twenty stories of Harry Killigrew, Fleetwood, Sheppard,^a and others, who would often sell places that were never in being and dispose of others a good pennyworth before they were vacant; how the privy garden at Whitehall was actually sold and an artist sent to measure it; how one man was made curtain-lifter to the king and another his majesty's goldfinder; so that our predecessors must be allowed their due honour. Neither do I at all pretend that the hero I am now celebrating was the first inventor of that art; wherein it must however be granted that he hath made most wonderful improvements.

This gentleman, whom I take leave to call by the name of Guzman, in imitation of a famous Spanish deceiver of that name, having been formerly turned out of one or two employments for no other crime than that of endeavouring to raise their value, has ever since employed his credit and power for the service of others; and where he could not secure them in reality has been content to feed their imaginations, which to a great part of mankind is full as well. It is true, he hath done all this with a prudent regard to his own interest; yet whoever has trafficked with him cannot but own that he sells at reasonable rates, and is so modest whilst that he is content the credit of taking your money should rest on the greatest men in England rather than himself. He begged a small employment for one of his customers from a lord of the admiralty, then told his client "that the great man must have a hundred guinea presented him in a handsome manner." Our placejobber brought an old lame horse of his own, and said "the admiral asked a hundred guinea for it;" the other bought the horse without offering to cheepen him or look in his mouth.

Two or three such achievements as these gave our adventurer the courage for some time past to deal by the great and to take all employments at court into his own hands. And though he and his family are

^a Well known as men of pleasure, wit, and humour, in the court of Charles II.

firm adherents to the honest party and furious against the present ministry (as I speak it to our honour, no small number of us are), yet in the disposal of places he was very impartial and gave every one their choice. He had a standing agent, to whom all people applied themselves that wanted any employment, who had them ready of all sizes, to fit whatever customer came, from twenty to a thousand pounds a-year.

If the question be asked, Why he takes no employment himself? he readily answers, That he might, whenever he pleased, be in the commission of the customs, the excise, or of trade; but does not think it worth his while; because, without stirring from court or giving himself any trouble, he can by his credit oblige honest gentlemen with employments, and at the same time make better advantage to himself. He hath several ways to establish a reputation of his interest at court. Sometimes, as I have already observed, he hath actually begged small offices and disposed of them to his clients. Besides, by living in her majesty's palace and being industrious at picking out secrets, he often finds where preferment is likely to go even before those who are to be preferred can have any notice of it themselves; then he immediately searches out for them, tells them of their merits, asks them how they would like of such an employment, and promises by his power at court to get it for them: but withal gives them a hint that great men will take money, though they will not be known to do it; that it therefore must be done by a second hand, for which he proffers his service, tells them what sum will be convenient, and then sinks it in his own pocket, beside what is given to him in gratitude for his solicitations and good will: this gives him credit to pursue his trade of placejobbing. Whoever hath a mind for an employment at court or anywhere else, goes to Guzman's agent, and he reads over to the candidate a list of places with their profit and salaries. When one is fixed upon, the agent names the known Don Guzman as a person to be depended upon, tells the client he must send him honour a hamper of wine; if the place they are in treaty for be considerable, a bogs-head. At next meeting the price is agreed on; but unfortunately this employment is half promised to another: however, he believes that that difficulty may be removed for twenty or thirty guineas; which being but a trifle, is immediately given. After two or three meetings more, perhaps, the bubble bath access to the don himself; who assumes great airs, says the thing shall be done, he has already spoken to the queen or lord treasurer. At parting, the agent tells the officer elect there is immediate occasion for forty or fifty guineas, to be given among clerks, or servants, or some great minister. Thus the poor placehunter is drilled on from one month to another, perpetually squeezed of ready money, and nothing done. This trade Don Guzman has carried on for many years and frequently with five or six dupes in hand at a time, and perhaps all of them for one place. I know it will be the wonder of many people, as it has been mine, how such impostures as these could be so frequently repeated, and how so many disappointed people could be kept from making a noise and clamour that may ruin the trade and credit of this bold projector; but it is with him as with almanack makers, who gain more reputation by one right guess than they lose by a thousand wrong ones. Besides, I have already observed that once or twice in his life, he did actually provide for one or two persons; further, it was his constant rule, whatever employment was given away, to assure his clients that he had the chief hand in dispos-

ing of it. When a man had no more to give or was weary of attending, the excuse was, either that he had some private enemies or the queen was engaged for that turn or that he must think of something else; and then it was a new business, required new fees, and new hampers of wine; or lastly, Don Guzman was not to be seen, or talked cold and dry, or in very great haste, and so the matter dwindled to nothing: the poor pretender to an employment discovered the cheat too late, was often ashamed to complain, and was only laughed at when he did.

Having thus described some few of the qualifications which have so much distinguished this worthy manager, I shall crown all with informing you of the particulars of a late achievement that will give him an everlasting renown. About two months ago, a gentleman of a good fortune had a mind to buy some considerable employment in the court, and sent a solicitor to negotiate this affair with Don Guzman's agent, who after one or two meetings told him the vice-chamberlain's employment was to be disposed of, the person who now enjoyed it being wholly out of favour with the queen [Thomas Coke, esq.]; that the choice of his successor was in Don Guzman's power; that 7000*l.* was the price, whereof 4000*l.* was to be given to a lady who was foster-sister to the queen; 2000*l.* to the present vice-chamberlain in consideration of his being turned out; and the remaining thousand to be divided between the great don and the two small agents: this was the result after several meetings, after two or three bumpers of wine had been sent to St. James's, and some guineas given to facilitate the putting off a bargain which, as pretended, was begun for the employment to another person. This matter went so far, that notes were interchangeably given between the two agents and their principal, as well relating to the thousand pounds which was to be divided among them as to the main sum. Our projector was likewise very curious to know whether the new vice-chamberlain could speak French, which he said was absolutely necessary to his office; whether he was well-furnished, had a genteel manner and polite conversation; and directed that the person himself should upon an appointed day be seen walking in the garden before St. James's house, that the lady, the queen's foster-sister, might judge of his mien whether he were a slightly man and by his appearance qualified for so great an employment. To carry the imposture further, one Sunday when, in the lord-chamberlain's [the duke of Shrewsbury] absence, Mr. vice-chamberlain led her majesty to chapel, Don Guzman being there with his solicitor, said to him with an expressive sneer and a sort of rapture, "Ah sir, what happiness! I am ravished to think of it. I wish your friend was here now to see the vice-chamberlain handing the queen: I would make him give the other thousand pounds for his employment."

These are the circumstances of this story as near as I can remember. How the ingenious don could have got off clean from this business I cannot possibly imagine: but it unfortunately happened that he was not put to the trial of showing his dexterity; for the vice-chamberlain, by what means I could never yet learn, got a little light into the matter. He was told that somebody had been treating for his place, and information given him where to find the solicitor of the person who was to succeed him. He immediately sent for the man; who (not conceiving himself to be engaged in a dishonest action and therefore conscious of no guilt) very freely told him all that he knew; and as he had good reason, was as angry at the cheat put upon him and his

friend as the vice-chamberlain himself; whereupon poor don Gusman and his two agents were, at Mr. Vice-chamberlain's request, examined before a principal secretary of state, and their examinations taken in writing. But here I must with shame confess that our hero's behaviour was much below his character; he shuffled and dodged, denied and affirmed, contradicted himself every moment, owned the fact, yet insisted on his honour and innocency. In short his whole demeanour was such that the rawest stock-johler in Exchange-alley would blush to see it. It is true he hath since in some manner recovered his reputation; he talks boldly wherever he comes as if he were the party injured, and as if he expected satisfaction; and what is still more heroic, goes on in his old trade of disposing places, though not of such great consideration.

How the affair will end I cannot tell; the vice-chamberlain, between generosity and contempt, not being hitherto very forward in carrying it to a formal prosecution; and the rest of the court contenting themselves, some with laughing and some in lifting up their eyes with admiration.

However I think the matter well deserves to be recorded, both for the honour of the manager and to let you and the world know that great abilities and dexterity are not confined to Exchange-alley.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

THE STORY

OF THE ST. ALBAN'S GHOST;

OR, THE APPARITION OF MOTHER HAGGY.

Collected from the best manuscript.

*Sola, Norum Dictum, Nefas, Harpyia Celeno
Prodigium enot, et tristes demulcat Ires.*—VIRGIL.

THE FOURTH EDITION: FROM A COLLECTION OF TRACTS IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

The following *fre d'esprit* is thus alluded to by the reputed author, who affects to disavow it, in his *Journal to Stella*, Feb. 22: "I went to lord Masham's to night, and lady Masham made me read her pretty twopenny pamphlet just published, called 'The St. Alban's Ghost.' I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not."

I CAN scarcely say whether we ought to attribute the multitude of ghosts and apparitions which were so common in the days of our forefathers to the ignorance of the people or the impositions of the priest. The Romish clergy found it undoubtedly for their interest to deceive them, and the superstition of the people laid themselves open to receive whatsoever they thought proper to inculcate. Hence it is that their traditions are little else than the miracles and achievements of unbodied heroes, a sort of spiritual romance, so artfully carried on and delivered in so probable a manner as may easily pass for truth on those of an uncultivated capacity or a credulous disposition. Our sectarians indeed still retain the credulity as well as some of the tenets of that church; and apparitions and such-like are still the bugbears made use of by some of the most celebrated of their holders forth to terrify the old women of their congregation (who are their snarest customers), and enlarge their quarterly subscriptions. I know one of these ambidesters who never fails of ten or twenty pounds more than ordinary by nicking something wonderful in due time; be often clothes his whole family by the apparition of a person lately executed at Tyburn, or a whale seen at Greenwich or thereabouts; and I am credibly informed that his wife has made a visit with a brand new sable tippet on, since the death of the Tower lions.

VOL. I.

But as these things will pass upon none but the ignorant and superstitious, so there are others that will believe nothing of this nature even upon the clearest evidence. There are it must be owned but very few of these accounts to be depended on; some however are so palpable, and testified by so good authority, by those of such undoubted credit and so discerning a curiosity, that there is no room to doubt of their veracity, and which none but a sceptic can disbelieve. Such is the following story of Mother Haggy of St. Alban's in the reign of king James I.: the mighty pranks she played in her lifetime, and her apparition afterwards, made such a noise both at home and abroad and were so terrible to the neighbourhood, that the country people to this day cannot bear the mention of her name without the most dismal apprehensions. The injuries they received from the sorceries and incantations of the mother, and the injustice and oppression of the son and daughter, have made so deep an impression upon their minds and begot such an hereditary aversion to their memory, that they never speak of them without the bitterest curses and imprecations.

I have made it my business, being at St. Alban's lately, to inquire more particularly into this matter, and the helps I have received from the most noted men of erudition in this city have been considerable, and to whom I make my public acknowledgment. The charges I have been at in getting manuscripts and labour in collating them, the reconciling the disputes about the most material circumstances and adjusting the various readings, as they have taken me a considerable time, so I hope they may be done to the satisfaction of my reader. I wish I could have time to distinguish by an asterisk the circumstances delivered by tradition only from those of the manuscripts, which I was advised to do by my worthy friend the rev. Mr. Whiston, who had not been employed otherwise might have been a very proper person to have undertaken such a performance.

The best manuscripts are now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. Garth, where they are left for the curious to peruse, and where any clergyman may be welcome; for however he may have been abused by those who deny him to be the author of the *Dispensary*, and taxed by others with principles and practices unbecoming a man of his sense and probity, yet I will be bold to say in his defence that I believe he is as good a christian as he is a poet, and if he publishes anything on the late D—d M—y I don't question but it will be interspersed with as many precepts of revealed religion as the subject is capable of. Those refined pieces that the doctor has been pleased to own since the writing of the *Dispensary* have been looked upon by the lewd debauched critics of the town to be dull and insipid, for no other reason but because they are grave and sober; but this I leave for others to determine, and can say for his sincerity that I am assured he believes the following relation as much as any of us all.

Mother Haggy was married to a plain homely yeoman of St. Alban's, and lived in good repute for some years; the place of her birth is disputed by some of the most celebrated moderns, though they have a tradition in the country that she was never born at all, and which is most probable. At the birth of her daughter Haggy something happened very remarkable, and which gave occasion to the neighbourhood to mistrust she had a correspondence with Old Nick, as was confirmed afterwards beyond the possibility of disproof. The neighbours were got together at a merry-making, as they term it in the country, when the old woman's high-crowned

nut, that had been thrown upon the bed's tester during the heat of the engagement, leaped with a wonderful agility into the cradle, and being caught at by the nurse was metamorphosed into a comet, which, according to her description, was not much unlike that of a German prince; but it soon broke into a thousand pieces. "Such," cries old Mother Haggy, "will be the fortune of my daughter, and such her fall." The company took but little notice of what she said, being surprised at the circumstance of the hat. But this is fact, says the reverend and honourable Lumley Lloyd, and my grandmother, who was a person of condition, told me, says he, she knew the man who knew the woman who was, said she, in the room at that instant. The very same night I saw a comet, neither have I any occasion to tell a lie as to this particular, says my author, brandishing its tail in a very surprising manner in the air; but upon the breaking of a cloud I could discern, continues he, a clergyman at the head of a body of his own cloth, and followed by an innumerable train of laity, who coming towards the comet it disappeared.

This was the first time mother Haggy became suspected, and it was the opinion of the wisest of the parish that they should petition the king to send her to be tried for a witch by the presbytery of Scotland. How this passed off I cannot tell, but certain it is that some of the great ones of the town were in with her, and it is said she was serviceable to them in their smoures; she had a wash that would make the skin of a blackamoor as white as alabaster, and another that would restore the loss of a maid-head without hindrance of business or the knowledge of any one about them. She tried this experiment so often upon her daughter Haggy that more than twenty were satisfied they had her virginity before marriage.

She soon got such a reputation all about the country that there was not a cow, a smock, or a silver spoon lost, but they came to her to inquire after it; all the young people flocked to have their fortunes told, which, they say, she never missed. She told Haggy's husband he should grow rich and be a great man, but by his covetousness and griping of the poor should come to an ill end: all which happened so exactly that there are several old folks in our town who can remember it as if it was but yesterday.

She has been often seen to ride full gallop upon a broomstick at noonday, and swim over a river in a kettledrum. Sometimes she would appear in the shape of a lioness, and at other times of a hen or a cat; but I have heard could not turn herself into a male creature, or walk over two straws across. There were never known so many great winds as about that time, or so much mischief done by them; the pigs grunted and the screech-owls hooted oftener than usual; a horse was found dead one morning with hay in his mouth, and a large overgrown jack was caught in a fish-pond thereabouts with a silver tobacco-box in his belly; several women were brought to bed of two children, some miscarried, and old folks died very frequently.

These things could not choose but breed a great combustion in the town, as they call it, and everybody certainly had rejoiced at her death had she not been succeeded by a son and daughter, who, though they were no conjurers, were altogether as terrible to the neighbourhood. She had two daughters, one of which was married to a man who went beyond sea; the other, her daughter Haggy, to Avaro [Marlborough], whom we shall have occasion to mention in the sequel of this story.

There lived at that time in the neighbourhood two brothers of a great family, persons of a vast estate and character and extremely kind to their servants and dependants. Haggy, by her mother's interest, was got into this family, and Avaro, who was afterwards her husband, was the huntsman's boy. He was a lad of a fine complexion, good features, and agreeable to the fair sex, but wanted the capacity of some of his fellow-servants; though he got a reputation afterwards for a man of courage, but upon no other grounds than by setting the country fellows to endgulling or boxing, and being a spectator of a broken head and a bloody nose.

There are several authentic accounts of the behaviour of these two in their respective stations, and by what means they made an advancement of their fortunes. There are several relations, I say, now extant that tell us how one of these great brothers took Avaro's sister for his mistress, which was the foundation of his preferment, and how Haggy, by granting her favours to any one who would go to the expense of them, became extremely wealthy, and how both had gained the art of getting money out of everybody they had to do with, and by the most dishonourable methods. Never, perhaps, was any couple so matched in everything as these or so fit for one another; a couple so linked by the bonds of iniquity as well as marriage, that it is impossible to tell which had the greatest crimes to answer for.

It will be needless to relate the fortune of the brothers, who were their successive masters, and the favours they bestowed on them. It is sufficient that the estate came at last to a daughter of the younger brother, a lady who was the admiration of the age she lived in and the darling of the whole country, and who had been attended from her infancy by Haggy.

Then it was Avaro began his tyranny; he was intrusted with all the affairs of consequence, and there was nothing done without his knowledge. He married his daughters to some of the most considerable estates in the neighbourhood, and was related by marriage to one Baconface [Godolphin], a sort of bailiff to his lady. He and Baconface and Haggy got into possession as it were of their lady's estate, and carried it with so high a hand, were so haughty to the rich and oppressive to the poor, that they quickly began to make themselves odious; but for their better security they formed a sort of confederacy with one Dammyhood [Wharton]; Cinnery [Snnderland], their son-in-law; Spliteause [Somers], an attorney; and Moose [Holfax], a noted ballad-maker, and some others. As soon as they had done this they began so to domineer that there was no living for those who would not compliment or comply with them in their villany. Haggy cried, Lord, madam, to her mistress, it must be so; Avaro swore, by G—d; and Baconface shook his head and looked dismally. They made every tenant pay a tax, and every servant considerably out of his wages, toward the mounding their lady's estate as they pretended, but most part of it went into their own pockets. Once upon a time the tenants grumbling at their proceedings, Cinnery, the son-in-law, brought in a parcel of beggars to settle upon the estate. Thus they lived for some years, till they grew richer than their mistress, and were perhaps the richest servants in the world; nay, what is the most remarkable and will scarcely find belief in future ages, they began at last to dany her title to the estate and affirm she held it only by their permission and connivance.

Things were come to this pass when one of the tenants' sons from Oxford [Sacheverell] preached up

obedience to their lady, and the necessity of their downfall who opposed it. This opened the eyes of all the honest tenants, but enraged Avaro and his party to that degree that they had hired a pack of managed bull-dogs with a design to bait him, and had done it infallibly had not the gentry interposed, and the country people run in to his assistance. These with much ado muzzled the dogs and petitioned their lady to discard the mismanagers, who consented to it.

Great were the endeavours and great the struggles of the faction, for so they were called, to keep themselves in power, as the histories of those times mention. They stirred up all their lady's acquaintance to speak to her in their behalf, wrote letters to and fro, swore and cursed, laughed and cried, told the most abominable and inconsistent lies, lavished away their beef, pudding, and October most unmercifully, and made several jointed babies to show for sights and please the tenants' sons about Christmas.

Old Drybones [Burnet] was then the parson of the parish, a man of the most notorious character, who would change his principles at any time to serve a turn, preach or pray *extempore*, talk nonsense or anything else, for the advancement of Avaro and his faction. He was looked upon to be the greatest artist in legerdemain in that country, and had a way of showing the pope and little master in a box, but the figures were so very small it was impossible to discern them. He was hired it is supposed to tax the new servants with popery, together with their mistress, which he preached in several churches thereabouts; but his character was too well known to make anything credited that came from him.

There are several particulars related both by tradition and the manuscripts concerning the turning out of these servants, which would require greater volumes than I design. It is enough that notwithstanding their endeavours they were discarded, and the lady chose her new servants out of the most honest and substantial of her tenants, of undoubted abilities, who were tied to her by inclination as well as duty. These began a reformation of all the abuses committed by Avaro and Baconface, which discovered such a scene of roguery to the world that one would hardly think the most mercenary favourites could be guilty of.

Avaro now began to be very uneasy, and to be affrighted at his own conscience; he found nothing would pacify the enraged tenants, and that his life would be but a sufficient recompence for his crimes. His money, which he relied on and which he lavished away to bribe off his destruction, had not force enough to protect him. He could not as it is reported sit still in one place for two minutes, never slept at all, eat little or nothing, talked very rambling and inconsistent of merit, bardships, accounts, perquisites, commissioners, bread, and bread-waggons, but was never heard to mention any cheese.

He came and made a confession in his own house to some people he never saw before in his life, and which shows no little disorder in his brain, that whatever they might think of him he was as dutiful a servant as any his mistress had. Haggrite raved almost as bad as he, and had got St. Anthony's fire in her face; but it is a question, says Dr. Garth, whether there was anything ominous in that, since it is probable the distemper only changed its situation.

Meanwhile it was agreed by Baconface and others that a consultation should be called at Avaro's house, something decisive resolved on in order to prevent their ruin; and accordingly Jacobo the messenger was sent to inform the cabal of it.

Dismal and horrid was the night of that infernal consultation! nothing heard but the melancholy murmuring of winds and the croaking of toads and ravens; everything seemed wild and desert, and doubled darkness overspread the hemisphere; thunder and lightning, storms and tempest and earthquakes, seemed to presage something more than ordinary and added to the confusion of that memorable night. Nature sickened and groaned as it were under the tortures of universal ruin. Not a servant in the house but had the strangest dreams, and Haggrite herself had seen a stranger in the cradle. The fire languished and burnt blue and the crickets sung continually about the oven. How far the story is true concerning the warming-pan and diabetes, I cannot say, but certain it is a noise was heard like that of rolling peas from the top of the house to the bottom; and the windows creaked and the doors rattled in a manner not a little terrible. Several of their servants made affidavit that Haggrite lost a red petticoat, a ruff, and a pair of green stockings that were her mother's, but the night before, and a diamond-cross once given her by a great man.

It was about midnight before this black society got together, and no sooner were they seated when Avaro opened to them in this manner: We have tried, says he, my friends, all the artifices we could invent or execute, but all in vain. Our mistress has discovered plainly our intentions, and the tenants will be neither flattered, nor frightened, nor bribed into our interest. It remains, therefore—and what though we perish in the attempt! we must perish otherwise—that once for all we make a push at the very life of —; when, lo! says the manuscript, an unusual noise interrupted his discourse, and Jacobo cried out, The devil, the devil at the door. Scarce had he time to speak or they to listen, when the apparition of mother Haggrite entered; but who can describe the astonishment they were then in! Haggrite fainted away in the elbow chair as she sat, and Avaro notwithstanding his boasted courage slunk under the table in an instant; Baconface screwed himself into a thousand postures; and Clumy trembled till his very water trickled from him. Splitcase tumbled over a joint-stool, and Mouse the ballad-maker broke a brandy-bottle that had been Haggrite's companion for some years; but Dammyblood, Dammyblood only was the man that had the courage to cry out, G-d-d-mn your bl--d, what occasion for all this bustle! Is it not the devil, and is he not our old acquaintance! This revived them in some measure, but the ghastliness of the spectacle made still some impression on them. There was an unaccountable irregularity in her dress, a wanness in her complexion, and a disproportion in her features. Flames of fire issued from her nostrils, and a sulphurous smoke from her mouth, which, together with the condition some of the company were in, made a very noisome and offensive smell; and I have been told, says a very grave alderman of St. Alban's, some of them saw her eleven foot.

I come, says she at length (in a hollow voice more terrible than the celebrated Stentor or the brawny Caledonian), I come, O ye accomplices in iniquity, to tell you of your crimes, to bid you desist from these cabals, for they are fruitless, and prepare for punishment. I have as long as I could assisted you in your glorious execrable attempts, but time is now no more, the time is coming when you must be delivered up to justice. As to you, O son and daughter, said she, turning to them, 'tis but a few revolving moons ere you must both fall as sacrifice to your avarice and ambition, as I have told you heretofore, but your mistresses will be too merciful, and though your ready

money must be refunded your estate in land will descend unto your heirs. But you, O Baconface, you have merited nothing to save either your life or your estate; be contented, therefore, with the loss of both; and Clumzy, says she, you must share the same fate: your insolence to your lady and the beggars you brought in upon the tenants will require it. Dammyblood, continues she, turning towards him, you must expect a considerable fine; but Spitecase and Mouse may come off more easily. She said, gave a shriek, and disappeared; and the cabal dispersed with the utmost consternation.

THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD STEELE, Esq. ; WITH SOME REMARKS.

BY TOBY, ABEL'S KINSMAN; OR, ACCORDING TO
MR. CALAMY, A.P. & N.

IN A LETTER TO HIS FATHER.
The Fourth Edition.

Bella inter Geminos pluraquam civilia Fratres.—ERIOS.

This satire was attributed to Swift at its first appearance in 1719, and was reprinted in the *Galliverriana*, 1738, with the following preface:—

"The reader is to understand that captain Gulliver's first attachments in England were to the Whigs; that he wrote the 'Contest of Athens and Rome,' and many other pieces, on Whiggish principles; that his patron was a Whig; that the captain gave into his patron's ways of thinking; and the reader is to know, lastly, that at the captain's first appearing in public and in print at London, he conversed only with Whigs, particularly Lord Wharton, Addison, and Steele.

"But when the late queen changed her successful and victorious ministry she changed the whole captain; and the captain changed his opinions, changed his conscience, changed his company, and betook to O—d, O—b, B—k, P—e, A—t, M—y, and O—; changing his style at the same time, and writing outlandishly in opposition to the persons and principles which he had espoused from his youth.

"While the captain flourished, in the height and heat of his labours to favour the Jacobite cause, in *Examiners*, *Conducts*, *Toby's Remarks*, *Ballads*, and all kinds of writing, public and private, sir Richard Steele was the chief protestant hero of the press, who, by his *Englishman*, *Guardian*, *Crisis*, *Dunkirk*, and other approved writings in favour of the house of Hanover, stemmed the tide, in the judgment of all unprejudiced readers, and turned the hearts of the people against the then managers for the pretender.

"This success of sir Richard Steele so incensed the party that they took every measure to distress him; they turned him out of his employment, and they expelled him the house of commons. His fortune was broke, and his person and life were reckoned to be in danger; and it was under these prosperous circumstances that the pious and humane captain sends Toby, in his ridiculous way, to support and comfort him. That very captain who was Steele's old friend and fellow-writer; that captain, whom Steele loved, and never disingled, unless it could be by his writing in favour of our condition against the pretender.

"But I'll detain you no longer from the entertainment of master Toby, alias Gulliver, alias Swift, alias Examiner, alias down of St. Patrick's, alias Drapier, alias Bickerstaff, alias Kemarkar, alias Journalist, alias Somewether, alias Scriblerus."

Titulo res digna sequitur.—JUV.

SIR,—I have sent you the late performances of Mr. Steele, who, in my opinion, has, after all the false glosses that have been put upon him, drawn his own picture to the life, and given us a better sketch of his mind than ever we had of his short face. You will excuse me, sir, if I interrupt you a little in making my observations upon one who has so freely made his observations upon his queen and government; it will be no injury I am persuaded to the Examiner to borrow him a little upon promise of returning him safe; as children do their playthings when their mirth is over, and they have done with

them; I cannot, I must confess, but promise myself a little merriment, and, in imitation of a landable custom of our countrymen at Hockley, shall endeavour, after Brain has been sufficiently baited in another manner, to give the company the diversion of a wheelbarrow.

All that Mr. Steele contends for at present is to be thought the politician of the company, and though an infant and a pigmy in his profession, to deal with statesmen of a gigantic stature and surpassing his upholsterer in argument; and he has behaved himself with such mighty prowess in his first encounters that it is suspected he writes by the direction of Mr. Ridpath, and that his shield and his sword are the gift of some famous necromancer, and equal in virtue to Mambrino's helmet. I would desire you, sir, to take notice I say it is suspected only he writes by the assistance of Mr. Ridpath, since I would by no means offer that gentleman an injury now he is dead and gone, who perhaps, if he was alive, would be unwilling to be concerned with Mr. Steele. If the jay borrowed a feather from the peacock, another from the bullfinch, and another from the magpie, it is no argument that Dick is made of borrowed colours, that he borrowed his humour of *Ecouteur*, his criticism of Addison, his poetry of Pope, or his politics of Ridpath; and that his qualifications as a man of sense, like Mr. Thompson's as a member of parliament, lie in thirteen parishes.

It may be disputed perhaps whether the Irish or Scotch rogue has passed the most editions, or who has the best claim to preferment, since the same vein of knavery is the subject of them both. Affinity of sense is no argument that they both are concerned in writing the same piece, or that the Englishman is equivocally generated by the copulation of the Scotch and Irish, and like a mule, inherits an equal share of the virtues of each of its progenitors. Two persons of different nations and the same principle may sometimes jump in their ideas of men and things, but it is a wrong inference to suppose that none but a Scotchman would give the *Flying Post* the character of honest, as if standing in the pillory was no test of his integrity with an Irish evidence. Wise men are always cautious of the character of those who have trod the paths of honour and virtue before them, who have been conspicuous in those preferments they are solicitous to ascend.

I have sent you the best information of the reasons of the conduct of our upstart, and have endeavoured to solve all the phenomena of his turning politician; and if, in giving you the history of his late proceedings, I should say something that may occasion him to call me graceless rogue or rascal, or give me any other appellation adapted to the mouth of a political reformer, if he falls into passion with any man of quality, instead of returning me an answer, you must not say he is rude or angry or giving ill language; you must approve of his behaviour and his management; it is the method lately of political controversy and an admirable artifice of evading an antagonist. A man of late years is thought as much a conqueror when he runs out of the field and escapes as if he kills his adversary upon the spot.

Mr. Steele, sir, having lately had a Welsh estate left him by his wife's mother, began to look upon himself as a considerable person in land as well as sense, as is natural for those who have been indigent and necessitous all their lives. He was told by the minor poets, his companions at Button's, that a man of his sense must undoubtedly advance himself by being in the senate, and that he knew the world, as Dick himself insinuates in his *Treatise upon De-*

volition, as well as any man in England, and had all the qualifications requisite for a minister of state. There was no great occasion to press him to anything of this nature: he embraced it with all the eagerness imaginable, but offered at first a sort of *nono episcopari*, that it might go down the more plausibly. He considered wisely that his wit and credit began to run very low, that the chief of his assistants had deserted him, that C. Lilly had lately refused to lend him half-a-crown, Jacob [Tonson] dunned him more than was consistent with good manners, and if he got into the house he could not be arrested. What seduced him more than all these considerations was a pension from the party double the income of the stamp-office at present, and in hand, for speaking in the house; and he has amassed together a multitude of set speeches, which he designs to get extempore for that purpose. He is at this time so elated I am told that he has already promised several places under him when he is secretary or lord-treasurer. Mr. Button is an auditor of the exchequer, and Mr. Bat. Pigeon, in the room of sir Clement, master of the ceremonies. He has declared publicly he does not question overturning the ministry, and doing that before the first sessions of parliament is over which my lords Wharton and Somers have been foiled at for three years together.

I need not tell you, sir, how exulted he seemed at Stockbridge, and after what manner he addressed the bailiff and his brethren. There was nothing there to perplex him but the payment of a 300*l.* bond, which lessened the sum he carried down, and which an odd dog of a creditor had intimation of and took this opportunity to recover. But, alas! alas! We may date the ruin of the man and the loss of his intellects from this juncture; as soon as he came to town the political *cacoethes* began to break out upon him with greater violence because it had been suppressed, and he who had lived so long upon the lucubrations of others was resolved at last to do something. Mr. John Snow has since received such marks of his favour and esteem that he has appealed to him in the dispute betwixt himself and his prince whether it was expedient to demolish Dunkirk or not, and has chosen himself and the bailiff of a petty corporation to be directors of her majesty. To convince his electors he can write, he has dedicated a book to their bailiff, and for their civility in attempting to choose him has inflicted the punishment of reading it upon the corporation.

There is no occasion at this time to animadvert on the argument of his letter, so well refuted by the demolition itself; and as the case stood then the whole dispute was frivolous and of no importance. The person of monsieur Tugghe was obscure if not famed; his memorial inconsiderable, if not written by Mr. Steele; her majesty steadfast in her resolution to demolish the town and harbour, and her ministry declaring it: but all this was not enough for our champion's satisfaction: he had promised to oblige Mr. Snow with some diversion at his own expense, and like the renowned [knight of] La Mancha singles out a windmill to encounter. Dreadful and bloody was the battle on both sides, and that insolent bunter of a foreign corporation deserved to be chastised for affronting her majesty, when none but a senator or a subject who is not accountable to his queen ought to be allowed that liberty.

I know not, I must confess, by what means he will evade the charge of insolence and ingratitude; he ought undoubtedly to have been very certain that her majesty was resolved never to demolish Dunkirk, that the sieur Tugghe's memorial was

wrote by the direction of the ministry, and that her majesty had no reason for deferring the demolition. This would have been proper I say, for him to have inquired, and when he had been ascertained of these things, if he had given his opinion of the importance of demolishing that place with modesty and submission as a private author, he ought not to have told the queen that the representative body of the whole nation immediately expected it, when he had no commission from them. If he was insolent and ungrateful to her majesty under the name of Mr. Ironside, he ought not to father his spurious brats or his libels upon the nation or parliament; and however unaccountable he may think himself, he may have an opportunity to repent it.

But he remembers a certain person who wished the necks of all mankind consolidated in one, that he might the more commodiously demolish the whole species at once, and endeavours, in imitation of this great example, to cut off the constitution of Great Britain at a blow.

A man of such a charity and public spirit is heroically illustrious: our ancestors of forty-one brought on the civil war by the same stratagem of setting the king and parliament at variance.

You will find, sir, in the packet I have sent you, that the Examiner has answered all his reasons, if they can be called so, beyond the possibility of a reply; but our new politician, who knows the world and himself better than to take an answer, has recourse to another stratagem; and instead of replying one word to the Examiner, without any sense of handsome language or good manners falls a throwing dirt and abusing the unblemished character of a minister of state, by whose interest alone he has been continued three years in the stamp-office.

This, sir, is that gentleman of merit! that hero of good sense! that man of charity and public spirit! that censor of Great Britain! that venerable Nestor!

O, ye literati of Button's coffeehouse! Ye ladies of St. James's! Ye milliners of the Exchange! Ye upholsterers of the city! Ye stock-jobbers of Jonathan's! Ye neighbours of sir Roger, and ye family of the Lisards!—Behold the patron of learning! the encourager of arts and sciences! the dispenser of morality and philosophy! the demolisher of tuckers and hooped petticoats! the terror of politicians! and the debellator of news-writers! dwindled on a sudden into an author below the character of Dunton [a bookseller]! below the politics of Kidpath! Ungratefully insulting his queen, and committing petty-larceny upon the reputation of a great man! See the man who talked like an oracle, who had all the gay, the delicate, the humorous, at his command, calling names and daubing his style with the language of a scavenger!

O tempora! O mores! More phlebotomy and fresh straw—

For the man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot.

Is this that Richard Steele, esq., who published the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, who was believed to be one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the world? It is impossible! 'Tis some impostor, some enemy to that gentleman, some savage miscreant who had his birth and education in a place more barbarous than Carrickfergus.

If Mr. Steele, sir, was ever a man of parts he is strangely degenerated, and has undergone a greater alteration on a sudden than any in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, though the following account in my opinion may be as properly applied to Apollo and Mr. Ironside as to the person spoken of by that author, which

for the benefit of the city politicians I shall leave in the original :—

— Nec Dullus sures
Humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram,
Sed trahit in spoutum; viliusque alibitus implet;
Indisturque sures leuit gradientis Aetili.—OVID.

Our author has given his reputation such a stab that I can scarcely think but he is in some measure guilty of self-murder, as dead as Dr. Partridge or any other person he killed formerly. If the coroner's inquest was to examine him the Welsh estate would in all probability be in danger, was it not for the *adco of non compos*. It is a miserable consideration when a man exposes his morals and integrity to sale, when he lets his wit by the day and jades and hackneys down his genius to supply his luxury. I should have thought Mr. Steele might have had the example of his friend [Dr. Garth] before his eyes, who had the reputation of being author of the *Dispensary*, till by two or three unlucky afterclaps he proved himself incapable of writing it.

But we ought to have another opinion of our adviser of princes if we reflect on what he tells us in his Importance, that an honest, though a mean man, gives her majesty to understand that the British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk: "Expects it," says he, "from the duty they owe their queen, from their care of the preservation of her sacred life, her crown, and dignity, from the honour and integrity of her councils, from the glorious advantages of her arms, from the faith and sincerity of her treaties, from the veneration and regard due to her from his most christian majesty, and from the duty they owe themselves and their posterity; and is this insolence and ingratitude?" If we had leisure to examine this construction it would open to us a field of incongruity; but I shall rather give you the true reasons of the expectations of himself and his party, abstracted from the false meanings he has put upon them. The party then expects it,—from a particular care of the Dutch trade and from an apprehension that England should be too powerful; from the duty they owe the Dutch and their posterity; from an endeavour to blacken and asperse the peace; from a jealousy that the present ministry are in the interest of the church; from an uneasiness they are under because of her majesty's administration, and from a desire of seeing her successor upon the throne; and is this insolence and ingratitude?

You may imagine, sir, perhaps I wrong the demolisher in my interpretation of this passage, especially if we consider him as one who professes that the highest pleasure of a human soul consists in charity. As to laying aside, says he, those common views by which the mistaken world are actuated, a man of liberal education can easily surmount those low considerations; and when he considers himself from the moment he was born into this world as an immortal though a changeable being, he will form his interests and prospects accordingly, and not make provision for eternity with perishable things. When a man has planted such a sentiment as this for the rule of his conduct the pursuits of avarice and ambition will be as contemptible as the sports of children; and there can be no honours, no riches, no pleasures, which can possibly come in competition with the satisfactions of an enlarged and public spirit.

Was Mr. Steele the person he here would represent himself I would allow the sense he puts upon his own words. This is such a gift of virtue and philosophy which a man of liberal education can hardly ever arrive to, how easily soever he may surmount those low considerations, and is never perhaps to be found in any person, much less in one

who bestows it upon himself. I wish indeed I could find any one who would give him this character; I have hunted everywhere, I have conversed with his companions and ereditors, with his friends and enemies, and I must confess I never yet met the man who had so good an opinion of his veracity as to believe him in trifles and matters of the least importance.

You may blame me perhaps for reminding our author of his debts; and I should justly think myself blamable were they not the effects of his luxury, his vanity, and ambition, and not of accident or misfortune. I could easily excuse and pity a man for being poor, but not when he labours by his vices to undo himself; not when he endeavours to make a figure or become a senator at the expense of his ereditors. Some civilians look upon such chemists who are searchers only of the philosopher's stone as unfit to be tolerated in any community, because they reduce not only themselves and families to beggary but several other people; and certainly spendthrifts and projectors of any sort are equally pernicious, and are so far from having any spice of public spirit, so much hoisted of by some, that they are useless members to the government they live under and a nuisance to the public. Where is the public spirit of such a man who will be bribed to recommend a harrier, a hoofer, or a perfumer to the world, to carry on intrigues which a man of honour would blush to hear of, and to pimp in print! Where is his charity and benevolence to mankind who is squandering away a handsome competency among the illegitimate, who is running into everybody's debt and paying nobody! Where is his disinterest who votes for more than double an equivalent of the stamp-office! Are the pursuits of avarice and ambition contemptible to such an one! And is this laying aside the common views by which the mistaken world are actuated!

Pardon me, sir, however merry I have been I can contain no longer: public spirit, charity, benevolence to mankind, and disinterest, are virtues known to our mushroom patriot by name only, and it raises the contempt and indignation of every honest man to hear a person of the vilest principles, and the most mercenary hireling who ever prostituted his pen in the defence of any faction, giving himself such an air of sanctity and virtue. A man of such a public and enlarged spirit is as well qualified as any Judas of them all to betray his friend, his benefactor, or his sovereign, if you bait with a bribe considerable enough to reach his conscience; and he may very well be careless what ideas are affixed to the letters of his name when it is impossible for the worst to sully him.

I have dwelt the longer, sir, upon Mr. Steele's character because it seems to be the main argument at present; Dunkirk is now *demolishing*, and the importance of no consideration; and I beg leave only to make a remark or two upon the Englishman which may serve to confirm what I have already hinted.

He assumes at first the name of an Englishman in a burlesque manner, as if the character and charge of a man of experience and a patriot was matter of comedy and ridicule. It may indeed, sir, as he manages it, but methinks every Englishman ought to have understood himself and his country better than to abuse the only man who, if any one deserves that title, has proved himself more an Englishman than any minister who has gone before him. We all of us, sir, are sensible of the happy influence of his counsel, who has rescued our constitution out of such hands as engrossed the monarchy to themselves

and plundered its revenue; as exposed the wealth of our nation to the depredations of foreigners and the scorn and derision of its confederates.

But these incongruities are pardonable if we consider him as a Frenchman, a Dutchman lately naturalised, or an acquaintance of Mr. Steele's, and he may be allowed to publish a letter from himself to a certain peer, complaining of his footman and calling him such names he learned formerly in footmen's company. Neither is it at all surprising he should fancy it incompatible with the character of a statesman to laugh, or whisper, or writhe his head, or that my lord's footman appeared the worst man that ever had the education of a gentleman. I refer you, sir, to the Englishman at large, and beseech you to read with attention and not throw it aside before you have read it over.

Mr. Steele in short has neither a head nor a style for politics; there is no use political Englishman but contains either some notorious blunder in his notions or his language, and he seems himself so well aware of this that he is already run from his purpose. I should be glad to find any signs of conversion in him, and I could wish he would follow the example of Midas, who after the transformation of his ears was ashamed, and endeavoured to cover his ignominy from the world.

If I might advise him I should think it his best way to retire into Wales and live upon his estate, for by these means he may keep his circumstances within bounds; and when his head is cool and purged of his politics he may now and then revisit and divert the town by publishing the works of his friends, and retrieve the little reputation he had gained by them. Whatever hopes the party may have given him, or whatever promises they have made, he may depend upon it they will never answer; he will prove their cully and their tool and ruined in the end, and if he persists in his purpose I dare engage, if I can be sure of anything in futurity, that I shall live to see him in jail or under the hauds of Longbottom in Bedlam, and his works exposed in that neighbourhood for years together to the inclemency of the seasons. I know not I must confess whether his misfortunes will deserve our pity. Such a fate will be the genuine product of his indiscretion and ill principles, and his stupidity a curse upon his ingratitude.

Neither Mr. Baker, Mrs. Baldwin, or any other English publisher, ever obtained so great a character as the person we have been speaking of, or received more encouragement from people of condition, and it would have been as much a crime but a little time since to have spoken against him as now it is to speak for him. Some historians have observed that Alexander was as fortunate in his death as in any action of his life; he died soon after he had subdued the world, nor lived to hazard the glory he had gained in any rebellion that might have been formed against him. How happy had it been for our politician had he died in such a manner! had he followed his friend sir Roger soon after he published his death, and left no Guardians, no Englishmen behind him as the monuments of his ignorance and indiscretion!

I have subjoined, sir, a few paragraphs by way of postscript from those papers, that you may make a judgment of his style: I will engage there is scarce any of his compositions out of which I cannot pick some sentences of false grammar or inconsistency. How honourable soever or praiseworthy the ancients thought it to die for their country, I never knew a man was obliged to talk nonsense in defence of it. Abusive language and fustian are as unfair in con-

troversy as poisoned arrows or chewed bullets in a battle, and he deserves indeed to be thought an Englishman who is ignorant of the English language! Indolence, attitude, public spirit, liberal education, and benevolence, with a thousand other expressions, are cant and nonsense when applied too often and upon all occasions; and it is supposed a certain scribbler can no more write without these words than a certain bishop can preach when his hands are tied behind him.

I see, sir, in the advertisements that Mr. Steele is about to publish by subscription a treatise justifying the revolution and in favour of the Hanover succession. I could wish his subscribers would weigh the consequence of such an undertaking, or the government suppress it. I know no greater injury that can be done to that illustrious house than by employing such a pen in their service; and it may be accounted the peculiar happiness of her majesty and the present ministry that Mr. Steele has been hired to write against them. A man who is so good a lawyer, and knows the constitution of Great Britain so very well, as to tell us that as a member and in the house he is accountable to no man, but the greatest man in England is accountable to him, cannot choose but descend very prettily upon such subjects as require all the nicety of the common and civil law.

I beg your pardon, sir, for detaining you so long; the world perhaps will expect that after I have said so much of my antagonist I should say something of myself; and as I am neither ashamed of my name or my face I shall oblige them with my picture as my brother has done before me. I have the honour, you know, to be a member with him of the same society of Short Faces, and we differ very little in the lineaments of our visage notwithstanding we disagree in our opinions. My pen, I thank God, has never yet been employed in the defence of faction or to insult my queen, and whenever it is I desire to have as ill a character as the author of the importance. As to my abilities, however mean, I dare engage to write upon any subject with my celebrated brother upon this condition, that we may be turned into a room by ourselves, with pen, ink, and paper, without books or the assistance of Mr. Ridpath on the one side, or my uncle Abel on the other.

I am, sir, &c.,

TOBY.

Will's Coffeehouse, Oct. 31th.

POSTSCRIPT.

IMPORTANCE, page 21.—"Monsieur Tugge supposes us to a most notorious degree ignorant of common geography when he asserts that Dunkirk is the only port from Ostend westward by which commodities can be brought into the provinces of the Austrian Low Countries and Germany. There runs from Calais a navigable river to Graveling; the river of Graveling runs to St. Omer; from the east side of this river runs two canals, one through Bourbourg to Dunkirk, the other directly to Winosberg. There is a canal," &c.

REMARK.—These observations, as Mr. Steele insinuates, are something above common geography, communicated if the truth was known by the very man who has discovered the longitude, and are a confirmation of the English adage that the farthest way about is the nearest way home. My good friend Mr. Tonson was arguing in this manner the other day at his shop, when I told him I could not get through Temple-har into Fleet-street because the gate was shut; it would be well, says he, if that way

was always stopped; there is a shorter cut for all passengers, for there runs from the Strand a street called Catherine-street, and at the end of that street is another which runs to Drury-lane, and at the end of Drury-lane are two ways, one by St. Giles's church on the left and the other down Holborn on the right; a little below the Black Swan in Holborn you turn down Fetter-lane, which leads you directly into Fleet-street.

IMPORTANCE, page 32.—"When sneh was our case and such is our case, men lately preferred and grown too delicate would have men of liberal education, that know the world as well as themselves, afraid, for fear of offending them in their new clothes, to speak when they think their queen and country is ill treated."

REMARK.—This sentence is scarcely intelligible without inquiring what a man of liberal education is. Now a man of liberal education, according to Mr. Steele's acceptance of that word, is one of mean parentage, who was bred at school till he could almost construe Latin, and has since improved himself in the knowledge of the world by riding in the guards, by conversing with porters, carmen, foot-soldiers, players, bullies, bawds, pimps, and whores of all sorts and sizes; who has been arrested for the maintenance of his bastards, and afterwards printed a proposal that the public should take care of them. One who has no invention, no judgment, no style, no politics, no gratitude, and no honesty. In short, a man of liberal education is one who, after he knows he is all this, has the impudence to say that as to his morals, if there was anything very flagrant, he has friends enough in town who would oblige the world with them. It is observable, notwithstanding Dr. Walker so often flogged our author when he was at school for false grammar, he continues to affront Lilly almost in every word, viz. "men of liberal education that knows"—"his queen and country is ill treated"—"if there is anything very flagrant, oblige the world with them." This is also a characteristic of a man of liberal education!

ENGLISHMAN, No. III.—"The king of England is no other than a very good man vested with all the opportunities, and tied down by the most solemn oath to be such, in the most eminent manner that all the power that ought to attend human nature can enable him."

REMARK.—Though the interpretation of this paragraph may be plain to the present age, yet lest Mr. Steele, who I am sure designs his works shall be delivered down to posterity, should hereafter be misunderstood, it may not be unnecessary to give them to understand that this phraseology is adapted to the peculiar way of thinking of the finest wits amongst us, and may sometimes be understood in quite a different acceptation from what the words import, and is sometimes of no signification at all, but intended as a bite upon the reader. I have no leisure at present to describe what a sort of creature a man is who is "vested with opportunities," or the essence of that "power which ought to attend human nature in the most eminent manner." It is sufficient that our author has a meaning in these words, but affects a mysterious way of speaking like the oracles of old, in order to preserve the majesty of his ideas from the profanation of the vulgar; and it is a thousand pities that such an admirable talent at riddles and enigmas should be thrown away to no purpose, which might prove of most prodigious emolument, could Mr. Steele reconcile himself to Dr. Partridge and obtain the liberty of publishing them as an appendix to his almanac.

ENGLISHMAN, No. V.—"The earth we see is visited all around; in some parts of the world men are seized with a contagion of their bodies, in others with the infection of their minds. This is a plain observation, and grows into the common sense of mankind; and this seasonable querist will find to his confusion that this glorious spot of liberty will no more be imposed upon by general suggestions and insinuations against its true welfare and interest. It is come to that, that people must prove what they say if they would be believed."

REMARK.—How happy is Mr. Steele in his transitions! Connection has been believed a necessary ingredient of good writing; but he has shown a new way, and how to arrive to be an author without coherence. In the beginning of the passages before us he gives us a sketch of the terrible, then he descends to consider the laws of vegetation, and shows bow a plain observation "grows into the common sense of mankind;" and from both these considerations together very fairly concludes that a "glorious spot of liberty" can never be imposed upon by suggestions against its true interest, and after this clenches the sense of the whole by telling us of an hardship put upon the writers of this age: "It is come to that," says he, "that people must prove what they say if they would be believed." These Mr. Steele may call new conceptions very properly; every rustic can draw consequences, and make what the logicians call a natural syllogism; but none but so refined a reasoner and a critic can hit the unintelligible. Had the Examiner talked in this manner he might have been justly said to go on in a serene exuberance of something neither good nor bad. "A man," says Mr. Steele of that author, "may go on in writing such stuff as this to his life's end, without ever troubling himself for any new conception, or putting the imagination or judgment to the least labour. There will be no danger of his wanting store of absurdities, and I allow he can dress them up in tolerable language and with a seeming coherence."

ENGLISHMAN, No. V.—"And all, as one man, will join in a common indignation against all who would perplex our obedience."

REMARK.—Whatever contradiction there is, as some suppose, in *all* joining against *all*, our author has good authority for what he says, and considering he means well, I think myself obliged to defend him in this particular. How *all* "joining in a common indignation" will be construed I cannot well determine; but certainly it may be proved, in spite of Euclid or sir Isaac, that everything consists of two *alls*, that these *alls* are capable of being divided and subdivided into as many *alls* as you please, and so *in infinitum*. The following lines may serve for an illustration of this matter:—

Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest—they ran away.

Though this polite author does not directly say there are two *alls*, yet he implies as much; for I would ask any reasonable man what can be understood by *the rest* they ran away, but the other *all* we have been speaking of? I have considered Mr. Steele in this view, that the world should not think I have so much malice against him that I can exhibit the beauties as well as quarrel with the faults of his compositions; and I hope for the future, for his own sake and to avoid an incorrect way of writing, he will not value himself upon his hasty productions because he can write a paper in a pas-

ston and rejoin upon the Examiner in less than a day's time; but that the admonition of his friend sir Marmaduke to his coachman will be his constant rule.—John, remember I am never in haste.

ADVERTISEMENT.—In a letter I have received from Mr. Longbottom, that gentleman informs me he is making a curious collection of all the rarities both of matter and language throughout the works of the ingenious captain Steele, with a true copy of Mr. Steele's letter to the collar-maker's wife of Stockbridge and her answers, the originals being both under his custody, and to be perused at his shop near Charing-cross. He has already be told me extracted several words contributing to a smooth style, flowers of rhetoric, smart sentences, and knock-down arguments. In the latter end of his letter he makes some observations upon what he calls knock-down arguments, and gives a specimen how the repetition of divers words may be looked upon as a full answer to all the arguments contained in them; and this, that ingenious anti-demolisher of the countenance terms "perstringing the controversy," or "spitting his adversary's words into his mouth." His instances are as follow:—

"After baving with the greatest fluency, gravity, and earnestness imaginable, spoken unintelligibly against me, uttering the words Ghent, Bruges, Transito, Insulting; he at last—"

So again, "He runs on with my name among the words whig, politician, cross purposes, book slavery, shamming and boistering."

As this work may be of vast improvement to the English language, Mr. Longbottom assures me he designs to print it upon the same paper and character with Mr. Steele's Crisis, and that subscriptions will be shortly taken in at Mr. Buckley's [the publisher].

ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE INVASION OF IT BY JULIUS CÆSAR
TO THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND.

With an account of the
COURT AND EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

TO THE COUNT DE GYLLENBORG.*

Dublin, Nov. 2, 1718.

SIR,—It is now about sixteen years since I first entertained the design of writing a history of England, from the beginning of William Rufus to the end of queen Elizabeth; such a history, I mean, as appears to be most wanted by foreigners and gentlemen of our own country; not a voluminous work, nor properly an abridgment, but an exact relation of the most important affairs and events without any regard to the rest. My intention was to inscribe it to the king^b your late master, for whose great virtues I had ever the highest veneration as I shall continue to bear to his memory. I confess it is with some disdain that I observe great authors descending to write any dedi-

* He married the widow of Elias Derwill, esq., deputy of the great wardrobe, niece to John Allen, esq., of Greeting, in Northamptonshire. Her daughter, miss Derwill, was afterwards created countess Gyllenborg, and married baron Sparre.

^b Charles XII. king of Sweden, who was unfortunately killed by a cannon-ball at the siege of Frederichshall, Dec. 11, 1718. Immediately after his death, baron Gota, his prime minister, was arrested, tried, and executed at Stockholm, being charged by the senate with all the oppressive measures of the late reign. Having been deeply engaged in the Swedish conspiracy against George I. in the year 1714, baron Gota, at the desire of that prince, had been arrested at the Hague, and at the same time count Gyllenborg was seized and sent out of England.

cations at all; and for my own part, when I looked round on all the princes of Europe, I could think of none who might deserve that distinction from me beside the king your master (for I say nothing of his present Brittanic majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger and likely to continue so); neither can I be suspected of flattery on this point, since it was some years after that I had the honour of an invitation to his court before you were employed as his minister in England, which I heartily repeat that I did not accept; whereby, as you can be my witness, I might have avoided some years' uneasiness and vexation during the last four years of our late excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure disagreeable country and among a most profligate and abandoned people.

I was diverted from pursuing this history partly by the extreme difficulty, but chiefly by the indignation I conceived at the proceedings of a faction which then prevailed; and the papers lay neglected in my cabinet until you saw me in England, when you know how far I was engaged in thoughts and business of another kind. Upon her majesty's lamented death I returned to my station in this kingdom, since which time there is not a northern curate among you who has lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the commonest transactions of the world. It is but very lately that I found the following papers, which I had almost forgotten. I publish them now for two reasons; first, for an encouragement to those who have more youth and leisure and good temper than I toward pursuing the work as far as it was intended by me, or as much further as they please; the second reason is, to have an opportunity of declaring the profound respect I have for the memory of your royal master, and the sincere regard and friendship I bear to yourself; for I must bring to your mind how proud I was to distinguish you among all the foreign ministers with whom I had the honour to be acquainted. I am a witness of the zeal you showed, not only for the honour and interest of your master but for the advantage of the protestant religion in Germany, and how knowingly and feelingly you often spoke to me on that subject. We all loved you, as possessed of every quality that could adorn an English gentleman, and esteemed you as a faithful subject to your prince and an able negotiator; neither shall any reverse of fortune have power to lessen you either in my friendship or esteem; and I must take leave to assure you further that my affection toward persons has not been at all diminished by the frown of power upon them. Those whom you and I once thought great and good men continue still so in my eyes and my heart, only with a
Cætera desiderantur.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. FROM THE INVASION BY JULIUS CÆSAR. TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

THE most ancient account we have of Britain is, that the island was full of inhabitants, divided into several petty kingdoms, as most nations of the world appear to have been at first. The bodies of the Britons were painted with a sky-coloured blue, either as an ornament or else for terror to their enemies. In their religion they were heathens, as all the world was before Christ except the Jews.

Their priests were called druids: these lived in hollow trees, and committed not their mysteries to writing but delivered them down by tradition, whereby they were in time wholly lost.

* The author was then in his fifty-second year.

The Britons had wives in common, so many to a particular tribe or society; and the children were in common to that society.

About fifty years before Christ, Julius Cæsar, first Roman emperor, having conquered Gaul or France, invaded Britain rather to increase his glory than conquests; for having overcome them in one or two battles he returned.

The next invasion of Britain by the Romans (then masters of most of the known world) was in the reign of the emperor Claudius; but it was not wholly subdued till that of Nero. It was governed by lieutenants or deputies sent from Rome, as Ireland is now by deputies from England, and continued thus under the Romans for about 460 years; till that empire being invaded by the Goths and Vandals, the Romans were forced not only to recall their own armies but also to draw from hence the harvest of the Britons, for their assistance against those barbarians.

The Roman conquests in this island reached no farther northward than to that part of Scotland where Stirling and Glasgow are seated. The region beyond was held not worth the conquering; it was inhabited by a barbarous people called Caledonians and Picts, who being a rough fierce nation daily infested the British borders. Therefore the emperor Severus built a wall from Stirling to Glasgow to prevent the invasions of the Picts: it is commonly called the Picts' Wall.

These Picts and Caledonians or Scots, encouraged by the departure of the Romans, do now cruelly infest and invade the Britons by sea and land; the Britons choose Vortigern for their king, who was forced to invite the Saxons (a fierce northern people) to assist him against those barbarians. The Saxons come over and beat the Picts in several battles; but at last pick quarrels with the Britons themselves, and after a long war drive them into the mountains of Wales and Cornwall, and establish themselves in seven kingdoms in Britain, now called England. The seven kingdoms are usually styled the Saxon Heptarchy.

About this time lived king Arthur (if the whole story be not a fable), who was so famous for beating the Saxons in several battles.

The Britons received christianity very early, and as is reported from some of the disciples themselves; so that when the Romans left Britain the Britons were generally christians. But the Saxons were heathens till pope Gregory the Great sent over hither Austin the monk, by whom Ethelbert king of the South Saxons, and his subjects, were converted to christianity, and the whole island soon followed the example.

After many various revolutions in this island among the kingdoms of the Saxons, Egbert, descended from the West-Saxon kings, became sole monarch of England.

The language in Britain was British (now called Welsh) or Latin; but with the Saxons English came in, although extremely different from what it is now. The present names of towns, shires, &c., were given by them; and the whole kingdom was called England, from the Angles, who were a branch of the Saxons.

As soon as the Saxons were settled the Danes began to trouble and invade them, as they (the Saxons) had before done the Britons.

These Danes came out of Germany, Denmark, and Norway; a rough, warlike people, little different from the Saxons, to whom they were next neighbours.

After many invasions from the Danes, Edgar king of England sets forth the first law. He was en-

titled "king of all Albion" (an old name of this island), and was the first absolute monarch. He made peace with the Danes and allowed them to live in his dominions mixed with the English.

In this prince's time there were five kings in Wales who all did him homage for their country.

These Danes began first to make their invasions here about the year 800; which they after renewed at several times and under several leaders, and were as often repulsed. They used to come with vast numbers of ships, burn and ravage before them, as the cities of London, Winchester, &c. Encouraged by success and prey, they often wintered in England, fortifying themselves in the northern parts, from whence they cruelly infested the Saxon kings. In process of time they mixed with the English (as was said before), and lived under the Saxon government; but Ethelred, then king of England, 978, growing weary of the Danish insolence, a conspiracy is formed, and the Danes massacred in one day all over England.

Four years after, Sweyn king of Denmark, to revenge the death of his subjects, invades England; and after battles fought and much cruelty exercised, he subdues the whole kingdom, forcing Ethelred to fly into Normandy.

Sweyn dying, his son Canutus succeeds in the kingdom; but Ethelred returning with an army, Canutus is forced to withdraw to Denmark for succour.

Ethelred dies, and his son Edmund Ironside succeeds; but Canutus returning with fresh forces from Denmark, after several battles the kingdom is parted between them both. Edmund dying, his sons are sent beyond sea by Canutus, who now is sole king of England.

Hardicanute, the last Danish king, dying without issue, Edward son of Ethelred is chosen king. For his great holiness he was surnamed the Confessor, and sainted after his death. He was the first of our princes that attempted to cure the king's evil by touching. He first introduced what is now called the common law. In his time began the mode and humour among the English gentry of using the French tongue and fashions, in compliance with the king, who had been bred up in Normandy.

The Danish government in England lasted but twenty-six years, under the three kings.

Edward the Confessor married the daughter of earl Godwin, an English nobleman of great power, but of Danish extraction; but wanting issue he appointed Edgar Atheling, grandson to his brother, to succeed him, and Harold, son of earl Godwin, to be governor of the young prince. But upon Edward's death Harold neglected Edgar Atheling and usurped the crown for himself.

Edward, while he was in Normandy, met so good reception that it was said he made a promise to that duke, that in case he recovered his kingdom and died without issue he would leave it to him. Edward dying, William duke of Normandy sends to Harold to claim the crown; but Harold, now in possession, resolves to keep it. Upon which duke William, having prepared a mighty fleet and army, invades England, lands at Hastings, and sets fire to his fleet, to cut off all hope from his men of returning. To Harold he sent his messenger, demanding the kingdom and his subjection; but Harold returned him this answer, "That unless he departed his land he would make him sensible of his just displeasure." So Harold advanced his forces into Sussex, within seven miles of his enemy. The Norman duke, to save the effusion of blood, sent these offers to Harold: "either wholly to resign the king-

dom to him, or to try the quarrel with him in single combat." To this Harold did not agree.

Then the battle joined. The Normans had gotten the worst if it had not been for a stratagem they invented, which got them the day. In this engagement Harold was killed, and William duke of Normandy became king of England under the name of William the Conqueror.

THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE SECOND, SURNAMED RUFUS.

At the time of the Conqueror's death his eldest son Robert, upon some discontent with his father, being absent in France, William, the second son, made use of this juncture, and without attending his father's funeral hastened to England; where, pursuant to the will of the deceased prince, the nobility, although more inclined to favour Robert, were prevailed with to admit him king; partly by his promises to abate the rigour of the late reign and restore the laws and liberties which had been then abolished, but chiefly by the credit and solicitations of Lanfranc; for that prelate had formerly a share in his education and always a great affection for his person. At Winchester he took possession of his father's treasure^a in obedience to whose command, as well as to ingratiate himself with the people, he distributed it among churches and religious houses, and applied it to the redeeming of prisoners and other acts of popularity.

In the mean time Robert returned to Normandy, took possession of that duchy with great applause and content of his people, and spited at the indignity done him by his father, and the usurpation of his brother in consequence thereof, prepared a great fleet and army to invade England; nor did there want any occasion to promote his interest, if the slowness, the softness, and credulity of his nature, could have suffered him to make a right improvement of it.

Odo bishop of Baieux, of whom frequent mention is made in the preceding reign, a prelate of insatiable ambition, either on account of his age or character being restored to his liberty and possessions in England, grew into envy and discontent, upon seeing Lanfranc preferred before him by the new king in his favour and ministry. He therefore formed a conspiracy with several nobles of Norman birth to depose the king, and sent an invitation to Robert to hasten over. Meantime the conspirators, in order to distract the king's forces, seized on several parts of England at once; Bristol, Norwich, Leicester, Worcester, Shrewsbury, Bath, and Durham, were secured by several noblemen: Odo himself seized Rochester, reduced the coasts of Kent, and sent messages to Robert to make all possible speed.

The king, alarmed at these many and sudden defections, thought it the best course to begin his defense by securing the good will of the people. He redressed many grievances, eased them of certain oppressive taxes and tributes, gave liberty to hunt in his forest with other marks of indulgence, which, however forced from him by the necessity of the time, he had the skill or fortuna so to order as they neither lost their good grace nor effect; for immediately after he raised great forces both by land and sea, marched into Kent, where the chief body of his enemies was in arms, recovered Tunbridge and Faversham, in the latter of which Odo himself was taken prisoner and forced to accompany the king to Rochester. This city refused to surrender at the

^a Which was 60,000*l.* in silver, beside gold, jewels, and plate.

king's summons; Odo undertook to prevail with the obstinacy of the inhabitants; but being admitted into the town, was there detained either by a real or seeming force; however, the king, provoked at their stubbornness and fraud, soon compelled them to yield, retook his prisoner, and forcing him for ever to adjure England sent him into Normandy.

By these actions performed with such great celerity and success, the preparations of duke Robert were wholly disappointed; himself, by the necessity of his affairs, compelled to a treaty with his brother upon the terms of a small pension and a mutual promise of succeeding to each other's dominions on failure of issue, forced to resign his pretensions, and return with a shattered fleet to Normandy.

About this time died archbishop Lanfranc; by whose death the king, loosed from that awe and constraint he was under, soon began to discover those irregularities of his nature which till then he had suppressed and disguised, falling into those acts of oppression and extortion that have made his name and memory infamous. He kept the see of Canterbury four years vacant, and converted the revenues to his own use, together with those of several other bishoprics and abbeys, and disposed of all church preferments to the highest bidder. Nor were his exactions less upon the laity, from whom he continually extorted exorbitant fines for pretended transgression of certain penal laws, and entertained informers to observe men's actions and bring him intelligence.

It is here worth observation that these corrupt proceedings of the prince have, in the opinion of several learned men, given rise to two customs, which are a long time grown to have the force of laws. For, first, the successors of this king continuing the custom of seizing on the accruing rents in the vacancy of sees and abbeys, it grew in process of time to be exacted as a right or acknowledgment to the king as founder; whence the revenues of vacant bishoprics belong at this day to the crown. The second custom had an original not unlike. Several persons, to avoid the persecutions of the king's informers and other instruments of oppression, withdrew themselves and their affects to foreign countries; upon which the king issued a proclamation forbidding all men to leave the kingdom without his licence; from whence, in the judgment of the same authors, the writ *ne erasit regno* had its beginning.

By these and the like arbitrary methods having amassed great treasures, and finding all things quiet at home, he raised a powerful army to invade his brother in Normandy; but upon what ground or pretext the writers of that age are not very exact; whether it were from a principle frequent among unjust princes that old oppressions are best justified by new, or whether, having a talent for sudden enterprises and justly apprehending the resentment of duke Robert, he thought it the wiser course to prevent injuries than to revenge them. In this expedition he took several cities and castles from his brother, and would have proceeded further if Robert had not desired and obtained the assistance of Philip king of France, who came with an army to his relief. King William, not thinking it safe or prudent to proceed further against his enemy, supported by so great an ally, yet loth to lose the fruits of his time and valour, fell upon a known and old expedient, which no prince ever practised oftener or with greater success, and that was to buy off the French king with a sum of money. This had its effect; for that prince, not able to oppose such

powerful arms, immediately withdrew himself and his forces, leaving the two brothers to concert the measures of a peace.

This was treated and agreed with great advantages on the side of king William; for he kept all the towns he had taken, obliged his brother to banish Edgar Atheling out of Normandy, and for a further security brought over with him to England the duke himself to attend him in his expedition against Malcolm king of Scotland, who during his absence had invaded the borders. The king, having raised great forces both by sea and land, went in person to repel the invasions of the Scots; but the enterprise was without success; for the greatest part of his fleet was destroyed by a tempest, and his army very much diminished by sickness and famine, which forced him to a peace of little honour; by which, upon the condition of homage from that prince, the king of England agreed to deliver him up those twelve towns (or manors) in England which Malcolm had held under William the Conqueror; together with a pension of 12,000 marks.

At this time were sown the seeds of another quarrel between him and duke Robert, who, soliciting the king to perform some covenants of the last peace and meeting with a repulse, withdrew in great discontent to Normandy.

King William in his return from Scotland fell dangerously sick at Gloucester, where, moved by the seasonable exhortations of his clergy or rather by the fears of dying, he began to discover great marks of repentance, with many promises of amendment and retribution, particularly for his injuries to the church. To give credit to which good resolutions he immediately filled several vacant sees, giving that of Canterbury to Anselm, a foreigner of great fame for piety and learning. But as it is the disposition of men who derive their vices from their complexions that their passions usually beat strong and weak with their pulses, so it fared with this prince; who upon recovery of his health soon forgot the vows he had made in his sickness, relapsing with greater violence into the same irregularities of injustice and oppression, whereof Anselm, the new archbishop, felt the first effects. This prelate, soon after his promotion, offered the king a sum of money by way of present; but took care it should be so small that none might interpret it to be a consideration of his late preferment. The king rejected it with scorn; and as he used but little ceremony in such matters insisted in plain terms for more. Anselm would not comply; and the king enraged sought all occasions to make him uneasy; until at length the poor archbishop, tired out with perpetual usurpations (or at least what was then understood to be such) upon his jurisdiction, privileges, and possessions, desired the king's licence for a journey to Rome, and upon a refusal went without it. As soon as he was withdrawn the king seized on all his revenues, converting them to his own use, and the archbishop continued in exile until the succeeding reign.

The particulars of this quarrel between the king and archbishop are not, in my opinion, considerable enough to deserve a place in this brief collection, being of little use to posterity and of less entertainment; neither should I have mentioned it at all but for the occasion it gives me of making a general observation, which may afford some light into the nature and disposition of those ages. Not only this king's father and himself, but the princes for several successions of the fairest character, have been severely taxed for violating the rights of the clergy, and perhaps not altogether without reason. It is

true this character has made the lighter impression as proceeding altogether from the party injured, the contemporary writers being generally churchmen; and it must be confessed that the usurpations of the church and court of Rome were in those ages risen to such heights as to be altogether inconsistent either with the legislature or administration of any independent state; the inferior clergy, both secular and regular, insisting upon such immunities as wholly exempted them from the civil power; and the bishops removing all controversies with the crown by appeal to Rome; for they reduced the matter to this short issue, that God was to be obeyed rather than men; and consequently the bishop of Rome, who is Christ's representative, rather than an earthly prince. Neither does it seem improbable that all Christendom would have been in utter vassalage, both temporal and spiritual, to the Roman see, if the Reformation had not put a stop to those exorbitancies, and in a good measure opened the eyes of those princes and states who still adhere to the doctrines and discipline of the church.

While the king continued at Gloucester, Malcolm king of Scotland came to his court, with Intentions to settle and confirm the late peace between them. It happened that a controversy arose about some circumstances relating to the homage which Malcolm was to pay; in the managing whereof king William discovered so much haughtiness and disdain, both in words and gestures, that the Scottish prince provoked by such unworthy treatment returned home with indignation; but soon came back at the head of a powerful army, and entering Northumberland with fire and sword laid all waste before him. But as all enterprises have in the progress of them a tincture of those passions by which they were spirited at first, so this invasion, begun upon private revenge, which is a blind ungovernable passion, was carried on with equal precipitation and proved to be ruinous in the event; for Robert Mowbray earl of Northumberland, to prevent the destruction of his own country where he had great possessions, gathering what forces he could suddenly raise, and without waiting any directions from the king, marched against the Scots, who were then set down before Alnwick-castle: there by an ambush Malcolm and his eldest son Edward were slain, and the army, discouraged by the loss of their princes, entirely defeated. This disaster was followed in a few days by the death of queen Margaret, who not able to survive her misfortunes died for grief. Neither did the miseries of that kingdom end till, after two usurpations, the surviving son of Malcolm, who had fled to England for refuge, was restored to his crown by the assistance of king William.

About this time the hidden sparks of animosity between the two brothers, buried but not extinguished in the last peace, began to flame out into new dissensions: duke Robert had often sent his complaints to the king for breach of articles, but without redress; which provoked him to expostulate in a rougher manner, till at length he charged the king in plain terms with injustice and perjury; but no men are found to endure reproaches with less temper than those who most deserve them: the king, at the same time filled with indignation and stung with guilt, invaded Normandy a second time, resolving to reduce his brother to such terms as might stop all further complaints. He had already taken several strongholds by force either of arms or of money, and intending entirely to subdue the duchy, gave orders to have 20,000 men immediately raised in England and sent over to him. The duke, to

defend himself against these formidable preparations had recourse again to his old ally the king of France, who very readily advanced with an army to his assistance, as an action wherein he could every way find his own account; for besides the appearance of glory and justice by protecting the injured, he fought indeed his own battle by preserving his neighbouring state in the hands of a peaceful prince from so powerful and restless an enemy as the king of England; and was largely paid for his trouble into the bargain; for king William, either loth to engage in a long and dangerous war, or hastened hark by intelligence of some troubles from Walce, sent offers to his army, just ready to embark for Normandy, that upon payment of 10s. a man they might have leave to return to their own homes. This bargain was generally accepted: the money was paid to the king of France, who immediately withdrew his troops; and king William, now master of the conditions, forced his brother to a peace upon much harder terms than before.

In this passage there are some circumstances which may appear odd and unaccountable to those who will not give due allowances for the difference of times and manners; that an absent prince, engaged in an unjust war with his own brother and ill-beloved at home, should have so much power and credit as by his commission to raise 20,000 men on a sudden, only as a recruit to the army he had already with him; that he should have a fleet prepared ready and large enough to transport so great a number; that upon the very point of embarking he should send them so disgraceful an offer; and that so great a number of common soldiers should be able and willing to pay such a sum of money equal to at least twelve times as much in our times, and that after being thus deluded and spoiled at once they should peaceably disband and retire to their several homes. But all this will be less difficult to comprehend when we reflect on the method of raising and supporting armies, very different from ours, which was then in use, and so continued for many ages after. All men who had lands in *capite* were bound to attend the king in his wars, with a proportioned number of soldiers, who were their tenants on easy rents in consideration of military service. This was but the work of a few days, and the troops consisted of such men as were able to maintain their own charges either at home or abroad; neither was there any reason to apprehend that soldiers would ever become instruments for introducing slavery, who held so great a share in the property.

The king upon his return from Normandy made an unsuccessful expedition against the Welsh, who upon the advantages of his absence had, according to their usual custom, made cruel inroads upon the adjoining counties of Chester, Shrewsbury, and Hereford. Upon the king's approach they fled into their fastnesses among the mountains, where he pursued them for some time with great rage and vexation as well as the loss of great numbers of his men to no purpose. From hence he was recalled by a more formidable enemy nearer home; for Robert earl of Northumberland, overrating his late services against the Scots as much perhaps and as unjustly as they were undervalued by the king, refused to come to his court, which in those days was looked on as the first usual mark of discontent in a nobleman, and was often charged by princes as a formal accusation. The earl, having disobeyed the king's summons and concerted matters with other accomplices, broke out into open rebellion, with intentions to depose king William and set up Stephen earl of Aibemarle, son of a sister to William the

Conqueror, but all was prevented by the celerity of this active prince, who, knowing that insurrections are best quelled in their beginnings, marched with incredible speed and surprised the rebels at New-castle, took the castles of Tinnmouth and Hamburgh, where the obstinacy of the defendants provoked him contrary to his nature to commit cruelties upon their persons by cutting off their hands and ears and other the like inhumanities. The earl himself was taken prisoner as he endeavoured to make his escape, but suffered no other punishment than to be confined for the rest of his life [thirty years].

About this time began the holy war for the recovering of Palestine; which having not been the enterprise of any one prince or state, but that wherein most in Christendom had a share, it cannot with justice be silently passed over in the history of any nation.

Pope Urban II., in a council at Clermont, made a pathetic exhortation, showing with what danger and indignity to Christendom the Turks and Saracens had for some ages not only overrun all Asia and Africa, where christianity had long flourished, but had also made encroachments into Europe, where they had entirely subdued Spain and some other parts; that Jerusalem, the holy city, where our Saviour did so many miracles and where his sepulchre still remained, to the scandal of the christian name, lay groaning under the tyranny of infidels; that the swords which christian princes had drawn against each other ought to be turned against the common enemy of their name and religion; that this should be reckoned an ample satisfaction for all their past sins; that those who died in this expedition should immediately go to heaven, and the survivors would be blessed with the sight of our Lord's sepulchre.

Moved by these arguments and the influence of the person who delivered them, several nobles and prelates immediately took upon them the cross; and the council dissolving in this high fit of zeal, the clergy upon their return home prevailed so far in their several countries that in most parts of Europe some great prince or lord became a votary for the Holy Land; as Hugh the Great, brother to the king of France; Godfrey duke of Lorraine; Raymond count of Toulouse; Robert duke of Normandy, and many others. Neither ought it to be forgotten that most of these noble and generous princes, wanting money to maintain the forces they had raised, pawned their dominions to those very prelates who had first engaged them in this enterprise: doubtless a notable mark of the force of oratory in the churchmen of those ages, who were able to inspire that devotion into others whereof they seemed so little sensible themselves.

But a great share in the honour of promoting this religious war is attributed to the zeal and industry of a certain French priest, commonly called Peter the Hermit, who, being at Jerusalem upon pilgrimage some time before and entering often into private treaty with the patriarch of that city, came back fully instructed in all the measures necessary for such a war: to these was joined the artifice of certain dreams and visions that might pass for divine admonition; all which added to the piety of his exhortations gave him such credit with the pope and several princes of Christendom that he became in his own person the leader of a great army against the infidels, and was very instrumental for engaging many others in the same design.

What a spirit was thus raised in Christendom among all sorts of men cannot better be conceived than from the vast numbers of these warlike pilgrims,

who at the siege of Nice are said to have consisted of 600,000 foot and 100,000 horse; and the success at first was answerable to the greatness of their numbers, the valour of their leaders, and the universal opinion of such a cause; for besides several famous victories in the field, not to mention the towns of less importance, they took Nice, Antioch, and at last Jerusalem, where duke Godfrey was chosen king without competition. But seal, with a mixture of enthusiasm, as I take this to have been, is a composition only fit for sudden enterprises, like a great ferment in the blood, giving double courage and strength for the time, until it sink and settle by nature into its old channel; for in a few years the plety of these adventurers began to slacken and give way to faction and envy, the natural corruptions of all confederacies; however, to this spirit of devotion there succeeded a spirit of honour which long continued the vein and humour of the times, and the Holy Land became either a school wherein young princes went to learn the art of war, or a scene wherein they affected to show their valour and gain reputation when they were weary of peace at home.

The christians held possession of Jerusalem above eighty years, and continued their expeditions to the Holy Land almost as many more, with various events; and after they were entirely driven out of Asia the popes have almost in every age endeavoured in vain to promote new croisades, neither does this spirit seem extinct among us even to this day; the usual projects of sanguine men for uniting Christendom against the Turk being without doubt a traditional way of talk derived to us from the same fountain.

Robert, in order to furnish himself out for this war, pawned his duchy to the king for 10,000 marks of gold,* which sum was levied with so many circumstances of rigour and exaction toward the church and laity as very much increased the discontents of both against the prince.

1099. I shall record one act of this king's which, being chiefly personal, may pass rather for a part of his character than a point of history.

As he was hunting one day in the New Forest a messenger express from Normandy brought him intelligence that Helie count de la Flecha had laid close siege to Mans, and expected to carry the town in a few days. The king leaving his chase commanded some about him to point whereabouts Mans lay, and so rode straight on without reflection until he came to the coast. His attendants advised him to wait until he had made preparations of men and money; to which he only returned, "They that love me will follow me." He entered the ship in a violent storm, which the mariners beholding with astonishment, at length in great humility gave him warning of the danger, but the king commanded them instantly to put off to sea and not be afraid, for he had never in his life heard of any king that was drowned. In a few days he drove the enemy from before the city and took the count himself prisoner, who raging at his defeat and captivity exclaimed: "That this

blow was from fortune; but valour could make reprisals, as he should show if ever he regained his liberty." This being told the king, he sent for the count, let him understand that he had heard of his menaces, then gave him a fine horse, hid him begone immediately, and defied him to do his worst.

It would have been an injury to this prince's memory to let pass an action by which he acquired more honour than from any other in his life, and by which it appeared that he was not without some seeds of magnanimity had they been better cultivated or not overrun by the number or prevalency of his vices.

I have met with nothing else in this king's reign that deserved to be remembered; for as to an unsuccessful expedition or two against Wales, either by himself or his generals, they were very inconsiderable both in action and event, nor attended with any circumstances that might render a relation of them of any use to posterity either for instruction or example.

His death was violent and unexpected, the effect of casualty, although this perhaps is the only misfortune of life to which the person of a prince is generally less subject than that of other men. Being at his beloved exercise of hunting in the New Forest in Hampshire, a large stag crossed the way before him; the king hot on his guns cried out in haste to Walter Tyrrel, a knight of his attendants, to shoot; Tyrrel immediately let fly his arrow, which glancing against a tree struck the king through the heart, who fell dead to the ground without speaking a word. Upon the surprise of this accident all his attendants, and Tyrrel among the rest, fled different ways, until the fright being a little over some of them returned, and causing the body to be laid in a collier's cart for want of other convenience, conveyed it in a very unbecoming, contemptuous manner to Winchester, where it was buried the next day without solemnity, and which is worse without grief.

I shall conclude the history of this prince's reign with a description and character of his body and mind, impartially, from the collections I have made, which method I shall observe likewise in all the succeeding reigns.

He was in stature somewhat below the usual size and big-bellied; but he was well and strongly knit. His hair was yellow or sandy, his face red, which got him the name of Rufus, his forehead flat; his eyes were spotted and appeared of different colours; he was apt to stutter in speaking, especially when he was angry; he was vigorous and active and very hardy to endure fatigues, which he owed to a good constitution of health and the frequent exercise of hunting; in his dress he affected gaiety and expense, which having been first introduced by this prince into his court and kingdom grew in succeeding reigns an intolerable grievance. He also first brought in among us the luxury and profusion of great tables. There was in him as in all other men a mixture of virtues and vices and that in a pretty equal degree, only the misfortune was that the latter, although not more numerous, were yet much more prevalent than the former. For being entirely a man of pleasure, this made him sacrifice all his good qualities and gave him too many occasions of producing his ill ones. He had one very singular virtue for a prince, which was that of being true to his word and promise; he was of undoubted personal valour, whereof the writers in those ages produce several instances, nor did he want skill and conduct in the process of war. But his peculiar excellency was that of great

* Equal to 1,400,000*l.* as money passes now.

† There is so much pleasantry and humour, as well as spirit and heroism, in this story, as we have it recorded by William de Malmesbury, who represents the menace as thrown out in the king's presence, that I shall make no apology for setting down his words at length. "Auctor turbarum Helias captivus; cui ad se adducto rex indignatus, 'Habes te, magister,' inquit. At ille, cuius alia nobilitas nervaret eadem in tanto periculo sapere; 'Fortassis,' inquit, 'me captivi: si possum, evadere, novi quid facerem.' Tunc Wilhelmus, pro forore fratre se profutur, et obtulit Helian. 'Tu,' inquit, 'nebulos, tu quid faceres? Discede; abi; fuge.' Concedit illi ut facias quicquid poteris: et per vultum de Luca, filii, si me vivis, nihil pro hic venis tunc pascere." *l. c.* By the face of St. Luke, if

thou should'st have the fortune to conquer me, I scorn to com- pound with thee for my release.

despatch, which, however usually decried and allowed to be only a happy temerity, does often answer all the ends of secrecy and counsel in a great commander by surprising and daunting an enemy when he least expects it, as may appear by the greatest actions and events upon the records of every nation.

He was a man of sound natural sense, as well as of wit and humour upon occasion. There were several tenets in the Romish church he could not digest, particularly that of the saints' intercession, and living in an age overrun with superstition he went so far into the other extreme as to be censured for an atheist. The day before his death, a monk relating a terrible dream which seemed to forbode him some misfortune, the king being told the matter turned it into a jest; said the man was a monk and dreamt like a monk, for lucre sake; and therefore commanded Fitzhamon to give him 100s. that he might not complain he had dreamt to no purpose.

His vices appear to have been rather derived from the temper of his body than any original depravity of his mind, for being of a sanguine complexion, wholly bent upon his pleasures and prodigal in his nature, he became engaged in great expenses. To supply these the people were perpetually oppressed with illegal taxes and exactions; but that sort of avarice which arises from prodigality and vice, as it is always needy, so it is much more ravenous and violent than the other, which put the king and his evil instruments (among whom Ralph bishop of Durham is of special infamy) upon those pernicious methods of gratifying his extravagancies by all manner of oppression, whereof some are already mentioned, and others are too foul to relate.

He is generally taxed by writers for discovering a contempt of religion in his common discourse and behaviour, which I take to have risen from the same fountain, being a point of art and a known expedient for men who cannot quit their immoralities, at least to banish all reflection that may disturb them in the enjoyment, which must be done either by not thinking of religion at all, or if it will obtrude by putting it out of countenance.

Yet there is one instance that might show him to have some sense of religion as well as justice. When two monks were contending each other in canting* the price of an abbey, he observed a third at some distance who said never a word; the king demanded why he would not offer; the monk said he was poor, and besides would give nothing if he were ever so rich; the king replied, then you are the fittest person to have it, and immediately gave it him. But this is perhaps with reason enough assigned more to caprice than conscience, for he was under the power of every humour and passion that possessed him for the present, which made him obstinate in his resolves and unsteady in the prosecution.

He had one vice or folly that seemed rooted in his mind and of all others most unbefitting a prince; this was a proud, disdainful manner, both in his words and gesture, and having already lost the love of his subjects by his avarice and oppression, this finished the work by bringing him into contempt and hatred among his servants, so that few among the worst of princes have had the luck to be so ill beloved or so little lamented.

He never married, having an invincible abhorrence for the state, although not for the sex.

He died in the thirteenth year of his reign, the forty-third of his age, and of Christ 1100, August 2.

His works of piety were few, but in buildings he was very expensive, exceeding any king of England before or since; among which Westminster-hall, Windsor-castle, the tower of London, and the whole

city of Carlisle, remain lasting monuments of his magnificence.

THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

THIS prince was the younger son of William the Conqueror, and bred to more learning than was usual in that age or to his rank, which got him the surname of Beauclerk, the reputation whereof, together with his being born in England and born son of a king, although of little weight in themselves, did very much strengthen his pretensions with the people. Besides, he had the same advantage of his brother Robert's absence which had proved before so successful to Rufus, whose treasures he likewise seized on immediately at his death after the same manner and for the same end as Rufus did those of his father the Conqueror. Robert had been now five years absent in the Holy War, where he acquitted himself with great glory, and although he was now in Apulia, upon his return homeward, yet the nobles pretending not to know what was become of him, and others giving out that he had been elected king of Jerusalem, Henry laid hold of the occasion, and calling together an assembly of the clergy, nobles, and people of the realm at London, upon his promises to restore king Edward's laws and redress the grievances which had been introduced by his father and brother, they consented to elect him king. Immediately after his coronation he proceeded upon reforming the abuses of the late reign; he banished dissolute persons from the court who had long infested it under the protection and example of Rufus; he restored the people to the use of lights in the night, which the Conqueror had forbidden after a certain hour by the ringing of a bell. Then he published his charter and ordered a copy thereof to be taken for every county in England. This charter was in substance—the freedom of mother church from former oppressions, leave to the heirs of nobles to succeed in the possession of their lands without being obliged to redeem them, only paying to the king a moderate relief, abolition of fines for licence of marriage to their heirs, a promise of not refusing such licence unless the match proposed be with the king's enemy,* &c., the next of kin to be guardians of the lands of orphans, punishments for collectors of false money, a confirmation of St. Edward's laws, and a general amnesty.

About the same time he performed two acts of justice, which by gratifying the revenge and the love of the people gained very much upon their affections to his person; the first was to imprison Ralph bishop of Durham, who, having been raised by the late king from a mean and sordid birth to be his prime confidant and minister, became the chief instrument as well as contriver of all his oppressions; the second was in recalling and restoring archbishop Anselm, who, having been forced by the continual persecutions of the same prince to leave England, had lived ever since in banishment and deprived of all his revenues.

The king had not been many months on his throne when the news came that duke Robert returned from the Holy Land was received by his subjects with great marks of joy and honour, and in universal reputation for his valour and success against the infidels; soon after which Ralph bishop of Durham, either by the negligence or corruption of his keepers, escaped out of prison and fled over to the duke, whom he stirred up to renew and solicit his pretensions to the crown of England, by writing to several nobles, who, either through old friendship or new discontent or an opinion of his title, gave him promises of their assistance as soon as he should land in England, but the duke, having returned exceeding poor

* An Irish phrase for selling or buying by auction.

* I. e. With a traitor or malecontent.

from the Holy Land, was not yet in a condition for such an undertaking, and therefore thought fit to defer it to a more seasonable opportunity.

As the king had hitherto with great industry sought all occasions to gratify his people, so he continued to do in the choice of a wife. This was Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the late king of Scots, a lady of great piety and virtue; who by the power of persuasion of her friends was prevailed with to leave her cloister for a crown, after she had, as some writers report, already taken the veil. Her mother was sister to Edgar Atheling, the last heir-male of the Saxon race; of whom frequent mention has been made in the two preceding reigns; and thus the Saxon line to the great contentment of the English nation was again restored.

Duke Robert, having now with much difficulty and oppression of his subjects raised great forces and gotten ready a fleet to convey them, resolved once more to assert his title to the crown of England: to which end he had for some time held a secret correspondence with several nobles, and lately received fresh invitations. The king, on the other side, who had received timely intelligence of his brother's preparations, gave orders to his admirals to watch the seaports and endeavour to hinder the enemy's landing; but the commanders of several ships, whether Robert had won them by his bribes or his promises, instead of offering resistance became his guides and brought his fleet safe into Portsmouth, where he landed his men, and from thence marched to Winchester, his army hourly increasing by great numbers of people, who had either an affection for his person, an opinion of his title, or hatred to the king. In the mean time Henry advanced with his forces, to be near the duke and observe his motions; but like a wise general forbore offering battle to an invader until he might do it with manifest advantage. Besides, he knew very well that his brother was a person whose policy was much inferior to his valour, and therefore to be sooner overcome in a treaty than a fight; to this end, the nobles on both sides began to have frequent interviews, to make overtures, and at last concert the terms of a peace, but wholly to the advantage of the king; Robert renouncing his pretensions in consideration of a small pension and of succeeding to the crown on default of male issue in his brother.

The defection of nobles and other people to the duke was so great, that men generally thought if it had come to a battle the king would have lost both the victory and his crown. But Robert, upon his return to Normandy after this dishonourable peace, grew out of all reputation with the world as well as into perfect hatred and contempt among his own subjects, which in a short time was the cause of his ruin.

The king, having thus by his prudence got rid of a dangerous and troublesome rival, and soon after by his valour quelled the insurrections of the earls of Shrewsbury and Mortain, whom he forced to fly into Normandy, found himself in full peace at home and abroad, and therefore thought he might venture a contention with the church about the right of investing bishops; upon which subject many other princes at that time had controversy with their clergy; but after long struggling in vain, were all forced to yield at last to the decree of a synod in Rome and to the pertinacity of the bishops in the several countries. The form of investing a bishop was by delivery of a ring and a pastoral staff; which at Rome was declared unlawful to be performed by any lay hand whatsoever; but the princes of Christendom pleaded immemorial custom to authorize them; and king Henry, having given the

investiture to certain bishops, commanded Anselm to consecrate them. This the archbishop refused with great firmness, pursuant to what he understood to be his duty and to several immediate commands of the pope. Both sides adhering to their own sentiments, the matter was carried to Rome, where Anselm went in person by the king's desire; who at the same time sent ambassadors thither to assert and defend his cause; but the pope still insisting, Anselm was forbidden to return to England. The king seized on all his revenues and would not restore him until, upon other concessions of the pope, Henry was content to yield up his pretensions to the investiture; but however kept the right of electing still in his own hands.

Whatever might have been the method of electing bishops in the more primitive ages, it seems plain to me that in these times and somewhat before, although the election was made *per cleroſum et populum*, yet the king always nominated at first or approved afterward, and generally both, as may be seen by the style in which their elections ran, as well as by the persons chosen, who were usually churchmen of the court or in some employment near the king. But whether this were a gradual encroachment of the regal upon the spiritual power I would rather leave others to dispute.

1104. About this time duke Robert came to England upon a visit to the king, where he was received with much kindness and hospitality; but at the same time the queen had private directions to manage his easy temper and work him to a consent of remitting his pension: this was compassed without much difficulty; but upon the duke's return to Normandy he was severely reproved for his weakness by Ralph bishop of Durham, and the two earls of Mortain and Shrewsbury. These three, having fled from England for rebellion and other treasons, lived exiles in Normandy; and bearing an inveterate hatred to the king, resolved to stir up the duke to a resentment of the injury and fraud of his brother. Robert, who was various in his nature and always under the power of the present persuader, easily yielded to their incitements; reproached the king in bitter terms, by letters and messages that he had cozened and circumvented him; demanding satisfaction and withal threatening revenge. At the same time, by the advice of the three nobles already mentioned, he began to arm himself as formidably as he could, with the design to seize upon the king's possessions in Normandy: but as this resolution was rashly taken up, so it was as faintly pursued, and ended in his destruction; neither has any prince reason to expect better fortune that engages in a war against a powerful neighbour upon the counsel or instigation of exiles, who, having no further view than to serve their private interest or gratify their revenge, are sure to succeed in one or the other if they can embark princes in their quarrel, whom they fail not to incite by the falsest representations of their own strength and the weakness of their enemy: for, as the king was now settled in his throne too firmly to be shaken, so Robert had wholly lost all credit and friendship in England; was sunk in reputation at home; and by his unlimited profuseness reduced so low that, having pawned most of his dominions, he had offered Rouen, his capital city, in sale 1105, to the inhabitants. All this was very well known to the king, who, resolving to make his advantage thereof, pretended to be highly provoked at the disgraceful speeches and menaces of his brother, which he made the formal occasion of a quarrel: therefore, he first sent over some forces to ravage his country; and understanding that the duke was coldly supported by his own subjects, many of whom

came over to the king's army, he soon followed in person with more, took several towns, and placing garrisons therein, came back to England, desiguing with the pretext or opportunity to return with a more potent army and wholly subdue the duchy to his obedience.

Robert, now grown sensible of his weakness, became wholly dispirited; and following his brother into England, in a most dejected manner begged for a peace: but the king, now fully determined upon his ruin, turned away in disdain, muttering at the same time some threatening words. This indignity roused up once more the sinking courage of the duke; who, with bitter words, detesting the pride and insolence of Henry, withdrew in a rage, and hasting back to Normandy made what preparations he could for his own defence. The king, observing his nobles very ready to engage with him in this expedition, and being assured that those in Normandy would upon his approach revolt from the duke, soon followed with a mighty army and the flower of his kingdom. Upon his arrival he was attended, according to his expectation, by several Norman lords; and with this formidable force sat down before Tinchebray: the duke, accompanied by the two exiled earls, advanced with what strength he had, in hopes to draw the enemy from the siege of so important a place, although at the hazard of a battle. Both armies being drawn out in battalia, that of the king's, trusting to their numbers, began

1106. to charge with great fury but without any order. The duke, with forces far inferior, received the enemy with much firmness; and finding he had spent their first heat, advanced very regularly against their main body before they could recover themselves from the confusion they were in. He attacked them with so much courage that he broke their whole body, and they began to fly on every side. The king, believing all was lost, did what he could, by threats and gentle words, to stop the flight of his men, but found it impossible: then he commanded two bodies of horse which were placed on either wing to join, and, wheeling about, to attack the enemy in rear. The duke, who thought himself so near a victory, was forced to stop his pursuit, and, ordering his men to face about, began the fight anew; meantime, the scattered parts of the main body which had so lately fled, began to rally and pour in upon the Normans behind, by which duke Robert's army was almost encompassed; yet they kept their ground awhile and made several charges, until at length, perfectly overborne by numbers, they were utterly defeated. There duke Robert, doing all the parts of a great captain, was taken prisoner, together with the earl of Mortain, and almost his whole army; for, being hemmed in on all sides, few of them could make their escape.

1107. Thus, in the space of forty years, Normandy subdued England and England Normandy; which are events perhaps hardly to be paralleled in any other ages or parts of the world.

The king having stayed a while to settle the state of Normandy returned with his brother into England, whom he sent prisoner to Cardiff castle, with orders that he should be favourably used, which for some time were duly observed; until, being accused of attempting to make his escape (whether it were real or feigned), he had his eyes put out with a burning basin by the king's express commands, in which miserable condition he lived for six-and-twenty years.

It is believed the king would hardly have engaged in this unnatural and invidious war with so little pretence or provocation if the pope had not openly

approved and sanctified his cause, exhorting him to it as a meritorious action; which seems to have been but an ill return from the vicar of CHRIST to a prince who had performed so many brave exploits for the service of the church, to the hazard of his person and ruin of his fortune. But the very bigoted monks who have left us their accounts of those times do generally agree in heavily taxing the Roman court for bribery and corruption. And the king had promised to remit his right of investing bishops, which he performed immediately after his reduction of Normandy, and was a matter of much more service to the pope than all the achievements of duke Robert in the Holy Land, whose merits as well as pretensions were now antiquated and out of date.

1109. About this time the emperor Henry V. sent to desire Maude the king's daughter in marriage, who was then a child about eight years old. That prince had lately been embroiled in a quarrel with the see of Rome, which began upon the same subject of investing bishops, but was carried to great extremities; for, invading Italy with a mighty army, he took the pope prisoner, forced him to yield to whatever terms he thought fit to impose, and to take an oath of fidelity to him between his hands: however, as soon as Henry had withdrawn his forces, the pope, assembling a council, revoked all his concessions as extorted by compulsion, and raised great troubles in Germany against the emperor, who, in order to secure himself, sought this alliance with the king.

About this time likewise died archbishop Anselm, a prelate of great piety and learning, whose seal for the see of Rome as well as for his own rights and privileges should in justice be imputed to the errors of the time, and not of the man. After his death, the king, following the steps of his brother, held the see vacant five years, contenting himself with an excuse which looked like a jest, That he only waited until he could find another so good a man as Anselm.

In the fourteenth year of this king's reign the Welsh after their usual manner invaded the marches with great fury and destruction; but the king, hoping to put a final end to those perpetual troubles and vexations given to his kingdom by that ungovernable people, went in person against them with a powerful army; and to prevent their usual stratagem of retreating to their woods and mountains and other fastnesses, he ordered the woods to be cut down, beset all their places of security, and, hunting them like wild beasts, made so terrible a slaughter that, at length observing them to fling down their arms and beg for quarter, he commanded his soldiers to forbear; then receiving their submissions and placing garrisons where he thought necessary, he returned in great triumph and satisfaction to London.

1114. The princess Maude, being now marriageable, was delivered to the emperor's ambassador; and for a portion to the young lady a tax was imposed of 3s. upon every hide of land in England, which grew afterward into a custom, and was in succeeding times confirmed by acts of parliament under the name of "reasonable aid for marrying the king's daughter," although levied after a different manner.

As the institution of parliaments in England is agreed by several writers to be owing to this king, so the date of the first has been assigned by some to the fifteenth year of his reign; which however is not to be affirmed with any certainty: for great councils were convoked not only in the two preceding reigns, but for time immemorial by the Saxon princes, who first introduced them into this island,

from the same original with the other Gothic forms of government in most parts of Europe. These councils or assemblies were composed according to the pleasure of the prince who convened them, generally of nobles and bishops, sometimes were added some considerable commoners; but they seldom met except in the beginning of a reign, or in times of war, until this king came to the crown; who, being a wise and popular prince, called these great assemblies upon most important affairs of his reign, and ever followed their advice; which if it proved successful the honour and advantage redounded to him, and if otherwise he was free from the blame: thus when he chose a wife for himself and a husband for his daughter, when he designed his expedition against Robert, and even for the election of an archbishop to the see of Canterbury, he proceeded wholly by the advice of such general assemblies summoned for this purpose. But the style of these conventions as delivered by several authors is very various: sometimes it is *comites, barones, et cleri* [Brompton]; his marriage was agreed on, *consilio majorem natu et magnatum terra*. One author [Polydore Virgil] calls it *concilium principum, sacerdotum, et reliqui populi*. And for the election of an archbishop the Saxon Chronicle says, that he commanded by letters all bishops, abbots, and thanes to meet him at Gloucester, *ad procerum conventum*. Lastly, some affirm these assemblies to have been an imitation of the three estates in Normandy. I am very sensible how much time and pains have been employed by several learned men to search out the original of parliaments in England, wherein I doubt they have little satisfied others or themselves. I know likewise that to engage in the same inquiry would neither suit my abilities nor my subject. It may be sufficient for my purpose if I be able to give some little light into this matter for the curiosity of those who are less informed.

The institution of a state or commonwealth out of a mixture of the three forms of government received in the schools, however it be derided as a solecism and absurdity by some late writers on politics, has been very ancient in the world and is celebrated by the gravest authors of antiquity. For although the supreme power cannot properly be said to be divided, yet it may be so placed in three several hands as each to be a check upon the other; or formed into a balance which is held by him that has the executive power, with the nobility and people in counterpoise in each scale. Thus the kingdom of Media is represented by Xenophon before the reign of Cyrus; so Polybius tells us the best government is a mixture of the three forms, *regno, optimatum, et populi imperio*; the same was that of Sparta in its primitive institution by Lycurgus, made up of *reges, seniores, et populus*; the like may be asserted of Rome, Carthage, and other states; and the Germans of old fell upon the same model, from whence the Goths their neighbours with the rest of those northern people did perhaps borrow it. But an assembly of the three estates is not properly of Gothic institution; for these fierce people, when, upon the decline of the Roman empire, they first invaded Europe and settled so many kingdoms in Italy, Spain, and other parts, were all heathens; and when a body of them had fixed themselves in a tract of land left desolate by the flight or destruction of the natives, their military government by time and peace became civil; the general was king, his great officers were his nobles and ministers of state, and the common soldiers the body of the people; but these were freemen, and had smaller portions of land assigned them. The remaining natives were all slaves; the

nobles were a standing council; and upon affairs of great importance the freemen were likewise called by their representatives to give their advice. By which it appears that the Gothic frame of government consisted at first but of two states or assemblies under the administration of a single person. But after the conversion of these princes and their people to the christian faith, the church became endowed with great possessions, as well by the bounty of kings as the arts and industry of the clergy winning upon the devotion of their new converts: and power by the common maxim always accompanying property, the ecclesiastics began soon to grow considerable, to form themselves into a body, and to call assemblies or synods by their own authority, or sometimes by the command of their princes, who in an ignorant age had a mighty veneration for their learning as well as piety. By such degrees the church arrived at length by very justifiable steps to have her share in the commonwealth, and became a third estate in most kingdoms of Europe; but these assemblies as we have already observed were seldom called in England before the reign of this prince, nor even then were always composed after the same manner: neither does it appear from the writers who lived nearest to that age that the people had any representative at all beside the barons and other nobles, who did not sit in those assemblies by virtue of their birth or creation, but of the lands or baronies they held. So that the present constitution of the English parliament has by many degrees and alterations been modeled to the frame it is now in: which alterations I shall observe in the succeeding reigns as exactly as I can discover them by a diligent search into the histories of the several ages, without engaging in the controverted points of law about this matter, which would rather perplex the reader than inform him.

1116. But to return: Lewis the Gross, king of France, a valiant and active prince, in the flower of his age, succeeding to that crown that Robert was deprived of—Normandy, grew jealous of the neighbourhood and power of king Henry, and began early to entertain designs either of subduing that duchy to himself, or at least of making a considerable party against the king, in favour of William son of Robert, whom for that end he had taken into his protection. Pursuant to these intentions, he soon found an occasion for a quarrel, expostulating with Henry that he had broken his promise by not doing homage for the duchy of Normandy, as well as by neglecting to raze the castle of Gisors, which was built on the French side of the river Epte, the common boundary between both dominions.

But an incident soon offered which gave king Henry a pretext for retaliating almost in the same manner; for it happened that upon some offence taken against his nephew Theobald count of Blois by the French king, Lewis in great rage sent an army to invade and ravage the earl's territories. Theobald defended himself for a while with much valour; but at length, in danger to be overpowered, requested aid of his uncle the king of England, who supported him so effectually with men and money that he was able not only to defend his own country but very much to infest and annoy his enemy. Thus a war was kindled between the two kings: Lewis now openly asserted the title of William the son of Robert, and entering into an alliance with the earls of Flanders and Anjou, began to concert measures for driving king Henry out of Normandy.

The king, having timely intelligence of his enemy's designs, began with great vigour and despatch to prepare for war: he raised, with much difficulty

and discontent of his people, the greatest tax that had ever been known in England; and passing over into Normandy, with a mighty army, joined his nephew Theobald. The king of France, who had entertained hopes that he should overrun the duchy before his enemy could arrive, advanced with great security towards the frontiers of Normandy; but observing an enemy of equal number and force already prepared to engage him, he suddenly stopped his march. The two armies faced one another for some hours, neither side offering battle: the rest of the day was spent in light skirmishes, begun by the French and repeated for some days following with various success; but the remainder of the year passed without any considerable action.

1119. At length the violence of the two princes brought it to a battle; for Lewis, to give a reputation to his arms, advanced towards the frontiers of Normandy, and after a short siege took Gue Nicaise;* there the king met him, and the fight began, which continued with great obstinacy on both sides for nine hours. The French army was divided into two bodies and the English into three; by which means that part where the king fought in person, being attacked by a superior number, began to give way; and William Crispin, a Norman baron, singling out the king of England (whose subject he had been, but banished for treason), struck him twice on the head with so much violence that the blood gushed out of his mouth. The king, inflamed with rage and indignation, dealt such furious blows that he struck down several of his enemies, and Crispin among the rest, who was taken prisoner at his horse's feet. The soldiers, encouraged by the valour of their prince, rallied and fell on with fresh vigour; and the victory seemed doubtful when William, the son of king Henry, to whom his father had intrusted the third body of his army, which had not yet engaged, fell on with this fresh reserve upon the enemy, who was already very much harassed by the toil of the day: this quickly decided the matter; for the French, though valiantly fighting, were overcome, with the slaughter of several thousand men; their king quitted the field and withdrew to Andely; but the king of England recovering Gue Nicaise returned triumphant to Rouen.

This important victory was followed by the defection of the earl of Anjou to king Henry, and the earl of Flanders fell in the battle; by which the king of France was at once deprived of two powerful allies. However, by the intercession of the former, a peace was soon after made between both crowns. William the king's son did homage to Lewis for the dukedom of Normandy; and the other William, following the fortunes of his father, was left to his pretensions and complaints.

It is here observable that from this time until Wales was subdued to the English crown the eldest sons of England were called dukes of Normandy, as they are now princes of Wales.

1120. The king, having stayed some time in Normandy for the settlement of his duchy after the calamities and confusions of a war, returned to England, to the very great satisfaction of his people and himself. He had enlarged his dominions by the conquest of Normandy; he had subdued all his competitors, and forced even the king of France, their great protector, after a glorious victory, to his own conditions of a peace; he was upon very good terms with the pope, who had a great esteem and friendship for his person, and made him larger concessions than was usual from that see and in those ages.

* At that time reckoned an important fortress on the river Epte.

At home he was respected by the clergy, revered by the nobles, and beloved by the people; in his family he was blessed with a son of much hopes, just growing to years of manhood, and his daughter was an empress; so that he seemed to possess as great a share of happiness as human life is capable to admit. But the felicity of man depends upon a conjunction of many circumstances, which are all subject to various accidents, and every single accident is able to dissolve the whole contexture; which truth was never verified more than in this prince, who, by one domestic misfortune, not to be prevented or foreseen, found all the pleasure and content he proposed to himself by his prudence, his industry, and his valour, wholly disappointed and destroyed; for William, the young prince, having embarked at Barfleur some time after his father, the mariners, being all drunk, suffered the ship to run upon a rock, where it was dashed to pieces: the prince made a shift to get into the boat, and was making to the shore until forced back by the cries of his sister, whom he received into the boat; so many others crowded in at the same time that it was immediately overturned. There perished, beside the prince, a natural son and daughter of the king, his niece, and many other persons of quality, together with all their attendants and servants, to the number of 140, beside 50 mariners; but one person escaping.

Although the king survived this cruel misfortune many years, yet he could never recover his former humour, but grew melancholy and morose; however, in order to provide better for the peace and settlement of the kingdom after his death, about five months after the loss of his son, his former queen having died three years before, he married Adeline, a beautiful young lady of the family of Lorrain,^a in hopes of issue by her; but never had any.

The death of the prince gave occasion to some new troubles in Normandy, for the earls of Meulant and Evreux, Hugh de Montfort, and other associates, began to raise insurrections there, which were thought to be privately fomented by the French king, out of enmity to king Henry, and in favour of William the son of Robert, to whom the earl 1124. of Anjou had lately given his daughter in marriage. But William of Tankerville, the king's lieutenant in Normandy, surprising the enemy's forces by an ambush, entirely routed them, took both the earls prisoners, and sent one of them (Meulant) to his master; but the count d'Evreux made his escape.

1126. King Henry having now lost hope of issue by his new queen, brought with him, on his return to England, his daughter Maude, who by the emperor's death had been lately left a widow and childless; and in a parliament or general assembly which he had summoned at Windsor he caused the crown to be settled on her and her issue, and made all his nobles take a solemn oath to defend her title. This was performed by none with so much forwardness as Stephen earl of Boulogne, who was observed to show a more than ordinary zeal in the matter. This young lord was the king's nephew, being second son of the earl of Blois by Adela, the Conqueror's daughter. He was in high favour with the king his uncle, who had married him to the daughter and heiress of the earl of Boulogne, given him great possessions in England, and made him indeed too powerful for a subject.

The king, having thus fixed the succession of the crown in his daughter by an act of settlement and

^a She was daughter of Godfrey duke of Lorraine, or the Lower Lorraine.

an oath of fealty, looked about to provide her with a second husband, and at length determined his choice in Geoffry Plantagenet, earl of Anjou, the son of Fulk, lately deceased.

This prince, whose dominions confined on France and Normandy, was usually courted for an ally by both kings in their several quarrels; but having little faith or honour he never scrupled to change sides as often as he saw or conceived it for his advantage. After the great victory over the French he closed in with king Henry, and gave his daughter to the young prince William; yet at the same time, by the private encouragement of Lewis, he prevailed on the king of England to be easy in the conditions of a peace. Upon the unfortunate loss of the prince and the troubles in Normandy thereupon, he fell again from the king, gave his other daughter to William the son of Robert, and stuck up with France to take that prince again into protection. But dying soon after and leaving his son Geoffry to succeed in that earldom, the king was of opinion he could not anywhere bestow his daughter with more advantage, both for the security and enlargement of his dominions, than by giving her to this earl; by which marriage Anjou would become an acquisition to Normandy, and thus be a more equal match to so formidable a neighbour as France. In a short time the marriage was concluded, and this earl Geoffry had the honour to introduce into the royal family of England the surname of Plantagenet, borne by so many succeeding kings, which began with Henry II., who was the eldest son of this marriage.

But the king of France was in great discontent at this match: he easily foresaw the dismal consequences to himself and his successors from such an increase of dominion united to the crown of England; he knew what impressions might be made in future times to the shaking of his throne by an aspiring and warlike king, if they should happen in a weak reign or upon any great discontents in that kingdom. Which conjectures being highly reasonable (and since often verified by events), he cast about to find some way of driving the king of England entirely out of France; but having neither pretext nor stomach in the midst of a peace to begin an open and formal quarrel, there fell out an accident which gave him plausible occasion of pursuing his designs.

Charles the Good, earl of Flanders, having been lately murdered by some of his subjects upon private revenge, the king of France went in person to take revenge of the assassins, which he performed with great justice and honour. But the late earl leaving no heir of his body, and several competitors appearing to dispute the succession, Lewis rejected some others who seemed to have a fairer title and adjudged it to William the son of Robert, the better to secure him to his interests upon any design he might engage in against the king of England. Not content with this, he assisted the earl in person, subdued his rivals, and left him in peaceable possession of his new dominion.

King Henry, on the other side, was very apprehensive of his nephew's greatness, well knowing to what end it was directed; however, he seemed not to regard it, contenting himself to give the earl employment at home by privately nourishing the discontents of his new subjects, and abetting underhand another pretender, for William had so entirely lost the hearts of his people by his intolerable avarice and exactions that the principal towns in Flanders revolted from him and invited Thierrie earl of Alsace to be their governor. But the king of France generously resolved to appear once more in his de-

fence, and took his third expedition into Flanders for that purpose. He had marched as far as Artois when he was suddenly recalled to defend his own dominions from the fury of a powerful and provoked invader; for Henry king of England, moved with indignation to see the French king, in the midst of a peace, so frequently and openly supporting his most dangerous enemy, thought it the best way to divert Lewis from kindling a fire against him abroad by forcing him to extinguish one at home: he therefore entered into the bowels of France, ravaging and laying waste all before him, and quickly grew so formidable that the French king to purchase a peace was forced to promise never more to assist or favour the earl of Flanders: however, as it fell out, this article proved to be wholly needless, for the young earl soon after gave battle to Thierrie and put his whole army to the rout; but pursuing his victory he received a wound in his wrist, which by the unskilfulness of a surgeon cost him his life.

This one slight inconsiderable accident did in all probability put a stop to very great events, for if that young prince had survived his victory it is hardly to be doubted but through the justness of his cause, the reputation of his valour, and the assistance of the king of France, he would in a little time have recovered Normandy, and perhaps his father's liberty, which were the two designs he had in agitation; nor could he well have missed the crown of England after the king's death, who was now in his decline, when he had so fair a title and no competitor in view but a woman and an infant.

1120. Upon the king's return from Normandy a great council of the clergy was held at London for the punishing of priests who lived in concubinage, which was the great grievance of the church in those ages, and had been condemned by several canons. This assembly, thinking to take a more effectual course against that abomination as it was called, decreed severe penalties upon those who should be guilty of breaking it, entreating the king to see the law put in execution, which he very readily undertook, but performed otherwise than was expected, eluding the force of the law by an evasion to his own advantage; for, exacting fines of the delinquent priests, he suffered them to keep their concubines without further disturbance; a very unaccountable step in so wise a body for their own concerns as the clergy of those times is looked upon to have been; and although perhaps the fact be not worth recording, it may serve as a lesson to all assemblies never to trust the execution of a law in the hands of those who will find it more to their interests to see it broken than observed.

1132. The empress Maude was now happily delivered of a son, who was afterward king of England by the name of Henry II.; and the king, calling a parliament, had the oath of fealty repeated by the nobles and clergy to her and her issue, which in the compass of three years they all broke or forgot.

1134. I think it may deserve a place in this history to mention the last scene of duke Robert's life, who, either through the poorness or greatness of spirit, having outlived the loss of his honour, his dominions, his liberty, his eyesight, and his only son, was at last forced to sink under the load of eighty years, and must be allowed for the greatest example either of insensibility or contempt of earthly things that ever appeared in a sovereign or private person. He was a prince hardly equalled by any in his time for valour, conduct, and courtesy: but his ruin began from the easiness of his nature, which whoever knew how to manage were sure to be refused nothing they could ask. By such profusion he was reduced to

those unhappy expedients of remitting his rights for a pension, of pawning his towns, and multiplying taxes, which brought him into hatred and contempt with his subjects; neither do I think any virtue so little commendable in a sovereign as that of liberality, where it exceeds what his ordinary revenues can supply; where it passes those bounds his subjects must all be oppressed to show his bounty to a few flatterers, or he must sell his towns, or basely renounce his rights, by becoming pensioner to some powerful prince in the neighbourhood, all which we have lived to see performed by a late monarch in our own time and country.

1135. Since the reduction of Normandy to the king's obedience he found it necessary for his affairs to spend in that duchy some part of his time almost every year, and a little before the death of Robert he made his last voyage there. It was observable in this prince that, having some years past very narrowly escaped shipwreck in his passage from Normandy into England, the sense of his danger had made very deep impressions on his mind, which he discovered by a great reformation in his life, by redressing several grievances, and doing many acts of piety; and to show the steadiness of his resolutions he kept them to the last, making a progress through most parts of Normandy, treating his subjects in all places with great familiarity and kindness, granting their petitions, easing their taxes, and, in a word, giving all possible marks of a religious, wise, and gracious prince.

Returning to St. Denys le Forment from his progress a little indisposed, he there fell into a fever, upon a surfeit of lamprey, which in a few days ended his life. His body was conveyed to England and buried at Reading, in the abbey-church himself had founded.

It is hard to affirm anything peculiar of this prince's character, those authors who have attempted it mentioning very little but what was common to him with thousands of other men, neither have they recorded any of those personal circumstances or passages which only can discover such qualities of the mind as most distinguish one man from another. These defects may perhaps appear in the stories of many succeeding kings, which makes me hope I shall not be altogether blamed for sometimes disappointing the reader in a point wherein I could wish to be the most exact.

As to his person, he is described to be of middle stature, his body strong set and fleshy, his hair black, his eyes large, his countenance amiable and very pleasant, especially when he was merry. He was temperate in meat and drink, and a hater of effeminacy, a vice or folly much complained of in his time, especially that circumstance of long artificial hair, which he forbade upon severe penalties. His three principal virtues were prudence, valour, and eloquence. These were counterbalanced by three great vices, avarice, cruelty, and lust, of which the first is proved by the frequency of his taxes, the second by his treatment of duke Robert, and the last was notorious. But the proof of his virtues does not depend on single instances, manifesting themselves through the whole course of a long reign, which was hardly attended by any misfortune that prudence, justice, or valour could prevent. He came to the crown at a ripe age, when he had passed thirty years, having learned in his private life to struggle with hardships, whereof he had his share, from the capriciousness and injustice of both his brothers; and by observing their failures he had learned to avoid them in himself, being steady and uniform in his whole conduct, which were qualities

they both seemed chiefly to want. This likewise made him so very tenacious as he was observed to be in his love and hatred. He was a strict observer of justice, which he seems never to have violated but in that particular case which political casuists are pleased to dispense with, where the dispute is about a crown. In that he*****

Considering him as a private man, he was perhaps the most accomplished person of his age, having a facetious wit, cultivated by learning, and advanced with a great share of natural eloquence, which was his peculiar talent: and it was no doubt the sense he had of this last perfection in himself that put him so often upon calling together the great councils of the nation, where natural oratory is of most figure as well as use.

THE REIGN OF STEPHEN.

THE veneration which people are supposed naturally to pay to a right line and a lawful title in their kings must be upheld by a long uninterrupted succession, otherwise it quickly loses opinion, upon which the strength of it, although not the justice, is entirely founded: and where breaches have been already made in the lineal descent there is little security in a good title (though confirmed by promises and oaths) where the lawful heir is absent and a popular aspiring pretender near at hand. This I think may pass for a maxim, if any consequences drawn from history can pretend to be called so, having been verified successively three times in this kingdom—I mean by the two preceding kings and by the prince whose reign we are now writing. Neither can this observation be justly controlled by any instances brought of future princes who being absent at their predecessor's death have peaceably succeeded, the circumstances being very different in every case, either by the weakness or justice of pretenders, or else by the long establishment of lineal succession.

1135. Stephen earl of Boulogne, whose descent has been already shown in the foregoing reign, was the second of three brothers, whereof the eldest was Theobald earl of Blois, a sovereign prince, and Henry, the youngest, was bishop of Winchester and the pope's legate in England. At the time of king Henry's death his daughter the empress was with her husband the earl of Anjou, a grave and cautious prince, altogether unqualified for sudden enterprises; but earl Stephen, who had attended the king in his last expedition, made so great despatch for England, that the council had not time to meet and make any declaration about a successor. When the lords were assembled, the legate had already by his credit and influence among them brought over a great party to his brother's interests; and the earl himself, knowing with what success the like methods were used by his two last predecessors, was very liberal of his promises to amend the laws, support the church, and redress grievances, for all which the bishop undertook to be guarantee. And thus was Stephen elected by those very persons who had so lately, and in so solemn a manner, more than once sworn fealty to another.

The motives whereby the nobility was enayed to proceed after this manner were obvious enough. There had been a perpetual struggle between them and their former kings in the defence of their liberties; for the security whereof they thought a king elected without other title would be readier to enter into any obligations, and being held in constant de-

* Here the sentence breaks off short, and is left unfinished.

† Stephen was at Boulogne when he received the news of Henry's death.

pendence would be less tempted to break them; therefore, as at his coronation they obtained full security by his taking new and additional oaths in favour of their liberties, their oath of fealty to him was but conditional, to be of force no longer than he should be true to those stipulations.

But other reasons were contrived and given out to satisfy the people; they were told it was an indignity for so noble a nation to be governed by a woman; that the late king had promised to marry his daughter within the realm and by consent of parliament, neither of which was observed; and lastly, Hugh Bigod, steward to king Henry, took a voluntary oath before the archbishop of Canterbury, that his master in his last sickness had upon some displeasure disinherited his daughter.

He received the crown with one great advantage that could best enable him to preserve it; this was the possession of his uncle's treasures, amounting to 100,000*l.*, and reckoned as a prodigious sum in those days; by the help of which, without ever raising one tax upon the people, he defended an unjust title against the lawful heir during a perpetual contest of almost twenty years.

In order to defend himself against any sudden invasion, which he had cause enough to expect, he gave all men licence to build castles upon their lands, which proved a very mistaken piece of politics, although grounded upon some appearance of reason. The king supposed that no invader would venture to advance into the heart of his country without reducing every castle in his way, which must be a work of much time and difficulty, nor would be able to afford men to block them up and secure his retreat; which way of arguing may be good enough to a prince of an undisputed title and entirely in the hearts of his subjects; but numerous castles are ill defenders of an usurpation, being the common retreat of malecontents, where they can fly with security and discover their affections as they please; by which means the enemy, although beaten in the field, may still preserve his footing in the bowels of a country, may wait supplies from abroad and prolong a war for many years; nor while he is master of any castles can he ever be at mercy by any sudden misfortune, but may be always in a condition of demanding terms for himself. These and many other effects of so pernicious a counsel the king found through the whole course of his reign; which was entirely spent in sieges, revolts, surprises, and surrenders, with very few battles but no decisive action; a period of much misery and confusion, which affords little that is memorable for events or useful for the instruction of posterity.

1136. The first considerable enemy that appeared against him was David king of Scots, who, having taken the oath of fealty to Maud and her issue, being further engaged by the ties of blood and stirred up through the persuasions of several English nobles, began to take up arms in her cause, and invading the northern parts took Carlisle and Newcastle; but upon the king's speedy approach with his forces a peace was presently made and the towns restored. However, the Scottish prince would by no means renounce his fidelity to the empress by paying homage to Stephen; so that an expedient was found to have it performed by his eldest son, in consideration of which the king gave, or rather restored, to him the earldom of Huntingdon.

Upon his return to London from this expedition he happened to fall sick of a lethargy, and it was confidently given out that he was dead. This report was with great industry and artifice dispersed by his enemies, which quickly discovered the ill inclination of

several lords, who, although they never believed this thing, yet made use of it for an occasion or pretext to fortify their castles, which they refused to surrender to the king himself; but Stephen was resolved, as he said, to convince them that he was alive and well; for coming against them before he was expected, he recovered Exeter, Norwich, and other fortified places, although not without much difficulty.

It is obvious enough to wonder how a prince of so much valour and other excellent endowments, elected by the church and state after a compliance with all conditions they could impose on him, and in an age when so little regard was had to the lineal descent, lastly confirmed by the pope himself, should be soon deserted and opposed by those very persons who had been the most instrumental to promote him. But beside his defective title and the undistinguished liberty of building castles, there were three circumstances which very much contributed to those perpetual revolts of the nobles against him: first, that upon his coming to the crown he was very liberal in distributing lands and honours to several young gentlemen of noble birth who came to make their court, whereby he hoped to get the reputation of a generous prince and to strengthen his party against the empress; but by this encouragement the number of pretenders quickly grew too fast upon him; and when he had granted all he was able he was forced to dismiss the rest with promises and excuses; who, either out of envy or discontent, or else to mend their fortunes, never failed to become his enemies upon the first occasion that offered. Secondly, when he had reduced several castles and towns which had given the first example of defection from him, he hardly inflicted the least punishment on the authors, which unseasonable mercy, that in another prince and another age would have been called greatness of spirit, passed in him for pusillanimity and fear, and is reckoned by the writers of those times to have been the cause of many succeeding revolts. The third circumstance was of a different kind; for, observing how little good effect he had found by his liberality and indulgence, he would needs try the other extreme, which was not his talent. He began to infringe the articles of his charter, to recall or disown the promises he had made, and to repulse petitioners with rough treatment, which was the more unacceptable by being new and unexpected.

1137. Meantime the earl of Anjou, who was not in a condition to assert his wife's title to England, hearing Stephen was employed at home, entered Normandy with small force, and found it no difficult matter to seize several towns. The Normans, in the present distraction of affairs not well knowing what prince to obey, at last sent an invitation to Theobald earl of Blois, king Stephen's eldest brother, to accept their dukedom upon the condition of protecting them from the present insults of the earl of Anjou. But before this matter could come to an issue, Stephen, who upon redaction of the towns already mentioned had found a short interval of quiet from his English subjects, arrived with unexpected speed in Normandy, where Geoffry of Anjou soon died before him, and the whole duchy came over to his obedience, for the farther settlement whereof he made peace with the king of France, constituted his son Eustace duke of Normandy, and made him swear fealty to that prince and do him homage. His brother Theobald, who began to expostulate upon this disappointment, he pacified with a pension of 2000 marks;^a and even the earl of Anjou himself,

^a The mark of Normandy is to be understood here. Such a pension in that age was equivalent to one of 21,000*l.* in the present.

who in right of his wife made demands of Stephen for the kingdom of England, finding he was no equal match at present, was persuaded to become his prisoner for 5000 more.^a

Stephen upon his return to England met with an account of new troubles from the north, for the king of Scots, under pretence of observing his oath of fealty to the empress, infested the borders, and frequently making cruel inroads plundered and laid waste all before him.

1138. In order to revenge this base and perfidious treatment the king in his march northward sat down before Bedford, and took it after a siege of twenty days. This town was part of the earldom of Huntingdon, given by Stephen in the late peace to the eldest son of the Scottish king, for which the young prince did homage to him; and it was upon that account defended by a garrison of Scots. Upon intelligence of this surrender king David, overcome with fury, entered Northumberland, where, letting loose the rage of his soldiers, he permitted and encouraged them to commit all manner of inhumanities, which they performed in so execrable a manner as would scarce be credible if it were not attested by almost the universal consent of writers: they ripped up women with child, drew out the infants, and tossed them upon the points of their lances; they murdered priests before the altars; then, cutting the heads from off the crucifixes, in their stead put on the heads of those they had murdered; with many other instances of monstrous barbarity too foul to relate: but cruelty being usually attended with cowardice, this perfidious prince upon the approach of king Stephen fled into places of security. The king of England, finding no enemy on whom to employ his revenge, marched forward into the country, destroying with fire and sword all the southern parts; and would in all probability have made terrible impressions into the heart of Scotland if he had not been suddenly recalled by a more dangerous fire at home, which had been kindled in his absence and was now broken out into a flame.

Robert earl of Gloucester, natural son of the late king, came into England some time after the advancement of Stephen to the crown; and, yielding to the necessity of the time, took the oath of fealty upon the same condition used by the other nobles, to be of force so long as the king should keep his faith with him and preserve his dignity inviolate; but, being in his heart wholly devoted to the interests of the empress his sister, and moved by the persuasions of several religious men, he had with great secrecy and application so far practised upon the levity or discontent of several lords as to gain them to his party, for the king had of late very much alienated the nobles against him; first, by seizing several of their persons and dispossessing them of their lands; and secondly, by taking into his favour William d'Ypres, a Flemish commander of noble birth, but banished by his prince. This man, with many of his followers, the king employed chiefly both in his councils and his armies, and made him earl of Kent, to the great envy and displeasure of his English subjects. The earl of Gloucester therefore, and his accomplices, having prepared all things necessary for an insurrection, it was agreed among them that while the king was engaged against the Scots each of them should secure what towns and castles they could and openly declare for the empress. Accordingly, earl Robert suddenly fortified himself in Bristol; the rest followed his example: Hereford, Shrewsbury, Lullew,

Dover, and many other places were seized by several lords; and the defection grew so formidable that the king, to his great grief, was forced to leave his Scottish expedition unfinished, and return with all possible speed to suppress the rebellion begun by his subjects, having first left the care of the north to Thurstan archbishop of York, with orders carefully to observe the motions of the Scots.

Whilst the king was employed in the south in reducing his discontented lords and their castles to his obedience, David, presuming upon the distance between them, re-entered England with more numerous forces and greater designs than before; for, without losing more time than what was necessary to pillage and destroy the country as he marched, he resolved to besiege York; which, if he could force to surrender, would serve as a convenient frontier against the English. To this end, advancing near the city and having pitched his tents, he sat down before it with his whole army. In the mean time archbishop Thurstan, having already summoned the nobles and gentry of the shire and parts adjacent, had, by powerful persuasions, incited them to defend their country against a treacherous, bloody, and restless enemy; so that before the king of Scotland could make any progress in the siege the whole power of the north was united against him under the earl of Albemarle and several other nobles. Archbishop Thurstan happening to fall sick could not go in person to the army, but sent the bishop of Durham in his stead; by whose encouragements the English, although in number far inferior, advanced boldly toward the enemy and offered them battle, which was as readily accepted by the Scots, who, sending out a party of horse to secure the rising ground, were immediately attacked by the English, and after a sharp dispute entirely defeated. In the heat of the battle the king of Scots, and his son Henry earl of Huntingdon, gave many proofs of great personal valour. The young prince fell with such fierceness upon a body of the English that he utterly broke and dispersed them, and was pursuing his victory when a certain man, bearing aloft the head of an enemy he had cut off, cried out it was the head of the Scottish king; which being heard and believed on both sides, the English, who had lately fled, rallied again, assaulting their enemies with new vigour; the Scots on the other side, discouraged by the supposed death of their prince, began to turn their backs: the king and his son used all endeavours to stop their flight, and made several brave stands against the enemy; but the greatest part of their army being fled, and themselves almost encompassed, they were forced to give way to fortune, and with much difficulty made their escape.

The loss of the English side was inconsiderable; but of Scots, by general consent of writers, 10,000 were slain. And thus ended the War of the Standard, as it was usually called by the authors of that age: because the English upon a certain engine raised the mast of a ship, on the top whereof in a silver box they put the consecrated wafer and fastened the standards of St. Peter and other saints; this gave them courage, by remembering they were to fight in the presence of God, and served likewise for a mark where to reassemble when they should happen to be dispersed by any accident or misfortune.

1139. Meantime the king was equally successful against his rebellious lords at home, having taken most of their castles and strongholds; and the earl of Gloucester himself, no longer able to make any resistance, withdrew into Normandy, to concert new

^a Five thousand marks of silver coin was, in this reign, of the same value as the sum of 77,500*l.* modern currency is now. Here again the Norman mark seems to be used.

measures with the empress his sister. Thus the king had leisure and opportunity for another expedition into Scotland, to pursue and improve his victory, where he met with no opposition: however, he was at length persuaded with much difficulty to accept his own conditions of a peace, and David delivered up to him his eldest son Henry as hostage for performance of articles between them.

The king in his return homeward laid siege to Ludlow Castle, which had not been reduced with the rest: here prince Henry of Scotland, boiling with youth and valour, and exposing his person upon all occasions, was lifted from his horse by an iron grapple let down from the wall, and would have been hoisted up into the castle if the king had not immediately flown to his assistance and brought him off with his own hands by main force from the enemy, whom he soon compelled to surrender the castle.

1140. Stephen, having thus subdued his inveterate enemies the Scots and reduced his rebellious nobles, began to entertain hopes of enjoying a little ease. But he was destined to the possession of a crown with perpetual disturbance, for he was hardly returned from his northern expedition when he received intelligence that the empress, accompanied by her brother the earl of Gloucester, was preparing to come for England, in order to dispute her title to the kingdom. The king, who knew by experience what a powerful party she already had to espouse her interests, very reasonably concluded the defection from him would be much greater when she appeared in person to countenance and reward it; he therefore began again to repent of the licence he had granted for building castles, which were now likely to prove so many places of security for his enemies and fortifications against himself: for he knew not whom to trust, vehemently suspecting his nobles ever since their last revolt. He therefore cast about for some artifice to get into his hands as many of their castles as he could, in the strength and magnificence of which kind of structures the bishops had far outdone the rest, and were upon that as well as other accounts very much maligned and envied by the temporal lords, who were extremely jealous of the church's increasing power, and glad upon all occasions to see the prelates humbled. The king, therefore, having formed his project, resolved to make trial where it would be least invidious, and where he could foresee least danger in the consequences: At a parliament or assembly of nobles at Oxford it was contrived to raise a quarrel between the servants of some bishops and those of Alan count of Dinan in Bretagne, upon a contention of rooms in their inns. Stephen took hold of this advantage, sent for the bishops, taxed them with breaking his peace, and demanded the keys of their castles, adding threats of imprisonment if they dared to disobey. Those whom the king chiefly suspected, or rather who had built the most and strongest castles, were Roger bishop of Salisbury, with his nephew and natural son the bishops of Ely and Lincoln, whom the king by many circumstances of rigour compelled to surrender, going himself in person to seize the Devises, then esteemed the noblest structure of Europe, and holt by the forementioned bishop Roger, whose treasure to the value of 40,000 marks,* there likewise deposited, fell at the same time into the king's hand, which in a few days broke the bishop's heart, already worn with age and infirmity.

* This prelate's treasure is doubtless computed by the smaller or Saxon mark, the use of which still prevailed in England; and, even thus computed, it amounts to a vast sum, equal to about 116,200*l.* of modern money.

It may perhaps not be thought a digression to say something of the fortunes of this prelate, who from the lowest beginnings came to be without dispute the greatest churchman of any subject in his age. It happened that the late king Henry, in the reign of his brother, being at a village in Normandy, wanted a priest to say mass before him and his train; when this man, who was a poor curate thereabouts, offered his service, and performed it with so much dexterity and speed that the soldiers who attended the prince recommended him to their master upon that account as a very proper chaplain for military men. But it seems he had other talents, for having gotten into the prince's service he soon discovered great application and address, much order and economy in the management of his master's fortunes, which were wholly left to his care. After Henry's advancement to the crown this chaplain grew chief in his favour and confidence; was made bishop of Salisbury, chancellor of England, employed in all his most weighty affairs, and usually left vicegerent of the realm while the king was absent in Normandy. He was among the first that swore fealty to Maude and her issue, and among the first that revolted from her to Stephen, offering such reasons in council for setting her aside as by the credit and opinion of his wisdom were very prevalent. But the king in a few years forgot all obligations, and the bishop fell a sacrifice in his old age to those treasures he had been so long heaping up for its support. A just reward for his ingratitude towards the prince that raised him, to be ruined by the ingratitude of another whom he had been so very instrumental to raise.

But Henry bishop of Winchester, the pope's legate, not able to endure this violation of the church, called a council of all the prelates to meet at Winchester, where the king being summoned appeared by his advocate, who pleaded his cause with much learning; and the archbishop of Rouen, coming to the council, declared his opinion, that, although the canons did allow the bishops to possess castles, yet in dangerous times they ought to deliver them up to the king. This opinion Stephen followed very steadily, not yielding a tittle, although the legate, his brother, used all means both rough and gentle to work upon him.

The council of bishops broke up without other effect than that of leaving in their minds an implacable hatred to the king in a very opportune juncture for the interest of Maude, who about this time landed at Portsmouth with her brother Robert earl of Gloucester. The whole force she brought over for this expedition consisted but of 140 knights; for she trusted altogether in her cause and her friends. With this slender attendance she went to Arundel and was there received into the castle by the widow of the late king; while earl Robert, accompanied only by twenty men, marched boldly to his own city of Gloucester, in order to raise forces for the empress, where the townsmen turned out the king's garrison as soon as they heard of his approach.

King Stephen was not surprised at the news of the empress's arrival, being a thing he had always counted upon, and was long preparing himself against. He was glad to hear how ill she was provided, and resolved to use the opportunity of her brother's absence; for hasting down to Arundel with a sufficient strength he laid siege to the castle, in hopes by securing her person to put a speedy end to the war.

But there wanted not some very near about the king who, favouring the party of Maude, had credit enough to prevail with him not to venture time and reputation against an impregnable fortress, but

rather by withdrawing his forces permit her to retire to some less fortified place, where she might more easily fall into his hands. This advice the king took against his own opinion; the empress fled out of Arundel by night, and after frequent shifting her stages through several towns, which had already declared in her favour, fixed herself at last at Lincoln, where having all things provided necessary for her defence she resolved to continue, and expect either a general revolt of the English to her side or the decision of war between the king and her brother.

1141. But Stephen, who had pursued the empress from place to place, hearing she had shut herself up in Lincoln, resolved to give her no rest; and to help on his design it fell out that the citizens, in hatred to the earl of Chester, who commanded there for the empress, sent a private invitation to the king, with promise to deliver the town and their governor into his hands. The king came accordingly and possessed himself of the town, but Maude and the earl made their escape a few days before. However many great persons of Maude's party remained prisoners to the king, and among the rest the earl of Chester's wife, who was daughter to the earl of Gloucester. These two earls resolving to attempt the relief of their friends marched with all their forces near Lincoln, where they found the enemy drawn up and ready to receive them. The next morning, after battle offered by the lords and accepted by the king, both sides made ready to engage. The king, having disposed his cavalry on each wing, placed himself at the head of his foot, in whom he reposed most confidence. The army of the lords was divided in three bodies; those whom king Stephen had banished were placed in the middle, the earl of Chester led the van, and the earl of Gloucester commanded the rear. The battle was fought at first with equal advantage and great obstinacy on both sides; at length the right wing of the king's horse, pressed by the earl of Chester, galloped away, not without suspicion of treachery; the left followed the example. The king beheld their flight, and encouraging those about him fell with undaunted valour upon the enemy, and being for some time bravely seconded by his foot did great execution. At length, overpowered by numbers, his men began to disperse, and Stephen was left almost alone with his sword in his hand, wherewith he opposed his person against a whole victorious army, nor durst any be so hardy to approach him; the sword breaking, a citizen of Lincoln put into his hands a Danish battle-axe, with which he struck to the ground the earl of Chester,^a who presumed to come within his reach. But this weapon likewise flying in pieces with the force of those furious blows he dealt on all sides, a bold knight of the empress's party named William de Keyres laid hold on his helmet, and immediately cried out to his fellows, "I have got the king!" Then the rest ran in and he was taken prisoner.

The king being thus secured was presented to the empress, then at Gloucester, and by her orders conveyed to Bristol, where he continued in strict custody nine months, although with honourable treatment for some time, until either upon endeavouring to make his escape or in malice to the Londoners, who had a great affection for their king, he was by express command from the empress laid in irons and used with other circumstances of severity.

This victory was followed by a general defection of almost the whole kingdom; and the earl of Anjou, husband to the empress, upon the fame of the king's

defeat and imprisonment, reduced without any difficulty the whole duchy of Normandy to his obedience.

The legate himself, although brother to king Stephen, received her at Winchester with great solemnity, accepted her oath for governing with justice, redressing grievances, and supporting the rights of the church, and took the old conditional oath of fealty to her; then, in an assembly of bishops and clergy convoked for the purpose, he displayed the miscarriages of his brother and declared his approbation of the empress to be queen; to which they unanimously agreed. To complete all he prevailed by his credit with the Londoners, who stood out the last of any, to acknowledge and receive her into the city, where she arrived at length in great pomp and with general satisfaction.

But it was the misfortune of this princess to possess many weaknesses that are charged to the sea, and very few of its commendable qualities: she was now in peaceable possession of the whole kingdom, except the county of Kent, where William d'Ypres pretended to keep up a small party for the king; when by her pride, wilfulness, indiscretion, and a disobliging behaviour, she soon turned the hearts of all men against her, and in a short time lost the fruits of that victory and success which had been so hardly gained by the prudence and valour of her excellent brother. The first occasion she took to discover the perverseness of her nature was in the treatment of Maude, the wife of king Stephen, a lady of great virtue and courage above her sex; who, coming to the empress an humble suitor in behalf of her husband, offered, as a price of his liberty, that he should resign all pretensions to the crown, and pass the rest of his life in exile or in a convent. But this request was rejected with scorn and reproaches; and the queen finding all entreaties to no purpose writ to her son Eustace to let him understand the ill success of her negotiation, that no relief was to be otherwise hoped for than by arms; and therefore advised him to raise immediately what forces he could for the relief of his father.

Her next miscarriage was towards the Londoners, who presented her a petition for redressing certain rigorous laws of her father and restoring those of Edward the Confessor. The empress put them off for a time with excuses, but at last discovered some displeasure at their importunity. The citizens, who had with much difficulty been persuaded to receive her against their inclinations, which stood wholly for the king, were moved with indignation at her unreasonable refusal of their just demands, and entered into a conspiracy to seize her person. But she had timely notice of their design, and leaving the city by night in disguise fled to Oxford.

A third false step the empress made was in refusing her new powerful friend the legate a favour he desired in behalf of Eustace, the king's son, to grant him the lands and honours held by his father before he came to the crown. She had made large promises to this prelate that she would be directed in all things by his advice; and to be refused upon his first application a small favour for his own nephew stung him to the quick; however, he governed his resentments a while, but began at the same time to resume his affection for his brother. These thoughts were cultivated with great address by queen Maude, who prevailed at last so far upon the legate that private measures were agreed between them for restoring Stephen to his liberty and crown. The bishop took leave of the empress upon some plausible pretence and retired to Winchester, where he gave directions for supplying with men and provision several strong castles he had built in his diocese,

^a The earl of Chester lived never in his fight other battles, and died twelve years after by poison.

while the queen, with her son Eustace, prevailed with the Londoners and men of Kent to rise in great numbers for the king; and a powerful army was quickly on foot under the command of William d'Ypres earl of Kent.

In the mean time the empress began to be sensible of the errors she had committed; and in hope either to retrieve the friendship of the legate or take him prisoner, marched with her army to Winchester, where being received and lodged in the castle she sent immediately for the legate, spoke much in excuse of what was past, and used all endeavours to regain him to her interests. Bishop Henry, on the other side, amused her with dubious answers, and kept her in suspense for some days; but sent privately at the same time to the king's army, desiring them to advance with all possible speed, which was executed with so much diligence that the empress and her brother had only time with their troops to march a back way out of the town. They were pursued by the enemy so close in the rear that the empress had hardly time, by counterfeiting herself dead, to make her escape; in which posture she was carried as a corpse to Gloucester; but the earl her brother, while he made what opposition he could with design to stop her pursuers, was himself taken prisoner, with great slaughter of his men. After the battle the earl was in his turn presented to queen Maude, and by her command sent to Rochester to be treated in the same manner with the king.

Thus the heads of both parties were each in the power of his enemy, and Fortune seemed to have dealt with great equality between them. Two factions divided the whole kingdom, and, as it usually happens, private animosities were inflamed by the quarrel of the public; which introduced a miserable race of things throughout the land, whereof the writers of our English story give melancholy descriptions, not to be repeated in this history; since the usual effects of civil war are obvious to conceive and tiresome as well as useless to relate. However, as the quarrel between the king and empress was grounded upon a cause that in its own nature little concerned the interests of the people, this was thought a convenient juncture for transacting a peace, to which there appeared a universal disposition. Several expedients were proposed; but earl Robert would consent upon no other terms than the deposing of Stephen and immediate delivery of the crown to his sister. These debates lasted for some months, until the two prisoners, weary of their long constraint, by mutual consent were exchanged for each other, and all thoughts of agreement laid aside.

The king, upon recovery of his freedom, hastened to London to get supplies of men and money for renewing the war. He there found that his brother of Winchester had, in a council of bishops and abbots, renounced all obedience to the empress, and persuaded the assembly to follow his example. The legate, in excuse for this proceeding, loaded her with infamy, produced several instances wherein she had broken the oath she took when he received her as queen, and upon which his obedience was grounded; and said he had received information that she had a design upon his life.

It must be confessed that oaths of fealty in this prince's reign were feeble ties for hindring the subject to any reasonable degree of obedience; and the warmest advocates for liberty cannot but allow, from those examples here produced, that it is very possible for people to run upon great extremes in this matter; that a monarch may be too much limited, and a subject too little; whereof the conse-

quences have been fully as pernicious for the time as the worst that can be apprehended from arbitrary power in all its heights, although not perhaps so lasting or so hard to be remedied; since all the miseries of this kingdom during the period we are treating of were manifestly owing to that continual violation of such oaths of allegiance as appear to have been contrived on purpose by ambitious men to be broken at pleasure, without the least apprehension of perjury, and in the mean time keep the prince in a continual slavish dependence.

The earl of Gloucester soon after his release went over into Normandy, where he found the earl of Anjou employed in completing the conquest of that duchy; there he delivered him the sons of several English noblemen to be kept as hostages for their fathers' fidelity to the empress, and used many arguments for persuading him to come over in person with an army to her assistance; but Geoffrey excused himself by the importance of other affairs, and the danger of exposing the dominions he had newly acquired to rebellions in his absence. However, he lent the earl of Gloucester a supply of 400 men, and sent along with him his eldest son Henry to comfort his mother and be shown to the people.

During the short absence of the earl of Gloucester the empress was closely besieged in Oxford by the king; and provision beginning to fail she was in cruel apprehensions of falling into his hands. This gave her occasion to put in practice the only talent wherein she seemed to excel, which was that of contriving some little shift or expedient to secure her person upon any sudden emergency. A long season of frost had made the Thames passable upon the ice, and much snow lay on the ground; Maude, with some few attendants, clad all in white to avoid being discovered from the king's camp, crossed the river at midnight on foot, and travelling all night, got safe to Wallingford-castle, where her brother and young son Henry, newly returned from France, arrived soon after, to her great satisfaction; but Oxford, immediately upon the news of her flight, surrendered to the king.

However, this disgrace was fully compensated soon after by another of the same kind which happened to king Stephen; for while he and his brother of Winchester were fortifying a nunnery at Wilton, to bridle his enemies at Salisbury, who very much harassed those parts by their frequent excursions, the earl of Gloucester, who watched all opportunities, came unawares with a strong body of men, and set fire to the nunnery while the king himself was in it. Stephen, upon the sudden surprise of the thing, wholly lost or forgot his usual courage, and fled shamefully away, leaving his soldiers to be cut in pieces by the earl.

During the rest of the war, although it lasted nine years longer, there is little memorable recorded by any writer; whether the parties, being pretty equal and both sufficiently tired with so long a contention, wanted vigour and spirit to make a thorough conquest, and only endeavoured to keep what they had, or whether the multitude of strong castles, whose numbers daily increased, made it very difficult to end a war between two contending powers almost in balance; let the cause be what it will, the whole time passed in mutual sieges, surprises, revolts, surrenders of fortified places, without any decisive action or other event of importance to be related. By which at length the very genius of the people became wholly bent upon a life of spoil, robbery, and plunder; many of the nobles, although pretending to hold their castles for the king or the empress,

Need like petty independent princes in a perpetual state of war against their neighbours; the fields lay uncultivated, all the arts of civil life were banished, no veneration left for sacred persons or things; in short, no law, truth, or religion among men, but a scene of universal misery, attended with all the consequences of an embroiled and distracted state.

About the eleventh year of the king's reign young Henry, now growing toward a man, was sent for to France by a message from his father, who was desirous to see him, but left a considerable party in England to adhere to his interests; and in a short time after (as some write) the empress herself, grown weary of contending any longer in a cause where she had met with nothing but misfortunes of her own procuring, left the kingdom likewise and retired to her husband. Nor was this the only good fortune that befel Stephen; for before the year ended the main prop and pillar of his enemies was taken away by death: this was Robert earl of Gloucester, than whom there have been few private persons known in the world that deserve a fairer place and character in the registers of time for his inviolable faith, disinterested friendship, indefatigable zeal, firm constancy to the cause he espoused, and unparalleled generosity in the conduct thereof: he adhered to his sister in all her fortunes, to the ruin of his own; he placed a crown upon her head; and when she had lost it by her folly and perverseness refused the greatest offers from a victorious enemy who had him in his power, and chose to continue a prisoner rather than recover his liberty by any hazard to her pretensions: he bore up her sinking title in spite of her own frequent miscarriages, and at last died in her cause, by a fever contracted with perpetual toils for her service. An example fit to be shown the world, although few perhaps are likely to follow it; but however, a small tribute of praise justly due to extraordinary virtue may prove no ill expedient to encourage imitation.

But the death of this lord, together with the absence of the empress and her son in France, added very little to the quiet or security of the king. For the earl of Gloucester, suspecting the fidelity of the lords, had, with great sagacity, delivered their sons to the earl of Anjou, to be kept as pledges for their fathers' fidelity, as we have before related; by which means a powerful party was still kept up against Stephen, too strong to be suddenly broken. Besides, he had by an unusual strain of his conduct lately lost much good will, as well as reputation, in committing an act of violence and fraud on the person of the earl of Chester, a principal adherent of the empress. This nobleman, of great power and possessions, had newly reconciled himself to Stephen, and came to his court at Northampton, where, against all laws of hospitality as well as common faith and justice, he was committed to prison, and forced to hny his liberty with the surrender of Lincoln and all his other places into the king's hands.

Affairs continued in this turbulent posture about two years, the nobles neither trusting the king nor each other. The number of castles still increased, which every man who had any possessions 1149. was forced to build or else become a prey to his powerful neighbours. This was thought a convenient juncture by the empress and her friends for sending young prince Henry to try his fortune in England, where he landed at the head of a considerable number of horse and foot, although he was then but sixteen years old. Immediately after his arrival he went to Carlisle, where he met his cousin David king of Scots, by whom he was made a knight after the usual custom of young princes and noblemen in

that age. The king of England, who had soon intelligence of Henry's landing and motions, marched down to secure York, against which he expected the first attempt of his enemy was designed. But, whatever the cause might be (wherein the writers of those ages are either silent or unsatisfactory), both armies remained at that secure distance for 1150. three months; after which Henry returned back to Normandy, leaving the kingdom in the state of confusion he found it at his coming.

The fortunes of this young prince, Henry Fitzempress, now began to advance by great and sudden steps, whereof it will be no digression to inform the reader, as well upon the connexion they have with the affairs at home about this time, as because they concern the immediate successor to the crown.

1151. Prince Henry's voyage to France was soon followed by the death of his father Geoffry earl of Anjou, whereby the son became possessor of that earldom together with the duchy of Normandy; but in a short time after he very much enlarged his dominions by a marriage, in which he consulted his reputation less than his advantage. For Lewis the Young, king of France, was lately divorced from his wife Eleanor, who, as the French writers relate, bore a great contempt and hatred to her husband and had long desired such a separation. Other authors give her not so fair a character; but whatever might be the real cause, the pretext was consanguinity in the fourth degree. Henry was content to accept this lady with all her faults, and in her right became duke of Aquitaine and earl of Poitou, very considerable provinces added to his other dominions.

But the two kings of France and England began to apprehend much danger from the sudden greatness of a young ambitious prince; and their interests were jointly concerned to check his growth. Duke Henry was now ready to sail for England in a condition to assert his title upon more equal terms; when the king of France, in conjunction with Eustace king Stephen's son, and Geoffry the duke's own brother, suddenly entered into his dominions with a mighty army, took the castle of Neumarché by storm and laid siege to that of Angers. The duke, by this incident, was forced to lay aside his thoughts of England, and marching boldly toward the enemy resolved to relieve the besieged; but finding they had already taken the castle, he thought it best to make a diversion by carrying the war into the enemy's country; where he left all to the mercy of his soldiers, surprised and burnt several castles, and made great devastations wherever he came. This proceeding answered the end for which it was designed; the king of France thought he had already done enough for his honour, and began to grow weary of a ruinous war which was likely to be protracted. The conditions of a peace, by the intervention of some religious men, were soon agreed. The duke, after some time spent in settling his affairs and preparing all things necessary for his intended expedition, set sail for England, where he landed the same year in the depth of winter with 140 knights and 3000 foot.

Some time before Henry landed, the king had conceived a project to disappoint his designs by confirming the crown upon himself and his own posterity. He sent for the archbishop of Canterbury with several other prelates, and proposed that his son Eustace should be crowned king with all the usual solemnity; but the bishops absolutely refused to perform the office by express orders from the pope, who was enemy to Stephen, partly upon account of his unjust or declining cause, but chiefly

for his strict alliance with the king of France, who was then engaged in a quarrel against that see, upon a very tender point relating to the revenues of vacant churches. The king and his son were both enraged at the bishops' refusal, and kept them prisoners in the chamber where they assembled, with many threats to force them to a compliance, and some other circumstances of rigour; but all to no purpose, so that he was at length forced to desist. But the archbishop, to avoid further vexation, fled the realm.

This contrivance of crowning the son during the life and reign of the father, which appears so absurd in speculation, was actually performed in the succeeding reign, and seems to have been taken up by those two princes of French birth and extraction, in imitation of the like practice in their native country, where it was usual for kings grown old and infirm, or swayed by paternal indulgence, to receive their eldest son into a share of the administration with the title of king; a custom borrowed, no doubt, from the later emperors of Rome, who adopted their Cæsars after the like manner.

1153. The king was employed in his usual exercise of besieging castles when the news was brought of Henry's arrival. He left the work he was about and marched directly against the duke, who was then set down before Malmesbury. But Stephen forced him to raise the siege and immediately offered him battle. The duke, although his army was much increased by continual revolts, thought it best to gain time, being still in number far inferior to the king, and therefore kept himself strongly intrenched. There is some difference among writers about the particulars of this war: however, it is generally agreed that, in a short time after, the two armies met and were prepared for battle, when the nobles on both sides, either dreading the consequences or weary of a tedious war, prevailed with the king and duke to agree to a truce for some days in order to a peace; which was violently opposed by Eustace the king's son, a youth of great spirit and courage, because he knew very well it could not be built but upon the ruin of his interests: and therefore, finding he could not prevail, he left the army in a rage, and attended by some followers endeavoured to satiate his fury by destroying the country in his march: but in a few days, as he sat at dinner in a castle of his own, he fell suddenly dead, either through grief, madness, or poison.

The truce was now expired and the duke began to renew the war with fresh vigour, but the king was wholly dispirited upon this fatal accident and now first began to entertain real thoughts of a peace. He had lost a son whom he dearly loved, and with him he likewise lost the alliance of the French king, to whose sister the young prince was married. He had indeed another son left, but little esteemed by the nobles and people, nor as it appears much regarded by his father. He was now in the decline of his age, decayed in his health, forsaken by his friends, who, since the death of Eustace, fell daily from him; and having no further care at heart for his posterity, he thought it high time to seek repose for his person. The nobles soon observed this disposition in their king, which was so agreeable to their own; therefore, by general consent, Theobald archbishop of Canterbury was appointed mediator between both princes. All matters were soon agreed; an assembly of lords was convened at Winchester, where the king received the duke with great marks of courtesy and kindness. There the peace was confirmed by the king's charter, wherein are expressed the terms of agreement. But I shall relate only the principal.

The king by this charter acknowledged Henry for lawful successor to the crown, in which capacity all the nobles paid him homage, and Henry himself with his party paid homage to Stephen. There is likewise a reservation for William, the king's son, of all the honours possessed by his father before he came to the crown. The king likewise acknowledges the obedience of his subjects to be no longer due to him than he shall observe the conditions of this charter. And for the performance of these articles the archbishops and bishops were appointed guaranters. There were some other articles agreed on which are not mentioned in the charter; as a general pardon; a restitution, to the right owners, of those lands and possessions which had been usurped in the time of the troubles; that all castles built during the war should be razed to the ground, which are said to have been above 1100; that the rights of the church should be preserved; with other matters of less moment.

Thus, by the prudence of archbishop Theobald, the moderation of the two princes engaged, and the universal inclination of the people, a happy period was put to this tedious and troublesome war: men began to have the prospect of a long peace; nor was it easy to foresee what could possibly arise to disturb it, when discovery was made by accident of a most horrible piece of treachery which, if it had met with success, would have once more set the whole nation in a flame. The duke, after the peace, attended the king to London, to be shown to the people as the undoubted successor to the crown; and having made a progress together through some other parts of the kingdom, they came to Canterbury, where Henry received private notice of a design upon his life. It has been already observed that the king employed in his wars a body of Flemings, to the great discontent of his own subjects, with whom they were very ungracious. These foreigners were much discontented at the peace, whereby they were likely to become useless and burdensome to the present king and hateful to the successor. To prevent which, the commanders among them began to practise upon the levity and ambition of William the king's son. They urged the indignity he had received in being deprived of his birthright; offered to support his title by their valour, as they had done that of his father; and as an earnest of their intentions, to remove the chief impediment by despatching his rival out of the world. The young prince was easily wrought upon to be at the head of this conspiracy; time and place were fixed; when, upon the day appointed, William broke his leg by a fall from his horse, and the conspirators wanting their leader immediately dispersed. This disappointment and delay, as it usually happens among conspirators, were soon followed by a discovery of the whole plot; whereof the duke, with great discretion, made no other use than to consult his own safety; therefore, without any show of suspicion or displeasure, he took leave of the king and returned to Normandy.

1154. Stephen lived not above a year to share the happiness of this peace with his people; in which time he made a progress through most parts of the kingdom, where he gained universal love and veneration by a most affable and courteous behaviour to all men. A few months after his return he went to Dover to have an interview with the earl of Flanders; where after a short sickness he died of the iliac passion, together with his old distemper the hemorrhoids, upon the 25th of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age and the nineteenth of his reign.

He was a prince of wonderful endowments, both in body and mind: in his person tall and graceful, of great strength as well as vigour: he had a large portion of most virtues that can be useful in a king toward the happiness of his subjects or himself; courtesy and valour, liberality and clemency, in an eminent degree; especially the last, which he carried to an extreme, though very pardonable, yet hardly consistent with prudence or his own safety. If we except his usurpation of the crown, he must be allowed a prince of great justice; which most writers affirm to have been always unblemished, except in that single instance: for, as to his treatment of the bishops and the earl of Chester, it seems very excusable by the necessity of the time; and it was the general opinion, if he had not used that proceeding with the latter, it would have cost him his crown. Perhaps his injustice to the empress might likewise admit a little extenuation. Four kings successively had sat on the throne without any regard to lineal descent—a period beyond the memory of most men then alive; whereby the people had lost much of that devotion they were used to hear toward an established succession: besides, the government of a woman was then a thing unknown, and for that reason disliked by all who professed to hate innovations.

But the wisdom of this prince was by no means equal to the rest of his virtues. He came to the crown upon as fair a title as his predecessor, being elected by the general consent of the nobles, through the credit of his brother and his own personal merit. He had no disturbance for some time, which he might easily have employed in settling the kingdom and acquiring the love of his people. He had treasure enough to raise and pay armies without burdening the subject. His competitor was a woman, whose sex was the least of her infirmities, and with whom he had already compounded for his quiet by a considerable pension: yet with all these advantages he seldom was master of above half the kingdom at once, and that by the force of perpetual struggling, and with frequent danger of losing the whole. The principal difficulties he had to encounter appear to have been manifest consequences of several most imprudent steps in his conduct, whereof many instances have been produced in the history of his reign; such as the unlimited permission of building castles; his raising the siege of a weak place where the empress was shut up, and must in a few days have fallen into his hands; his employing the Flemings in his wars, and favouring them above his own subjects; and lastly, that abortive project of crowning his son, which procured him at once the hatred and contempt of the clergy, by discovering an inclination to violence and injustice that he durst not pursue: whereas it was nothing else but an effect of that hasty and sudden disposition usually ascribed to those of his country, and in a peculiar manner charged to this prince: for authors give it as a part of his character to be hot and violent in the beginning of an enterprise, but to slacken and grow cold in the prosecution.

He had a just sense of religion, and was frequent in attending the service of the church, yet reported to be no great friend of the clergy; which, however, is a general imputation upon all the kings of this realm in that and some succeeding reigns, and by no means personal to this prince, who deserved it as little as any.

I do not find any alterations during this reign in the meetings of general assemblies, further than that the commons do not seem to have been represented in any of them: for which I can assign no other

reason than the will of the king or the disturbance of the time. I observed the word parliament is used promiscuously among authors for a general assembly of nobles, and for a council of bishops, or synod of the clergy; which renders this matter too perplexed to ascertain anything about it.

As for affairs of the church that deserve particular mention, I have not met with any; unless it should be worth relating that Henry bishop of Winchester, the pope's legate, who held frequent synods during this reign, was the first introducer of appeals to Rome in this kingdom; for which he is blamed by all the monkish historians who give us the account.

THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND.

A FRAGMENT.

1154. THE spirit of war and contention which had for a long time possessed the nation became so effectually laid during the last year of king Stephen's reign, that no alteration or disturbance ensued upon his death, although the new king after he had received intelligence of it was detained six weeks by contrary winds: besides the opinion of this prince's power and virtues had already begotten so great an awe and reverence for him among the people, that upon his arrival he found the whole kingdom in a profound peace. He landed at Hovehrham about the beginning of December, was received at Winchester by a great number of the nobility, who came there to attend and swear fealty to him, and three weeks after was crowned at Westminster, about the twenty-third year of his age.

For the further settling of the kingdom, after the long distractions in the preceding reign, he seized on all the castles which remained undestroyed since the last peace between him and king Stephen; whereof some he demolished, and trusted others to the government of persons in whom he could confide.

But that which most contributed to the quiet of the realm and the general satisfaction of his subjects was a proclamation published, commanding all foreigners to leave England; enforced with a most effectual clause whereby a day was fixed after which it should be capital for any of them to appear: among these was William d'Ypres earl of Kent, whose possessions the king seized into his own hands.

These foreigners, generally called Flemings by the writers of the English story, were a sort of vagabond soldiers of fortune, who in those ages, under several denominations, infested other parts of Europe as well as England: they were a mixed people, natives of Arragon, Navarre, Biscay, Brabant, and other parts of Spain and Flanders. They were ready to be hired to whatever prince thought fit to employ them; but always upon condition to have full liberty of plunder and spoil. Nor was it an easy matter to get rid of them when there was no farther need of their service. In England they were always hated by the people, and by this prince in particular, whose continual enemies they had been.

After the expulsion of these foreigners, and forcing a few refractory lords to a surrender of their castles, king Henry, like a wise prince, began to consider that a time of settled peace was the fittest juncture to recover the rights of the crown which had been lost by the war. He therefore resumed by his royal authority all crown-lands that had been alienated by his predecessor, alleging that they were unalienable in themselves, and besides that the grants were void as coming from a usurper.

Whether such proceedings are agreeable with justice I shall not examine; but certainly a prince cannot better consult his own safety than by disabling those whom he renders discontent, which is effectually done no other way but by depriving them of their possessions.

1156. While the king was thus employed at home, intelligence came that his brother Geoffrey was endeavouring by force to possess himself of the earldom of Anjou, to which he had fair pretensions; for their father, considering what vast dominions would fall to his eldest son, bequeathed that earldom to the second in his last sickness, and commanded his nobles then about him to take an oath that they would not suffer his body to be buried until Henry (who was then absent) should swear to observe his will. The duke of Normandy, when he came to assist at his father's obsequies, and found that without his compliance he must draw upon himself the scandal of keeping a father unburied, took the oath that was exacted for observance of his will, though very much against his own. But after he was in possession of England, whether it were that his ambition enlarged with his dominions, or that from the beginning he had never intended to observe what he had sworn, he prevailed with pope Adrian (of English birth) to dispense with his oath; and in the second year of his reign went over into Normandy, drove his brother entirely out of Anjou, and forced him to accept a pension for his maintenance. But the young prince, through the resentment of this unnatural dealing, in a short time died of grief.

Nor was his treatment more favourable to the king of Scots, whom upon a slight pretence he took occasion to dispossess of Carlisle, Newcastle, and other places granted by the empress to that prince's father for his services and assistance in her quarrel against Stephen.

Having thus recovered whatever he had any title to demand, he began to look out for new acquisitions. Ireland was in that age a country little known in the world. The legates sent sometimes thither from the court of Rome for urging the payment of annats or directing other church affairs represented the inhabitants as a savage people, overrun with barbarism and superstition; for indeed no nation of Europe where the christian religion received so early and universal admittance was ever so late or slow in feeling its effects upon their manners and civility.* Instead of refining their manners by their faith, they had suffered their faith to be corrupted by their manners; true religion being almost defaced both in doctrine and discipline, after a long course of time, among a people wholly sunk in ignorance and barbarity. There seem to have been two reasons why the inhabitants of that island continued so long uncultivated; first, their subjection or vassalage to so many petty kings, whereof a great number is mentioned by authors beside those four or five usually assigned to the several provinces. These princes were engaged in perpetual quarrels, in doing or revenging injuries of violence, or lust, or treachery, or injustice, which kept them all in a continual state of war. And indeed there is hardly any country how renowned soever in ancient or modern story which may not be traced from the like original. Neither can a nation come out from this state of confusion until it is either redeemed under one head at home, or by force or conquest becomes subject to a foreign administration.

The other reason why civility made such late entrances into that island may be imputed to its

natural situation, lying more out of the road of commerce or conquest than any other part of the known world. All the intercourse the inhabitants had was only with the western coasts of Wales and Scotland; from whence, at least in those ages, they were not likely to learn very much politeness.

1155. The king, about the second year of his reign, sent ambassadors to pope Adrian, with injunctions to desire his licence for reducing the savage people of Ireland from their brutish way of living, and subjecting them to the crown of England. The king proceeded thus in order to set up a title to the island, wherein the pope himself pretended to be lord of the sea; for in his letter, which is an answer and grant to the king's requests, he insists upon it that all islands upon their admitting the christian faith become subject to the see of Rome; and the Irish themselves avowed the same thing to some of the first conquerors. In that forementioned letter the pope highly praises the king's generous design, and recommends to him the civilising of the natives, the protection of the church, and the payment of Peter-pence. The ill success of all past endeavours to procure from a people so miserable and irreligious this revenue to the holy see was a main inducement with the pope to be easy and liberal in his grant; for the king professed a design of securing its regular payment. However, this expedition was not undertaken until some years after, when there happened an accident to set it forward, as we shall relate in its place. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

HEADS FOR HENRY THE SECOND'S CHARACTER.

EXTRACTED FROM THE MONKS.

[Hard to gather his character from such bad authors.]

A wise prince to whom other princes referred their differences, and had ambassadors from both empires, east and west, as well as others at once in his court.

Strong and brawny body, patient of cold and heat, big head, broad breast, broken voice, temperate in meat, using much exercise, just stature, *forma elegantissima, colore subrufo, oculis glaucis*, sharp wit, very great memory, constancy in adversity and in felicity, except at last he yielded, because almost forsaken by all; liberal, imposed few tributes, excellent soldier and fortunate, wise and not unlearned. His vices:—mild and promising in adversity, fierce and hard and a violator of faith in prosperity; covetous to his domestics and children, although liberal to soldiers and strangers, which turned the former from him; loved profit more than justice; very justful, which likewise turned his sons and others from him. Rosamond and the labyrinth at Woodstock. Not very religious; *multos milites iugens plus quam viros amans, largus in publico, parvus in privato*. Constant in love and hatred, false to his word, morose, a lover of ease. Oppressor of nobles, sullen, and a delayer of justice; *verbo varius et cœcatus*—used churchmen well after Becker's death; charitable to the poor, levied few taxes, hated slaughter and cruelty. A great memory, and always knew those he once saw.

Very indefatigable in his travels backward and forward to Normandy, &c.; of most endless desires to increase his dominions. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Cœtera desiderantur.

* The Irish had been very learned in former ages, but had declined for several centuries before the reign of Henry II.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COURT AND EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

By one of those cabinet intrigues, of which the real cause has never been ascertained, because perhaps it was too trifling to bear the public eye, Walpole maintained under George II. even more than the power he had enjoyed from the favour of his predecessor. To these events the following piece has emblematical reference.

REGOGE [king George] was the thirty-fourth emperor of Japan, and began his reign in the year 341 of the christian era, succeeding to Nena [queen Anne], a princess who governed with great felicity.

There had been a revolution in that empire about twenty-six years before which made some breaches in the hereditary line; and Regoge, successor to Nena, although of the royal family, was a distant relation.

There were two violent parties in the empire which began in the time of the revolution above mentioned, and at the death of the empress Nena were in the highest degree of animosity, each charging the other with a design of introducing new gods and changing the civil constitution. The names of these two parties were Husiges and Yortes (Whigs and Tories). The latter were those whom Nena the late empress most favoured toward the end of her reign, and by whose advice she governed.

The Husige faction, enraged at their loss of power, made private application to Regoge during the life of the empress; which prevailed so far, that upon her death the new emperor wholly disgraced the Yortes, and employed only the Husiges in all his affairs. The Japanese author highly blames his imperial majesty's proceeding in this affair, because it was allowed on all hands that he had then a happy opportunity of reconciling parties for ever by a moderating scheme. But he on the contrary began his reign by openly disgracing the principal and most popular Yortes, some of which had been chiefly instrumental in raising him to the throne. By this mistaken step he occasioned a rebellion, which, although it were soon quelled by some very surprising turns of fortune, yet the fear, whether real or pretended, of new attempts, engaged him in such immense charges, that instead of clearing any part of that prodigious debt left on his kingdom by the former war, which might have been done by any tolerable management in twelve years of the most profound peace, he left his empire loaded with a vast addition to the old incumbrance.

This prince before he succeeded to the empire of Japan was king of Tedsu [Hanover], a dominion seated on the continent, to the west side of Japan. Tedsu was the place of his birth, and more beloved by him than his new empire; for there he spent some months almost every year, and thither was supposed to have conveyed great sums of money saved out of his imperial revenues.

There were two maritime towns of great importance bordering upon Tedsu [Bremen and Lubec]: of these he purchased a litigated title, and to support it was forced not only to intrench deeply on his Japanese revenues, but to engage in alliances [the quadruple alliance] very dangerous to the Japanese empire.

Japan was at that time a limited monarchy, which some authors are of opinion was introduced there by a detachment from the numerous army of Brennus, who ravaged a great part of Asia; and those of them who fixed in Japan left behind them that kind of military institution which the northern people in ensuing ages carried through most parts of Europe; the generals becoming kings, the great officers a senate of nobles, with a representative from every

centenary of private soldiers; and in the ascent of the majority to these two bodies, confirmed by the general, the legislature consisted.

I need not further explain a matter so universally known, but return to my subject.

The Husige faction, by a gross piece of negligence in the Yortes, had so far insinuated themselves and their opinions into the favour of Regoge before he came to the empire, that this prince firmly believed them to be his only true friends and the others his mortal enemies.* By this opinion he governed all the actions of his reign.

The emperor died suddenly in his journey to Tedsu, where according to his usual custom he was going to pass the summer.

This prince during his whole reign continued an absolute stranger to the language, the manners, the laws, and the religion of Japan, and passing his whole time among old mistresses or a few privadoes, left the whole management of the empire in the hands of a minister, upon the condition of being made easy in his personal revenues and the management of parties in the senate. His last minister [Walpole], who governed in the most arbitrary manner for several years, he was thought to hate more than he did any other person in Japan, except his only son, the heir to the empire. The dislike he bore to the former was because the minister, under pretences that he could not govern the senate without disposing of employments among them, would not suffer his master to oblige one single person, but disposed of all to his own relations and dependents. But as to that continued and virulent hatred he bore to the prince his son, from the beginning of his reign to his death, the historian has not accounted for it further than by various conjectures which do not deserve to be related.

The minister above mentioned was of a family not contemptible, had been early a senator, and from his youth a mortal enemy to the Yortes. He had been formerly disgraced in the senate for some frauds in the management of a public trust [bribes]. He was perfectly skilled by long practice in the senatorial forms, and dexterous in the purchasing of votes from those who could find their accounts better in complying with his measures than they could probably lose by any tax that might be charged on the kingdom. He seemed to fail in point of policy by not concealing his gettings, never scrupling openly to lay out vast sums of money in paintings, buildings, and purchasing estates, when it was known that, upon his first coming into business upon the death of the empress Nena, his fortune was but inconsiderable. He had the most boldness and the least magnanimity that ever any mortal was endued with. By enriching his relations, friends, and dependents, in a most exorbitant manner, he was weak enough to imagine that he had provided support against an evil day. He had the best among all false appearances of courage, which was a most unlimited assurance, whereby he would swagger the boldest man into a dread of his power, but had not the smallest portion of magnanimity, growing jealous and disgracing every man who was known to bear the least civility to those he disliked. He had some small smattering in books, but no manner of politeness, nor in his whole life was ever known to advance any one person upon the score of wit, learning, or abilities for business. The whole system of his ministry was corruption, and he never gave bribe or pension without frankly telling the receivers what he expected from them and threatening them to put

* Throughout the reign of George I. the Whigs were in office and power.

an end to his bounty if they failed to comply in every circumstance.

A few months before the emperor's death there was a design concerted between some eminent persons of both parties whom the desperate state of the empire had united to accuse the minister at the first meeting of a new-chosen senate, which was then to assemble, according to the laws of that empire; and it was believed that the vast expense he must be at in choosing an assembly proper for his purpose, added to the low state of the treasury, the increasing number of pensioners, the great discontent of the people, and the personal hatred of the emperor, would if well laid open in the senate be of weight enough to sink the minister when it should appear to his very pensioners and creatures that he could not supply them much longer.

While this scheme was in agitation an account came of the emperor's death, and the prince his son [George II.] with universal joy mounted the throne of Japan.

The new emperor had always lived a private life during the reign of his father, who in his annual absence never trusted him more than once with the reins of government, which he held so evenly, that he became too popular to be confided in any more. He was thought not unfavourable to the Yortes, at least not altogether to approve the virulence where-with his father proceeded against them, and therefore immediately upon his succession the principal persons of that denomination came in several bodies to kiss the hem of his garment, whom he received with great courtesy, and some of them with particular marks of distinction.

The prince during the reign of his father, having not been trusted with any public charge, employed his leisure in learning the language, the religion, the customs and disposition of the Japanese; wherein he received great information, among others, from Nomtoc,* master of his finances and president of the senate, who secretly hated Lelop-Aw the minister, and likewise from Ramneh [sir Thomas Hanmer], a most eminent senator, who, despairing to do any good with the father, had with great industry, skill, and decency, used his endeavours to instil good principles into the young prince.

Upon the news of the former emperor's death a grand council was summoned of course, where little passed besides directing the ceremony of proclaiming the successor. But in some days after, the new emperor having consulted with those persons in whom he could chiefly confide, and maturely considered in his own mind the present state of his affairs as well as the disposition of his people, convoked another assembly of his council, wherein, after some time spent in general business suitable to the present emergency, he directed Lelop-Aw to give him in as short terms as he conveniently could an account of the nation's debts, of his management in the senate and his negotiations with foreign courts, which that minister having delivered according to his usual manner, with much assurance and little satisfaction, the emperor desired to be fully satisfied in the following particulars:—

Whether the vast expense of choosing such members into the senate as would be content to do the public business were absolutely necessary?

Whether those members thus chosen in would cross and impede the necessary course of affairs, unless they were supplied with great sums of money and continued pensions?

Whether the same corruption and perverseness were to be expected from the nobles?

* Sir Spencer Compton, speaker of the house of commons.

Whether the empire of Japan were in so low a condition that the imperial envoys at foreign courts must be forced to purchase alliances, or prevent a war, by immense bribes given to the ministers of all the neighbouring princes?

Why the debts of the empire were so prodigiously advanced in a peace of twelve years at home and abroad?

Whether the Yortes were universally enemies to the religion and laws of the empire and to the imperial family now reigning?

Whether those persons whose revenues consist in lands do not give surer pledges of fidelity to the public, and are more interested in the welfare of the empire, than others whose fortunes consist only in money?

And because Lelop-Aw for several years past had engrossed the whole administration, the emperor signified that from him alone he expected an answer.

This minister, who had sagacity enough to cultivate an interest in the young prince's family during the late emperor's life, received early intelligence from one of his emissaries of what was intended at the council, and had sufficient time to frame as plausible an answer as his cause and conduct would allow. However, having desired a few minutes to put his thoughts in order, he delivered them in the following manner:—

"SIR,—Upon this short unexpected warning to answer your imperial majesty's queries, I should be wholly at a loss in your majesty's august presence, and that of this most noble assembly, if I were armed with a weaker defence than my own loyalty and integrity and the prosperous success of my endeavours.

"It is well known that the death of the empress Nena happened in a most miraculous juncture, and that if she had lived two months longer your illustrious family would have been deprived of your right and we should have seen an usurper on your throne, who would have wholly changed the constitution of this empire, both civil and sacred; and although that empress died in a most opportune season, yet the peaceable entrance of your majesty's father was effected by a continual series of miracles. The truth of this appears by that unnatural rebellion which the Yortes raised without the least provocation in the first year of the late emperor's reign, which may be sufficient to convince your majesty that every soul of that denomination was, is, and will be for ever, a favourer of the pretender, a mortal enemy to your illustrious family, and an introducer of new gods into the empire. Upon this foundation was built the whole conduct of our affairs; and since a great majority of the kingdom was at that time reckoned to favour the Yortes faction, who in the regular course of elections must certainly have been chosen members of the senate then to be convoked, it was necessary by the force of money to influence elections in such a manner that your majesty's father might have a sufficient number to weigh down the scale on his side, and thereby carry on those measures which could only secure him and his family in the possession of the empire. To support this original plan I came into the service, but the members of the senate knowing themselves every day more necessary, upon the choosing of a new senate I found the charges to increase, and that after they were chosen they insisted upon an increase of their pensions, because they well knew that the work could not be carried on without them, and I was more general in my donations because I thought it was more for the honour of the crown that every vote should pass without a division, and that when a debate was pro-

posed. It should immediately be quashed, by putting the question.

"Sir, the date of the present senate is expired, and your imperial majesty is now to convoke a new one, which I confess will be somewhat more expensive than the last, because the Yortes from your favourable reception have begun to resume a spirit whereof the country had some intelligence; and we know the majority of the people, without proper management, would be still in that fatal interest. However, I dare undertake, with the charge only of four hundred thousand sprangs [about a million sterling], to return as great a majority of senators of the true stamp as your majesty can desire. As to the sums of money paid in foreign courts, I hope in some years to ease the nation of them, when we and our neighbours come to a good understanding. However, I will be bold to say they are cheaper than a war where your majesty is to be a principal.

"The pensions indeed to senators and other persons must needs increase from the restiveness of some and scrupulous nature of others, and the new members, who are unpractised, must have better encouragement; however, I dare undertake to bring the eventual charge within eight hundred thousand sprangs. But to make this easy there shall be new funds raised, of which I have several schemes ready, without taxing bread or flesh, which shall be reserved to more pressing occasions.

"Your majesty knows it is the laudable custom of all eastern princes to leave the whole management of affairs, both civil and military, to their viziers.

"The appointments for your family and private purse shall exceed those of your predecessors; you shall be at no trouble further than to appear sometimes in council, and leave the rest to me; you shall hear no clamour or complaints; your senate shall upon occasion declare you the best of princes, the father of your country, the arbiter of Asia, the defender of the oppressed, and the delight of mankind.

"Sir, hear not those who would most falsely, impudently, and maliciously insinuate that your government can be carried on without that wholesome necessary expedient of sharing the public revenue with your faithful deserving senators. This I know my enemies are pleased to call bribery and corruption. Be it so; but I insist that without this bribery and corruption the wheels of government will not turn, or at least will be apt to take fire like other wheels unless they be greased at proper times. If an angel from heaven should descend to govern this empire upon any other scheme than what our enemies call corruption, he must return from whence he came and leave the work undone.

"Sir, it is well known we are a trading nation, and consequently cannot thrive in a bargain where nothing is to be gained. The poor electors who run from their shops or the plough for the service of their country, are they not to be considered for their labour and their loyalty? The candidates who with the hazard of their persons, the loss of their characters, and the ruin of their fortunes, are preferred to the senate in a country where they are strangers before the very lords of the soil, are they not to be rewarded for their zeal to your majesty's service, and qualified to live in your metropolis as becomes the lustre of their stations?

"Sir, if I have given great numbers of the most profitable employments among my own relations and nearest allies, it was not out of any partiality, but because I know them best and can best depend upon them. I have been at the pains to mould and cultivate their opinions. Able heads might probably have been found, but they would not be equally

under my direction. A huntsman who has the absolute command of his dogs will hunt more effectually than with a better pack, to whose manner and cry he is a stranger.

"Sir, upon the whole, I will appeal to all those who best knew your royal father, whether that blessed monarch had ever one anxious thought for the public, or disappointment, or uneasiness, or want of money for all his occasions during the time of my administration! And how happy the people confessed themselves to be under such a king I leave to their own numerous addresses, which all politicians will allow to be the most infallible proof how any nation stands affected to their sovereign."

Lelop-Aw having ended his speech and struck his forehead thrice against the table, as the custom is in Japan, and down with great complacency of mind and much applause of his adherents, as might be observed by their countenances and their whispers. But the emperor's behaviour was remarkable, for during the whole harangue he appeared equally attentive and uneasy. After a short pause his majesty commanded that some other counsellor should deliver his thoughts, either to confirm or object against what had been spoken by Lelop-Aw.

SHORT REMARKS ON

BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.

THIS author is in most particulars the worst qualified for an historian that ever I met with. His style is rough, full of improprieties, in expressions often Scotch, and often such as are used by the meanest people. He discovers a great scarcity of words and phrases, by repeating the same several hundred times for want of capacity to vary them. His observations are mean and trite, and very often false. His Secret History is generally made up of coffee-house scandals, or at best from reports at the third, fourth, or fifth hand. The account of the pretender's birth would only become an old woman in a chimney-corner. His vanity runs intolerably through the whole book, affecting to have been of consequence at nineteen years old, and while he was a little Scotch parson of 40*l.* a-year. He was a gentleman born, and in the time of his youth and vigour drew in an old maiden daughter of a Scotch earl to marry him.^a His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, except of those who were friends to the presbyterians. That early love of liberty be boasts of is absolutely false, for the first book that I believe he ever published is an entire treatise in favour of passive obedience and absolute power, so that his reflections on the clergy for asserting and then changing those principles come very improperly from him. He is the most partial of all writers that ever pretended so much to impartiality, and yet I who knew him well am convinced that he is as impartial as he could possibly find in his heart; I am sure more than I ever expected from him, particularly in his accounts of the papist and fanatic plots. This work may more properly be called a History of Scotland during the Author's Time, with some Digressions relating to England, rather than deserve the title he gives it, for I believe two-thirds of it relate only to that beggarly nation and their insignificant brangles and factions. What he succeeds best in is in giving extracts of arguments and debates in council or parliament. Nothing recommends his book but the rectency of the facts he mentions, most of them being

^a Lady Margaret Kennedy, daughter to the earl of Caithness.

still in memory, especially the story of the Revolution, which however is not so well told as might be expected from one who affects to have had so considerable a share in it. After all, he was a man of generosity and good-nature, and very communicative; but in his ten last years was absolutely party-mad, and fancied he saw popery under every bush. He has told me many passages not mentioned in his history, and many that are, but with several circumstances suppressed or altered. He never gives a good character without one essential point, that the person was tender to dissenters, and thought many things in the church ought to be amended.

Setting up for a maxim, laying down for a maxim, clapt up, and some other words and phrases he uses many hundred times.

Cut out for a court; a pardoning planet; clapt up; left in the lurch; the mob; ousted; a great beauty; went roundly to work: all these phrases, used by the vulgar, show him to have kept mean or illiterate company in his youth.

EXTRACTS FROM

SWIFT'S REMARKS

ON "BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES,"

FOLIO EDITION, 1734.

PREFACE, p. 3. *Burnet.* "Indeed the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen has sharpened my spirits perhaps too much against them—so I warn my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance."—*Swift.* "I will take his warning."

P. 11. *Burnet.* "Colonel Titus assured me that he had it from king Charles I.'s own mouth, that he was well assured his brother, prince Henry, was poisoned by the earl of Somerset's means."—*Swift.* "Titus was the greatest rogue in England."

P. 18. *Burnet.* "Gowry's conspiracy against king James was confirmed to me by my father."—*Swift.* "And yet Melville makes nothing of it."

P. 20. *Burnet.* "Charles I. had such an ungracious way of bestowing favours that the manner of bestowing was almost as mortifying as the favour was obliging."—*Swift.* "Not worth knowing."

P. 23. *Burnet.* "This person (Mr. Stewart), who was only a private gentleman, became so considerable that he was raised by several degrees to be made earl of Traquair, and lord-treasurer of Scotland, and was in great favour; but suffered afterwards such a reverse of fortune that I saw him so low that he wanted bread; and it was generally believed that he died of hunger."—*Swift.* "A strange death! Perhaps it was want of meat!"

P. 26. *Burnet.* "How careful lord Balmerinoch's father was to preserve the petition and the papers relating to that trial, of which, says he, I never saw any copy besides, and which I have now by me, and which indeed is a very noble piece, full of curious matter."—*Swift.* "Puppy!"

P. 28. *Burnet.* "The earl of Argyll was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—*Swift.* "As a man is free of a corporation he means."

P. 29. *Burnet.* "The lord Wharton and the lord Howard of Esrick undertook to deliver some of these; which they did, and were clapt up upon it."—*Swift.* "What dignity of expression!"

P. 30. *Burnet.* "King Charles I. was now in great straits—his treasure was exhausted—his subjects highly irritated—his ministry frightened, being exposed to the anger and justice of parliament. He

loved high and rough methods; but had neither the skill to conduct them nor the height of genius to manage them."—*Swift.* "Not one good quality named."

P. 31. *Burnet.* "The queen of Charles I. was a woman of great vivacity of conversation, and loved all her life long to be in intrigues of all sorts."—*Swift.* "Not of love, I hope."

P. 34. *Burnet.* "Dickinson, Blair, Rutherford, Baily, Cant, and other popular preachers in Scotland, affected great sublimities in devotion. They poured themselves out in their prayers with a loud voice and often with many tears. They had but an ordinary proportion of learning among them; somewhat of Hebrew and very little Greek. Books of controversy with the papists, but above all with the Arminians, was the height of their study."—*Swift.* "Great nonsense! Rutherford was half fool, half mad."

P. 40. *Burnet*, speaking of the bad effects of the marquis of Montrose's expedition and defeat, says, "It alienated the Scots much from the king; it exalted all that were enemies to peace; and there seemed to be some colour for all those aspersions that they had cast on the king, as if he had been in a correspondence with the Irish rebels when the worst tribe had been thus employed by him."—*Swift.* "Lord Clarendon differs from all this."

P. 41. *Burnet.* "The earl of Essex told me that he had taken all the pains he could to inquire into the origin of the Irish massacre; but could never see any reason to believe that the king had any accession to it."—*Swift.* "And who but a beast ever believed it?"

P. 42. *Burnet.* Arguing with the Scots concerning the propriety of the king's death, he observes that Drummond said, "That Cromwell had plainly the better of them at their own weapons."—*Swift.* "And Burnet thought as Cromwell did."

P. 46. *Burnet.* "Fairfax was much distracted in his mind, and changed purposes often every day."—*Swift.* "Fairfax had hardly common sense."

P. 49. *Burnet.* "I will not enter further into the military part; for I remember an advice of marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in the relation of military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness when there were blunders in every part of them.'"—*Swift.* "Very foolish advice; for soldiers cannot write."

P. 50. *Burnet.* "Land's defence of himself when in the Tower is a very mean performance. In most particulars he excuses himself by this,—that he was but one of many who either in council, star-chamber, or high commission, voted illegal things. Now though this was true, yet a chief minister, and one in high favour, determines the rest so much that they are little better than machines acted by him. On other occasions he says, 'the thing was proved but by one witness.' Now how strong soever this defence may be in law, it is of no force in appeal to the world; for if a thing is true it is no matter how full or defective the proof is."—*Swift.* "All this is full of malice and ill judgment."

P. 50. *Burnet*, speaking of the Basileon, "supposed to be written by Charles I."—*Swift.* "I think it is a poor treatise, and that the king did not write it."

P. 51. *Burnet.* "Upon the king's death the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over air George Winran, that married my great aunt, to treat with him while he was in the isle of Jersey."—*Swift.* "Was that the reason why he was sent?"

P. 53. *Burnet*. "King Charles II., when in Scotland, wrought himself into as grave a deportment as he could. He heard many prayers and sermons, some of great length. I remember, in one fast-day, there were six sermons preached without intermission. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service."—*Swift*. "Burnet was not then eight years old."

P. 61. *Burnet*, speaking of the period of the usurpation in Scotland—"Cromwell built three citadels, Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, besides many little forts. There was good justice done, and vice was suppressed and punished; so that we always reckon those eight years of usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity."—*Swift*. "No doubt you do."

P. 63. *Burnet*, speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars, says, "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices."—*Swift*. "And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd—I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister."

P. 64. *Burnet*. "The resolutions sent up by one Sharpe, who had been loag in England, and was an active and an eager man."—*Swift*. "Afterwards a bishop, and murdered."

P. 66. *Burnet*. "Thus Cromwell had all the king's party in a net: he let them dance in at pleasure and upon occasions elapt them up for a short time."—*Swift*. "A pox of his elaps."

P. 87. *Burnet*, speaking of the Restoration—"Of all this, Monk had both the praise and the reward; for I have been told a very small share of it belonged to him."—*Swift*. "Malice."

P. 126. *Burnet*, speaking of the execution of the marquiss of Argyre;—*Swift*. "He was the greatest villain of his age."

P. 127. *Burnet*. "The proceeding against Warriston was soon despatched."—*Swift*. "Warriston was an abominable dog."

P. 134. *Burnet*, of bishop Leighton's character, "The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion—his style, however, was rather too fine."—*Swift*. "A fault that Burnet is not guilty of."

P. 140. *Burnet*. "Leighton did not stand much upon it. He did not think orders given without bishops were null and void. He thought the forms of government were not settled by such positive laws as were unalterable, but only by apostolical practices which, as he thought, authorised episcopacy, as the best form: yet he did not think it necessary to the being of a church, but he thought that every church might make such rules of ordinations as they pleased."—*Swift*. "Here's a specimen of style!—think!—thought!—thought!—think!—thought!"

P. 154. *Burnet*, speaking of a proclamation for shutting up 200 churches in one day!—"Sharpe said to myself he knew nothing of it; yet he was glad it was done without his having any share in it, for by it he was furnished with somewhat in which he was no way concerned, upon which he might cast all the blame of all that followed; yet this was suitable enough to a maxim that he and all that sort of people set up—that the execution of the laws was that by which all governments maintained their strength, as well as their honour."—*Swift*. "Dunce! Can there be a better maxim?"

P. 163. *Burnet*. "John Goodwin and Milton did also escape all censure, to the surprise of all people."—*Swift*. "He censures even mercy."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "Milton was not excepted out of the Act of Indemnity; and afterwards he came out

of his concealment and lived many years, much visited by all strangers and much admired by all at home for the poems he writ, though he was then blind; chiefly that of 'Paradise Lost,' in which there is a nobleness both of contrivance and execution, that, though he affected to write in blank verse, without rhyme, and made many new and rough words, yet it was esteemed the beautifullest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in our language."—*Swift*. "A mistake!—for it is in English."

P. 164. *Burnet*. "The great share that sir Henry Vane had in the attainder of the earl of Strafford, and in the whole turn of affairs to the total change of government, but above all the great opinion that was had of his parts and capacity to embroil matters again, made the court think it necessary to put him out of the way."—*Swift*. "A malicious turn!—Vane was a dangerous enthusiastic heat."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "When sir Henry Vane saw his death was designed, he composed himself to it with a resolution that surprised all who knew how little of that was natural to him. Some instances of this were very extraordinary, though they cannot be mentioned with decency."—*Swift*. "His lady conceived by him the night before his execution."

P. 180. *Burnet*, speaking of the dissenters in Charles II.'s time looking for a new liturgy, continues, "But all this was overthrown by Baxter, who was a man of great piety and, if he had not meddled in too many things, would have been esteemed one of the learned men of the age. He writ near two hundred books."—*Swift*. "Very and ones indeed!"

P. 186. *Burnet*, speaking of the great fines raised on the church ill applied, proceeds, "If the half had been applied to the buying of tithes or glebes for small vicarages, here a foundation had been laid for a great and effectual reformation."—*Swift*. "He judges here right, in my opinion."

Ibid. *Burnet*, continuing the same subject, "The men of merit and services were loaded with many livings and many dignities. With this accession of wealth there broke in upon the church a great deal of luxury and high living, on the pretence of hospitality, whilst others made purchases and left great estates, most of which we have seen melt away."—*Swift*. "An uncharitable aggravation, a base innuendo."

P. 189. *Burnet*. "Patrick was a great preacher and wrote well on the Scriptures. He was a laborious man in his function, of great strictness of life, but a little too severe against those who differed from him; but that was where he thought their doctrines struck at the fundamentals of religion. He became afterwards more moderate."—*Swift*. "Yes, for he turned a rank Whig."

P. 190. *Burnet*. "Archbishop Tenison was a very learned man, endowed schools, set up a public library." &c., &c.—*Swift*. "The dullest good-for-nothing man I ever knew."

P. 191. *Burnet*, condemning the bad style of preaching before Tillotson, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, says, "Their discourses were long and heavy; all was pye-bald, full of many sayings of different languages."—*Swift*. "A noble epithet! How came Burnet not to learn this style! He surely neglected his own talents."

P. 193. *Burnet*, speaking of the first formation of the Royal Society, "Many physicians and other ingenious men went into a society for natural philosophy, but he who laboured most was Robert Boyle, the earl of Cork's youngest son, who was looked upon by all who knew him as a very perfect

pattern. He was a very devout christian, humble and modest almost to a fault; of a most spotless and exemplary life in all respects. He was highly charitable, and was a mortified and self-denied man that delighted in nothing so much as in doing good. He neglected his person, despised the world, and lived abstracted from all pleasures, designs, and interest."—*Swift*. "And yet Boyle was a very silly writer."

P. 195. *Burnet*. "Peter Walsh, who was the honestest and learnedest man I ever knew among the Popish clergy, often told me there was nothing which the whole Popish party feared more than an union of those of the church of England with the presbyterians. The papists had but two maxims, from which they never departed. The one was to divide us, and the other, to keep themselves united."—*Swift*. "Rogue!!!"

P. 202. *Burnet*. "The queen-mother had brought over from France one Mrs. Stewart, a great beauty."—*Swift*. "A pretty phrase this!"

P. 203. *Burnet*. "One of the first things that was done this session of parliament (1683), was the execution of my unfortunate uncle Warriston. He was so disordered, both in body and mind, that it was a reproach to government to proceed against him. He was brought before the parliament to hear what he had to say why his execution should not be awarded. He spoke long, but in a disordered and broken strain, which his enemies fancied had been put on to create pity. He was sentenced to die. His deportment was unequal, as might be expected from a man in his condition; yet when the day of execution came he was very serene; he was cheerful and seemed fully satisfied with his death. He read a speech twice over on the scaffold, that to my knowledge he composed himself, in which he justified all the proceedings in the covenant, and asserted his own sincerity; but condemned his joining with Cromwell and the sectaries; though even in that his intentions had been sincere for the good of his country, and the security of religion. Lord Lauderdale had lived in great friendship with him; but he saw the king was so set against him, that he, who at all times took more care of himself than of his friends, would not in so critical a time seem to favour a man whom the presbyterians had set up as a sort of an idol amongst them, and on whom they did depend more than on any other man alive."—*Swift*. "Pray, was this Warriston hanged or beheaded? A very fit uncle for such a bishop!"

P. 220. *Burnet*. "Pensionary De Witt had the notion of a commonwealth from the Greeks and Romans, and from thence he came to fancy that an army commanded by officers of their own country was both more in their own power and would serve them with the more zeal, since they themselves had such an interest in their success."—*Swift*. "He ought to have judged the contrary."

P. 225. *Burnet*, speaking of the slight rebellion in the west, 1686, says, "The rest of the rebels were favoured by the darkness of the night, and the king's troops were not in case to pursue them, for they were a poor, harmless company of men become mad with oppression."—*Swift*. "A fair historian!"

P. 238. *Burnet*. "Sir John Cunningham was not only an eminent lawyer, but was, above all, a man of eminent probity and of a sweet temper, and indeed one of the *pious* men of the nation."—*Swift*. "Pray is that Scotch?"

P. 242. *Burnet*. "When the peace of Breda was concluded, the king writ to the Scottish council and communicated *that* to them, and with *that* signified that it was his *oath* that the army should be

disbanded."—*Swift*. "Here are *four that* in one line."

P. 243. *Burnet*. "Sir Robert Murray, apprehensive that episcopacy was to be pulled down, wrote a long and sorrowful letter to Sheldon, and upon that Sheldon wrote a very long one to Sir Robert, which I read, and found more temperate than I could have expected from him."—*Swift*. "Sheldon was a very great and excellent man."

P. 245. *Burnet*. "The countess of Dysart was a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts; she had studied, not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about—a violent friend, but much more violent enemy. When Lauderdale was prisoner after Worcester fight, she made him believe he was in great danger of his life, and that she saved it by her intrigues with Cromwell."—*Swift*. "Cromwell had gallantries with her."

P. 253. *Burnet*, speaking of Sheldon's remonstrating with the king about his mistresses, adds, "From that day Sheldon could never recover the king's confidence."—*Swift*. "Sheldon refused the sacrament to the king, for living in adultery."

P. 257. *Burnet*. "Thus Lord Clarendon fell under the common fate of great ministers, whose employment exposes them to envy, and draws upon them the indignation of all who are disappointed in their pretensions."—*Swift*. "Stupid moralist!"

P. 258. *Burnet*, speaking of the earl of Rochester, second son of the lord Clarendon; "He was thought the smoothest man in the court; and during all the disputes concerning his father, he made his court so delectably that no resentments ever appeared on that head. He is a man of far greater parts than his brother (who in resentment of his father's ill-treatment always opposed the court), has a very good pen, but speaks not gracefully."—*Swift*. "Pray, was this pen of gold or silver?"

Ibid. *Burnet*. "In a conversation I had with the king in his closet, I was struck to hear a prince of his course of life so much disgusted at the ambition and coarctateness of the clergy. He said, if the clergy had done their part, it would have been an easy matter to run down the nonconformists. He told me, he had a chaplain that was a very honest man, but a very great blockhead, to whom he had given a living in Suffolk that was full of that sort of people. He had gone about among them from house to house, though he could not imagine what he could say to them, for he said he was a very silly fellow, but that he believed his nonsense suited theirs, for he had brought them all to church, and in reward for his diligence he had given him a bishopric in Ireland."—*Swift*. "Bishop Wolley, of Cloufert."

P. 259. *Burnet*. "If the sectaries were humble and modest, and would tell what would satisfy them, there might be some colour for granting them some concessions."—*Swift*. "I think so too."

P. 263. *Burnet*, speaking of the king's attachment to Nell Gwyn, says, "And yet after all he never treated her with the *decencies* of a mistress."—*Swift*. "Pray, what *decencies* are these?"

Ibid. *Burnet*. "The king had another mistress, who was managed by Lord Shaftesbury, who was the daughter of a clergyman (one Roberts), in whom her first education had so deep a root, that though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion was so deeply laid in her, that though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror of sin that she was never easy in an ill course of life, and died with great sense of her for

mer conduct. I was often with her the last three months of her life."—*Swift*. "Was she handsome then?"

P. 265. *Burnet*. "Sedley had a more copious wit and sudden than that which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct as lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as lord Rochester."—*Swift*. "No better a critic in wit than in style."

P. 266. *Burnet*. "Lord Roberts, afterwards earl of Radnor, who succeeded the duke of Ormond in his government of Ireland, was a morose man, believed to be sincerely just and as wise as a cynical humour could allow him to be."—*Swift*. "How does that hinder wisdom?"

P. 273. *Burnet*. "Charles II. confessed himself a papist to the prince of Orange; and the prince told me he never spoke of this to any other person till after his death."—*Swift*. "What! after his own death?"

P. 288. *Burnet*. "The Episcopal party thought I intended to make myself popular at their cost; so they began that strain of fury and calumny that has pursued me ever since from that sort of people."—*Swift*. "A civil term for all who are Episcopal!"

P. 298. *Burnet*. "In compiling the memoirs of the duke of Hamilton, I found there materials for a very large history. I writ it with great sincerity and concealed none of their errors. I did indeed conceal several things that related to the king. I left out some passages that were in his letters, in some of which was too much weakness."—*Swift*. "These letters if they had been published could not have given a worse character of him."

P. 300. *Burnet*, speaking of the Scotch clergy refusing to be made bishops, says, "They had an ill opinion of the court, and could not be brought to leave their retirement."—*Swift*. "For that reason they should have accepted bishoprics."

P. 303. *Burnet*. "Madame (Charles II.'s sister) had an intrigue with another person whom I knew well, the count of Treville. When she was in her last agonies, she said 'Adieu, Treville!' He was so struck with this accident that it had a good effect on him; for he went and lived many years amongst the Fathers of the Oratory, and became both a very learned and devout man. He came afterwards out into the world. I saw him often. He was a man of a very sweet temper, only a little too formal for a Frenchman; but he was very sincere. He was a Jansenist. He hated the Jesuits, and had a very mean opinion of the king, which appeared in all the instances in which it was safe for him to show it."—*Swift*. "Pretty jumping periods!"

P. 304. *Burnet*. "When a foreign minister asked the king's leave to treat with Lockhart in his master's name, the king consented, but with this severe reflection, that he believed he would be true to anybody but himself."—*Swift*. "Does he mean, Lockhart would not be true to Lockhart?"

P. 306. *Burnet*. "The earl of Shaftesbury was the chief man who advised the king to shut up the exchequer."—*Swift*. "Clifford had the merit of it."

P. 321. *Burnet*. "As soon as king William was brought into the command of the armies, he told me he spoke to De Witt, and desired to live in an entire confidence with him. His answer was cold, so he saw he could not depend upon him. When he told me this, he added, he certainly was one of the greatest men of the age, and he believed he served his country faithfully."—*Swift*. "And yet, for all this, the prince contrived that he should be murdered."

P. 322. *Burnet*. "In this famous campaign of Louis XIV. against the Dutch (1672), there was so little heart or judgment shown in the management

of that run of success, that when that year is properly set out, it will appear to be one of the least glorious of his life."—*Swift*. "A metaphor only fit for a gamester."

P. 328. *Burnet*. "Prince Waldeck was their chief general, a man of great compass and a true judgment, equally able in the cabinet and in the camp. But he was always unsuccessful, because he was never furnished according to the schemes he had laid down. The opinion that armies had of him as an unfortunate general made him really so; for soldiers cannot have much heart, when they have not an entire confidence in him that has the chief command."—*Swift*. "When he speaks of his great compass, I suppose he means he was very fat."

P. 329. *Burnet*. "It seems the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns."—*Swift*. "What! ten shillings a piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman."

P. 337. *Burnet*. "This year (1672) the king declared a new mistress, and made her duchess of Portsmouth. She had been maid of honour to madame, the king's sister, and had come over with her to Dover, where the king had expressed such a regard for her that the duke of Buckingham, who hated the duchess of Cleveland, intended to put her on the king."—*Swift*. "Surely he means the cuntrary."

P. 341. *Burnet*. "Duke of Lauderdale called on me all of a sudden, and put me in mind of the project I had laid before him of putting all the ousted ministers by couples into parishes, that instead of wandering about the country to hold conventicles, they might be stationary, and may have half a benefice."—*Swift*. "A pretty Scotch project! instead of feeding fifty, you starve one hundred!"

P. 370. *Burnet*. "I was ever of Nazaren's opinion, who never wished to see any more synods of the clergy."—*Swift*. "Dog!"

P. 372. *Burnet*, speaking of an insurrection in Scotland, says, "The king said he was afraid I was too busy, and wished me to be more quiet."—*Swift*. "The king knew him right."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "I preached in many of the churches in London, and was so well received, that it was probable I might be accepted of in any way that depended on a popular election."—*Swift*. "Very much to his honour!"

P. 373. *Burnet*. "This violent and groundless prosecution lasted some months; and during this time I said to some that duke Lauderdale had gone so far in opening some wicked designs to me, that I perceived he could not be satisfied unless I was undone; so I told what was mentioned before of the discourses that passed between him and me."—*Swift*. "A Scotch dog?"

P. 378. *Burnet*. "I will henceforth leave the account of our affairs beyond sea wholly to Temple's letters, in which they are very truly and fully set forth."—*Swift*. "Sir William Temple was a man of sense and virtue, to which Burnet was a stranger."

P. 380. *Burnet*, speaking of his being pressed, before parliament, to reveal what passed between him and the duke of Lauderdale in private; and the parliament, in case of refusal, threatening him; he says, "Upon this I yielded, and gave an account of what I formerly mentioned."—*Swift*. "Treachorous villain!"

P. 382. *Burnet*. "Sir Harbottle Grimston had always a great tenderness for dissenters, though still in the communion of the church."—*Swift*. "Burnet's test of all virtues."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "Lady Grimston was the humblest,

the devoutest, and best tempered person I ever knew of that sort" (church of England).—*Swift*. "Ah! rogue!"

P. 392. *Burnet*. "Sanicroft, dean of St. Paul's, was raised to the see of Canterbury. He was a man of solemn deportment, had a sullen gravity in his looks, and was considerably learned. He had put on a monastic strictness, and lived abstracted from company. These things, together with his living unmarried and his being fixed in the old maxims of high loyalty, and a superstitious valuing of little things, made the court conclude that he was a man who might be entirely gained to serve all their ends, or at least that he would be an unactive speculative man, and give them little opposition in anything they might attempt, when they had more promising opportunities."—*Swift*. "False and detracting."

P. 406. *Burnet*. "In this battle between the prince of Orange (afterwards king William) and the duke of Orleans, some regiments of marines, on whom the prince depended, did basely run away; yet the other bodies fought so well that he lost not much, except the honour of the day."—*Swift*. "What he was pretty well used to."

P. 413. *Burnet*. "Upon the examination of Mitchell before the privy-council for the intended assassination of archbishop Sharpe, it being first proposed to cut off the prisoner's right hand and then his left; lord Rothes, who was a pleasant man, said, 'Then how shall he wipe his b—ch f' This is not very decent to be mentioned in such a work if it were not necessary."—*Swift*. "As decent as a thousand other passages: so he might have spared his apology."

P. 414. *Burnet*, in the last article of the above trial, observes, "That the judge, who hated Sharpe, as he went up to the bench, passing by the prisoner, whispered him—'Confess nothing, except you are sure of your limbs as well as your life.'"—*Swift*. "O rare judge!"

P. 416. *Burnet*, speaking of the execution of the above Mitchell for the attempt against Sharpe, says, "Yet the duke of Lauderdale had a chaplain (Hickes), afterwards dean of Worcester, who published a false and partial relation of this matter in order to the justifying it."—*Swift*. "He was a learned and a pious man."

P. 425. *Burnet*. "Titus Oates had gotten to be a chaplain in one of the king's ships, from which he was dismissed upon complaint of some unnatural practices."—*Swift*. "Only s—y."

P. 441. *Burnet*. "On the impeachment of lord Danby, Maynard, an ancient and eminent lawyer, explained the words of the statute, 25 Edward III., that the courts of law could not proceed but upon one of the crimes there enumerated, but the parliament had still a power, by the clause in that act, to declare what was treason."—*Swift*. "Yes, by a new act, but not by a retrospect there; for Maynard was a knave and a fool, with all his law."

P. 455. *Burnet*. "The bill of exclusion certainly disinherited the next heir, which the king and parliament might do as well as any private man might disinherit his next heir."—*Swift*. "This is not always true; yet it was certainly in the power of the king and parliament to exclude the next heir."

P. 469. *Burnet*. "For a great while I thought the limitations proposed in the exclusion bill was the wisest and best method."—*Swift*. "It was the wisest because it would be less opposed, and the king would consent to it—otherwise an exclusion would have done better."

Burnet, speaking of the party-writings for and against the presbyters and churchmen, continues, "The chief manager of all these angry writings was

one sir Roger l'Estrange, a man who had lived in all the late times, and was furnished with many passages, and an unexhausted copiousness in writing."—*Swift*. "A superficial meddling coxcomb."

P. 483. *Burnet*. "I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I aggravated, though very truly, the danger of falling under the power of that religion."—*Swift*. "A bull!"

Ibid. *Burnet*. "Sprat had studied a polite style much; but there was little strength in it. He had the beginnings of learning laid well in him; but he has allowed himself, in a course of some years, in much sloth and too many liberties."—*Swift*. "Very false."

P. 509. *Burnet*, speaking of the grand juries in the latter end of king Charles's reign returning *ignoramus* so frequently on bills of indictment, states, that in defence of those *ignoramus juries* it was said "That by the express words of their oath they were bound to make true presentments of what should appear true to them; and therefore if they did not believe the evidence they could not find a bill, though sworn to. A book was writ to support this, in which both law and reason were brought to confirm it."—*Swift*. "This book was written by lord Sumers."

P. 525. *Burnet*. "Home was convicted on the credit of one evidence. Application 'tis true were made to the duke of York for saving his life; but he was not born under a pardoning planet."—*Swift*. "Silly fop!"

Burnet, speaking of the surrender of the charters in 1682—"It was said that those who were in the government incorporations, and had their charters and seals trusted to their keeping, were not the proprietors nor masters of those rights. They could not distinguish those corporations not part with any of their privileges. Others said, 'that whatever might be objected to the reason and equity of the thing, yet when the seal of a corporation was put to any deed such a deed was good in law.' This matter goes beyond my skill in law to determine."—*Swift*. "What does he think of the surrender of charters, abbies, &c., &c.?"

P. 528. *Burnet*. "The nonconformists were now persecuted with much eagerness. This was visibly set on by the papists; and it was wisely done by them; for they knew how much the nonconformists were set against them."—*Swift*. "Not so much as they are against the church."

P. 536. *Burnet*. "The truth is juries became at that time the shame of the nation as well as a reproach to religion; for they were packed and prepared to bring in verdicts as they were directed, and not as matters appeared in the evidence."—*Swift*. "So they are now."

P. 543. *Burnet*, on Rumbold's proposal to shoot the king at Hodsdon in his way to Newmarket, adds, "The conspirators then ran into much wicked talk about the means of executing it—but nothing was fixed upon; all was but talk."—*Swift*. "All plots begin with talk."

P. 548. *Burnet*. At the time of lord Russell's plot—"Baillie being asked by the king whether they had any design against his person? he frankly said not; but being asked whether he had any consultation with lords or other persons about an insurrection in Scotland, Baillie filtered at this, for his conscience restrained him from lying."—*Swift*. "The author and his cousins could not lie, but they could plot."

P. 553. *Burnet*, speaking of lord Essex's suicide (1683), "His man, thinking he stayed longer than

ordinary in his closet, looked through the keyhole, and saw him lying dead."—*Swift*. "He cut his throat with a razor on the close-stool."^a

P. 555. *Burnet*. "On Lord Russell's trial Finch summed up the evidence against him, but showed more of a vicious eloquence in turning matters against the prisoner than law."—*Swift*. "Finch was afterwards earl of Aylesford. An arrant r—!"

P. 568. *Burnet*. "All people were apprehensive of very black designs when they saw Jefferies made chief-justice of the king's bench, who was so scandalously vicious and was drunk every day; besides, he had a drunkenness of fury in his temper that looked like enthusiasm. He did not consider the decencies of his post; nor did he seem so much as to affect to seem impartial, as became a judge, but ran out upon all occasions into declamations that did not become the bar, much less the bench. He was not learned in his profession either; and his eloquence, though viciously copious, was neither correct nor agreeable."—*Swift*. "Somewhat like Burnet's eloquence."

P. 572. *Burnet*. on Algernon Sydney's trial, observes, "That Finch aggravated the matter of the book, as a proof of his intentions: for he said, *Scripture est agere*."—*Swift*. "And yet king George made him earl of Aylesford."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "When Sydney charged the sheriffs who brought him the execution-warrant with having packed the jury, one of the sheriffs wept. He told it to a person from whom Tillotson had it, who told it to me."—*Swift*. "Abominable authority!"

P. 574. *Burnet*. "So that it was plain that after all the story which they had made of the Rye-house plot, it had gone no further, and that a company of seditious and inconsiderable persons were framing among themselves some treasonable schemes that were never likely to come to anything."—*Swift*. "Cursed partiality!"

P. 579. *Burnet*. "The king (Charles II.) had published a story all about the court as a reason for his severity against Armstrong, that he had been sent over by Cromwell to murder him beyond sea; and upon Armstrong's conviction, though the king promised he would not reveal it during his life, yet now looking upon him as dead in law he was free from that promise."—*Swift*. "If the king had a mind to lie, he would have waited till Armstrong was hanged."

P. 585. *Burnet*. "Finding the difficulty of discovering anything, and in confidence, I saved myself out of these difficulties by saying to all my friends that I would not be involved in any such confidence; for as long as I thought our circumstances were such that resistance was not lawful, I thought the concealing any design in order to it was likewise unlawful."—*Swift*. "Josuitical!"

P. 596. *Burnet*. "Baillie suffered several hardships and fines for being supposed to be in the Rye-house-plot; yet during this he seemed so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans."—*Swift*. "Take notice he was our cousin."

P. 587. *Burnet*, speaking of Baillie's execution, says "The only excuse there was ever pretended for this infamous prosecution was that they were sure he was guilty, and that the whole secret of the negotiation between the two kingdoms was trusted to him; and since he would not discover it, all methods might be taken to destroy him."—*Swift*. "Case of the bishop of Rochester."

P. 588. *Burnet*. "Lord Perth wanting to see Leighton, I wrote so earnestly to him that he came to London; and on his coming up, was amazed to see a man of seventy years of age look so well and fresh as if time seemed to stand still with him; and yet the next day both speech and sense left him, and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pang or convulsion."—*Swift*. "Burnet killed him by bringing him up to London."

P. 589. *Burnet*. "There were two remarkable circumstances in Leighton's death. He used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in it should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it. He added that the officious tenderness of his friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. He had his wish."—*Swift*. "Canting puppy!"

P. 590. *Burnet*. "Stearne, archbishop of York, died this year (1684) in the 86th year of his age. He was a sour, ill-tempered man, and minded chiefly to enrich his family."—*Swift*. "And yet he was thought to be the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*."

P. 596. *Burnet*. "Being appointed to preach the sermon on the Gunpowder-plot (1684) at the Rolls-chapel, I took for my text 'Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn.' I made no reflections in my thoughts on the lion and unicorn as being the two supporters of the king's escutcheon, for I ever hated all points of that sort as a profanation of Scriptures."—*Swift*. "I doubt that."

Burnet, speaking of the suspicion of Charles II. being poisoned—"Needham called twice to have the stomach opened, but the surgeons seemed not to hear him; and when he moved it a second time, as he told me, heard Lower say to one that stood next him 'Needham will undo us calling thus to have the stomach opened, for he may see they will not do it.' They were diverted to look to somewhat else; and when they returned to look upon the stomach it was carried away, so that it was never viewed. Le Fevre, a French physician, told me he saw a blackness in the shoulder, upon which he made an incision and saw it was all mortified. Short, another physician, who was a papist but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing, and he had talked more freely of it than any of the protestants durst do at that time."—*Swift*. "A physician told me, who had it from Short himself, that he believed him to be poisoned."

P. 596. *Burnet*, concluding the character of Charles II.—"His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment and his coming afterwards to reign makes the comparison in that respect pretty near—his hating of business and love of pleasures—his raising of favourites and trusting them entirely, and then his putting them down and hating them excessively—his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius after he had lost his teeth; but bating the alteration which that made, it was so like king Charles that prince Borghese and siglor Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him."—*Swift*. "He was certainly a very bad prince, but not to the

^a The death of Essex was the subject of much discussion at the time, and of severe prosecution against Messrs. Speke and Braden, for encouraging a report that he had been murdered by poison.

degree described in this character, which is poorly drawn, and muddled with malice very unworthy an historian: the style is likewise abominable, as is the whole history of observations trite and vulgar."

P. 651. *Burnet*. "Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London when Cornish was sheriff, offered to swear against Cornish, and also said that Rumsey had not discovered all he knew. So Rumsey to save himself and Goodenough swore against Cornish; and he was seized on, tried, and executed in a week." — *Swift*. "Goodenough afterwards went to Ireland, practised the law, and died there."

P. 654. *Burnet*. "The archbishop of Armagh (1683) had continued lord-chancellor of Ireland, and was in all respects so complaisant to the court that even his religion became suspected." — *Swift*. "False!"

Ibid. *Burnet*. "And yet this archbishop was not thought thorough-paced;—so sir Charles Porter, who was a zealous promoter of everything the king proposed, and was a man of ready wit, and being poor was thought a person fit to be made a tool of, was declared lord-chancellor of Ireland." — *Swift*. "False and scandalous."

P. 669. *Burnet*. "Solicitor-general Finch had been continued in his employment only to lay the load of this judgment upon him (the prosecution of lord de la Mere). He was presently after turned out, and Powis succeeded him, who was a compliant, young, aspiring lawyer." — *Swift*. "Sir Thomas Powis—good dull lawyer."

P. 672. *Burnet*. "Intimations were everywhere given that the king would not have the dissenters or their meetings disturbed. Some of them began to grow insolent upon this show of favour." — *Swift*. "The whole body of them grew insolent, and complying to the king."

P. 675. *Burnet*. "Sanicroft lay silent at Lambeth. He seemed zealous against popery in private discourse; but he was of such a timorous temper, and so set on the enriching his nephews, that he showed no sort of courage." — *Swift*. "False as hell."

P. 681. *Burnet*. "The episcopal clergy were in many places so sunk in sloth and ignorance that they were not capable of conducting their real; but the presbyterians, though smarting under great severities, expressed on all occasions their unconquerable aversion to popery." — *Swift*. "Partial dog!"

P. 690. *Burnet*, speaking of king William's character, says "He had no vice but one sort, in which he was very cautious and secret." — *Swift*. "It was of two sorts—male and female—in the former he was neither cautious nor secret."

P. 691. *Burnet*. "In a conversation with the prince of Orange at the Hague (1686), when I told him my opinion of toleration, he said 'that was all he would ever attempt to bring us to, for quieting our contentions at home.'" — *Swift*. "So it seems the prince even then thought of being king."

P. 692. *Burnet*. "The advice I gave the princess of Orange when queen of England was to endeavour to get the power of king to the prince for life; for this would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation for a perfect union between them, which had of late been a little embroiled." — *Swift*. "On account of Mrs. Villiers, now lady Orkney; but he proved a d——d husband for all that."

P. 693. *Burnet*. "Penn, the quaker, was a talking vain man, who had been long in the king's favour, he being the vice-admiral's son." — *Swift*. "He spoke very agreeably and with much spirit."

P. 695. *Burnet*. "Cartwright was promoted to Chester. He was a man of good capacity, and had

made some progress in learning. He was ambitious and servile, cruel and boisterous; and by the great liberties he allowed himself, he fell under much scandal of the worst sort." — *Swift*. "Only a—y."

P. 697. *Burnet*. "In all nations the privileges of colleges and universities are esteemed such sacred things that few will venture to disturb them." — *Swift*. "Yet in king George's reign Oxford was insulted with troops, for no manner of excuse but their steadiness to the church."

P. 701. *Burnet*, speaking of king James's proceedings against the universities, and that several of the clergy wrote over to the prince of Orange to engage in their quarrel, adds—"When that was communicated to me I was still of opinion that this was an act of despotism and arbitrary power; yet I did not think it struck at the whole, so that it was not in my opinion a lawful case of resistance." — *Swift*. "He was a better Tory than I if he spoke as he thought."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "The main difference between the Presbyterians and the Independents was, that the former seemed reconcilable to the church; for they loved Episcopate ordination and liturgy, but the Independents were for a commonwealth." — *Swift*. "A damnable lie!"

P. 702. *Burnet*. "So the most considerable amongst them (the dissenters) resolved not to stand at too great a distance from the court, nor provoke the king too far so as to give him cause to think they were irreconcilable to him, lest they should provoke him to take up matters at any time with the church-party." — *Swift*. "Another piece of dissimulation."

Burnet. "The king's choice of Palmer, earl of Castlemain, was liable to great exceptions; for as he was believed to be a Jesuit, he was certainly as hot and eager in all high notions as any of them could be. The Romans were amazed when they heard he was to be the person. His misfortunes were so eminent and public that they who take their measures much from astrology, and from the characters they think are fixed on men, thought it strange to see such a negotiation put into the hands of so unlucky a man." — *Swift*. "This man was the duchess of Cleveland's husband."

P. 710. *Burnet*. "The restless spirit of some of that religion (popery), and of their clergy in particular, showed that they could not be quiet till they were masters." — *Swift*. "All sects are of that spirit."

P. 726. *Burnet*. When king James memorialised the States to deliver up Burnet, he says, "I argued that, being now naturalised in Holland, my allegiance was during my stay in those parts transferred from his majesty to the States." — *Swift*. "Civilians deny that; but I agree with him."

P. 727. *Burnet*. "I now come to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary unheard-of revolution." — *Swift*. "The devil's in that! Sure all Europe heard of it."

P. 746. *Burnet*. "But, after all, the soldiers were bad Englishmen, and worse Christians; yet the court of James II. found them too good Protestants to trust much to them." — *Swift*. "Special doctrine!"

P. 752. *Burnet*, doubting of the legitimacy of the pretender and describing the queen's manner of lying-in, says, "all this while the queen lay in bed; and in order to the warming one side of it, a warming-pan was brought, but it was not opened that it might be seen whether there was any fire in it." — *Swift*. "This the ladies say is very foolish."

P. 762. *Burnet*. "The earl of Shrewsbury seemed to be a man of great probity, and to have a high sense of honour." — *Swift*. "Quite the contrary."

P. 763. *Burnet*. "Russell told me that on his return to England from Holland he communicated his design (relative to the revolution) to lord Lumley, who was a late convert from popery and had stood out very firmly all this reign. He was a man who had his interest much to heart, and he resolved to embark deep in this design."—*Swift*. "He was a knave and a coward."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "But the man in whose hands the conduct of the whole design was chiefly deposited, by the prince's own order, was Mr. Sydney, brother to the earl of Leicester, and Mr. Algernon Sydney. He was a graceful man and had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of sweet and caressing temper."—*Swift*. "An idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour."

P. 764. *Burnet*. "But because Mr. Sydney was lazy, and the business required an active man, who could run about and write over full and long accounts, I recommended a kinsman of my own, Johnstone, whom I had formed and knew to be both faithful and diligent."—*Swift*. "An arrant Scotch rogue."

P. 765. *Burnet*. "Lord Churchill (afterwards duke of Marlborough) was a man of a noble and graceful appearance, bred up in the court with no literature; but he had a solid and clear understanding, with a constant presence of mind. He knew the arts of living in a court better than any man in it. He caressed all people with a soft and obliging deportment, and was always ready to do good offices. He had no fortune to set up on. This put him on all the methods of acquiring one, and that went so far into him that he did not shake it off when he was in a much higher elevation; nor were his expenses suited enough to his posts; but when allowances are made for that, it must be acknowledged that he is one of the greatest men the age has produced."—*Swift*. "A composition of perfidiousness and avarice."

Ibid. *Burnet*, still speaking of lord Churchill: "he was very doubtful of the pretended birth; so he resolved when the prince should come over to go to him, but to betray no post nor anything more than withdrawing himself with such officers as he could trust with such a secret."—*Swift*. "What could he do more to a mortal enemy?"

P. 772. *Burnet*. "The king of France thought himself tied by no peace, but that when he suspected his neighbours were intending to make war upon him he might, upon such a suspicion, begin a war upon his part."—*Swift*. "The common maxim of princes."

P. 782. *Burnet*. "The morning the prince of Orange embarked for England he took God to witness that he went to that country with no other intentions but those he had set out in his declaration."—*Swift*. "Then he was perjured; for he designed to get the crown, which he denied in the declaration."

P. 783. *Burnet*. After describing the storm which put back the prince of Orange's fleet, he observes, "in France and England they triumphed, believing it to be a miracle; we on the contrary looked upon it as a mark of God's great care to be delivered out of so great a storm."—*Swift*. "Then still it must be a miracle."

P. 785. *Burnet*. "When matters were coming to a crisis at the Revolution an order was sent to the bishop of Winchester to put the president of Magdalen College again into possession, but when the court heard the prince's fleet was blown back the order was countermanded."—*Swift*. "The bishop of Winchester assured me otherwise."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "And now the court thought it necessary, as an *after-game*, to offer some satisfaction on the point of the legitimacy of the prince of Wales."—*Swift*. "And this was the proper time."

P. 786. "The princess Anne was not present at the queen's delivery; she excused herself thinking she was breeding, and all motion was forbidden her; but none believed this to be the true reason."—*Swift*. "I have reason to believe this to be true of the princess Anne."

P. 790. *Burnet*. "The prince of Orange's army staid a week at Exeter before any of the gentlemen of the county came in to us. Every day some person of condition came to us from other parts. The first were the lord Colechester, the eldest son of the earl of Powis, and the lord Wharton."—*Swift*. "Famous for his cowardice in the rebellion."

P. 791. *Burnet*. "Soon after that prince George, the duke of Ormond, and the lord Drumlanerick, the duke of Queensberry's eldest son, left king James and came over to the prince."—*Swift*. "Yet how has he been rewarded for this?"

P. 792. *Burnet*. "In a little while a small army was formed about the princess Anne, who chose to be commanded by the bishop of London, of which he too easily accepted."—*Swift*. "And why should he not?"

Ibid. *Burnet*. "A foolish hallad was made about this time treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burthen, said to be Irish words, 'Lero, Lero, Lilibulero,' that made an impression on the army that cannot well be imagined by those who saw it not."—*Swift*. "They are not Irish words, but better than Scotch."

P. 796. *Burnet*, speaking of king James's first attempt to leave the kingdom, says, "With this his reign ended; for it was a plain desertion of his people, and exposing the nation to the pillage of an army which he had ordered the earl of Faversham to dishand."—*Swift*. "An abominable assertion, and false consequences."

P. 797. *Burnet*. "The incident of the king's being retaken at Faversham gave rise to the party of Jacobites, for if he had got clear away he would not have had a party left; all would have agreed it was a desertion, and therefore the nation was free and at liberty to secure itself; but what followed upon this gave them a colour to say, 'he was forced away, and driven out.'"—*Swift*. "So be most certainly was, both now and afterwards."

P. 798. *Burnet*. "Jefferies, finding the king was gone, saw what reason he had to look to himself, and apprehending that he was now exposed to the rage of the people whom he had provoked with a particular brutality, he had disguised himself to make his escape, but he fell into the hands of some who knew him, and was insulted by them with as much scorn and rudeness as they could invent. After many hours tossing him about he was carried to the lord mayor, whom they charged to commit him to the Tower, which the lord Lucas had then seized and in it had declared for the prince. The lord-mayor was so struck with the terror of this rude populace and with the disgrace of a man who had made all people tremble before him that he fell into fits upon it, of which he died soon after."—*Swift*. "When Jefferies was committed to the Tower he took to drinking strong liquors, which he occasionally did when in power, but now increased his habit most inordinately, with a view to put an end to his life, which it soon did."

P. 799. *Burnet*. "When I had the first account of king James's flight I was affected with this dismal reverse of the fortune of a great prince more than

I think fit to express."—*Swift*. "Or than I will believe."

P. 800. *Burnet*, speaking of the dilemma the prince of Orange was in about the king, upon his being brought from Feversham, says "It was thought necessary to stick to the point of the king's deserting his people, and not to give up that by entering into any treaty with him."—*Swift*. "Base and villainous."

P. 803. *Burnet*. "Now that the prince was come all the bodies about the town came to welcome him. The bishops came the next day (the archbishop of Canterbury excepted). The clergy of London came next. The city and a great many other bodies came likewise, and expressed a great deal of joy for the deliverance wrought for them by the prince's means. Old sergeant Maynard came with the men of the law. He was then near ninety, and yet he said the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The prince took notice of his great age, and said 'that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time:' he answered 'he had like to have outlived the law itself if his highness had not come over.'"—*Swift*. "Maynard was an old rogue for all that."

P. 805. *Burnet*, speaking of the first effects of the Revolution upon the presbyterians in Scotland, says "They broke in upon the episcopal clergy with great violence and much cruelty; they tore their gowns and drove them from their churches and houses."—*Swift*. "To reward them for which king William abolished episcopacy."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "The episcopal party in Scotland saw themselves under a great cloud, so they resolved all to adhere to the earl of Dundee, who had served some years in Holland, and was a man of good parts and some valuable virtues, but was proud and ambitious, and had taken a violent hatred to the whole presbyterian party."—*Swift*. "He was the best man in Scotland."

P. 807. *Burnet*. "Those who were employed by Tyrconnel to deceive the prince made an application to sir William Temple, who had a long and established credit with him."—*Swift*. "A lie of a Scot; for sir William Temple to my knowledge did not know Tyrconnel."

P. 811. *Burnet*, speaking of the various opinions then agitated relative to the settlement of the state—"Some were of opinion that king James had by his ill administration of the government brought himself into an incapacity of holding the exercise of the sovereign authority any more in his own hand; but as in the case of *lunatics*, the right still remained to him, only the guardianship, or the exercise of it was to be lodged with a *prince-regent*; so that the right of sovereignty should be owned to remain still in the king, and that the exercise of it should be vested in the prince of Orange, as prince-regent."—*Swift*. "A regency certainly was by much the best expedient."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "The third party was made up of those who thought there was an original contract between the king and the people of England, by which the kings were bound to defend their people and govern them according to law; in lieu of which the people were bound to obey and serve the king."—*Swift*. "I am of this party, and yet I would have been for a regency."

P. 813. *Burnet*. "This scheme of a regency was both more illegal and more unsafe than the method they proposed. The law of England had settled the point of the subject's security in obeying the king in possession by the statute of Henry VII. So every man knew he was safe under a king, and so would act with zeal and courage; but all such as should act

under a *prince-regent*, created by this convention, were upon a bottom that was not the necessary form of law for it."—*Swift*. "There is something in this argument."

P. 816. *Burnet*. "It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be examined into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions that when they were all laid together they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the other seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity."—*Swift*. "Well said, bishop."

P. 817. *Burnet*. "Some people thought it would be a good security for the nation to have a dormant title to the crown lie as it were neglected, to oblige our princes to govern well, while they would apprehend the danger of a revolt to a pretender still in their eye."—*Swift*. "I think this was no ill design, yet it hath not succeeded in mending kings."

P. 819. *Burnet*. "The princess continued all the while in Holland, being shut in there by the east winds and by the freezing of the rivers, so that she came not to England till the debates were over."—*Swift*. "Why was she sent for till the matter was agreed? This clearly shows the prince's original design was to be king, against what he professed in his declaration."

P. 824. *Burnet*. "A pamphlet was published at this time (1689), which was laid thus: 'The prince had a just cause of making war on the king.' In that most of them agreed. In a just war, which is an appeal to God, success is considered as the decision of Heaven; so the prince's success against king James gave him the right of conquest over him, and by it all his rights were transferred to the prince."—*Swift*. "The author wrote a paper to prove this. It was burnt by the hangman, and was a very foolish scheme."

P. 825. *Burnet* (second volume), speaking of the act for the general naturalization of protestants, and the opposition made against it by the high church, adds, "It was at last carried in the house of commons by a great majority; but all those who appeared for this large and comprehensive way were reproached for their coldness and indifference in the concerns of the church; and in that I had a large share."—*Swift*. "Dog!"

P. 826. *Burnet*. "The faction here found out proper instruments to set the same humour on foot in Ireland during the last of Rochester's government, and as it was said by his directions. So the clergy were making the same bold claims there that had raised disputes amongst us."—*Swift*. "Dog! dog! dog!"

P. 830. *Burnet*. "One Prior, who had been Jersey's secretary, upon his death was employed to prosecute that peace which his principal did not live to finish. Prior had been taken a boy out of a tavern by the earl of Dorset, who accidentally found him reading Horace, and he being very generous gave him an education in literature."—*Swift*. "Malice!"

P. 581. *Burnet*. "Many mercenary pens were set at work to justify our proceedings and to defame our allies, more particularly the Dutch. This was done with much art but with no regard to truth, in a pamphlet entitled 'The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late Ministry.'"—*Swift*. "It was all true."

P. 582. *Burnet*. "The Jacobites did with the

greater joy entertain this prospect of peace, because the dauphin had, in a visit to St. Germaine, congratulated that court upon it, which made them conclude it was to have a happy effect with relation to the pretender's affairs."—*Swift*. "The queen hated and despised the pretender to my knowledge."

P. 583. *Burnet*. "In a conference I had with the queen on the subject of peace, she hoped bishops would not be against peace. I said a good peace was what we prayed for; but any treaty by which Spain and the West Indies were left to king Philip must in a little time deliver all Europe into the hands of France; and if any such peace could be made she was betrayed and we were all ruined; in less than three years time she would be murdered, and the fires would again be raised in Smithfield."—*Swift*. "A false prophet in every particular."

P. 589. *Burnet*. "The queen having sent a message to the lords to adjourn, it was debated that the queen could not send a message to any one house to adjourn when the like message was not sent to both houses. The pleasure of the prince in convening, dissolving, proroguing, or ordering the adjournment of parliament, was always directed to both houses, but never to one house without the same intimation being given to the other."—*Swift*. "Modern nonsense."

P. 591. *Burnet*. "The house of commons, after their recess, entered on the observations of the commissioners for taking the public accounts, and began with Walpole (sir Robert Walpole), whom they resolved to put out of the way of disturbing them in the house. The thing laid to his charge stood thus: after he, as secretary at war, had contracted with some far forage to the horse that lay in Scotland, he, finding that the two persons who had contracted for it made some gain by it, named a friend of his own as a third person, that he might have a share in the gain; but the other two had no mind to let him in to know the secret of their management, so they offered him five hundred pounds for his share: he accepted it, and the money was remitted. But they not knowing his address directed their bill to Walpole, who indorsed it, and the person concerned received the money. This transaction was found out, and Walpole was charged with it, as a bribe that he had taken for his own use for making the contract. Both the persons that remitted the money and he who received it were examined, and affirmed that Walpole was neither directly or indirectly concerned in the matter; but the house insisted upon his having indorsed the bill, and not only voted this a corruption, but sent him to the Tower and expelled him the house."—*Swift*. "Walpole began early, and has been thriving in this business twenty-seven years, up to January, 1739."

P. 600. *Burnet*. "A new set of addresses ran about. Some mentioned the protestant succession and the house of Hanover with zeal, others more coldly, and some made no mention at all of it; and it was universally believed that no addresses were so acceptable to the minister as those of the last sort."—*Swift*. "Foolish and factious."

P. 610. *Burnet*. "The duke of Ormond had given the States such assurances of his going along with them through the whole campaign that he was let into the secrets of all their councils, which by that confidence were all known to the French; and if the anallary German troops had not been prepared to disobey his orders it was believed he, in conjunction with the French army, would have forced the states to come into the new measures; but that was happily prevented."—*Swift*. "Vile

Scotch dog! how does he dare to touch Ormond's honour so falsely?"

P. 660. *Burnet*, speaking of the progress of his own life, says, "The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate."—*Swift*. "Not so soon with the wine of some elections."

Here end the remarks on hishop Burnet's History of his own Times, but opposite to the title page of "The Life of the Author, by Thomas Burnet, esq.," and in the Life, are the following remarks:—

Opposite to the title-page.—*Swift*. "A rude, violent, party business."

In the Life, p. 722. *Thomas Burnet*. "The character I have given of his wives will scarce make it an addition to his character that he was a most affectionate husband. His tender care of the first during a course of sickness that lasted for many years, and his fond love of the other two, and the deep concern he expressed for their loss, were no more than their just due from one of his humanity, gratitude, and discernment."—*Swift*. "What! only three wives!"

P. 723. *Thomas Burnet*. "The bishop was a kind and bountiful master to his servants, whom he never changed but with regret and through necessity; friendly and obliging to all in employment under him, and peculiarly happy in the choice of them; particularly in that of the steward to the bishopric and his courts, William Wastefield, esq. (a gentleman of a plentiful fortune at the time of his accepting this post), and in that of his domestic steward Mr. Macknay."—*Swift*. "A Scot; his own countryman."

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

The original Characters are printed in romans; *Swift's* remarks in italics.

THREE Characters, drawn up in the name of John Macky (but written by Mr. Davis, an officer in the customs), were annexed to "Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, esq., during the reigns of king WILLIAM, queen ANNE, and king GEORGE I." printed in 1789, from a MS. said to be situated by his son, Spring Macky, esq.

Dr. *Swift's* notes are transcribed from a copy formerly belonging to John Potland, esq., a near relation to the dean, who took them from *Swift's* own handwriting.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A TALL handsome man for his age, with a very obliging address; of a wonderful presence of mind, so as hardly ever to be discomposed; of a very clear head and sound judgment; every way capable of being a great man if the great success of his arms and the heaps of favours thrown upon him by his sovereign do not raise his thoughts above the rest of the nobility, and consequently draw upon him the envy of the people of England. He is turned fifty years of age.—*Detestably covetous.*

DUKE OF ORMOND.

With all the qualities of a great man except that of a statesman, hating business. He is about forty years of age.—*Fairly enough writ.*

DUKE OF SHREWSBURY.

Never was a greater mixture of honour, virtue [none], and good sense in any one person than in him; a great man, attended with a sweetness of behaviour and easiness of conversation which charms all who come near him; nothing of the stiffness of a statesman, yet the capacity and knowledge of a piercing wit. He speaks French and Italian as well as his

native language; and although but one eye yet he has a most charming countenance, and is the most generally beloved by the ladies of any gentleman in his time. He is turned of forty years old.

DUKE OF SOMERSET

Is of a middle stature, well shaped, a very black complexion, a lover of music and poetry; of good judgment (*not a grain; hardly common sense*); but by reason of a great hesitation in his speech wants expression. He is about forty-two years old.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

Has been the finest and handsomest gentleman of his time; loves the ladies and plays; keeps a noble house and equipage; is tall, well made, and of a princely behaviour; of nice honour in everything but the paying his tradesmen. Past sixty years old.—*A very poor understanding.*

DUKE OF RUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

He is a nobleman of learning and good natural parts, but of no principles; violent for the high church, yet seldom goes to it; very proud, insolent, and covetous; and takes all advantages.—*This character is the truest of any.*

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM.

He has the exterior air of business, and application enough to make him very capable; in his habit and manners very formal; a tall, thin, very black man, like a Spaniard or Jew; about fifty years old.—*He fell in with the Whigs; was an endless talker.*

EARL OF ROMNEY.

He was the great wheel on which the Revolution rolled. [*He had not a wheel to turn a mouse.*] Of great honour and honesty, with a moderate capacity.—*None at all.*

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

He has one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe.—*None countess of Oxford; cheated by her father.*

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

He is a gentleman good-natured to a fault; very well bred, and has many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business; very credulous; well shaped, black complexion, much like king Charles; not thirty years old.—*A shallow coxcomb.*

DUKE OF BOLTON

Does not make any figure at court.—*Nor anywhere else. A great booby.*

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

He is a man of honour, nice in paying his debts; and living well with his neighbours in the country, does not much care for the conversation of men of quality or business; is a tall black man, like his father the king; about forty years old.—*He was a most worthy person, very good-natured, and had very good sense.*

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Grandson to king Charles II.; a very pretty gentleman; has been abroad in the world; zealous for the constitution of his country; a tall black man, about twenty-five years old.—*Almost a slobberer, without one good quality.*

SIR NATHAN WRIGHT, Lord keeper,

Is son of a clergyman; a good common lawyer, a slow chancellor, and no civilian. Chance, more than choice, brought him the seals.—*Very covetous.*

JOHN [RALPH] DUKE OF MONTAGU.

Since the queen's accession to the throne he has been created a duke, and is now sixty years old.—*As arrant a knave as any in his time.*

His father was rector of Thurstaston, in Leicestershire.

MARQUIS OF HARRINGTON.

One of the best beloved gentlemen by the country party in England.—*A very poor understanding.*

LORD SOMERS.

Of a creditable family in the city of Worcester. [*Very mean; his father was a noted rogue.*] He is believed to have been the best chancellor that ever sat in the chair.—*I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue; he had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence.*

LORD HALIFAX.

He is a great encourager of learning and learned men; is the patron of the muses; of very agreeable conversation; a short fair man, not forty years old.—*His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another.*

EARL OF DORSET.

One of the finest gentlemen in England in the reign of king Charles II., of great learning [*small or none*], extremely witty, and has been the author of some of the finest poems in the English language, especially satire; the Mæcenæus and prince of our English poets; one of the pleasantest companions in the world when he likes his company [*not of late years, but a very dull one*]. He is very fat, troubled with the spleen, and turned of fifty years old.

EARL RIVERS.

He was one of the greatest rakes in England in his younger days; but always a lover of the constitution of his country: is a gentleman of very good sense, and very unning; brave in his person, a lover of play, and understands it perfectly well; has a very good estate, and improves it every day; something covetous; is a tall handsome man, and of a very fair complexion. He is turned of forty years old.—*An arrant knave in common dealings, and very prostitute.*

EARL OF PORTLAND.

He is supposed to be the richest subject in Europe; very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal in everything else; of a very lofty mind, and yet not proud; of no deep understanding, considering his experience; neither much beloved nor hated by any sort of people, English or Dutch. He is turned of fifty years old.—*As great a dunce as ever I knew.*

EARL OF DERRY.

On his brother's death he came to the house of peers, where he never will make any great figure, the sword being more his profession: he is a fair-complexioned man, well shaped, taller than the ordinary size, and a man of humour. He is turned of forty years old.—*As arrant a ***** as his brother.*

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

He affects popularity, and loves to preach in coffee-houses and public places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. A well-shaped thin man, with a very brisk look, near fifty years old.—*This character is for the most part true.*

EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

This gentleman is endued with a great deal of learning, virtue [*no*], and good sense [*no*]; very honest; and zealous for the liberty of the people.

EARL OF STAMFORD

Is one of the branches of the Greys, a noble family in England. He does not want sense; but by reason of a defect in his speech wants elocution; is a very

bonest man himself, but very suspicious of everybody that is not of his party, for which he is very zealous; jealous of the power of the clergy, who he is afraid may some time or other influence our civil government. From a good estate he is become very poor, and much in debt; he is something above the middle stature, and turned of fifty years old.—*He looked and talked like a very weak man; but it was said he spoke well in council.*

EARL OF THANET.

He is a good country gentleman, a great assertor of the prerogatives of the monarchy and the church; a thin, tall, black, red-faced man, turned of sixty years old.—*Of great piety and charity.*

EARL OF SANDWICH.

Of very ordinary parts; married the witty lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive; a tall, thin, black man, about thirty-five years old.—*As much a puppy as ever I saw; very ugly, and a fop.*

EARL OF RANELAGH.

He is a bold man and very happy in jests and repartees, and has often turned the humour of the house of commons when they have designed to have been very severe. He is very fat, black, and turned of sixty years old.—*The vainest old fool I ever saw.*

LORD LUCAS.

He is every way a plain man, yet took a great deal of pains to seem knowing and wise; everybody pitied him when the queen turned him out for his seeming good nature and real poverty: he is very fat, very expensive, and very poor; turned of fifty years old.—*A good plain humdrum.*

EARL WINCHELSEA.

He loves jests and puns [*I never observed it*], and that sort of low wit; is of short stature, well shaped, with a very handsome countenance.—*Being very poor he complied too much with the party he hated.*

LORD FOULET OF HUNTON.

He is certainly one of the hopefulest gentlemen in England; is very learned, virtuous, and a man of honour; much esteemed in the country for his generous way of living with the gentry, and his charity to the poorest sort. He makes but a mean figure in his person, is of a middle stature, fair complexion, not handsome, nor thirty years old.—*This character is fair enough.*

LORD TOWNSHEND.

Is a gentleman of great learning, attended with a sweet disposition; a lover of the constitution of his country; is beloved by everybody that knows him [*I except one*]; and when once employed in the administration of public affairs may show himself a great man. He is tall and handsome; about thirty years old.

LORD DARTMOUTH.

He sets up for a critic in conversation; makes jests and loves to laugh at them; takes a great deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising at court; is a short, thick man, of a fair complexion, turned of thirty-four years old.—*This is fair enough writ; but he has little sincerity.*

LORD WHARTON.

One of the completest gentlemen in England; has a very clear understanding and manly expression, with abundance of wit. He is brave in his person, much of a libertine, of middle stature, fair complexion, and fifty years old.—*The most universal villain I ever knew.*

LORD MAHON.

He is brave in his person, bold in his expressions, and rectifies, as fast as he can, the slips of his youth,

by acts of honesty, which he now glories in more than he was formerly extravagant.—*He was little better than a concealed talker in company.*

EARL OF KENT.

Is the first branch of the ancient family of Grey. The present gentleman was much esteemed when lord Ruthen; was always very moderate, has good sense, and a good estate, which, with his quality, must make him always bear a considerable figure in the nation; he is a handsome man, not above forty years old.—*He seems a good-natured man, but of very little consequence.*

EARL OF LINDSAY.

A fine gentleman, has both wit and learning.—*I never observed a grain of either.*

EARL OF ABINGDON.

A gentleman of fine parts, makes a good figure in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham; is very high for the monarchy and church; of a black complexion; past forty years old.—*Very covetous.*

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

He is very subtle and cunning, never entered into the measures of king William, nor ever will, in any probability, make any great appearance in any other reign. He is above sixty years old.—*If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England.*

EARL OF BERKELEY.

A gentleman of learning, parts, and a lover of the constitution of his country; a short, fat man, fifty years old.—*Intolerably lazy and indolent and somewhat covetous.*

EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

A third son of the family of Duras in France; he came over with one of the duke of York's family; is a middle-statured, brown man, turned of fifty years old.—*He was a very dull old fellow.*

EARL OF GRANTHAM.

He is a very pretty gentleman, fair complexioned, and past thirty years old.—*And good for nothing.*

LORD DE LA WARR.

A free jolly gentleman, turned of forty years old.—*Of very little sense; but firm and well stocked with the low kind of lowest politics.*

LORD LEXINGTON.

He is of good understanding and very capable to be in the ministry; a well-bred gentleman and an agreeable companion; handsome; of a brown complexion; forty years old.—*A very moderate degree of understanding.*

LORD GREY OF WERE.

A sweet disposed gentleman; he joined king William at the Revolution, and is a zealous assertor of the liberties of the people; a thin, brown, handsome man, middle stature, turned of forty years old.—*Had very little in him.*

LORD CHANDOS.

Was warm against king William's reign and does not make any great figure in this; but his son, Mr. Bridges [afterward duke of Chandos] does; being a member of the house of commons, one of the counsellors to the prince, and a very worthy gentleman.—*But a great complier with every court.*

LORD GUILDFORD.

Is son to the lord-keeper North, has been abroad, does not want sense nor application to business, and his genius leads him that way. He is fat, fair, of middle stature, and past thirty years old.—*A mighty silly fellow.*

LORD GRIFFIN.

Having followed king James's fortunes, is now in

France. He was always a great sportsman, and brave; a good companion, turned of sixty years old.—*His son was a plain drunken fellow.*

LORD CHOLMONDELEY.

This lord is a great lover of country sports; is handsome in his person, and turned of forty years old.—*Good for nothing, as far as ever I knew.*

LORD BUTLER OF WESTON,

Earl of Arran in Ireland, and brother to the duke of Ormond; of very good sense, though seldom shows it; of a fair complexion, middle stature, toward forty years old.—*This is right; but he is the most negligent of his own affairs.*

MR. MANSEL.

He is a gentleman of a good deal of wit and good nature; a lover of the ladies, and a pleasant companion; is very thin, of a fair complexion, middle stature, and turned of thirty years old.—*Of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity.*

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq.,

Speaker of the house of commons.

He is skilled in most things, and very eloquent [a great lie]; was bred a presbyterian, yet joins with the church party in everything and they do nothing without him.

MR. BOYLE.

Chancellor of the exchequer,

Is a good companion in conversation; agreeable among the ladies; serves the queen very assiduously in council; makes a considerable figure in the house of commons; by his prudent administration obliges everybody in the exchequer; and in time may prove a great man. Is turned of thirty years old.—*Had some very scarce qualities, particularly avarice.*

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND,

Postmaster-general.

He is a gentleman of a very sweet, easy, affable disposition; of good sense, extremely zealous for the constitution of his country, yet does not seem over forward; keeps an exact unity among the officers under him, and encourages them in their duty, through a peculiar familiarity, by which he obliges them and keeps up the dignity of being master. He is a handsome man, middle stature, toward forty years old.—*A fair character.*

MR. SMITH,

One of her majesty's privy-council.

A gentleman of much honour; a lover of the constitution of his country; a very agreeable companion in conversation; a bold orator in the house of commons, when the interest of his country is at stake; of a good address, middle stature, fair complexion, turned of forty years old.—*I thought him a very heavy man.*

CHARLES D'AVENANT, LL.D.

He was very poor at the Revolution; had no business to support him all the reign of king William; yet made a good figure. He is a very cloudy-looking man, fat, of middle stature, about fifty years old.—*He was used ill by most ministers; he ruined his estate, which put him under a necessity to comply with the times.*

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.,

Commissioner of trade.

On the queen's accession to the throne he was continued in his office; is very well at court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice; is one of the best poets in England, but very facetious in conversation; a thin, hollow-looking man, turned of forty years old.—*This is near the truth.*

* He was one time speaker of the house of commons.

THOMAS TENISON,

Archbishop of Canterbury.

A plain, good, heavy man, now much in years, and wearing out; very tall, of a fair complexion, and seventy years old.—*The most good-for-nothing prelate I ever knew.*

GILBERT BURNET,

Bishop of Salisbury.

Of a very good family in Scotland, of the name of Burnet; his father was lord [laird] of Cremon. He is one of the greatest [Scottish] orators of the age he lives in. His History of the Reformation, and his Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, show him to be a man of great learning; but several of his other works show him to be a man neither of prudence nor temper; his sometimes opposing and sometimes favouring the dissenters, has much exposed him to the generality of the people of England; yet he is very useful in the house of peers, and proves a great pillar, both of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution, against the encroachments of a party that would destroy both. He is a large, bold-looking man, strong made, and turned of fifty years old.—*His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, excepting of those who were friends to the presbyterians. His own true character would take up too much time for me (who knew him well) to describe it.*

GEORGE STEPHENY, Esq.,

Envoy extraordinary to the Emperor.

A gentleman of admirable natural parts, very learned, one of the best poets [a verse of a third rate] now in England, and perhaps equal to any that ever was.

MR. METHUEN,

Ambassador to the king of Portugal.

A man of intrigue, but very muddy in his conceptions, and not quickly understood in anything. In his complexion and manners much of a Spaniard; a tall, black man, fifty years old.—*A profligate rogue, without religion or morals; but cunning enough, yet without abilities of any kind.*

LORD RARY.

Envoy extraordinary to the king of Prussia.

He is a young gentleman *de bon naturel*, handsome, of fine understanding [very bad, and cannot spell], and with application may prove a man of business; he is of low stature [he is tall], well shaped, with a good face, fair complexioned, not thirty years old.

MR. HILL,

Envoy extraordinary to the duke of Savoy,

Is a gentleman of good family in Shropshire. He was designed for the church, and took deacon's [priest's] orders, but having a genius for business, and falling into the acquaintance of my lord Ranelagh when tutor to my lord Hyde, he was sent into Flanders as paymaster-general to the English troops there. He is a gentleman of very clear parts, and affects plainness and simplicity [au contraire] in his dress and conversation particularly. He is a favourite to both parties [to neither], and is beloved for his easy access and affable way by those he has business to do with. He is a thin tall man [short, if I remember right], taller than the ordinary stature, near fifty years old.

SIR LAMBERT BLACKWELL,

Envoy to the great duke of Tuscany.

He affects much the gentleman in his dress, and the minister in his conversation; is very lofty, yet courteous when he knows his people; much envied by his fellow-merchants; of a sanguine complexion, taller than the ordinary size, about forty years old.—*He seemed to be a very good-natured man.*

MR. (DR.) AGLIONBY,
Envoy to the Swiss Cantons.

He has abundance of wit, and understands most of the modern languages well; knows how to tell a story to the best advantage, but has an affected manner of conversation; is thin, splenetic, and tawny complexioned, turned of sixty years old.—*He had been a papist.*

MR. D'AVENANT,
Agent at Frankfurt.

A very giddy-headed young fellow, with some wit, about twenty-five years old.—*He is not worth mentioning.*

LORD CUTTS.

He has abundance of wit, but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar, and very brave; towards fifty years old.—*The vainest old fool alive.*

LORD GALLWAY.

One of the finest gentlemen in the army, with a head fitted for the cabinet as well as the camp; is very modest, vigilant, and sincere; a man of honour and honesty [in all directly otherwise], without pride or affectation; wears his own hair; is plain in his dress and manners; towards sixty years old.—*A deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave; a damnable hypocrite, of no religion.*

EARL OF ORKNEY.

He is a very well shaped black man; is brave; but by reason of a hesitation in his speech wants expression; married Mrs. Villiers, and got a good estate by her; is turned of forty years old.—*An honest good-natured gentleman, and has much distinguished himself as a soldier.*

SIR CHARLES HARO,
Lieutenant-general.

At the Revolution he had a company in the foot-guards, was afterwards lieutenant-colonel to that regiment, was made colonel to the fusiliers, and gradually advanced to the post he now has, which he well deserves, being of good understanding and abundance of learning; fit to command if not too covetous: he is a short black man, fifty years old.—*His father was a groom; he was a man of sense, without one grain of honesty.*

COLONEL MATTHEW AYLMER,*
Vice-admiral of the fleet.

He has a very good head, indefatigable and designing; is very zealous for the liberty of the people; makes a good figure in the parliament as well as the fleet; is handsome in his person; turned of fifty years old.—*A virulent party-man, born in Ireland.*

REAR-ADMIRAL BYNG

Is one of the best sailors in England and a fine gentleman in everything else; of a good family and estate in Bedfordshire; understands all the several branches of the navy thoroughly; is a fair complexioned man, and toward fifty years old.—*Of a good old Kentish family.*

JAMES DUKE OF HAMILTON.

On the queen's accession to the throne he made strong efforts to get into the administration, but has not yet succeeded, though he is well received at court; he is brave in his person, with a rough air of boldness; of good sense, very forward and hot for what he undertakes; ambitious and haughty; a violent enemy; has been very extravagant in his manner of living, but now grows covetous; he is supposed to have some thoughts towards the crown of England when the queen dies, being descended from the house of Stuart and having a great interest in that kingdom by his relations and dependants. He has a great estate, and three brothers earls, Sel-

* Afterwards lord Aylmer

kirk, Orkney, and Ruglen; a fourth a commander at sea: he is of a middle stature, well made, of a black, coarse complexion, a brisk look; toward fifty years old.—*He was made master of the ordnance; a worthy good-natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding: he was murdered by that villain Macartney, an Irish Scot.*

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Few of his years have a better understanding, nor a more manly behaviour. He has seen most of the courts of Europe; is very handsome in his person, fair complexioned; about twenty-five years old.—*Ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot; has no principle but his own interest and greatness. A true Scot in his whole conduct.*

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE;

Representative of the ancient and noble family of Graham; great-grandson to the famous Montrose who was hanged and quartered for Charles I., and grandson by the mother to the duke of Nothwich. He inherits all the great qualities of these two families, with a sweetness of behaviour which charms all those who know him; has improved himself in most foreign courts; is very beautiful in his person, and about twenty-five years old.—*Now very homely, and makes a sorry appearance.*

EARL OF SUTHERLAND.

A very honest man; a great assertor of the liberties of the people; has a good rough sense; is open and free; a great lover of his bottle and his friend; brave in his person, which he has shown in several duels; too familiar for his quality, and often keeps company below it; is a fat, fair-complexioned man, forty-five years old.—*A blundering, rattle-pated, drunken sot.*

SECRETARY JOHNSTON.

Now lord register.

He is very honest [a treacherous knave], yet something too credulous and suspicious; endued with a great deal of learning and virtue; is above little tricks; free from ceremony; and would not tell a lie for the world. [One of the greatest knaves even in Scotland.] Very knowing in the affairs of foreign courts, and the constitution of both kingdoms; a tall, fair man, and toward fifty years old.

MR. CARSTAIRS.

A presbyterian minister who fled from Scotland after the insurrection for religion in the reign of Charles II. He is the cunningest, subtle dissembler in the world, with an air of sincerity; a dangerous enemy, because always hid; an instance of which was secretary Johnstoun, to whom he pretended friendship till the very morning he gave him a blow, though he had been worming him out of the king's favour for many months before; he is a fat, sanguine-complexioned, fair man, always smiling where he designs most mischief; a good friend when he is sincere; turned of fifty years old.—*A true character, but not strong enough by a fiftieth part.*

EARL OF MARR.

He is a very good manager in his private affairs, which were in disorder when his father died, and is a stanch countryman; fair complexioned, low stature, and thirty years old.—*He is crooked; he seemed to be a gentleman of good sense and good nature.*

ANDREW FLETCHER.

A gentleman of a fair estate in Scotland, attended with the improvement of a good education. He has written some excellent tracts, but not published in his name; and has a very fine genius; is a low, thin man, brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look, and fifty years old.—*A most arrogant, conceited pedant in politics; cannot endure the least contradiction in any of his visions or paradoxes.*

EARL OF MIDDLETON.

He was against the violent measures of king James's reign, and for that reason made no great figure at court while that prince was upon the throne, yet he continued firm to his majesty's interest to the last; was proof against all the offers made him by king William; and after being frequently imprisoned in England, followed king James to France, where he had the chief administration given him. He is one of the politest gentlemen in Europe; has a great deal of wit, mixed with a sound judgment and a very clear understanding; of an easy, indifferent address, but a careless way of living. He is a black man, of a middle stature, with a sanguine complexion, and one of the pleasantest companions in the world; toward sixty years old.—*Sir William Temple told me he was a very valuable man and a good scholar. I once saw him.*

EARL OF WEEMS.

He has not yet been in the administration; is a fine personage, and very beautiful; has good sense, and is a man of honour; about thirty years old.—*He was a black man, and handsome for a Scot.*

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN JOHN CREIGHTON.*

COLLECTED FROM HIS OWN MATERIALS,
BY DEAN SWIFT.

THE PRINTER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN Dr. Swift was at sir Arthur Acheson's at Markethill in the county of Armagh, an old gentleman was recommended to him as being a remarkable cavalier in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III.; who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the government although he deserved great rewards from it. As he was reduced in his circumstances, Dr. Swift made him a handsome present; but said at the same time, "Sir, this trifle cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore, I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money sufficient to put you into a way of life of supporting yourself with independency in your old age." To which captain Creighton (for that was the gentleman's name) answered, "I have tired all my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours." Then Dr. Swift replied, "Sir, I have heard much of your adventures; that they are fresh in your memory; that you can tell them with great humour; and that you have taken memorandums of them in writing." To which the captain said, "I have; but no one can understand them but myself." Then Dr. Swift rejoined, "Sir, get your manuscripts, read them to me, and tell me none but genuine stories; and then I will place them in order for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own." The captain soon after waited on the dean with his papers, and related many adventures to him, which the dean was so kind as to put in order of time, to correct the style, and make a small book of, entitled *THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN JOHN CREIGHTON*. A subscription was immediately set on foot by the dean's interest and recommendation, which raised

* These Memoirs contain a most striking picture of the spirit and calamities of those times; such a one is not to be found in more general histories, where private distress is absorbed in the fate of nations.

for the captain above 200*l.*, and made the remaining part of his life very bappy and easy.

TO THE READER.

THE author of these memoirs, captain John Creighton, is still alive, and resides in the northern parts of this kingdom. He is a very honest and worthy man, but of the old stamp; and it is probable that some of his principles will not relish very well in the present disposition of the world. His memoirs are therefore to be received like a posthumous work, and as containing facts which very few alive except himself can remember; upon which account, none of his generous subscribers are in the least answerable for many opinions relating to the public, both in church and state, which he seems to justify; and in the vindication of which, to the hazard of his life and the loss of his fortune, he spent the most useful part of his days. Principles, as the world goes, are little more than fashion; and the apostle tells us that "the fashion of this world passeth away." We read with pleasure the memoirs of several authors whose party we disapprove, if they be written with nature and truth. Curious men are desirous to see what can be said on both sides; and even the virulent flat relation of Ludlow, though written in the spirit of rage, prejudice, and vanity, does not want its advocates. This inclines me to think that the memoirs of captain Creighton may not be unacceptable to the curious of every party; because, from my knowledge of the man and the testimony of several considerable persons of different political denominations, I am confident that he has not inserted one passage or circumstance which he did not know, or from the best intelligence he could get believe to be true.

These memoirs are therefore offered to the world in their native simplicity. And it was not with little difficulty that the author was persuaded by his friends to recollect and put them in order, chiefly for his own justification, and partly by the importunity of several eminent gentlemen who had a mind that they should turn to some profit to the author.

The captain, having made over all his little estate to a beloved daughter upon her marriage, on the condition of being entertained in her house for the small remainder of his life, has put it out of his own power either to supply his incidental wants, to pay some long contracted debts, or to gratify his generous nature in being further useful to his family: on which accounts he desires to return his most humble thanks to his worthy subscribers; and hopes they will consider him no further than as an honest, well-meaning man, who by his own personal courage and conduct was able to distinguish himself under many disadvantages, to a degree that few private lives have been attended with so many singular and extraordinary events.

Besides the great simplicity in the style and manner of the author, it is a very valuable circumstance that his plain relation corrects many mistaken passages in other historians, which have too long passed for truths; and whoever impartially compares both will probably decide in the captain's favour: for the memory of old men is seldom deceived in what passed in their youth and vigour of age; and if he has at any time happened to be mistaken in circumstances of time or place (with neither of which I can charge him), it was certainly against his will. Some of his own personal distresses and actions which he has related might be almost the subject of a tragedy.

Upon the whole, comparing great things with small, I know not any memoirs that more resemble those

of Philip de Comines (which have received so universal approbation) than those of captain Creichton; which are told in a manner equally natural and with equal appearance of truth, although, I confess, upon affairs in a more obscure scene and of less importance.

MEMOIRS, &c.

THE former part of my life having been attended with some passages and events not very common to men of my private and obscure condition, I have (perhaps induced by the talkativeness of old age) very freely and frequently communicated them to several worthy gentlemen who were pleased to be my friends, and some of them my benefactors. These persons professed themselves to be so well entertained with my story that they often wished it could be digested into order and published to the world; believing that such a treatise by the variety of incidents, written in a plain unaffected style, might be at least some amusement to indifferent readers; of some example to those who desire strictly to adhere to their duty and principles; and might serve to vindicate my reputation in Scotland, where I am well known; that kingdom having been the chief scene of my acting, and where I have been represented by a faustic rebellious party as a persecutor of the saints and a man of blood.

Having lost the benefit of a thorough school education by a most indiscreet marriage in all worldly views, although to a very good woman; and in consequence thereof being forced to seek my fortune in Scotland as a soldier, where I forgot all the little I had learned; the reader cannot reasonably expect to be much pleased with my style or methods or manner of relating; it is enough if I never wilfully fail in point of truth, nor offend by malice or partiality. My memory, I thank God, is yet very perfect as to things long past; although like an old man I retain but little of what has happened since I grew into years.

I am likewise very sensible of an infirmity in many authors, who write their own memoirs and are apt to lay too much weight upon trifles, which they are vain enough to conceive the world to be as much concerned in as themselves; yet I remember that Plutarch, in his lives of great men (which I have read in the English translation), says that the nature and disposition of a man's mind may be often better discovered by a small circumstance than by an action or event of the greatest importance. And besides, it is not improbable that gray hairs may have brought upon me a vanity to desire that posterity may know what manner of man I was.

I lie under another disadvantage, and indeed a very great one, from the wonderful change of opinions since I first made any appearance in the world. I was bred under the principles of the strictest loyalty to my prince, and in an exact conformity in discipline as well as doctrine to the church of England, which are neither altered nor shaken to this very day, and I am now too old to mend. However, my different sentiments, since my last troubles after the revolution, have never had the least influence either upon my actions or discourse. I have submitted myself with entire resignation, according to St. Paul's precept, "to the powers that be." I converse equally with all parties and am equally favoured by all; and God knows it is now of little consequence what my opinions are, under such a weight of age and infirmities, with a very scanty subsistence, which instead of comforting will hardly support me.

BUT there is another point which requires a better apology than I am able to give; a judicious reader will be apt to enquire me (and I confess with reason enough) as guilty of a very foolish superstition in relating my dreams, and how I was guided by their with success in discovering one or two principal covenants. I shall not easily allow myself to be, either by nature or education, more superstitious than other men; but I take the truth to be this; being then full of zeal against those enthusiastical rebels, and better informed of their lurking-holes than most officers in the army, this made so strong an impression on my mind that it affected my dreams, when I was directed to the most probable places almost as well as if I had been awake, being guided in the night by the same conjectures I had made in the day. There could possibly be no more in the matter; and God forbid I should pretend to a spirit of divination, which would make me resemble those very hypocritical saints whom it was both my duty and inclination to bring to justice, for their many horrid blasphemies against God, rebellions against their prince, and barbarities toward their countrymen and fellow-christians.

My great-grandfather, Alexander Creichton, of the house of Dumfries, in Scotland, in a feud between the Maxwells and the Johnstons (the chief of the Johnstons being the lord Johnstone, ancestor of the present marquis of Annandale), siding with the latter and having killed some of the former, was forced to fly into Ireland, where he settled near Kinard, then a woody country and now called Callidon: but within a year or two, some friends and relations of those Maxwells who had been killed in the feud, coming over to Ireland to pursue their revenge, lay in wait for my great-grandfather in the wood and shot him dead as he was going to church. This accident happened about the time that James VI. of Scotland came to the crown of England.

Alexander, my great-grandfather, left two sons and as many daughters; his eldest son John lived till a year or two after the rebellion in 1641. His house was the first in Ulster set upon by the Irish, who took and imprisoned him at Dungannon; but fortunately making his escape, he went to sir Robert Stuart, who was then in arms for the king, and died in the service.

This John, who was my grandfather, left two sons, Alexander, my father, and a younger son, likewise named John; who, being a child but two or three years old at his father's death, was invited to Scotland by the lady Dumfries, there educated by her and sent to sea; he made several voyages to and from Barbadoes, then settled in Scotland, where he died some time after the Restoration, leaving, beside a daughter, one son, who at my charges was bred up a physician and proved so famous in his profession that he was sent by her late majesty queen Anne to cure the king of Portugal of the venereal disease. He had 1000*l.* paid him in hand before he began his journey, but when he arrived at Lisbon the Portuguese council and physicians dissuaded the king from trusting his person with a foreigner. However, his majesty of Portugal showed him several marks of his esteem, and at parting presented him with a very rich jewel, which he sold afterward for 500 guineas. He stayed there not above six weeks, during which time he got considerable practice. After living many years in London, where he grew very rich, he died November, 1726, and as it is believed without making a will; which is very probable, because, although he had no children, he left me no legacy who was his cousin-german and had been his greatest benefactor

by the care and expense of his education. Upon this matter I must add one circumstance more, how little significant soever it may be to others. Mr. archdeacon Maurice being at London, in order to his journey to France, on account of his health, went to visit the doctor and put him in mind of me, urging the obligations I had laid upon him. The doctor agreed to send me whatever sum of money the archdeacon should think reasonable and deliver it to him on his return from his travels, but unfortunately the doctor died two or three days before the archdeacon came back.

Alexander, my father, was about 18 years old in 1641. The Irish rebellion then breaking out, he went to captain Gerard Irvin, his relation, who was then captain of horse and afterward knighted by king Charles II. This gentleman, having a party for the king, soon after joined with sir Robert Stuart, in the county of Donegal; where in the course of those troubles they continued skirmishing, sometimes with the Irish rebels and sometimes with those of the English parliament, after the rebellion in England began; till at length captain Irvin and one Mr. Stuart were taken prisoners and put in gaol in Derry, which city was kept for the parliament against the king by sir Charles Coote. Here my father performed a very memorable and gallant action in rescuing his relation, captain Irvin, and Mr. Stuart. I will relate this fact in all its particulars, not only because it will do some honour to my father's memory, but likewise because for its boldness and success it seems to me very well to deserve recording.

My father, having received information that sir Charles Coote, governor of Derry, had publicly declared that captain Irvin and his companion should be put to death within two or three days, communicated this intelligence to seven trusty friends; who all engaged to assist him with the hazard of their lives in delivering the two gentlemen from the danger that threatened them.—They all agreed that my father and three more, at the hour of six in the morning, when the west gate stood open and the drawbridge was let down for the governor's horses to go out to water, should ride in, one by one, after a manner as if they belonged to the town, and there conceal themselves in a friend's house till night, at which time my father was to acquaint captain Irvin and his fellow-prisoner with their design, which was to this purpose: That after concerting measures at the prison my father should repair to a certain place on the city wall and give instructions to the four without at twelve at night; accordingly, next morning, as soon as the gate was open, my father with his three comrades got into the town, and the same night having settled matters with the two gentlemen that they should be ready at six next morning, at which hour he and his three friends should call upon them, he then went to the wall and directed the four who were without, that, as soon as they should see the gate open and the bridge drawn, one of them should walk up to the sentry and secure him from making any noise by holding a pistol to his breast; after which the other three should ride up and secure the room where the by-guard lay, to prevent them from coming out: most of the garrison were in their beds, which encouraged my father and his friends and much facilitated the enterprise: therefore, precisely at six o'clock, when the by-guard and sentry at the western gate were secured by the four without, my father and the other three within, being mounted on horseback with one spare horse, and in the habit of townspeople, with cudgels in their hands, called at the gaol-door on pretence to speak

to captain Irvin and Mr. Stuart. They were both walking in a large room in the gaol, with the gaoler and three soldiers attending them; but these not suspecting the persons on horseback before the door, whom they took to be inhabitants of the town, my father asked captain Irvin whether he had any commands to a certain place where he pretended to be going; the captain made some answer, but said they should not go before they had drunk with him; then giving a piece of money to one of the soldiers to buy a bottle of sack at a tavern a good way off and pretending likewise some errand for another soldier, sent him also out of the way. There being now none left to guard the prisoners but the gaoler and the third soldier, captain Irvin leaped over the hatch-door, and as the gaoler leaped after my father knocked him down with his cudgel. While this was doing, Mr. Stuart tripped up the soldier's heels and immediately leaped over the hatch. They both mounted, Stuart on the horse behind my father and Irvin on the spare one, and in a few minutes came up with their companions at the gate before the main guard could arrive, although it were kept within twenty yards of the gaol-door.

I should have observed that as soon as captain Irvin and his friend got over the hatch my father and his comrades put a couple of broadswords into their hands which they had concealed under their cloaks, and at the same time drawing their own, were all six determined to force their way against any who offered to obstruct them in their passage, but the despatch was so sudden that they got clear out of the gate before the least opposition could be made. They were no sooner gone than the town was alarmed; Coote the governor got out of his bed and ran into the streets in his shirt to know what the bubbling meant, and was in a great rage at the accident. The adventurers met the governor's groom coming back with his master's horses from watering; they seized the horses, and got safe to sir Robert Stuart's, about four miles off, without losing one drop of blood in this hazardous enterprise.

This gallant person (if I may so presume to call my father) had above twenty children by his wife Anne Maxwell, of the family of the earl of Nithsdale, of whom I was the eldest; they all died young except myself, three other boys, and two girls, who lived to be men and women. My second brother I took care to have educated at Glasgow, but he was drowned at two-and-twenty years old in a storm on his return to Ireland. The other two died captains abroad in the service of king William.

I was born on the 8th of May, 1648, at Castle-Fin, in the county of Donegal. I made some small progress in learning at the school of Dungannon; but when I was eighteen years old I very inconsiderately married Mrs. Elizabeth Delargun, my schoolmaster's daughter, by whom I have had thirteen children, who all died young except two daughters, married to two brothers, James and Charles Young, of the county of Tyrone.

Having been so very young when I married, I could think of no other course to advance my fortune than by getting into the army. Captain Irvin, often mentioned already, had a brother who was a physician at Edinburgh, to whom he wrote in my favour, desiring he would recommend me to the marquis of Atholl and others then at the head of affairs in Scotland; this was in the year 1674. There were then but one troop of horse-guards (whereof the marquis was colonel) and one regiment of foot-guards, commanded by the earl of Linlithgow, in that king's dom, and they consisted chiefly of gentlemen.

Dr. Irvin, physician to the horse-guards, accord-

ingly presented me to the marquis of Atholl, requesting that I might be received into his troop. His lordship, pretending there was no vacancy, was by the doctor threatened in a free jesting manner with a dose of poison instead of physic the first time he should want his skill; "Weel, weel, then," quoth the marquis, "what is your friend's name?"—"Deel tak' me," answered the doctor, "gin I ken;" whereupon I was called in to write my name in the roll. I was then ordered to repair to the troop at Stirling, with directions to lieutenant-colonel Cockburn, the commanding officer, to put me into which of the four squadrons whereof the troop consisted he thought fit. He thereupon placed me in his own, and appointed me my quarters.

Soon after this, the conventicles growing numerous in the west, several parties were drawn out to suppress them, among whom I never failed to make one, in hopes thereby to be taken notice of by my commanders, for I had nothing to recommend me except my activity, diligence, and courage, being a stranger and born out of that kingdom.

My first action after having been taken into the guards was, with a dozen gentlemen more, to go in quest of Mas David Williamson, a noted evenanter, since made more famous in the book called the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence. I had been assured that this Williamson did much frequent the house of my lady Cherrytree, within ten miles of Edinburgh, but when I arrived first with my party about the house, the lady, well knowing our errand, put Williamson to bed to her daughter disguised in a woman's night-dress. When the troopers went to search in the young lady's room her mother pretended that she was not well; and Williamson so managed the matter, that when the daughter raised herself a little in the bed to let the troopers see her they did not discover him, and so went off disappointed. But the young lady proved with child, and Williamson to take off the scandal married her in some time after. This Williamson married five or six wives successively, and was alive in the reign of queen Anne, at which time I saw him preaching in one of the kirks at Edinburgh. It is said that king Charles II., hearing of Williamson's behaviour in lady Cherrytree's house, wished to see the man that discovered so much vigour while his troopers were in search of him; and in a merry way declared that when he was in the royal oak he could not have kissed the bonniest lass in Christendom.

Some time after this Thomas Dalziel, general of the forces in Scotland, an excellent soldier, who had been taken prisoner at the famous battle of Worcester and sent prisoner to the Tower, escaped from thence into Muscovy, was made general to the czar, and returning home after the restoration was preferred by the king to be general of the forces in Scotland, in which post he continued till his death, which happened a little before the revolution. This general commanded fifty of the foot-guards, with an ensign, to accompany me and to follow my directions in the pursuit of a notorious rebel, one Adam Stobow, a farmer in Fife, near Culross. This fellow had gone through the west endeavouring to stir up sedition in the people by his great skill in canting and prying. There had been several parties sent out after him before I and my men undertook the business, but they could never discover him. We reached Culross at night, where I directed the ensign and all the men to secure three or four rebels who were in the place, while I, with two or three of the soldiers to assist me, went to Stobow's house, about a mile and a half from Culross, by break of day, for fear some of his friends might give him notice.

Before I got to the house I observed a kiln in the way, which I ordered to be searched because I found there a heap of straw in the passage up to the kiln-pot. There I found Stobow lurking, and carried him to Culross, although his daughter offered me a hundred dollars to let him go. We returned immediately to the general at Edinburgh with Stobow and the prisoners taken by the ensign at Culross. They continued awhile in confinement, but Stobow at his trial found friends enough to save his life and was only banished; yet he returned home a year after and proved as troublesome and seditious as ever, till at the fight of Bothwell-bridge it was thought he was killed, for he was never heard of afterward.

During the time I was in the guards, about two years after the affair of Mas David Williamson at the lady Cherrytree's, I was quartered with a party at Bathgate, which is a small village twelve miles from Edinburgh. One Sunday morning by break of day I and my comrade, a gilliant Highland gentleman of the name of Grant, went out disguised in great coats and bonnets in search after some conventicle. We travelled on foot eight or ten miles into the wild mountains, where we spied three fellows on the top of a hill, whom we conjectured to stand there as spies to give intelligence to a conventicle when any of the king's troopers should happen to come that way. There they stood with lung poles in their hands till I and my friend came pretty near, and then they turned to go down the hill: when we observed this we took a little compass and came up with them on the other side, whereupon they stood still, leaning on their poles. Then I bounced forward upon one of them and suddenly snatched the pole out of his hand, asked him why he carried such a pole on the Lord's day, and at the same time knocked him down with it. My comrade immediately seized on the second and laid him flat by a gripe of his hair; but the third took to his heels and ran down the hill. However, having left my friend to guard the two former, I overtook the last and felled him likewise, hnt the place being steep, the violence with which I ran carried me a good way down the hill before I could recover myself after the stroke I had given him; and by the time I could get up again to the place where he lay the rogue had got on his feet, and was fumbling for a side pistol that hung at his belt under his upper coat, which as soon as I observed I fetched him to the ground a second time with the pole, and seized on his pistol; then leading him up to the other two, I desired my friend to examine their pockets and see whether they carried any powder or ball, but we found none.

We then led our prisoners down the hill, at the foot of which there was a bog, and on the other side a man sitting on a rock; when we advanced near him, leaving our prisoners in the keeping of my friend, I ran up toward the man, who fled down on the other side. As soon as I had reached the top of the rock there appeared a great number of people assembled in a glen to hear the preaching of Mas John King as I understood afterward, whose voice was so loud that it reached the ears of those who were at the greatest distance, which could not I think be less than a quarter of a mile; they all standing before him and the wind favouring the strength of his lungs. When my friend had brought the three prisoners to the top of the rock, where I waited for him, they all broke loose and ran down to the conventicle: but my friend, advancing within about forty yards of that rabble, commanded them in his majesty's name to depart to their own homes. Whereupon about forty

of their number, with poles in their hands, drew out from the rest and advanced against us two, who had the courage or rather the temerity to face so great a company, which could not be fewer than a thousand. As this party of theirs was preparing with their long poles to attack me and my friend, it happened very luckily that a fine gelding, saddled and bridled, with a pillow likewise upon him, came up near us in search of better grass; I caught the horse and immediately mounted him, which the rest of the conventicles observing, they broke up and followed as fast as they could, some on horseback and the rest on foot, to prevent me from going off with the horse, but I put him to the gallop, and suffering him to choose his own way through the mountain, which was full of bogs and hags, got out of reach. My friend kept up with me as long as he could, but having run a mile through such difficult places he was quite spent, and the conventicles hard at his heels; whereupon he called to me for assistance, and I alighting put him upon the horse, bidding him to make the best of his way to the laird of Poddishaw's about two miles off. By this time we saw twelve covenanted men on horseback, who advanced toward us by a shorter cut, and blocked up a gap through which we were of necessity to pass. I undertook to clear the gap for my friend, and running towards the rogues with my broadsword and pistol, soon forced them to open to the right and left: my comrade got through and was pursued a good way, but he so laid about him with his broadsword that the pursuers, being unarmed, durst not seize him. In the mean time, I who was left on foot kept the covenanted men who followed me at a proper distance; but they pelted me with clods, which I sometimes returned, till at last, after chasing me above a mile, they saw a party of troopers in red passing by at some distance, and then they gave over their pursuit.

The troopers, observing my friend galloping and pursued, imagined he was some fanatic preacher, till they came to an old woman on a bill, whom my friend had desired to deny his being gone that way; upon which they went off to their quarters, and he got safe to Poddishaw's, whither I soon after arrived. The laird of Poddishaw had been that day at church, from whence returning with the laird of Pocamock, who lived about a mile off, they both wondered how the horse got thither, for Pocamock was the owner of the horse, and his lady had rode on it that day to the conventicle, without her husband's knowledge, having been seduced thither by some fanatic neighbours, for she had never been at their meetings before. My friend and I acquainted the two lairds of the whole adventure of that day, and after dinner Pocamock requested us to let him have the horse home, thereby to stifle any reflection his lady might bring upon him or herself by going to a conventicle; he likewise invited us to dine next day at his house, where the horse should again be delivered to me, as justly forfeited by the folly of his wife. We went accordingly with the laird of Poddishaw, and dined at Pocamock's; where the horse was ordered to be led out into the court, in the same accoutrements as I found him the day before; but observing the lady in tears, I told her that if she would give me her promise never to go to a conventicle again I would bestow her the horse and conceal what had passed; she readily complied, and so the matter was made up. However, the laird her husband assured me that no horse in Scotland should be better paid for; and being a leading man in the country, and his lady discovering the names of those who had been at the conventicle, he sent for them, and persuaded them as they valued their quiet to

make up a purse for me and my friend, which they accordingly did; and we both lived plentifully a twelvemonth after on the price of that horse.

This adventure making much noise at Edinburgh was the occasion of my being sent for up thither by the marquess of Atholl, my colouel, who in a very friendly manner expostulated with me upon my rashness, as indeed he had too much reason to do; neither was I able to say anything in my own justification. However, since what I had done discovered my loyalty for my prince, my zeal for the church, and my detestation of all rebellious principles, his lordship ever after gave me many marks of his favour and friendship.

Accordingly, these services gave me so much credit with the general that he promised to apply to the government in my favour for some preferment in the army upon the first opportunity, which happened about a year afterward. For the seditious humours in the west still increasing, it was thought proper that three independent troops of horse, and as many of dragoons, should be raised to suppress the rebels. Whereupon Mr. Francis Stuart, grandson to the earl of Bothwell, a private gentleman in the horse-guards like myself, and my intimate acquaintance, was sent for in haste by the general, because the council of Scotland was then writing to the king, that his majesty would please to grant commissions to those persons whose names were sent up to London that very night. Mr. Stuart gave me notice of this, whereupon, although I was not sent for, I resolved to go up with him to Edinburgh and solicit for myself. When I arrived there and attended the general his first question was, in a humorous manner, "What the devil sent for you?" I answered that I hoped his excellency would now make good his promise of preferring me, since so fair an opportunity offered at present. On this occasion the general stood my firm friend; and although the sons and brothers of lords and baronets and other persons of quality solicited to be made lieutenants and cornets in these new-raised troops, yet the general in regard to my services prevailed with the council that I might be appointed lieutenant to Mr. Stuart, who was then made captain of dragoons.

Soon after this the archbishop of St. Andrews was murdered by the laird of Hacketon and Balfour, assisted by four poor weavers.* Hacketon before this horrid action was reputed an honest and gallant man; but his friendship for his brother-in-law, Balfour, drew him in to commit this inhuman murder. Balfour, who had been the archbishop's chamberlain (for so in Scotland we call a great man's steward), whether by negligence or dishonesty was short in his payments to his lord, and the fear of being called to an account was a principal motive to assassinate his master; however, he pretended likewise a great zeal to the kirk, whereof he looked upon the archbishop as the greatest oppressor. It is certain that the lower people mortally hated the archbishop on pretence that his grace had deserted their communion, and the weavers who were accomplices of Balfour believed they did God service in destroying an enemy of the kirk; and accordingly all the murderers were esteemed and styled saints by that rebellious faction.

After the murder of the archbishop several parties in the west took up arms, under the leading of Robert Hamilton, second son to sir William Hamilton of Preston, the unworthy son of a most worthy father; whereupon the council met, and sent for

* One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown, but did not go into his body; upon this they feared he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot, and they drew him out of his coach, and murdered him barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead.

Graham, then laird of Clavers, afterward created viscount Dundee by king James VII. This noble person was at that time captain of one of those independent troops of horse which as I have already mentioned were raised before the murder of the archbishop. The council therefore ordered him to march with a detachment of one hundred and twenty dragoons and a lieutenant with his own troop, in pursuit of the rebels. Clavers was obliged not to open his commission until he came in sight of them. In his march he took Mas John King, one of their principal preachers. Clavers carried King along until he came in sight of the enemy at Drumclog, eight miles from Hamilton. There the preacher was guarded by a dragoon sentry, at a little cabin on the top of the hill, while Clavers opening his commission found himself compelled to fight the rebels, let their number be ever so great, with those hundred and twenty dragoons.

But before I proceed to tell the issue of this affair I must digress a little upon the subject of Mas John King above mentioned. When I was in the guards some time after I had missed Williamson at lady Cherrytree's house, the government, hearing that this John King was beginning to hold his conventicles not far from Stirling, where the troop of horse then lay, ordered the commanding officer there to send a party out to take him and bring him up to the council. I was pitched upon with a small detachment to perform this service. I went to my lord Cardross's house, to whose lady King was chaplain; there I took him and delivered him to the council. This preacher had gotten the lady's woman with child about four or five months before, and it is supposed had promised her marriage, provided the lady would stand his friend in his present distress; whereupon she was so far his friend as to get him bailed, on her engaging he should hold no more conventicles; however he went to the hills and there preached the people to arms, and in several towns, as Kirkeudbright, Lanark, and Sanquhar in particular, in company with Cameron, set up declarations on the market-crosses against the king, whom he excommunicated with all his adherents. Thus he continued till Clavers took him at Drumclog, as is above mentioned, where he got off again, until I took him a third time after the battle of Bothwell-bridge, which shall be related in its proper place.

The rebels at Drumclog were eight or nine thousand strong; their leader as I have said before was Robert Hamilton, second brother to the loyal house of Preston, but a prodigal who had spent all his patrimony. There was likewise among them the lairds of Knockgray and Frush, with many other gentlemen of fortune whose names I have forgot. Clavers's men with the addition of some few that came in to him did not exceed one hundred and eighty, yet pursuant to his orders he was forced to fight the enemy; but, being so vastly outnumbered, was soon defeated, with the loss of cornet Robert Graham and about eight or ten private troopers. The rebels, finding the cornet's body and supposing it to be that of Clavers, because the name Graham was wrought in the shirtneck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity, cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places.

Clavers, in his flight towards Hamilton and Glasgow, rode a horse that trailed his guts for two miles from the place where the engagement happened; but overtaking his groom with some led horses he mounted one of them, and with the remains of his small army escaped to Glasgow. The rebels, pursuing as far as Hamilton, advanced that evening within a mile of Glasgow, where they encamped all night. As Clavers was marching after his men up

the hill, where he had left Mas John King under the guard of a dragoon (who ran off with the first that fled), King, in a sneering way, desired him to stay and take his prisoner with him.

The rebels being thus encamped within a mile of Glasgow, Clavers commanded his men in the town to stand to their arms all night, and having barricaded the four streets, to prevent the rebels' horse from breaking in, ordered me at sunrise to march with six dragoons and discover which way the rebels intended to come into the town. I must here observe that I, with captain Sturt's troop of dragoons and a battalion of the foot-guards, remained at Glasgow while Clavers marched to Drumclog, where he was defeated. But to return. I followed the directions which were given me, and having discovered the enemy from a little eminence I was ordered by Clavers, who came to me there, to watch at a small house where the way divided, and see which of the roads they would take, or whether they separated and each party took a different way. I stayed until I saw them take two different roads; some by that from whence I came from the town, which was over the Gallowgate bridge, and the rest by the high church and college, which was more than twice as far as the first party had to come, and consequently could not both meet at the same time within the town. This was a great advantage to Clavers and his little army. That party of the rebels which took the Gallowgate-bridge road followed me close to the heels as I returned to inform Clavers what course they took.

The broad street was immediately full of them, but advancing toward the barricade, before their fellows who followed the other road could arrive to their assistance, were valiantly received by Clavers and his men, who firing on them at once and jumping over the carts and cars that composed the barricade, chased them out of the town; but were quickly forced to return and receive the other party, which by that time was marching down by the high church and college; but when they came within pistol-shot were likewise fired upon and driven out of the town. In this action many of the rebels fell, but the king's party lost not so much as one man.

The townsmen being too well affected to the rebels concealed many of them in their houses; the rest, who escaped, met and drew up in a field behind the high church, where they stayed until five in the afternoon, it being in the month of May, and from thence marched in a body to the same place where they were in the morning, about a mile off the town. Clavers and his men, expecting they would make a second attack, and discovering by his spies whither they were gone, marched after them, but upon sight of our forces the rebels retired with a strong rear-guard of horse to Hamilton; whereupon Clavers returned and quartered that night in Glasgow.

Next morning the government sent orders to Clavers to leave Glasgow and march to Stirling, eighteen miles farther; and three days after he was commanded to bring up his party to Edinburgh. As soon as he quitted Glasgow the rebels returned, and having stayed in that town eight or ten days, encamped on Hamilton-moor, within a mile of Bothwell-bridge, where it was said that their numbers were increased to fourteen thousand; although bishop Burnet, in his History of his Own Times, most falsely and partially affirms that they were not more than four thousand or thereabout.

The council, finding the rebels daily increasing in their numbers, gave information thereof to the king; whereupon his majesty sent down the duke of Monmouth with a commission to be commander-in-chief

and to take with him four troops of English dragoons, which were quartered on the borders. But these, with the forces in Scotland, amounted not to above three thousand. Upon the duke's being made commander-in-chief, general Dalziel refused to serve under him, and remained at his lodgings in Edinburgh till his grace was superseded, which happened about a fortnight after.

The army was about four miles forward on the road toward Hamilton when the duke of Monmouth came up with his English dragoons, on Saturday the 21st of June; from thence the whole forces marched to the Kirk of Shots, within four miles of the rebels, where they lay that night. The next morning he marched the army up an eminence opposite to the main body of the enemy, who were encamped on the moor.

The general officers, the earl of Linlithgow, colonel of the foot-guards; the earl of Mar, colonel of a regiment of foot; Clavers, the earl of Hume, and the earl of Airlie, all captains of horse; the marquis of Montrose, colonel of the horse-guards (Atholl having been discarded); Dalhousie; with many other noblemen and gentlemen volunteers, attending the duke together, desired his grace to let them know which way he designed to take to come to the enemy? The duke answered, "It must be by Bothwell-bridge." Now the bridge lay a short mile to the right of the king's army, was narrow, and guarded with three thousand of the rebels and strongly barricaded with great stones; but although the officers were desirous to have passed the river by easy fords directly between them and the rebels, and to march to their main body on the moor before those three thousand who guarded the bridge could come to assist them, yet the duke was obstinate and would pass no other way than that of the bridge.

Pursuant to this preposterous and absurd resolution he commanded captain Stuart (whose lieutenant I was), with his troop of dragoons and eighty musketeers, together with four small field-pieces, under cover of the dragoons, to beat off the party at the bridge. The duke himself, with David Leslie and Melvill, accompanied us, and ordered the field-pieces to be left at the village of Bothwell, within a musket-shot of the bridge: when the duke and his men came near the bridge the rebels beat a parley and sent over a laird accompanied with a kirk preacher. The duke, asking what they came for, was answered, "That they would have the kirk established in the same manner as it stood at the king's restoration, and that every subject should be obliged to take the solemn league and covenant." The duke told them their demand could not be granted; but sent them back to tell their party that if they would lay down their arms and submit to the king's mercy he would intercede for their pardon.

While this parley lasted the field-pieces were brought down and planted over against the bridge, without being perceived by the rebels. The messengers returned in a short time with this answer: "That they would not lay down their arms unless their conditions were granted them;" whereupon the dragoons and musketeers fired all at once upon those who guarded the bridge, and the field-pieces played so warmly that some hundreds of the rebels were slain, the rest flying to the main body on the moor.

The duke as soon as he had commanded to fire retired into a hollow from the enemies' shot (some say by the persuasion of Leslie and Melvill), and continued there till the action was over. Then captain Stuart ordered the musketeers to make way for the horse to pass the bridge, by casting the stones

into the river which had been placed there to obstruct the passage over it. But the army could not pass in less than five hours, and then marched up in order of battle toward the enemy, who waited for them on the moor, unsuited in the great superiority of their number. Clavers commanded the horse on the right and captain Stuart the dragoons on the left. The field-pieces were carried in the centre of the foot-guards, while the rest of the officers commanded at the head of their men; and the duke, after the enemy was beaten from the bridge, rode at the head of the army.

Upon the first fire the rebels' horse turned about, and fled upon the right and left; and although the duke ordered his men not to stir out of their ranks to pursue them, yet the army, not regarding his commands, followed the flying rebels, killing between seven and eight hundred and taking fifteen hundred prisoners.*

Sir John Bell, provost of Glasgow, as soon as he saw the rebels fly, rode into the town; from whence in a few hours he sent all the bread he could find, together with a hoghead of drink to each troop and company in the army, out of the cellars of such townsmen as were found to be abettors or protectors of the rebels.

The cruelty and presumption of that wicked and perverse generation will appear evident from a single instance. These rebels had set up a very large gallows in the middle of their camp, and prepared a

* "The royal army now moved slowly forwards towards Hamilton, and reached Bothwell-moor on the 23rd of June, 1679. The insurgents were encamped chiefly in the duke of Hamilton's park, along the Clyde, which separated the two armies. Bothwell-bridge, which is long and narrow, had then a portal in the middle, with gates, which the covenanters shut, and barricaded with stone and logs of timber. This important post was defended by three hundred of their best men, under Hackston of Rathillet and Hall of Haughhead. Early in the morning this party crossed the bridge, and skirmished with the royal vanguard, now advanced as far as the village of Bothwell. But Hackston speedily retired to his post at the western end of Bothwell-bridge.

"While the dispositions made by the duke of Monmouth announced his purpose of assailing the pass, the more moderate of the insurgents resolved to offer terms. Ferguson of Kailash, a gentleman of landed fortune, and David Home a clergyman, carried in the duke of Monmouth a supplication, demanding free exercise of their religion, a free parliament, and a free general assembly of the church. The duke heard their demands with his natural mildness, and assured them he would interpose with his majesty in their behalf, on condition of their immediately dispersing themselves and yielding up their arms. Had the insurgents been all of the moderate opinion, this proposal would have been accepted, much bloodshed saved, and perhaps more permanent advantage derived to their party; or, had they been all Cameronians, their defence would have been fierce and desperate. But while their molley and mis-affected officers were debating upon the duke's proposal, his rebel forces were already plucked on the eastern side of the river, to cover the attack of the foot-guards, who were led on by lord Livingstone to force the bridge. Here Hackston maintained his post with zeal and courage; nor was it until all his ammunition was expended, and every support denied him by the general, that he reluctantly abandoned the important pass. When his party were drawn back, the duke's army slowly, and with their cannon in front, descended along the bridge, and formed in a line of battle as they came over the river; the duke commanded the foot, and Claverhouse the cavalry. It would seem that these movements could not have been performed without at least some loss, had the enemy been serious in opposing them. But the insurgents were otherwise employed. With the strongest delusion that ever fell upon devoted beings they chose those precious moments to cashier their officers, and elect others in their room. In this important operation they were at length disturbed by the duke's cannon: at the very first discharge of which the horse of the covenanters wheeled and rode off, breaking and trampling down the ranks of their infantry in their flight. The Cameronian account blames Weir of Greenridge, a commander of the horse, who is termed a sad Achan in the camp. The more moderate party lay the whole blame on Hamilton, whose conduct they say left the world to debate whether he was most traitor, coward, or fool. The generous Monmouth was anxious to spare the blood of his infatuated countrymen, by which he incurred much blame among the high flying royalists."—*Ministry of the Scottish Border.*

earthfull of new ropes at the foot of B, in order to hang up the king's soldiers, whom they already looked upon as vanquished and at mercy; and it happened that the pursuers in the royal army, returning back with their prisoners, chose the place where the gallows stood to guard them at, without offering to hang one of them, which they justly deserved and had so much reason to expect. The pursuers were no sooner returned and the whole action over than general Dalziel arrived at the camp from Edinburgh, with a commission renewed to be commander-in-chief, which he received that very morning by an express. This commander, having learned how the duke had conducted the war, told him publicly and with great plainness that he had betrayed the king; that he heartily wished his commission had come a day sooner; "for then," said he, "these rogues should never have troubled his majesty or the kingdom any more."

Thus the duke was at the same time superseded and publicly rebuked before all the army; yet his grace forgot his dignity so far as to sneak among them at the town of Bothwell (where the forces encamped) until the Saturday following: then all the troops marched back to Glasgow, from whence in two or three days they were sent to their several quarters; after which the duke of Monmouth passed by Stirling to Fife to visit the duke of Rothes.

The same evening, after the rout on the moor, the prisoners were sent with a strong guard towards Edinburgh. On Saturday morning when the army was to march to Glasgow I desired the general's leave to go with twelve dragoons in search of some of the rebels, who might probably pass the Clyde about Dumbarton to shelter themselves in the highlands. With these dragoons clad in grey coats and bonnets I made haste down the side of the river; and about midnight after travelling twenty-four miles I came to a church, and while the soldiers stayed to refresh their horses in the churchyard I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him in his own dialect, "Whither gang you this time of night?" He answered, "Wiia are ye that speers?" I replied "We are your ane fo'ke;" upon this the fellow came up, and told me there were eighteen friends with horses at an old castle waiting for a boat to pass over into the isle of Arran. I mounted the man behind one of my dragoons and went toward the place; but the rebels not finding a boat were gone off and the guide dismised. There was a great dew on the grass, which directed me and my party to follow the track of their horses for three or four miles till the dew was gone off: I then inquired of a cowherd on a hill whether he saw any of our "poor fo'ke" travelling that way? He answered that they had separated on that hill and gone three several ways, six in a party; adding that in one party there was "a braw muckle kerl with a white hat on him and a great bob of ribands on the cock o't." Whereupon I sent four of my dragoons after one party, four more after another, and myself with the remaining four went in pursuit of him with the white hat. As I went forward I met another cowherd, who told me that the fellow with the hat and one more (for as the rogues advanced farther into the west they still divided into smaller parties), were just gone down the hill to his master's house. The good man of the house returning from putting the horses to grass in the garden was going to shut the door; whereupon myself and two of the dragoons commanded him with our pistols at his breast to lead us to the room where the man lay who wore a white hat. We entered the room, and before he awaked I took away his arms and commanded him

to dress immediately; then finding his companion asleep in the barn I forced him likewise to arise, and mounting them both on their own horses, came at nine o'clock in the morning with my two prisoners to the other dragoons at the place where we appointed to meet. From thence we rode straight to Glasgow, and arrived there about eight in the evening, after a journey of fifty miles since we left the army at Bothwell the day before.

This was upon a Sunday; and although we met with many hundreds of people on the road, yet we travelled on to Glasgow without any opposition. I must here inform the reader that, although I had once before taken this very man who wore the white hat, yet I did not know him to be Mas John King already mentioned, until I was told so by the man of the house where I found him. I likewise forgot to mention that King, who knew me well enough, as soon as he was taken in the house, entreated me to show him some favour because he had married a woman of my name. I answered, "That is true, but first you got her with bairn, and shall therefore now pay for disgracing one of my name."

When we arrived near Glasgow I sent a dragoon to inform the general that Mas John King was coming to kiss his hand: whereupon his excellency, accompanied with all the noblemen and officers, advanced as far as the bridge to welcome me and my prisoners; where it is very observable that Graham lord of Clavers, who came among the rest, made not the least reproach to Mas John in return of his insolent behaviour when that commander fled from Drumclog. Mas John was sent to Edinburgh next morning under a guard, and hanged soon after: from hence I went to my quarters in Lanark, sixteen miles from Glasgow; and about a month after (I hope the reader will pardon my weakness) I happened to dream that I found one Wilson, a captain among the rebels at Bothwell-bridge, in a bank of wood upon the river Clyde. This accident made so strong an impression on my mind, that as soon as I awoke I took six-and-thirty dragoons and got to the place by break of day; then I caused some of them to alight and go into the wood and set him up as bounds do a hare, while the rest were ordered to stand sentry to prevent his escape. It seems I dreamt fortunately, for Wilson was actually in the wood with five more of his company as we afterwards learned; who, all seeing me and my party advancing, hid themselves in a little island on the river, among the broom that grew upon it. Wilson had not the good fortune to escape; for as he was trying to get out of one copse into another I met him, and guessing by his good clothes and by the description I had received of him before that he was the man I looked for, I seized and brought him to my quarters; and from thence immediately conveyed him to Edinburgh, where he was hanged; but might have preserved his life if he would have condescended only to say "God save the king." This he utterly refused to do, and thereby lost not only his life but likewise an estate worth twenty-nine thousand marks Scots.

For this service the duke of Queensberry, then high commissioner of Scotland, recommended me to the king, who rewarded me with the gift of Wilson's estate; but although the grant passed the seals and the sheriff put me in possession, yet I could neither sell nor let it; nobody daring, for fear of the rebels who had escaped at Bothwell-bridge, either to purchase or farm it: by which means I never got a penny by the grant; and at the Revolution the land was taken from me and restored to Wilson's heirs.

The winter following general Dalziel, with a bat-

talion of the earl of Lamlithgow's guards, the earl of Air's troop of horse, and captain Stuart's troop of dragoons, quartered at Kilmarnock, in the west, fifty miles from Edinburgh. Here the general, one day happening to look on while I was exercising the troop of dragoons, asked me, when I had done, whether I knew any one of my men who was skilful in praying well in the style and tone of the covenanters? I immediately thought upon one James Gibb, who had been born in Ireland and whom I made a dragoon. This man I brought to the general, assuring his excellency that if I had raked hell I could not find his match for his skill in mimicking the covenanters. Whereupon the general gave him *5*l.** to buy him a great coat and a bounnet, and commanded him to find out the rebels, but to be sure to take care of himself among them. The dragoon went eight miles off that very night and got admittance into the house of a notorious rebel, pretending he came from Ireland out of seal for the cause to assist at the fight of Bothwell-bridge, and could not find an opportunity since of returning to Ireland with safety; he said he durst not be seen in the daytime, and therefore, after bewitching the family with his gifts of praying, he was conveyed in the dusk of the evening with a guide to the house of the next adjoining rebel; and thus in the same manner from one to another, till in a month's time he got through the principal of them in the west; telling the general at his return that wherever he came he made the old wives, in their devout fits, tear off their biggonets and mutches; he likewise gave the general a list of their names and places of their abodes, and into the bargain brought back a good purse of money in his pocket. The general desired to know how he prayed among them: he answered that it was his custom in his prayers to send the king, the ministers of state, the officers of the army, with all their soldiers, and the episcopal clergy, all handside to hell; but particularly the general himself. "What," said the general, "did you send me to bell, sir?" "Yea," replied the dragoon, "you at the head of them, as their leader."

And here I do solemnly aver, upon my veracity and knowledge, that bishop Burnet, in the History of his Own Times, bath in a most false and scandalous manner misrepresented the action at Bothwell-bridge and the behaviour of the episcopal clergy in Scotland; for as to the former, I was present in that engagement, which was performed in the manner as I have related; and as to the latter, having travelled through most parts of that kingdom, particularly the north and west, I was well acquainted with them, and will take it to my death that the reverse of this character which Burnet gives of both is the truth. And because that author is so unjust to the episcopal clergy and so partial to the covenanters and their teachers, I do affirm that I have known several among the latter sort guilty of those very vices wherewith this bishop brands the episcopal clergy. Among many others I will produce one instance, rather to divert the reader than from any inclination to obloquy. One of these eight fanatic teachers who were permitted at the Restoration to keep their livings came to sir John Carmichael's house, within a mile of Lanark, where I was then upon a visit to sir John. We drank bard till it was late and all the company retired except sir John and myself. The teacher would needs give us prayers, but fell asleep before he had half done, whereupon sir John and I, setting a bottle and a glass at his nose, left him upon his knees. The poor man awoke off early the next morning, being in all appearance ashamed of his hypocrisy.

To return from this digression.—The general sent out several parties, and me with a party among the rest, where during the winter and the following spring I secured many of those whose names and abodes the cutting dragoon had given a list of.

In July following the general, by order of council, commanded me to go with a detachment of thirty horse and fifty dragoons in pursuit of about 150 rebels, who had escaped at Bothwell-bridge, and ever since kept together in a body up and down in Galloway. I followed them for five or six days from one place to another, after which, on the 22nd of July, they stayed for me at Airmoss, situate in the shire of Air, near the town of Cumlock. The moss is four miles long from east to west, and two broad. The rebels drew up at the east end, and consisted of 30 horse and 120 foot. I faced them upon a rising ground with my 30 horse and 50 dragoons. The reason why the rebels chose this place to fight on rather than a plain field was for fear their horse might desert the foot, as they did on Hamilton-moor, near Bothwell-bridge; and likewise, that in case they lost the day they might save themselves by retreating into the moss.

I placed myself on the left, as judging that the best officer the rebels had would command on the right. The action began about five in the afternoon, but lasted not long; for I ordered my men first to receive the enemy's fire, then to ride down the bill upon them and use their broadswords; they did so, and before the enemy had time to draw theirs out many of them down in an instant; whereupon they wheeled about, and captain Fowler, who commanded the rebels on the right, being then in the rear, advancing up to me, I gave him such a blow over the head with my broadsword as would have cleft his skull had it not been defended by a steel cap. Fowler, turning about, aimed a blow at me, but I warded it off, and with a back stroke cut the upper part of his head clean off from the nose upward.

By this time the rebels, leaving their horses, fled to the moss; but the royalists pursuing them killed about sixty and took fourteen prisoners. Here Cameron, the famous covenanter, lost his life, and Hackston was taken prisoner, infamous for imbruing his hands in the blood of the archbishop of St. Andrews, as I have already mentioned, for which parricide both of his hands were afterwards cut off, and he was hanged at Edinburgh.

But this victory cost me very dear; for being then in the rear I rode into the moss after the rebels, where I overtook a dozen of them hacking and hewing one of my men, whose horse was bogged; his name was Elliot, a stout soldier and one of Clavers's troop. He had received several wounds and was at the point of being killed when I came to his relief. I shot one of the rogues dead with my carbine, which obliged the rest to let the poor man and his horse creep out of the hole, but at the same time drew all their fury upon myself; for Elliot made a shift to crawl out of the moss, leading his horse in his hand, but was wholly disabled from assisting his deliverer and was not regarded by his enemies, who probably thought he was mortally wounded, or indeed rather that they had no time to mind him, for I laid about me so fast that they judged it best to keep off and not to venture within my reach, till it unfortunately happened that my horse slipped into the same hole out of which Elliot and his had just got. When they had me at this advantage they began to show their courage and manfully dealt their blows with their broadswords, from some of which the carbine that hung down my back defended me a little. As I was paddling in the hole, the horse

not able to get out, one of the rebels ran me through the small of the back with his broadsword, and at the same instant two more wounded me under the ribs with their small ones. Then I threw myself over the head of my horse, taking the far pistol out of the holster in my left hand and holding my broadsword in my right; and as one of the villains was coming hastily up to me his foot slipped, and before he could recover himself I struck my sword into his skull; but the fellow being big and heavy snapped it asunder as he fell within a span of the hilt. The rebels had me now at a great advantage; one of them made a stroke at me, which I ward off with the hilt of the sword that was left in my hand; but the force with which he struck the blow, and I kept it off, brought us both to the ground. However I got up before him, clapped my pistol to his side and shot him dead. As soon as this was done another came behind me, and with some weapon or other struck me such a blow on the head as laid me flat on my back, in which posture I remained a good while insensible; the rogues taking it for granted that I was dead scoured off, fearing that by this time some of my men were returning back from the pursuit.

After some time I a little recovered my senses, and strove to lift myself up, which one of the rogues happening to see at some distance, immediately returned, and said in my hearing, "God, the dog is not dead yet;" then coming up to me took his sword, and putting its hilt to his breast and guiding it with both his hands, made a thrust at my belly; but my senses were now so far recovered that I parried the thrust with a piece of the sword which remained still in my hand. The fellow, when he missed his aim, almost fell on his face; for the sword ran up to the hilt in the moss, and as he was recovering himself I gave him a dab in the mouth with my broken sword, which very much hurt him; but he aiming a second thrust, which I had likewise the good fortune to put by, and having as before given him another dab in the mouth, he immediately went off, for fear of the pursuers, whereof many were now returning.

In this distress I made a shift, with much difficulty and pain, to get upon my feet, but my right leg being disabled by the wound I received from the broadsword I was forced to limp by the help of the carbine, which I made use of as a staff. I had lost my horse, for one of the rogues, when I had quitted him in the hole, led him away through the moss. I recovered him about a year after from the man to whom the rebel had sold him; and the said rebel, when he was at the gallows, confessed himself to be the same man who took away the horse at Airmoss.

There was a Lancashire gentleman, one Mr. Parker, who came a volunteer to Airmoss, with intent, as he expressed himself, to see the sport. This gentleman, riding on my right hand at the time when we received the enemy's fire in the beginning of the action, was shot with a blunderbuss under the left shoulder; the wound was so large that a man might thrust his fist into it; yet when I desired him to fall back and take care of his wound, he answered me that he would first have his pennyworth out of the rogues, and accordingly followed us on horseback into the moss as far as the horse could go without hogging. But by that time his wound so grievously pained him, with some other cuts he got in the pursuit, that he was forced to alight and sit on a dry spot of ground which he found in the moss, from whence he saw all that happened to me without being able to come to my assistance any more than

Elliot, who, having gotten to a rising ground, saw likewise all that had passed. However, Mr. Parker, as I came limping toward him, could not forbear laughing, and said, "What, a plague, have you got your bones well paid too?" Then both of us made a shift to get up to Elliot on the rising ground.

The trumpeter, being by this time returned with some others from the pursuit, was ordered to sound a call, which brought all the rest back, with the fourteen prisoners, and Hackston among the rest, who was that day commander-in-chief among the rebels. Of the king's party but two were killed, Mr. Andrew Kerr, a gentleman of Clavers's own troop, and one M'Kabe, a dragoon in captain Stuart's troop, where I was lieutenant. The wounded were about eight or nine, beside Parker and Elliot. Elliot died the next day: he, Kerr, and M'Kabe were honourably buried by Mr. Brown, a gentleman who lived hard by, to whose house their bodies were carried after the fight at the moss. An English lady living about eight miles off took care of Mr. Parker, but he died at her house a year after of his wounds, very much lamented on account of his loyalty and valour.

When the fight was over, night coming on, I ordered all my men, except twelve dragoons whom I kept to attend myself, to march with the prisoners and those who were wounded to Douglas, fourteen miles off, and to carry along with them Cameron's head. In the mean time I and my party of dragoons went that night sixteen long miles to Lanark, where the general and all the foot quartered, as well to acquaint him with what had been done as to have my own wounds taken care of. I sent one of my dragoons before me with my message; whereupon the general himself, although it were after midnight, accompanied with the earls of Linlithgow, Mar, Ross, Hume, and the lord Dalhousie, came out to meet me at the gate: Dalhousie forced me to lodge in his own chamber, to which I was accordingly carried by two of my dragoons. After my wounds had been dressed in the presence of this noble company, who stood round about me, being very thirsty through the loss of blood, I drank the king's health and the company's in a large glass of wine and water, and then was laid in Dalhousie's own bed.

Next day the general, leaving Lanark with the forces under his command, ordered a troop of horse and another of dragoons to attend me till I should be able to travel up to Edinburgh for the better convenience of physicians and surgeons. My wounds did not confine me to my bed, and in a month's time I went to Edinburgh on horseback by easy stages, where I continued till Candlemas following, lingering of the wound I had received by the broadsword. My surgeon was the son of the same Dr. Irvin who first got me into the guards; but having unfortunately neglected to tie a string to the tent of green cloth which he used for the wound, the tent slipped into my body, where it lay under my navel seven months and five days, and exceedingly pained me, not suffering me to sleep otherwise than by taking soporiferous pills. When the tent was first missing neither the surgeon nor anybody else ever imagined that it was lodged in my body, but supposed it to have slipped out of the wound while I slept, and carried away by some rat or other vermin; the tent lying thus in my body made it impossible that the wound could heal: wherefore, after lingering seven months, by the advice of a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood I got leave to go for Ireland with my surgeon, and there try whether my native air would contribute anything to my cure.

However insignificant this relation may be to the generality of readers, yet I cannot omit a lucky accident to which I owe my cure. While I continued at Edinburgh I ordered some pipes of lead to be made in a mould, through which the thin corruption which continually issued out of the wound caused by the tent remaining in my body might be conveyed as through a siphon. These pipes I cut shorter by degrees, in proportion as I imagined the wound was healing at the bottom; till at last, by mistaking the true cause, the tent continuing still where it did, the pipes became too short for the use intended; wherefore when I was in Ireland I made a coarse pipe myself, which was long enough; this pipe, after the wound was washed with brandy, always remained in my body till the next dressing; but being made without art and somewhat jagged at the end, it happened one morning when the pipe was drawn out as usual in order to have the wound washed the tent followed, to the great surprise of my father, who at that time was going to dress the wound, my surgeon being then at Castle-Irvin, where I had left him with his brother Dr. Irvin, at sir Gerard Irvin's house; the same gentleman who was delivered out of Derry goal by my father, as I have related in the beginning of these memoirs.

The night before the tent was drawn out of my body, having not slept a wink, I thought myself in the morning somewhat feverish, and therefore desired my father to send for Dr. Lindsey to let me bleed. In the mean time slumbering a little, I dreamed that the covenanters were coming to cut my throat; under this apprehension I awaked, and found my neighbour captain Sanderson in my chamber, who was come to visit me. I then called for my father to dress my wound, when the tent followed the pipe as I have already said, to my great joy, for then I knew I should soon be well. I therefore ordered my horse to be got ready, and rode out with captain Sanderson and my father to meet Dr. Lindsey, who hearing the joyful news carried us to a gentleman's house, where we drank very heartily; then I returned home and slept almost four-and-twenty hours. Two days after Dr. Irvin, and his brother the surgeon, came to my father's house, where the doctor being informed in the circumstances of my cure severely chided his brother for his neglect, swearing he had a mind to shoot him, and that if I had died my blood would have been charged on his head. He then ordered me a remedy which would heal up the wound in twenty days. This fell out in the beginning of May; at which time, taking leave of my father and other friends in Ireland, I returned to Edinburgh, where before the end of that month my wound was perfectly healed up; but I was never after so able to bear fatigues as I had hitherto been.

The duke of York was arrived at Edinburgh the Michaelmas before, where the general, from the time he left Lanark in July, continued with the guards; the rest of the forces quartered up and down in other places. The general, after my arrival, coming every day to see me in his way as he went to the duke's court, did me the honour to mention me and my services to his royal highness, who was desirous to see me; I was admitted to kiss his hand and ordered to sit down, in regard to my honourable wounds, which would not suffer me to stand without great pain. I cannot conceal this mark of favour and distinction shown me by a great prince, although I am very sensible it will be imputed to vanity. I must remember likewise that upon my return to Edinburgh, happening to over-

take the general in the street, and grately touch him, his excellency, turning in a great surprise, cried out, "O God! man, are you living?" I answered that I was, and hoped to do the king and his excellency further service.

After I had continued a month with my friends in Edinburgh, who all congratulated with me upon my recovery, I repaired to the troop at Lanark, where I often ranged with a party through the west to find out the straggling remains of the covenanting rebels; but for some time without success, till a week before Christmas, after the duke of York succeeded to the crown, and a year and a half after I was cured. Having drunk hard one night I dreamed that I had found captain David Steele, a notorious rebel, in one of the five farmers' houses on a mountain in the shire of Clydesdale and parish of Lisamahago, within eight miles of Hamilton, a place that I was well acquainted with. This man was head of the rebels since the affair of Ayr-moss, having succeeded to Hackston, who had been there taken and afterward hanged, as the reader has already heard; for as to Robert Hamilton, who was their commander-in-chief at Bothwell-bridge, he appeared no more among them, but fled as it was believed to Holland.

Steele, and his father before him, held a farm in the estate of Hamilton, within two or three miles of that town. When he betook himself to arms the farm lay waste, and the duke could find no other person who would venture to take it; whereupon his grace sent several messengers to Steele to know the reason why he kept the farm waste. The duke received no other answer than that he would keep it waste in spite of him and the king too; whereupon his grace, at whose table I had always the honour to be a welcome guest, desired I would use my endeavours to destroy that rogue and I would oblige him for ever.

I must here take leave to inform the reader that the duke of Hamilton's friendship for me was founded upon the many services he knew I had done the publick, as well as upon the relation I bore to sir Gerard Irvin, the person whom of all the world his grace most loved and esteemed, ever since the time they had served in arms together for the king in the Highlands, with my lord Gleucalrn and sir Arthur Forbes (father to the present earl of Granard), after the king's defeat at Worcester, during the time of the usurpation.

To return therefore to my story: when I awaked out of my dream, as I had done before in the affair of Wilson (and I desire the same apology I made in the Introduction to these Memoirs may serve for both), I presently rose, and ordered thirty-six dragoons to be at the place appointed by break of day. When we arrived there I sent a party to each of the five farmers' houses. This villain Steele had murdered above forty of the king's subjects in cold blood, and as I was informed had often laid snares to entrap me; but it happened that, although he usually kept a gang to attend him, yet at this time he had none, when he stood in the greatest need. One of my party found him in one of the farmer's houses, just as I happened to dream. The dragoon first searched all the rooms below without success, till two of them, hearing somebody stirring over their heads, went up a pair of turnpike stairs. Steele had put on his clothes while the search was making below; the chamber where he lay was called the chamber of Deese, which is the name given to a room where the laird lies when he comes to a tenant's house. Steele, suddenly opening the door, fired a blunderbuss down at the two dragoons as

they were coming up the stairs; but the bullets, grazing against the side of the turnpike, only wounded and did not kill them. Then Steele violently threw himself down the stairs among them, and made toward the door to save his life, but lost it upon the spot; for the dragoons who guarded the house despatched him with their broadswords. I was not with the party when he was killed, being at that time employed in searching at one of the other four houses, but I soon found what had happened by hearing the noise of the shot made with the blunderbuss; from hence I returned straight to Lanark, and immediately sent one of the dragoons express to general Drummond at Edinburgh.

General Dalziel died about Michaelmas this year, and was succeeded by lieutenant-general Drummond, who was likewise my very good friend.

But I cannot here let pass the death of so brave and loyal a commander as general Dalziel without giving the reader some account of him, as far as my knowledge or inquiry could reach.

Thomas Dalziel, among many other officers, was taken prisoner at the unfortunate defeat at Worcester and sent to the Tower; from whence, I know not by what means, he made his escape and went to Muscovy; where the czar then reigning made him his general; but some time after the restoration of the royal family he gave up his commission, and repairing to king Charles II. was, in consideration of his eminent services, constituted commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland; in which post he continued till his death, excepting only one fortnight, when he was unpersuaded by the duke of Monmouth some days before the action at Bothwell-bridge, as I have already related. He was bred up very hardy from his youth, both in diet and clothing. He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, with close sleeves like those we call jockey-coats. He never wore a peruke, nor did he shave his beard since the murder of king Charles I. In my time his head was bald, which he covered only with a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad. His beard was white and bushy, and yet reached down almost to his girdle. He usually went to London once or twice in a year, and then only to kiss the king's hand, who had a great esteem for his worth and valour. His unusual dress and figure, when he was in London, never failed to draw after him a great crowd of boys and other young people, who constantly attended at his lodgings and followed him with huzzas as he went to court or returned from it. As he was a man of humour, he would always thank them for their civilities, when he left them at the door to go in to the king, and would let them know exactly at what hour he intended to come out again and return to his lodgings. When the king walked in the park, attended by some of his courtiers, and Dalziel in his company, the same crowds would always be after him, showing their admiration at his beard and dress, so that the king could hardly pass on for the crowd; upon which his majesty bid the devil take Dalziel for bringing such a rabble of boys together to have their guts squeezed out while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit; requesting him at the same time (as Dalziel used to express it) to shave and dress like other christians to keep the poor bairns out of danger. All this could never prevail on him to part with his beard, but yet in compliance to his majesty he went once to court in the very height of the fashion: but as soon as the king and those about him had laughed sufficiently at the strange figure he made, he reassumed his usual habit, to the great joy of the boys,

who had not discovered him in his fashionable dress.

When the duke of York succeeded to the crown general Dalziel was resolved still to retain his loyalty, although at the same time he often told his friends, that all things were going wrong at court; but the death came very seasonably to rescue him from the difficulties he was likely to be under between the notions he had of duty to his prince on one side and true zeal for his religion on the other.

I must now resume a little my discourse upon captain Steele. Some time before the action in which he was killed, general Drummond, who was then newly made commander-in-chief, sent for me in haste to attend him in Edinburgh. My way lay through a very strong pass, hard by Ainslie-moss and within a mile of Cumlock; as I was going through Cumlock a friend there told me that Steele with a party waited for me at the pass. I had with me only one dragoon and a drummer: I ordered the latter to gallop on straight to the pass, and when he had got thither to beat a dragoon march, while I with the dragoon should ride along the bye-path on the edge of the moss. When Steele and his men heard the drum they scoured cross the bye-path into the moss, apprehending that a strong party was coming in search of them: but either I or the dragoon (I forgot which) shot one of the rebels dead, as he crossed us to get into the moss.—To put an end to this business of Steele: When the dragoon whom I sent express had delivered his message to general Drummond, he was just setting out for his country house at Dumblain; but returned to his lodgings and wrote me a letter that he would send for me up after the holidays and recommend me to the government to reward me for my services. He faithfully kept his word, but I received nothing more than promises.

Steele was buried in the churchyard of Lismahago by some of his friends; who, after the Revolution, erected a fair monument on pillars over his grave, and caused an epitaph to be engraven on the stone in words to this effect:—

"Here lieth the body of captain David Steele, a saint, who was murdered by John Creichton"
[with the date underneath].

Some of my friends hurled this epitaph in the following manner:—

Here lies the body of Saint Steele,
Murdered by John Creichton, that devil.

Duke Hamilton, in queen Anne's time, informed me of this honour done to that infamous rebel: and when I had said to his grace that I wished he had ordered his footmen to demolish the monument, the duke answered he would not have done so for 500*l.*, because it would be an honour to me as long as it lasted.^a

The last summer, about the end of May if I remember right (and I desire to be excused for not always relating things in the order when they happened), the marquis of Argyll, after having escaped out of the castle of Edinburgh into Holland, returned to invade Scotland, to support the duke of Monmouth's pretensions to the crown as was generally believed. He landed in his own country in the highlands, with a party of Dutch and some Scottish gentlemen who had fled for treason; among whom sir John Cochran was of the greatest note: whereupon the government ordered the marquis of Atholl and Mr. Owen Cameroun, laird of Lochiel, to raise their clans and march with their party against

^a David Steele's monument still exists in the churchyard of Lismahago.

Argyle. They did so, and in the evening pitched their camp close by him. Here in the night Cameron, patrolling with a party, met another of his own men, and taking them for enemies, because they had lost the word in their cups, killed eight or nine; among whom two or three happened to be persons of note. The friends of those who were killed resolving if possible to have him hanged, he was obliged to ride post to the king. He went to his majesty in the dress in which he had travelled, and the king, being already informed how the accident happened, instead of suffering him to tell his story, commanded him to draw his broadsword, intending to knight him therewith; but Cameron could not draw it because the scabbard had got wet on the way. The king, observing the confusion he was in, said he knew the reason that kept the sword in the sheath; adding that he never failed to draw it in the service of his father, his brother, and himself: whereupon he was knighted with another sword with the title of sir Owen Cameron. He returned to Edinburgh, and from thence went as a volunteer to serve in the standing army, which was then moving toward the coast of Galloway, to prevent Argyle from landing. For, upon the opposition he found from the marquis of Atholl and his men, with their assistance in the highlands, he shipped his forces and sailed round to the west, hoping to land there. But the army moving along the coast always in sight of him compelled him to return the way he came, until he landed in his own country again. From thence, after gathering what supplies of men he could, he marched and encamped in the evening within two or three miles of Glasgow. But the king's army, having sent out scouts to discover what way he took, encamped over against him the same evening on an eminence; there being a bog between both armies.

The king's forces consisted of the earl of Linlithgow's regiment of foot-guards, the earl of Mar's of foot, Claver's of horse, Drumore's of dragoons, Buchan's of foot, and Livingston's of horse-guards, with some gentlemen of quality, volunteers; among whom the earl of Dumbarton was of the greatest note.

Here the two armies lay in sight of each other; but before morning Argyle was gone, his Highlanders having deserted him; and then the king's army went to refresh themselves at Glasgow, waiting till it could be known which way Argyle had fled. It was soon understood that he had crossed the Clyde at Kilpatrick; and that sir John Cochran lay with a party in a stone-dyke park about ten miles off. The lord Ross was therefore despatched with a party of horse, and captain Cleland, who was now my captain (my friend Sturt being dead), with another of dragoons, to find them out. When they came up to the park where sir John Cochran lay with his Dutch they fired at one another, and some of the king's soldiers fell, among whom captain Cleland was one: whereupon the troop was given to sir Adam Blair (who was likewise wounded in that rash engagement), although, upon duke Hamilton's application to the king, I had been promised to succeed Cleland. But sir Adam and secretary Melford being brothers-in-law, that interest prevailed.

I must desire the reader's pardon for so frequently interfering my own private affairs with those of the public; but what I chiefly proposed was to write my own memoirs, and not a history of the times farther than I was concerned in them.

Night coming on the king's party withdrew, leaving sir John Cochran in the park; who, notwithstanding this little success desired his followers to

shift for themselves, and left them before morning. Argyle next evening was found alone, a mile above Greenock, at the water-side, endeavouring to get into a little boat, and grappling with the owner thereof, a poor weaver. It seems he wanted presence of mind to engage the man with a piece of money to set him on the other side. In the mean time sir John Shaw, riding with some gentlemen to Greenock, and seeing the struggle, seized the earl and carried him to Glasgow, from whence he was sent with a strong guard to Edinburgh and some time after behended.

The next day the army marched toward the borders against the duke of Monmouth, but an express arriving of his defeat the troops were commanded to repair to their several quarters.

I shall here occasionally relate an unfortunate accident which happened this summer in Scotland.

M'Donnell laird of Cappagh, in the highlands, within eight miles of Inverloch, was unjustly possessed as most men believed for many years of an estate which in right belonged to the laird of Mackintosh. Both these gentlemen were well affected to the king. The laird of Cappagh after sowing-time was over had gone that summer, as it was his custom, to make merry with his clans on the mountains till the time of harvest should call him home. But in his absence Mackintosh and his clans, assisted with a party of the army by order of the government, possessed himself of Cappagh's estate: whereupon M'Donnell and his clans returning from the mountains set upon the enemy, killed several gentlemen among them, and took Mackintosh himself prisoner. M'Donnell had given strict orders to his men not to kill any of the army; but captain M'Kenzie, who commanded on the other side, making a shot at one of M'Donnell's men who was pursuing his adversary, the man, discharging his pistol at the captain, shot him in the knee, who after having been carried fifty miles to Inverness to a surgeon died of his wound.

Soon after the government ordered me to detach 60 dragoons, with a lieutenant, cornet, and standard, and to march with captain Streighton and 200 of the foot-guards against the M'Donnells; to destroy man, woman, and child, pertaining to the laird of Cappagh, and to burn his houses and corn.^a Upon the approach of our party M'Donnell laird of Cappagh, dismissing his prisoners, retired farther into the mountains: whereupon we who were sent against him continued to destroy all the houses and corn, from the time of Lammas to the 10th of September; and then we advanced toward the borders to join the Scotch army, which at that time was marching toward England, against the prince of Orange, who then intended an invasion. We arrived there the first of October, after a march of 200 miles.

General Drommond being then dead, James Douglas, brother to the duke of Queensberry, succeeded him as commander-in-chief; and Graham laird of Claverha (about this time created lord Dundee)^b was major-general. On the first of October the army passed the Tweed, and drew up on the banks on the English side, where the general gave a strict charge to the officers that they should keep their men from offering the least injury in their march, adding, that if he heard any of the English complain, the officers should answer for the faults of

^a This execution seems to have taken place in virtue of an order from the council, which passed under the royal seal, and bore the formidable and appropriate title of letters of fire and sword.

^b Graham of Claverhouse, better known as viscount of Dundee, was one of the most prominent characters of his age. He was brave, skilful, and indefatigable as a commander, but cruel in military execution.

their men; and so they arrived at Carlisle that night.

Next day general Douglas, by order from the king, marched the foot by Chester toward London; and Dundee the horse by York, at which city he arrived in four or five days. The army did not reach London till about the 25th of October, being ordered by the contrivance of Douglas the general to march slow, on purpose that the prince of Orange might land before the king's forces should grow strong enough to oppose him.

The Scotch army at this time consisted of four regiments of foot, one of horse, one of dragoons, one troop of horse-guards; and it was computed that the earl of Feversham, who was then general of all the king's forces, had under his command, of English, Scotch, and Irish, an army of near 30,000 men. Soon after the prince's landing the king went to Salisbury with a guard of 200 horse, commanded by the old earl of Airlie, two days before the body of the army came up to him. The earl of Airlie, when he was lord Ogilby, had attended the great marquis of Montrose in all his actions for kings Charles I. and II. But, at this time being old, it was reported that he was dead before the Scotch forces went into England to oppose the prince of Orange; whereupon the king, believing the report, had given his troop in Dundee's regiment to the earl of Annandale. But the earl, having overtaken the army at Cambridge in their march, went on to London, and there presenting himself before the king, his majesty was so just and gracious that he immediately restored his lordship to the troop, ordering him at the same time to command those two hundred men who attended him down to Salisbury.

When all the forces were arrived at Salisbury the earl of Dunmore, with his regiment of dragoons (wherein I served), was ordered to pass three miles below the city, where I commanded the guard that night.

The same morning that the army arrived the great men about the king, as the lord Churchill, &c., to the number of thirty, advised his majesty to take the air on horseback, intending, as the earl of Dunmore was informed, to give up their master to the prince; but the king, probably suspecting their design, returned in haste to the city. Next night, at a council of war called to consult what was fittest to be done in the present juncture of affairs, the very same great men swore to stand by his majesty with their lives and fortunes; and as soon as he was gone to rest, mounting on horseback, they all went over to the prince except the earl of Feversham, Dumbarton, and a very few more: for the earl of Dumbarton going to his majesty for orders at four of the clock in the morning found they were all departed.

Those few who stayed with the king advised his majesty to return immediately to London; and the lord Dundee was ordered to bring up the Scotch horse and dragoons, with the duke of Berwick's regiment of horse, to Reading, where he joined Dumbarton with his forces, and continued there nine or ten days. There were in all about ten thousand strong. General Douglas, with his regiment of foot-guards, passing by Reading lay at Maidenhead; from whence one of his battalions revolted to the prince, under the conduct only of a corporal, whose name was Kemp. However, Douglas assured the king that this defection happened against his will, and yet, when the officers were ready to fire upon the deserters, his compassion was such that he would not permit them.

After this the earl of Dumbarton and the lord

Dundee, with all the officers who adhered to the king, were ordered to meet his majesty at Uxbridge, where he designed to fight the prince; the earl of Feversham got thither before the king and the army arrived. When the forces drew together every party sent an officer to the earl of Feversham to receive his commands. I attended his lordship for my lord Dundee, and was ordered with the rest to wait till the king came to dinner, his majesty being expected within half an hour; but it fell out otherwise; for the earl, to his great surprise, received a letter from the king signifying that his majesty was gone off and had no further service for the army. When I carried this news to my lord Dundee, neither his lordship nor the lords Linlithgow and Dunmore could forbear falling into tears; after which, being at a loss what course to take, I said to my lord Dundee that as he had brought us out of Scotland he should convey us thither back again in a body; adding that the forces might lie that night at Watford, six miles off; my advice was followed, and I went before to get billets where to quarter the men. My lord Dundee ordered all to be ready at sound of trumpet, and to unhidle their horses no longer than while they were eating their oats. The townsmen contrived to give out a report before day that the prince of Orange was approaching, hoping to affright us away with a false alarm; whereupon we marched out, but at the same time drew up in a strong enclosure at the town's end, resolving to fight the prince if he should advance toward us. My lord Dundee despatched me immediately to discover whether the report of the prince's approach were true; but I only met a messenger with a letter from his highness to my lord Dundee, which I received and delivered to his lordship. The contents of it, as far as I am able to recollect, were as follow:—

"MY LORD DUNDEE,—I understand you are now at Watford, and that you keep your men together; I desire you may stay there till further orders; and upon my honour none in my army shall touch you.

"W. H. PRINCE OF ORANGE."

Upon the receipt of this letter our forces returned into the town, set up their horses, and refreshed themselves. About three in the afternoon there came intelligence that the king would be at Whitehall that night, having returned from Feversham, whither he had fled in disguise, and was ill treated by the rabble before they discovered him. Upon this incident the lords Dundee, Dunmore, Linlithgow, and myself, who desired leave to go with my colonel, took horse, and arriving at Whitehall a little after the king had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand.

The next morning the earl of Feversham was sent by the king with some proposals to the prince of Orange, who was then at Windsor, where his lordship was put in arrest by the prince's command, who sent the marquiss of Halifax, the earl of Shrewsbury, and the lord Delamere (if I rightly remember), to the king, with his highness's order that his majesty should remove from Whitehall next day before twelve o'clock. This order was given about one in the morning; at the same time a barge was brought to Whitehall, and a Dutch guard set about the king without his knowledge, but with directions to see him safe if he had a mind to go on board any ship in order for his escape. A ship it seems was likewise prepared, and his majesty, attended by the lords Dunmore, Arran, and Middleton, went on board; and then the three lords returned to London.—The

* He advised the king to three things: one was to fight the prince; another to go to him in person and demand his bad news; and the third, to make his way into Scotland.

prince arrived at St. James's about two hours after his majesty's departure; and the earl of Arran went, among the rest, to attend his highness, to whom being introduced, he told the prince that the king his master had commanded him upon his departure to wait upon his highness and receive his commands. The prince replied he was glad to see him, and had an esteem for him and all men of honour. Then turning aside to some other persons who were making their court, Dr. Burnet, soon after made bishop of Salisbury, who had been the earl of Arran's governor, coming up to his lordship, cried "Ay, my lord Arran, you are now come in, and think to make a merit when the work is done." To this insult the earl in the hearing of many replied only, "Come, doctor, we ken ane another weel enough." And the earl's own father told the prince that if this young fellow were not secured he would perhaps give his highness some trouble. Whereupon this noble young lord was sent to the Tower, where he continued about a year, and then returned to Scotland; and soon after the young lord Forbes, now earl of Granard, was likewise imprisoned in the same place. King William had made several advances to his lordship, as he did to many other persons of quality, to engage him in his service; and sending for him one day, asked him why he did not take care of his regiment! My lord Forbes, not being provided on a sudden with a better answer, told the king that, having been born in Ireland, he had not credit enough he believed to raise men to fill up the places of the papists in his regiment. King William thereupon said he would take that charge upon himself. Lord Forbes, having now recollected himself, said he had likewise another reason why he found it necessary to decline his service, but was unwilling to mention it, not having the least intention to disoblige him in his highness.—The prince desired that he might do it freely, and it should not disoblige him; whereupon my lord said that, having sworn to retain his loyalty to king James, he could not in honour and conscience, without his master's permission, enter into the service of another prince during his majesty's life. Whereupon king William soon after thought it proper to send him to the Tower, but however was so generous as in the time of his confinement to send one of the clerks of the treasury with an order to pay him 200*l.*, as very reasonably thinking that under the loss of his regiment as well as his rents in Ireland he might want money to support himself. My lord Forbes, having asked the clerk by whose direction he brought that sum, and the other answering that he was only ordered to pay the money to his lordship and to take his receipt, conjectured this present to have proceeded from king William, and therefore desired the clerk to present his most humble respects and thanks to his highness, and to let him know that as he had never done him any service he could not in honour receive any marks of his bounty.

Upon this subject I must add one more particular, that when my lord Forbes arrived with his regiment out of Ireland and attended on king James, he advised his majesty to fight the prince upon the first opportunity after his landing, before his party should grow strong; but those about the king who had already engaged in the other interest would not suffer that advice to be followed.

I now return to my lord Dundee and my lord Dummore. Their lordships acted no longer as colonels when they understood that the prince intended to place himself on the throne during his majesty's life; but the first, with the twenty-four troopers who followed him up from Watford, left London and re-

paired with the utmost expedition to his own castle; and the second some time after to Edinburgh, lying both quiet until the convention of the states of Scotland was called.

After their lordships were gone to Scotland I went to Watford, where my lord Kilмыш, as lieutenant-colonel, commanded the lord Dummore's regiment of dragoons; the rest of the army which had been there being gone to other places. The major-general McCoy ordered the lord Kilмыш to march the regiment from place to place until they should come to Congerton, a town in Cheshire. Here they quartered when the prince and princess of Orange were proclaimed king and queen of England, &c., by the sheriff and three or four bailiffs. It happened to be a very stormy day; and when the sheriff had done his office, a crackbrained fellow at the head of a great rabble proclaimed the duke of Monmouth king, to the great diversion of the regiment, not believing he had been beheaded.

When my lord Dummore refused to serve the prince of Orange, sir Thomas Lexington, of my lord Kilмыш's family, got the regiment. This gentleman was born in Holland, and often used to raise recruits in Scotland, upon which account he was well known to the regiment. He came down post to Congerton, and at supper told the officers that he was sent to know which of them would serve king William and which would not! Now the oath of allegiance to that prince having not been offered to that regiment, one of the company answered that we, having sworn allegiance to king James, could not in conscience and honour draw our swords against him; whereupon sir Thomas, drinking a health to king James upon his knees, answered that he wished he might be damned whenever he should command them to break that oath. And in order to ingratiate himself further with the regiment, added that he would return to London next day for a command to march them straight to Scotland, where their wives and friends were; and likewise to procure a captain's commission for me, since sir Adam Blair, who commanded the troop in which I was lieutenant, had refused to serve king William; both which he accordingly obtained.

When he returned from London he marched with the regiment directly through Berwick into Scotland, and as they passed by Edinburgh (the castle whereof was kept for king James by the duke of Gordon), sir Thomas and my lord Kilмыш went into the town to receive duke Hamilton's command, who was then high commissioner; and some other officers went in at the same time to see their wives and friends.

The duke asked sir Thomas where I was, and being informed that I was gone to Stirling, desired I might be sent for. Upon my attending his grace he was pleased to say that he had been always my friend, and that he now had it in his power to provide for me if I would be true to my trust (for he supposed I had taken the oath to king William); and upon my answer that I would be true to what I had sworn the duke replied it was very well.

Upon this occasion, and before I proceed further, I think it will be proper to make some apology for my future conduct, because I am conscious that many people who are in another interest may be apt to think and speak hardly of me; but I desire they would please to consider that the revolution was then an event altogether new, and had put many men much wiser than myself at a loss how to proceed. I had taken the oath of allegiance to king James, and having been bred up in the strictest principles of loyalty, could not force my conscience

to dispense with that oath during his majesty's life. All those persons of quality in Scotland to whom I had been most obliged and on whom I chiefly depended did still adhere to that prince. Those people whom from my youth I had been taught to abhor, whom by the commands of my superiors I had constantly treated as rebels, and who consequently conceived an irreconcilable animosity against me, were upon this great change the highest in favour and employments. And lastly, the established religion in Scotland, which was episcopal, under which I had been educated, and to which I had always borne the highest veneration, was now utterly destroyed in that kingdom (although preserved in the other two), and the presbyterian kirk, which had ever been my greatest aversion, exalted in its stead.

Upon all these considerations I hope every candid reader will be so just to believe that, supposing me in an error, I acted at least sincerely and according to the dictates of my conscience, and, as it is manifest, without any worldly view, for I had then considerable offers made me, and in all probability should have been greatly advanced if I could have persuaded myself to accept them.

Having said thus much to excuse my conduct from that time forward, I shall now proceed to relate facts and passages just as they happened, and avoid as much as possible giving any offence.

My lord Dunmore being then at Edinburgh, I thought it my duty to pay my respects to his lordship, who had been also my colonel. He was pleased to invite me to dine with him that day at a tavern, where he said lieutenant-general Douglas (who had left England a little before on some pretence or other), the lord Kilisyth, and captain Murray (all his ain lads, as his lordship expressed himself), were to meet him. I objected against Douglas that he was not to be trusted. This was the same man who afterwards was lieutenant-general of king William's army in Ireland against king James, and whose name will never be forgot in that kingdom on account of his many ravages and barbarities committed there: but his lordship answered that he would pawn his life for his honesty, because my lord Dundee had assured him that the lieutenant-general had given him his faith and honour to be with him in five days if he marched to the hills to declare for king James. Whereupon I submitted my scruples to my colonel's judgment, and accordingly we all met together at the tavern.

Dinner was no sooner done than we heard the news that king James was landed in Ireland; then Douglas, taking a beer-glass and looking round him, said, Gentlemen, we have all eat his bread, and here is his health, which he drank off on his knees, and all the company did the same; then filling another bumper, he drank damnation to all who would ever draw a sword against him.

I then returned to Stirling, and soon after the states of Scotland met. To this convention my lord Dundee went incognito, lest the rabble who had threatened his person should assault him in the streets. He made a speech to the house to the following purpose: "That he came thither as a peer of the realm, to serve his majesty, and that, if the king had no service for him, he hoped that honourable assembly would protect him as a peaceable subject from the rage of his enemies."

Upon receiving an answer from the states that they could not possibly do it, he slipped out of the house and privately withdrew from the town, followed by the twenty-four troopers who had attended him thither; and as he rode by the castle, seeing the duke of Gordon who commanded it

walking on the walls, he charged his grace to keep the place for king James till he should hear further from him, who was then going, he said, to appear in the field for his majesty.

His lordship had no sooner left the town than one major Bunting with a party, by order from the convention, followed with directions to seize him; whereupon my lord Dundee, commanding his attendants to march on gently, stopped to speak with the major, and understanding his errand advised him to return, or he would send him back to his masters in a pair of blankets, as he expressed himself. The major (who perhaps was no enemy to lordship) returned accordingly, and my lord arrived at his castle, where he stayed only that night, for in the morning, taking 4000*l.* with him, he went into the highlands to sir Owen Cameron, where he was soon joined by the laird of Cappagh, who some time before had been driven out of his estate by order of king James (as I have already related), and by many other gentlemen of quality.

Major-general M'Coy, coming to Edinburgh at this juncture, was ordered to march the forces which he brought with him against my lord Dundee. These forces consisted of three or four regiments of foot and one of horse, besides sir Thomas Livingston's of dragoons. They stopped in their march a night or two at Dundee. The first night I got privately into the castle (as it had been agreed between my lord Kilisyth and me), and there assured my lady Dundee that the regiment of dragoons in which I served should be at her lord's service whenever he pleased to command, whereof her ladyship gave notice next day to her husband, who sent me a note by a rugged Highlander, which I received as we were on our march from the town of Dundee towards the highlands. The contents of my lord's note were, "That he had written to the king to send him 2000 foot and 1000 horse out of Ireland, and that as soon as those forces were arrived he would expect me with a regiment of dragoons."

When major-general M'Coy came within sight of my lord Dundee, night coming on obliged him to halt, which gave opportunity to his lordship to retreat in the morning, but M'Coy followed him all day, whereupon facing about, my lord advanced toward him, which caused the major-general to retreat in his turn. Thus we spent about three weeks, sometimes pursuing and sometimes pursued; our leader M'Coy still writing every post for new supplies; till at last one regiment of dragoons and another of foot came to his assistance on the 5th of June 1689. When this reinforcement came, he got intelligence of my lord Kilisyth's intention and mine of going over with the regiment to my lord Dundee.

All people agreed that lieutenant-general Douglas, who had made so many solemn professions of his loyalty to king James, and whose health he had drunk on his knees, was the very person who had given this intelligence to M'Coy, because he alone knew what had passed at the tavern where we dined, and because, instead of going with Dundee as he had promised him upon his faith and honour, he had rid post for London.

From this period my troubles began, for I was then sent up to Edinburgh, and there imprisoned in the tolbooth together with my lord Kilisyth, captain Livingston, captain Murray, and lieutenant Murray, each of us in a separate dungeon, with orders that none should be permitted to speak with us, except through the keyhole: and in this miserable condition we lay for two months.

My lord Kilisyth's friends were under great apprehensions that I would betray his lordship. But my

lord did me the justice to assure them that I would suffer the worst extremity rather than be guilty of so infamous an action, which he said they should find upon any temptation that might offer. When we had been close confined in our dungeons for two months we were brought before the council one by one to be examined concerning our knowledge of my lord Kilsyth's intention to carry off the regiment. Livingston and the two Murrays, having not been privy to that design, were able to discover nothing to his lordship's prejudice, and were likewise gentlemen of too much honour to purchase their liberty with a lie, whereupon they were remanded back to their several dungeons. It was my turn to be next examined, and I was strongly suspected; but notwithstanding my liberty was promised me if I would discover all I knew of the matter, the lord advocate at the same time also urging I must have certainly been privy to it, I positively denied any knowledge of that affair, adding that I believed my lord Kilsyth had never entertained such a design, or if he had that it was altogether improbable his lordship should impart it to me, a poor stranger born in Ireland, and yet keep it a secret from gentlemen of the kingdom in whom he might much better confide. This I still repeated and stood to with great firmness even after I saw the hangman with the torturing boots standing at my back; whereupon I was likewise returned to my dungeon.

The council, although they could force no confession from me or my companions that might affect my lord Kilsyth, on whose estate their hearts were much set, yet resolved to make a sacrifice of some one among us. But the other gentlemen being of their own kindred and country, and I a stranger as well as much hated for persecuting the covenanters (who by the change of the times, measures, and of opinions, were now grown into high favour with the government, as I have before mentioned), the lot fell on me, and they gave out a report that I should be hanged within a few days. But a gentleman then in town, one Mr. Buchanan, who held a secret correspondence with my lord Dundee, sent his lordship intelligence of their resolution concerning me.

That lord was then at the castle of Blair of Atholl, and having notice of the danger I was in, wrote a letter to duke Hamilton, president of the council, desiring his grace to inform the board "that if they hanged captain Creighton, or if (to use his own homely expression) they trenched a hair of his tail, he would cut the laird of Blair and the laird of Pollock joint by joint, and would send their limbs in hampers to the council."

These two gentlemen, having been taken prisoners at St. Johnston by my lord Dundee, were still kept in confinement. Whereupon the duke, though it was night, called the council, which met immediately, supposing that the business which pressed so much might relate to some express from court. But when the clerk read my lord Dundee's letter they appeared in great confusion; whereupon the duke said, "I fear we dare not touch a hair of Creighton, for ye all know Dundee too well to doubt whether he will be punctual to his word, and the two gentlemen in his hands are too nearly allied to some here that their lives should be endangered on this occasion." What his grace said was very true; for, if I remember right, the laird of Blair had married a daughter of a former duke of Hamilton. The issue of the matter was, that under this perplexity they all cried out, "Let the fellow live a while longer."

Not long after this happened the battle of Gilliecranky (or Killikranksy), near the castle of Blair of Atholl; where the forces under the lord Dundee,

consisting of no more than 1700 foot (all Highlanders, except 300 sent him from Ireland, under the command of colonel Cannon, when he expected 3000 as I have mentioned), and 45 horse, routed an army of 5000 men, with major-general McCoy at their head, took 1500 prisoners, and killed a great number, among whom colonel Balfour was one. McCoy escaped, and fled that night twenty-five miles endwise to the castle of Drummond.

But my lord Dundee did not live to see himself victorious; for as he was wheeling about a rock, over the enemy's heads, and making down the brae to attack them (they making a running fire), he was killed by a random shot at the beginning of the action; yet his men discovered not his fall till they had obtained the victory. The next day, though victorious, they suffered their prisoners to depart on parole that they would never take up arms against king James; colonel Fergusson only excepted, on account of his more than ordinary zeal for the new establishment.

King William, having heard of this defeat, said "He knew the lord Dundee so well, that he must have been either killed or mortally wounded; otherwise before that time he would have been master of Edinburgh."

I now desire leave to return to my own affairs. About four months after my examination I was advised in plain words by the dukes of Hamilton and Queensberry, who were then going up to London, that I should bribe Melvil, then secretary of Scotland, with whom their graces likewise would use their interest to get an order from king William for my liberty. But I was so far from having money to bribe a courtier of the secretary's rank that I had hardly enough to support myself. Whereupon my noble friend the lord Kilsyth, who thought himself indebted to my fidelity for his life and fortune, was so extremely generous as to make me a present of 500*l.*, which I immediately sent to Melvil; who, thereupon joining his interest with the good offices of the two dukes before mentioned, prevailed with king William to send down an order upon the receipt of which I was to be set at liberty by the council. But they would not obey it; alleging that the king was misinformed; and out of the abundance of their zeal wrote to him that if captain Creighton should obtain his liberty he would murder all Scotland in one night.

Thus my hope of liberty vanished; for king William, soon after going to Flanders, and not thinking it prudent to discredit the representation which the council had made of me as so very dangerous a person, left me in the tolbooth; though the two dukes, out of their great friendship (which I should be most ungrateful ever to forget), had both offered to answer body for body for my peaceable demeanour. But notwithstanding all this, king William, for the reason before mentioned, left me prisoner in the tolbooth, as I said, where I continued two years and a half longer without one penny of money, though not without many friends whose charity and generosity supported me under this heavy affliction.

My wife and two boys, with as many daughters, were in town all the time of my confinement. The boys died young; but the mother and the two girls lived to endure many hardships, having been twice plundered by the rabble of the little substance they had left; however they and myself were still providentially relieved by some friend or other; and particularly once by the lady Carnwath (mother of the present earl), who, when we had not one penny left to buy bread, sent us up a sack of meal and a basket of fowl sixty miles from Edinburgh.

My fellow-prisoners and I after the time of our examination by the council were allowed for four or five hours every day to converse with each other and with our friends: and when we had been three years in the tolbooth, my companions, being related to the best families in the kingdom, were at last permitted on bail to lodge in the city with a sentry at each of their doors. But I was not allowed the same favour till two months after, when duke Hamilton—still my friend—with much difficulty and strong application to the council obtained it for me; and when the order was at last granted, I was at a great loss to find such a person for my bail whom the council would approve of, till the laird of Pettencrife, a gentleman whom I had never seen before, sent up his name (without any application from me) to the clerk, and was accordingly accepted.

I had not been two months discharged out of the tolbooth, and removed to a private lodging in the town with a sentry upon me, when the government upon some pretence or other filled the castle with a great number of persons of quality; among whom were the lords Kilguth, Hume, and several others; and the tolbooth again with as many of inferior note as it could hold.

In a week after I had been permitted to live in the city with my family I found the sentry had orders to keep me close, without allowing me to stir from my lodgings upon any pretence whatsoever; but when another regiment came to relieve that which was before upon duty, I bribed him who had been my keeper at his going off that he should tell the first who came in his place that his orders were to walk with me to any part of the town I pleased. This was accordingly done; and thenceforward I used to take my sentry along with me and visit my old fellow-prisoners the Gillycranky-men, and sometimes stay with them all night; at other times my friends would do the same at my lodgings; among whom the lord William Douglas often did me that honour: nay, sometimes in company of some gentlemen, I would leave the sentry drinking with the footmen in an alehouse at the back of the town-wall, while we rammed nine or ten miles into the country to visit some acquaintance or other; still taking care to return before two in the afternoon, which was the hour of parade, to save the sentry from danger.

Thus I spent about two months, till the day the government had filled the castle and the tolbooth again, as I have mentioned already. As soon as I was told of my lord Kilguth's imprisonment I knew the danger I was in, and had just time to run with the sentry to a cellar, where I found twelve officers got together for shelter likewise from the storm a little before me. We stayed there close till night, and then despatched my sentry with captain Mair's footman to the lady Lockhart's (who was married to the captain), four miles out of town, to let her know that her husband would be at home that night, with twelve other cavaliers (for so in those days we affected to style ourselves), to avoid being imprisoned in the tolbooth.

When the message was delivered the lady ordered three or four of her servants to take the sentry up four pair of stairs and to ply him well with drink. Accordingly they kept him drunk for twelve days and nights together; so that he neither saw me nor I him in all that time. Two days after we came to lady Lockhart's I determined, against her and her friends' advice, to return privately to Edinburgh, to discourse with the laird of Pettencrife, my bail; resolving at all adventures that so generous a person should not be a sufferer on my account. I accord-

ingly repaid in the night to the same alehouse at the back of the town-wall, and thence sent the footman who attended me to bring the laird thither. He presently came with two other gentlemen in his company; and after drinking together for half an hour, he hid me "go whither I pleased, and God's blessing along with me!" whereupon, thrusting me out at the door in a friendly manner, he added that he would pay the hundred pounds he was bound in to the council next morning if demanded of him; which they accordingly did, and the money was paid.

I then returned to the company at my lady Lockhart's, and thence wrote to the two dukes before mentioned for their advice what course to take. Their answer was, "That in regard to my poor family, I should make my escape to my own country, and there set potatoes till I saw better times." At the end of twelve days captain Mair and his eleven friends got over seas to St. Germain; when I likewise took my leave of them and the lady to make the best of my way for Ireland. But I thought me of the poor sentry (to whom the twelve days we stayed there seemed no longer than two or three, so well was he plied with drink), and calling for him, asked whether he would choose to share with me and my fortunes or go back to the regiment, perhaps he he shot for neglect of his duty! He readily answered that he would go with me whithersoever I went: and not long after we came into Ireland I had the good luck to get him made a serjeant of grenadiers in the regiment formerly commanded by my lord Dumbarton, by a captain who was then gone thither for recruits; in which regiment he died a lieutenant some years after.

The lady at parting made me a present of a good horse, with ten dollars to bear my charges on the way; and moreover hired a tenant's horse to carry the sentry to the borders. I durst not be seen to pass through Galloway, and therefore went by Carlisle to Whitehaven. Here I found an acquaintance who was minister of the town, of the name of Marr, a gentleman of great worth and learning. Before the revolution he had been minister of a parish in Scotland near the borders; but about the time of that event the rabble, as he told me the story, came to his house in the night to rob and murder him, having treated others of his brethren the episcopal clergy before in that inhuman manner. He was a single man, and had but one man-servant, whose business was to dress his meat and make his bed; and while the villains were breaking into the house he had just time to put on his breeches, stockings, and shoes, and no more, for by that time they were got in; when he thought it better to leap out at the window but half-clothed as he was than to expose his life to the fury of such whose very mercies might be cruel. Thus he saved his life and made his escape to the English side with only four dollars in his pocket; leaving his goods, house, and parish, as plunder to those wretches, who doubtless looked on such as he was as no other than a usurper of what of right pertained to them; pursuant to the maxim "that dominion is founded in grace."

And here I beg leave to relate the treatment which another episcopal clergyman received from that tribe about the same time; his name was Kirkwood, whom I likewise knew before the revolution, minister of a parish in Galloway, in Scotland, and afterward rector in the county of Fermanagh, in Ireland. Among other good qualities this gentleman was a very factions person; and by his presence of mind in making use of this talent he had the good fortune to save both his life and goods from the fury of those godly men who then thought all

things their own. When they broke into the house he was in bed, and sitting up in his shirt desired leave to speak a few words before he died; which (I cannot tell how it happened) they granted, and he spoke to this effect:—"That he had always prayed to God he might die in his bed; adding that he had in his house as good ale and brandy as was in all Scotland; and therefore hoped the worthy gentlemen would do him the honour to drink with him before they did anything rashly."

This facetious speech, which they little expected from him in the article of so much danger as then threatened him, had the luck to divert them from their bloody purpose, and to make them comply with his request; so that after drinking plentifully they said he was a hearty eel, and left him in quiet possession of his house and goods. But he durst not trust his talent to another trial, lest the next company might not be influenced as this first had been; and therefore as soon as it was day made off with his family and effects in the best manner he could, and rested not until he was safe in Ireland.

I could not forbear relating these stories from the gentlemen's own mouths, as I might do others of the same kind upon my own knowledge, although they are contradictory to what the preachers of the new-established kirk have so confidently given out. They would fain have the world believe that they showed great indulgence to the episcopal clergy at the Revolution and for several years after. But they must grant me and others leave not to believe them; nor ought they to be angry if I give the reader a further idea of them, and of the spirit that reigned in synods, conventions, or general assemblies of their kirk.

During my confinement in the tolbooth a general assembly was called, to which my lord Lothian, as I was informed afterward, was sent commissioner from king William. His lordship's instructions were, to signify to them the king's desire that as many of the episcopal clergy as would take the oath of allegiance to him might keep possession of their several parishes. To this the members answered, in a disdainful manner, "What! shall we suffer any scabbed sheep among us! Na, na, na, na; and" and thereupon sent two of their brethren to king William, who was then in Flanders, to move him for more favours to the kirk and power further to oppress the episcopal clergy. But that prince told them in plain terms that he had been imposed upon in granting to the kirk the favours she had already got; and withal commanded them to let the general assembly know that it was his will and pleasure that they should live peaceably with those who were willing to live so with them; otherwise he would make them know that he was their master.

With this unwelcome answer from king William the two spiritual envoys returned to those who sent them; and at the same time or soon after the prince despatched an order to the commissioner to dissolve the assembly if he found them persisting in their severity toward the episcopal clergy.

As soon as the legates delivered the message all in the assembly began to speak out with the greatest boldness imaginable, saying "That the king durst not have sent them such an answer if he had not an army at his back." Whereupon the commissioner dissolved the synod, and in the king's name commanded all the members to depart to their several homes.

But instead of obeying that order they all went in a body, with that poor weak creature the lord Crawford at their head, to the market-cross; and there published a protestation, declaring that the king had no authority in church affairs nor any right to dissolve their general assembly.

I relate this story as it was told me, not only to give the reader an idea of the spirit that reigned in that kirk established now in Scotland, as I have said, but likewise to do justice to the memory of king William, which may be the more acceptable as coming from one who was in a contrary interest. And indeed I have so good an opinion of that prince as to believe he would have acted much better than he did, with regard to the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of Scotland, if he had been permitted to govern by his own opinions.

But now to come to the conclusion of my story. The Hollantide [Feast of All Saints] after I arrived in Ireland, my wife and two daughters followed me; and we settled in the county of Tyrone with my father (who died two years afterward) on a small freehold, where I made a hard shift to maintain them with industry and even manual labour for about twelve years, till my wife died and my daughters were married, which happened not very long after I became a widower.

I am at present in the eighty-third year of my age, still hated by those people who affirm the old covenants to have been unjustly dealt with, and therefore believe a great number of improbable stories concerning me: as that I was a common murderer of them and their preachers, with many other false and improbable stories. But the reader, I hope, from whom I have not concealed any one transaction or adventure that happened to me among those rebellious people, or misrepresented the least circumstance, as far as my memory could serve me, will judge whether he hath reason to believe me to have been such a person as they represented me, and to hate me as they do upon that account. And my comfort is, that I can appeal from their unjust tribunal to the mercy of God; before whom, by the course of nature, I must soon appear, who knows the integrity of my heart and that my actions (condemned by them) were, as far as my understanding could direct me, meant for the good of the church and the service of my king and country.

And although such people hate me because they give credit to the false reports raised concerning me, another comfort left me in my old age is that I have constantly preserved (and still do so) the love and esteem of all honest and good men to whom I have had the happiness at any time to be known.

JOHN CREICHTON.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE TO DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Written in May, 1689, at the desire of the lord bishop of Ely.

SANCROFT, primate of England, at the Revolution joined with his brethren in resisting the encroachments of James upon liberty and religion.

TRUTH is eternal, and the son of heaven,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub and chief lamp of that high sacred seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light
First of God's darling attributes, [by day;
Thou daily seest him face to face, [stance
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circum-
Of time or place,

Two foolish guides in ev'ry sublunary dance;
How shall we find thee then in dark disputes?
How shall we search thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?
In dagger contests, and th' artillery of words,
(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are
madmen's swords),
Contrived to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt?

II.

But where is even thy Image on our earth?
For of the person much I fear,
Since heaven will claim its residence as well as birth,
And God himself has said, he shall not find it here.
For this inferior world is but heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made;

When the weak shapes wild and imperfect pass,
Like sunbeams shot at too far distance from a glass;
Which all the mimic forms express, [dress;
Though in strange uncouth postures, and uncomely
So when Cartesian artists try
To solve appearances of sight
In its reception to the eye, [light,
And catch the living landscape through a scanty
The figures all inverted show,
And colours of a faded hue;

Here a pale shape with upward footstep treads,
And men seem walking on their heads;
There whole herds suspended lie,
Ready to tumble down into the sky;
Such are the ways ill-guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.
Disjoining shapes as in the fairy land of dreams,
Or images that sink in streams;
No wonder then, we talk amiss
Of truth, and what or where it is;
Say, Muse, for thou, if any, know'st,
Since the bright essence fled, where haunts the reverend ghost?

III.

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue be
(High Truth!) the best resemblance of exalted thee,
If a mind fix'd to combat fate [Humility,
With those two powerful swords, Submission and
Sounds truly good or truly great:
Ill may I live, if the good SANCROFT, in his holy rest,
In the divin'ity of retreat,

* The experiment of the dark chamber, to demonstrate light to us by reception of the object and not by emission.

Be not the brightest pattern earth can show
Of heav'n-horn Truth below;
But foolish man still judges what is best
In his own balance, false and light,
Foll'wing opinion, dark and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight.

IV.

And some, to be large ciphers in a state,
Pleased with an empty swelling to be counted great,
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space,
Rapt through the wide expanse of thought,
And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in one place;
Errors like this did old astronomers misguide,
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pride,
Who, like hard masters, taught the sun
Through many a heedless sphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make,
And thousand incoherent journeys take,
Whilst all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light earth's inconsiderable spot.
The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
Hung loosely on the church's pinnacle, [still;
Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and
But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
By gazing upward giddy grow,
And think the church itself does so;
Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own;
And holy SANCROFT's motion quite irregular appears,
Because 'tis opposite to theirs.

V.

In vain then would the Muse the multitude advise,
Whose peevish knowledge thus perversely lies
In gath'ring follies from the wise;
Rather put on thy anger and thy spite,
And some kind pow'r for once dispense
Through the dark mass, the dawn of so much sense.
To make them understand and feel me when I write;
The Muse and I no more revenge desire, [fire;
Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like
Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins
(Say, hapless late, although
It is a bloody list we know)
Has given thee up a dwelling-place to fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound
In governments too easy, and too fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring:
Our British soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous
And every stinking weed so lofty grows, [weeds,
As if 'twould overshadow the royal rose;
The royal rose, the glory of our morn,
But, ah! too much without a thorn.

VI.

Forgive (original mildness) this ill-govern'd zeal,
'Tis all the angry slighted Muse can do
In the pollution of these days;
No province now is left her but to rail,
And poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas, the occasions are so few:
None e'er but you
And your Almighty Master knew

With heavenly peace of mind to bear
 (Free from our tyrant passions, anger, scorn, or fear)
 The giddy turns of pop'lar rage,
 And all the contradictions of a poison'd age;
 The Sou of God pronounced by the same breath
 Which straight pronounced his death;
 And though I should but ill be understood,
 In wholly equalling our sin and theirs,
 And measuring by the scanty thread of wit
 What we call holy, and great, and just, and good,
 (Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance
 make use),
 And which our wild ambition foolishly compares
 With endless and with infinite;
 Yet pardon, native Albion, when I say,
 Among thy stubborn sons there haunts that spirit of
 the Jews,
 That those forsaken wretches who to-day
 Revile his great ambassador,
 Seem to discover what they would have done
 (Were his humanity on earth once more)
 To his undoubted Master, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII.

But real is weak and ignorant, though wond'rous
 Though very turbulent and very loud; [proud,
 The crazy composition shows,
 Like that fantastic medley in the idol's toes,
 Made up of iron mix'd with clay,
 This crumbles into dust,
 That moulders into rust,
 Or melts by the first shower away.
 Nothing is fix'd that mortals see or know,
 Unless, perhaps, some stars above be so;
 And those, alas, do show,
 Like all transcendent excellence below;
 In both, false mediums cheat our sight,
 And far exalted objects lessen by their height:
 Thus primitive Sancroft moves too high
 To be observed by vulgar eye,
 And rolls the silent year
 On his own secret regular sphere, [here.
 And sheds, though all unseen, his sacred influence

VIII.

Kind star, still may'st thou shed thy sacred influence
 Or from thy private peaceful orb appear; [here,
 For sure we want some guide from heaven to
 show

The way which every wand'ring fool below
 Pretends so perfectly to know;
 And which, for aught I see, and much I fear,
 The world has wholly miss'd;
 I mean the way which leads to Christ:
 Mistaken idiots! see how giddily they run,
 Led blindly on by avarice and pride;
 What mighty numbers follow them,
 Each fond of erring with his guide:
 Some whom ambition drives, seek Heaven's high
 In Cæsar's court, or in Jerusalem; [Son
 Others, ignorantly wise,
 Among proud doctors and disputing Pharisees:
 What could the sages gain but unbelieving scorn;
 Their faith was so uncourtly, when they said
 That Heaven's high Son was in a village born
 That the world's Saviour had been
 In a vile manger laid,
 And foster'd in a wretched inn?

IX.

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
 Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
 Why should the first be ruin'd and laid waste,
 To mend dilapidations in the last? [prince,
 And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty

Thinks Heaven has cancell'd all our sins,
 And that his subjects share his happy influence;
 Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should,
 But wicked kings draw more examples than the good;
 And divine Sancroft, weary with the weight
 Of a declining church, by factious, her worst foe,
 Finding the mitre almost grown [oppress'd,
 A load as heavy as the crown,
 Wisely retreated to his heavenly rest.

X.

Ah! may no unkind earthquake of the state,
 Nor hurricane from the crown, [late,
 Disturb the present mitre, as that fearful storm of
 Which, in its dusky march along the plain,
 Swept up whole churches as it list,
 Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a mist;
 Like that prophetic tempest in the virgin reign,
 And swallow'd them at last, or flung them down.
 Such were the storms good Sancroft long has
 borne;

The mitre, which his sacred head has worn,
 Was, like his master's crown, inwreath'd with thorn.
 Death's sting is swallow'd up in victory at last,
 The bitter cup is from him pass'd:
 Fortune in both extremes
 Though blasts from contrariety of winds,
 Yet to firm heavenly minds,
 Is but one thing under two different names;
 And even the sharpest eye that has the prospect seen
 Confesses ignorance to judge between;
 And must to human reasoning opposite conclude,
 To polut out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI.

Thus Sancroft, in the exaltation of retreat,
 Shows lustre that was shaded in his seat;
 Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorified;
 Which the disguise of greatness only served to bide
 Why should the sun, alas! be proud
 To lodge behind a golden cloud? [so gay,
 Though fringed with evening gold the cloud appears
 'Tis but a low-born vapour kindled by a ray;
 At length 'tis overblown and past,
 Puff'd by the people's spiteful blast,
 The dazling glory dims their prostituted sight,
 No deflower'd eye can face the naked light:
 Yet does this high perfection well proceed
 From strength of its own native seed, [obl,
 This wilderness, the world, like that poetic wood of
 Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
 Where the bless'd spirit lodges like the dove,
 And which (to heavenly soil transplanted) will
 improve,
 To be, as 'twas below, the brightest plant above;
 For, whate'er theologic levellers dream,
 There are degrees above, I know,
 As well as here below,
 (The goddess Muse herself has told me so,)
 Where high patrician souls, dress'd heavenly gay,
 Sit clad in laws of purer woven day. [given,
 There some high-spirited throne to Sancroft shall be
 In the metropolis of Heaven;
 Chief of the mitred saints, and from archbishopate born,
 Translated to archangel there.

XII.

Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
 Either our blindness or our fate,
 To lose the providence of thy cares
 Pity a miserable church's tears,
 That begs the powerful blessing of thy prayers.
 Some angel, say, what were the nation's crimes,
 That sent these wild reformers to our times;
 Say what their senseless malice meant,

To tear religion's lovely face;
Strip her of ev'ry ornament and grace,
In striving to wash off th' imaginary paint!
Religion now does on her deathbed lie,
Heart-sick of a high fever and consuming atrophy;
How the physicians swarm to show their mortal skill,
And by their college arts methodically kill:
Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and the design the same:
Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
Is but the patient's death and gain!—
Check in thy satire, angry Muse,
Or a more worthy subject choose:
Let not the outcasts of this outcast age
Provoke the honour of my Muse's rage,
Nor be thy mighty spirit rais'd,
Since Heaven and Cato both are pleas'd—
(The rest of the poem is lost.)

ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moorpark in June, 1660.

I.

VIRIUS, the greatest of all monarchies!
Till its first emperor, rebellious man,
Deposed from off his seat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found;
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
'Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance learning eail?
We oddiy Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools:
For learning's mighty treasures look
Into that deep grave, a book;
Tblook that she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since
she died;
C. nfin's her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priest, her train, and followers, show,
As if they all were spectres too!
They purchase knowledge at th' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility.

And sick with dregs and knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

IV.

Curst be the wretch! nay, doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy),
Who learn'd himself that heresy first
(Which since has seized on all the rest),
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scaped this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learned, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet.
We find in you at last united grown.

You cannot be compared to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;
War, that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For, though with loss or victory a while
Fortune the gamblers does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies:
And ever green and flourishing 'twill last, feries.
Nor dipp'd in blood, nor widow's tears, nor orphan's
About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire, the lightning plays;
Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shafts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly),
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow and how gross the cheat!
Look where the pulley's tied above!
Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountains shake:
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scared at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little mouse, and mocks their idle fears!

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muse
 What serpent's that which still resorts,
 Still lurks in palaces and courts?
 Take thy unwonted flight,
 And on the terrace light.
 See where she lies!
 See how she rears her head,
 And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
 To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
 'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
 And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
 Have worn a caement o'er their skin,
 So he wore his within,
 Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
 And though he oft renew'd the fight,
 And almost got priority of sight,
 He ne'er could overcome her quite,
 In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite:
 Till, at last, tired with loss of time and ease,
 Resolved to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing, beloved Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
 And in some untouch'd virgin strain
 Show the delights thy sister Nature yields;
 Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
 Go, publish o'er the plain
 How mighty a proselyte you gain;
 How noble a reprisal on the great!
 How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
 Whence'er she takes this flight
 She soars clear out of sight.
 These are the paradises of her own!
 Thy Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
 Though ne'er so gently led,
 To the loved pastures where he used to feed,
 Runs violent o'er his usual course.
 Wake from thy wanton dreams,
 Come from thy dear-loved streams,
 The crooked paths of wandering Thames.
 Fain the fair nymph would stay,
 Oft she looks back in vain,
 Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
 And softly steals in many windings down,
 As loth to see the hated court and town;
 And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
 Are nobler subjects for your learned pen,
 Here we expect from you
 More than your predecessor Adam knew;
 Whatever moves our wonder or our sport,
 Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
 How that which we a kernel see
 (Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
 Unplured by the blunt rays of sight)
 Shall ere long grow into a tree;
 Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
 Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
 Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
 How some go downward to the root,
 Some more ambitiously upward fly,
 And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
 You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
 Your garden's better worth your nobler pain,
 Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
 Was cast in the same mould with mine?
 Why then does Nature so unjustly share
 Among her elder sons the whole estate,
 And all her jewels and her plate?

Poor well-cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
 Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fate!
 Some she binds 'practise to the spade,
 Some to the drudgery of a trade:
 Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
 Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
 Some she condemns for life to try
 To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
 Me she has to the Muse's galley tied:
 In vain I strive to cross the spacious main,
 In vain I tug and pull the oar;
 And when I almost reach the shore, [again
 Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch on.
 And yet, to feed my pride,
 Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
 With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, sir, accept this worthless verse,
 The tribute of an humble Muse,
 'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
 Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
 And kindled first with indolence and ease;
 And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
 'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
 In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
 In wisdom and philosophy:
 In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
 Where nought but weeds will grow:
 Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth),
 By an equivocal birth,
 Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

THE recovery of this Ode was owing to the exertions of M.
 Nichol. (See his select collection of poems, 1778.)
 To purchase kingdoms and to buy renown
 Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
 You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
 And solid virtue does your name advance.
 Your matchless courage with your prudence joins
 The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
 With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
 And into adoration turns our praise.
 Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown,
 (Cowards are monarchs by that title made,)
 Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
 And half your virtues had been lost in shade.
 But now your worth its just reward shall have:
 What trophies and what triumphs are your due
 Who could so well a dying nation save,
 At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!
 You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
 You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
 And timely on the coming danger thought,
 Which we could neither obviate nor shun.
 Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
 Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
 You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
 Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.
 Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
 To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
 In this your virtue claims a double share,
 Which what is bravely won does well maintain
 Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
 An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
 To which they look as to some guardian God,
 That must their doubtful liberty defend.
 Amazed, thy action at the Boyne we see:
 When Schomberg started at the vast design:

The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
 Tb' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.
 The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
 You need not now give orders and command,
 Your name shall the remaining work perform,
 And spare the labour of your conquering hand.
 France does in vain her feeble arts apply
 To interrupt the fortune of your course;
 Your influence does the vain attacks defy
 Of secret malice or of open force.
 Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
 Of glorious deeds that must all tongues employ;
 William's the pledge and earnest given by Fate
 Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.*

Moorpark, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

As when the deluge first began to fall,
 That mighty ebb never to flow again,
 When this huge body's moisture was so great,
 It quite o'ercame the vital heat;
 That mountain which was highest first of all
 Appea'd above the universal main,
 To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight;
 And 'twas, perhaps, Parnassus, if in height
 It be as great as 'tis in fame,
 And nigh to heaven as is its name;
 So, after th' inundation of a war,
 When Learning's little household did embark,
 With her world's fruitful system, in her sacred ark,
 At the first ebb of noise and fears,
 Philosophy's exalted bead appears
 And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;
 And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
 To crown the happy conqueror,
 To show the flood begins to cease,
 And brings the dear reward of victory and peace

II.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
 When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
 When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
 And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat,
 On the high top of peaceful Ararat; [that grew,
 And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the first
 The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain),
 And thence, with joyful, nimble wing,
 Flew dutifully back again,
 And made an humble chaplet for the king.^b
 And the Dove-Muse is fed once more,
 (Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war,)
 And now discovers from afar
 A peaceful and a flourishing shore:
 No sooner did she land
 On the delightful strand,
 Than straight she sees the country all around,
 Where fatal Neptune ruled erewhile, [crown'd,
 Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens
 And many a pleasant wood;
 As if the universal Nile
 Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
 It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
 Preserved by wonder from the flood,
 Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
 Famed Delos did of old;

* "I have been told that Dryden, having perused these verses, said 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet; and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malvolence to Dryden.'"—JAMESON.

^b The Ode I writ to the king in Ireland.—SWIFT.

And the transported Muse imagined it
 To be a fitter birthplace for the God of wit,
 Or the much-talk'd-of oracular grove
 Where, with amazing joy, she hears
 An unknown music all around,
 Charming her greedy ears
 With many a heavenly song
 Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love;
 While angels tune the voice, and God inspires the
 In vain she catches at the empty sound, [tongue.
 In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
 And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
 The wild excursions of a youthful pen;
 Forgive a young and almost virgin Muse,
 Whom blind and eager curiosity
 (Yet curiosity, they say,
 Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
 Has forced to grope her uncouth way,
 After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye:
 No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
 For a dear ramble through impertinence;
 Impertinence! the scurvy of mankind,
 And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
 Though we be of two different factions still,
 Both the good-natured and the ill,
 Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
 We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
 In me, who am of the first sect of these,
 All merit, that transcends the humble rules
 Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
 Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
 Of admiration and of praise.
 And our good brethren of the surly sect,
 Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
 For though, possess'd of present vogue, they've
 Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade; (made
 Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
 And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
 From us, the blind and thoughtless crowd,
 Like the famed hero in his mother's cloud,
 Who both our follies and impertinences see,
 Do laugh, perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me

IV.

But censure's to be understood
 Th' authentic mark of the elect,
 The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great and
 good,
 Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
 The war, methinks, has made
 Our wit and learning narrow as our trade:
 Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
 A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
 We fondly stay at home, in fear
 Of every censoring privateer;
 Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale.
 And selling basely by retail.
 The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
 Who said would rule the pulpit, as they do the stage,
 Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
 Of morals and divinity,
 By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
 Against all logic and concluding laws,
 Do own th' effects of Providence,
 And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
 How little, very little, do prevail
 Their rust and chiefest force
 To censure, to cry down, and rail,
 Not knowing what, or where, or who you be.

Will quickly take another course :

Aod, by their never-failing ways

Of solving all appearances they please,

We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,

And straight deny you to be men, or anything at all.

I laugh at the grave answer they will make,

Which they have always ready, general, and cheap :

'Tis hut to say that what we daily meet,

And by a fond mistake

Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,

Aod think, alas ! to be by mortals writ,

Is hut a crowd of atoms jostling in a heap :

Which, from eternal seeds begun,

Jostling some thousand years, till ripen'd by the sun

They're now, just now, as naturally born,

As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,

Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,

That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see ;

Methinks I'm satisfied to guess,

That this new, noble, and delightful scene,

Is wonderfully moved by some exalted men,

Who have well studied in the world's disease,

(That epidemic error and depravity,

Or in our judgment or our eye,)

That what surprises us can only please.

We often search contentedly the whole world round,

To make some great discovery,

And scorn it when 'tis found,

Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,

Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)

We've found a little inconsiderable head,

That feeds the huge unequal stream.

Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own

That all the praises it can give,

By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,

Won't pay th' impertinence of being known :

Else why should the famed Lydian king

(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,

With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be

great,

Did with new unexperienced glories wait)

Still wear, still dote on his invisible ring !

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,

Which is, perhaps, as hard t' imagine right

As to paint Echo to the sight,

I would not draw the idea from an empty name ;

Because, alas ! when we all die,

Careless and ignorant posterity,

Although they praise the learning and the wit,

And though the title seems to show

The name and man by whom the book was writ,

Yet how shall they be brought to know

Whether that very name was he, or you, or I !

Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,

And wa'er-colours of these days :

These days ! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry

Is at a loss for figures to express

Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,

And by a faint description makes them less.

Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search

for it !

Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit,

Enthroned with heavenly Wit !

Look where you see

The greatest scorn of learned vanity !

(And then how much a nothing is mankind !

Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,

Who, by that vainly talks of baffling death ;

And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of
bruth,

Which yet whoe'er examines right will find

To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind !)

And when you find out these, believe true Fame is
there,

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due :

And this, ye great unknown ! is only known in
you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd

By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,

Impatient of all answers, straight became

A stealing brook, and strove to creep away

Into his native sea,

Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream ;

But disappointed of his fond desire,

Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.

This surly, slippery god, when he design'd

To furnish his escapes,

Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes

Than you, to please and satisfy mankind, [air,

And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and

So well you answer all phenomena there :

Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,

With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,

And all the incoherent jargon of the schools ;

Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and

shame, [doubt,

Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless

Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in igno-

rance and night,

The god of learning and of light

Would want a god himself to help him out.

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,

Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste

Of doubts, impertinence, and necities,

From every age through which it pass'd,

But always with a stronger relish of the last.

This benighted queen, by Heaven design'd

To be the great original

For man to dress and polish his uncourty mind,

In what mock habits have they put her since the fall !

More oft in fools and madmen's hands than sages,

She seems a medley of all ages,

With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,

A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff,

Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,

With a long sweeping train

Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,

All of old cut with a new dye :

How soon have you restored her charms,

And rid her of her lumber and her books,

Dress'd her again genteel and neat,

And rather tight than great !

How fond we are to court her to our arms !

How much of heaven is in her naked looks !

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways,

And ev'n my very thoughts transfers

And changes all to beauty and the praise

Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.

The rebel Muse, alas ! takes part,

But with my own rebellious heart,

And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire

To fan th' unhappy fire.

Cruel unknown ! what is it you intend !

Ah ! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend !

Rather forgive what my first transport said :

Mey all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be
shed,

Lie upon youawl on your children's head !

For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could he!)
Have even increased their pride and cruelty
Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champion, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they've now the consciences to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years.
Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from us;
And had they common generosity,
They would not use us thus.

Well—though you've raised her to this high
degree,
Ourselves are raised as well as she;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me,
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whenever I think of it:
As at the closing on unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy muse
Stays hut to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve this nobler work, most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.

There is a noontide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.

No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it pass'd,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.

For, when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again,)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come
forth;

From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful govern-
ment:
Yet shall the traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign;
Aud to all future mankind show
How strange a paradox is true,
That men who lived and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred lists of fame.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

Written in November, 1693.

THrice, with a prophet's voice and prophet's power,
The muse was called in a poet's hour,
And insolently thrice the slighted maid
Dared to suspect her unregarded aid;

Then, with that grief we form in spirits divine
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine.

Once highly honoured! false is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence!
Who, to pollute my shades, bring'st with thee down
The most ungenerous vices of the town;
Ne'er sprung a youth from out this isle before
I once esteem'd, and loved, and favour'd more,
Nor ever maid endured such courtlike scorn,
So much in mode, so very city-born;
'Tis with a foul design the muse you send,
Like a cast mistress, to your wicked friend;
But find some new address, some fresh deceit,
Nor practise such an antiquated cheat;
These are the beaten methods of the stews,
Stale forms, of course, all mean deceivers use,
Who harshly think to 'scape reproach,
By prostituting her they first debauch.

Thus did the muse severe unkindly blame
This offering long design'd to Congreve's fame;
First chid the zeal as unpoetic fire,
Which soon his merit forced her to inspire;
Then call this verse, that speaks her largest aid,
The greatest compliment she ever made,
And wisely judge, no power beneath divine [mine;
Could leap the bounds which part your world and

For, youth, believe, to you unseen, is fix'd
A mighty gulf, unpassable betwixt.

Nor tax the goddess of a mean design
To praise your parts by publishing of mine;
That be my thought when some large hulky writ
Shows in the front the ambition of my wit;
There to surmount what hears me up, and sing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing;
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tower,
Were my desires but heighten'd to my power.

Godlike the force of my young Congreve's boys,
Softening the Muse's thunder into praise;
To assist an old unvanquish'd pride
That looks with scorn on half mankind beside;
A pride that well suspends poor mortals' fate,
Gets between them and my resentment's weight.
Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T' avert th' impending judgments of my pen.

Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my Congreve will reform the stage:
For never did poetic mind before
Produce a richer vein, or cleaner ore;
The hulsion stamp'd in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furnish half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forced on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a stock maintain
From broken scraps and shavings of your brain.
Through native dross your share is hardly known,
And by short views mistook for all their own;
So small the gain those from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the sun's scatter'd beams which loose y pass,
When some rough hand breaks the assembling glum.

Yet want your critics no just cause to rail,
Since knaves are ne'er obliged for what they steal.
These pad on wit's high road, and snits maintain
With those they rob, by what their trade does gain
Thus censure seems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the sun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Crusts o'er the day, shadowing its partent beam,
As ancient nature's modern masters dream;
This hides some curious praters here below
Call Titan sick, because their sight is so;
And well, methinks, does this allusion fit
To scribblers and the god of light and wit;
Those who by wild delusions entertain
A lust of rhyming for a poet's vein,

Raise envy's clouds to leave themselves in night,
But can no more obscure my Congreve's light
Than swarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.

What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you blush the shameful hirth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since,
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes' in dissecting flies:

For, could you think! the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the Inns;
Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaux
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetical schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those pow'rs the critics, who may boast the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worshipp'd cats and sacrificed to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?

Happy you judge these lines severely writ
Against the proud usurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my story, short and true;
To draw conclusions shall be left to you;
Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the scene just here at Farnham school.

Last year a lad benee by his parents sent
With other cattle to the city went;
Where having cast his coat, and well pursued
The methods most in fashion to be lewd,
Return'd a finish'd spark this summer down,
Stock'd with the freshest gibberish of the town;
A jargon form'd from the lost language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diseased conceptions, weak and wild,
Sick lust of souls, and an abortive child;
Born between whores and fups, by lewd couplings,
Before the play, or else between the acts;
Nor wonder, if from such polluted minds
Should spring such short and transitory kinds,
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote,
Last just as long as ev'ry cuckoo's note:
What bungling, rusty tools, are used by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed:
When man's ill genius to my presence sent
This wretch, to rouse my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's-inn grace,
Squander'd his noisy talents to my face;
Named every player on his fingers' ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;
Talk'd with that saucy and familiar ease
Of Wycherly, and you, and Mr. Bays;
Said, bow a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroics next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would lose you quite,
And told you so at Will's but t'other night.

'Twas the lives of fools a sort of dreams,
Render'g shades things, and substances of names;
Such high companions may delusion keep,
Lurds are a footboy's cronies in his sleep.
As a fresh miss, by fancy, face, and gown,
Render'd the topping beauty of the town,

Draws ev'ry rhyming, prating, dressing sot,
To hoast of favours that he never got;
Of which whose'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meanest cockcomb you ean find
But thanks his stars that Phillis has been kind;
Thus prostitute my Congreve's name is grown
To every lewd pretender of the town.
Troth I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the fashionable wit;
These are the slaves whom reputation chains,
Whose maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, should the vilest scribbler to the pit,
Whom sin and want e'er furnish'd out a wit;
Whose name must not within my lines be shown,
Lest here it live, when perish'd with his own;
Should such a wretch usurp my Congreve's place,
And choose out wits who ne'er have seen his face;
I'll be my life but the dull cheat would pass,
Nor need the lion's skin conceal the ass;
Yes, that beau's look, that vice, those critic ears,
Must needs be right, so well resembling theirs.

Perish the Muse's bair thus vainly spent
In satire, to my Congreve's praises meant;
In how ill season her resentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private Muse's fate,
In pleasing all that's good among the great,
Where though her elder sisters crowding thrung,
She still is welcome with her innoc'nt song;
Whom were my Congreve hest to see and know,
What poor regards would merit all below!
How proudly would he hate the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at Apollo's feet!

Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave:
'Tis the world's wat'ry bour-glass streaming fast,
Time is no more when th' utmost drop is past;
Here, on a better day, some druid dwelt,
And the young Muse's early favour felt;
Druid, a name she does with pride repeat,
Confessing Albion once her darling seat;
Far in this primitive cell might we pursue
Our predecessors' footsteps still in view;
Here would we sing—But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the same;
Yes: you are all malicious standers-by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muse and I.

Since thus I wander from my first intent,
Nor am that grave adviser which I meant,
Take this short lesson from the god of boys,
And let my friend apply it as he please:
Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod,
But give the vigorous fancy room.

For when, like stupid alchemists you try

To fix this mischievous god,

This volatile mercury,

The subtle spirit all flies up in fume;
Nor shall the huddled virtuoso find
More than a fude, insipid mixture left behind.^a

While thus I write, vast shoals of critics come,
And on my verse pronounce their saucy doom;
The Muse like some bright country virgin shows
Fall'n by mishap among a knot of beaux;
They, in their lewd and fashionable prate,
Rally her dress, her language, and her gait;
Spend their base coin before the bashful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid:
She, who on shady banks has joy'd to sleep
Near better animals, her father's sheep;
Shamed and amazed, beholds the chattering throng,
To think what cattle she is got among;

^a Out of an ode I writ, inscribed "The Foot." The rest of it is lost.—Original.

Met with the odious smell and sight annoy'd,
In haste she does th' offensive herd avoid.*

'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell,
The Muse retreats far in yon crystal cell;
Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,
Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.

In this descending sheet you'll haply find
Some short refreshment for your weary mind;
Nought it contains is common or unclear,
And, once drawn up, is ne'er let down again

OCCASIONED BY
SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S
ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

Written in December, 1693.

STRANGER to conceive how the same objects strike
At distant hours the mind with forms so like!
Whether in time Deduction's broken chain
Meets and salutes her sister link again;
Or haunted Faery, by a circling flight,
Comes back with joy to its own seat at night;
Or whether dead imagination's ghost
Oft hovers where alive it haunted most;
Or if Thought's rolling globe, her circle run,
Turns up old objects to the soul her son;
Or loves the Muse to walk with conscious pride
O'er the glad scene whence first she rose a bride:—

Be what it will; late near yon whisp'ring stream,
Where her own Temple was her darling theme;
There first the visionary sound was heard,
When to poetic view the Muse appear'd.
Such seem'd her eyes, as when an evening ray
Gives glad farewell to a tempestuous day;
Weak is the beam to dry up Nature's tears,
Still every tree the pendent sorrow weens;
Such are the smiles where drops of crystal show
Approaching joy at strife with parting woe.

As when, to scare th' ungrateful or the proud,
Tempests long frown, and thunder threatens loud,
Till the blest sun, to give kind dawn of grace,
Darts weeping beams across heaven's watery face;
When soon the peaceful bow unstirring'd is shown,
A sign God's dart is shot, and wrath o'erblown:
Such to unhallow'd sight the Muse divine
Might seem when first she raised her eyes to mine.

What mortal change does in thy face appear,
Lost youth, she cried, since first I met thee here!
With how uddent clouds are overcast
Thy looks, when every cause of grief is past!
Unworthy the glad tidings which I bring,
Listen while the Muse thus teaches thee to sing:

As parent earth, hurst by imprison'd winds,
Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
And shakes the atheist's knees; such ghastly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear;
Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long
Not dared to injure with our lowly song;
Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
The best companion for the best of men:
As some fair pile, yet spared by seal and rage,
Lives pious witness of a better age;
So men may see what once was womankind,
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind.

You that would grief describe, come here and trace
Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face:
Grief from Dorinda's face does ne'er depart
Farther than its own palace in her heart:

* Would not one imagine that Swift had at this time already conceived the idea of the Yahoos?

† Sister to Sir William Temple.

‡ Lady Temple, a very accomplished woman

Ah, since our fears are fled, this insolent expel,
At least confine the tyrant to his cell.

And if so black the cloud that heaven's bright
queen

Shrouds her still beams; how should the stars be
Thus when Dorinda wept, joy every face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each menial lock;
The humble tribe mourn'd for the quick'ning soul,
That furnish'd spirit and motion through the whole;
So would earth's face turn pale, and life decay,
Should Heaven suspend to act but for a day;
So nature's crazed convulsions make us dread
That time is sick, or the world's mind is dead.
Take, youth, these thoughts, large matter to employ
The fancy furnish'd by returning joy;
And to mistaken man these truths rehearse,
Who dare revile the integrity of verse;
Ah, favourite youth, how happy is thy lot!
But I'm deceived, or thou regard'st me not;
Speak, for I wait thy answer, and expect
Thy just submission for this bold neglect.

Unknown the forms was the high-priesthood use
At the divine appearance of the Muse,
Which to divulge might shake profane belief,
And tell the irreligion of my grief;
Grief that excused the tribute of my knees,
And shaped my passion in such words as these!

Malignant goddess! hane to my repose,
Thou universal cause of all my woes;
Say whence it comes that thou art grown of late
A poor amusement for my scorn and hate;
The malice thou inspir'st I never fail
On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail;
Fools' commonplace thou art, thy weak ensconcing
fort,

Th' appeal of dulness in the last resort:
Heaven, with a parent's eye regarding earth,
Deals out to man the planet of his birth:
But sees thy meteor-blaze about me shune,
And, passing o'er, mistakes thee still for mine:
Ah, should I tell a secret yet unknown,
That thou ne'er hadst a being of thy own,
But a wild form dependent on the brain,
Scattering loose features o'er the optic vein;
Troubling the crystal fountain of the sight,
Which darts on poet's eyes a trembling light;
Kindled while reason sleeps, but quickly dies,
Like antic shapes in dreams, from waking eyes:
In sum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name,
A walking vapour, like thy sister Fame.
But if thou be'st what thy mad votaries prate,
A female power, loose govern'd thoughts create;
Why near the dregs of youth perversely wilt thou
So highly courted by the briak and gay! [stay,
Wert thou right woman, thou should'st scorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forsook;
Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
Assigned for life to unremitting grief;
For, let Heaven's wrath enlarge these weary days,
If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays.
Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,
That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find;
Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly born
With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn;
Which, bow'd by evening breeze, with bending stalk
Salutes the weary traveller as he walks;
But o'er the afflicted with a heavy pace
Sweeps the broad scythe, and tramples on his face.
Down falls the summer's pride, and sadly shows
Nature's bare visage furrow'd as he mows:
See, Muse, what havoc in these looks appear,
These are the tyrant's trophies of a year:

Since hope, his last and greatest foe, is fled,
Despair and be lodge ever in its stead;
March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion slow,
Still scatt'ring desolation where they go.
To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to bide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great;
"Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale;
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T' expose thy soul, elad in this poor disguise;
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hast hoped esteem—"

Madness like this no fancy ever seized,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleased;
Since one false beam of joy in sickly minds
Is all the poor content delusion finds.
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce thy visionary power;
And since thy essence on my breath depends,
Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY
TABLE-BOOK, 1698.

PENUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Exposed to every coxcomb's eyes,
But bid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint;"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth!"
There, in her own, "For an el breth!"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume!"
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes" —
"Madam, I die without your grace" —
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping top to jeer!
To think that your brain's issue is
Exposed to th' excrement of his,
In power of spittle and a clout,
Where'er be please to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Who'er expects to boid his part
In such a book and such a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION. 1700.

To their excellencies the lords justices of Ireland,*
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly sheweth, that I went to warm myself in
lady Betty's^a chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings,
and sixpence, besides furthings, in money and gold;

* The earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

^a Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germain.

So because I had been buying things for my lady
last night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right
Now you must know, because my trunk has a very
bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which God knows
is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next
my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would
have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it
slipp'd;
Then the bell rung and I went down to put my lady
to bed;
And God knows I thought my money was as safe as
my maidenhead.
So when I came up again I found my pocket feel
very light;
But when I search'd and mis'd my purse, Lord!
I thought I should have sunk outright.
"Lord! madam," says Mary, "how d'yo do!" —
"Indeed," says I, "never worse."
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with
my purse?"
"Lord help me!" says Mary, "I never stirr'd out
of this place!"
"Nay," said I, "I had it in lady Betty's chamber,
that's a plain case."
So Mary got me to bed, and covered me up warm;
However, she stole away my garters, that I might
do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very
well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought that I went and
searched the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's^a box, tied in a rag,
the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle,^b and he fell a
swearing;
Then my dame Wadgar^c came, and she, you know,
is thick of hearing.
"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you
know what a loss I have had?"
"Nay," says she, "my lord Colway's^d folks are all
very sad;
For my lord Dromedary^e comes a Tuesday without
fail."
"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that
I ail."
Says Cary,^f says he, "I have been a servant this
five-and-twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I lived I never heard of such
a thing."
"Yes," says the steward,^g "I remember when I
was at my lord Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of
gooseberries."
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her
full of grief:
(Now you must know of all things in the world I
hate a thief.)

However, I was resolved to bring the discourse silly

about:
"Mrs. Dukes," said I, "here's an ugly accident
has happened out:

^a Wife to one of the footmen.

^b The earl of Berkeley's valet. ^c The old deaf housekeeper.

^d Colway.

^e The earl of Drogheda, who, with the prime, was to succeed
the two earls then lords justices of Ireland.

^f Clerk of the kitchen.

^g Ferris; termed in his journal a second-hand dog.

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse;*
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence
makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.

Now Mrs. Dukes you know, and everybody understands,

That, though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."

"The devil take me!" said she (blessing herself),
"if ever I saw't!"

So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man:

"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the CHAPLAIN^b will be here anon."

So the chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

So as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

"Parson," said I, "can you cast a nativity when a body's plunder'd?"

(Now you must know he hates to be called parson, like the devil!)

"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says,* d'ye see,

You are no text for my handling; so take that from me:

I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have you to know."

"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;

You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife;

I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life."

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,

"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.

Well; I thought I should have swoon'd. "Lord!" said I, "what shall I do?

I have lost my money and shall lose my true love too!"

Then my lord call'd me: "Harry,"^d said my lord, "don't cry;

I'll give you something toward thy loss:" "And," says my lady, "so will I."

"Oh! but," said I, "what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to?"

For that, he said (as't please your excellencies), I must petition you,

The premises tenderly considered, I desire your excellencies' protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;

And over and above, that I may have your excellencies' letter,

With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:

And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound,
shall ever pray.

A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC

Written at the castle of Dublin, 1699.

My lord,^a to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the doctor out.
But then his honour cried, Gadsooks!
And seem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But h' thinks upon Jack How.^b
My lady, though she is no player,
Sums bungling partner takes,
And, wedged in corner of a chair,
Takes snuff and holds the stakes.
Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
For pair royals and sequents;
But wisely cautious of her pence,
The castle seldom frequents.
Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.
But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new dye the lining.
"With these is parson Swift,
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift,
To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

A BALLAD.

To the tune of the Cutpurse.* Written in August, 1702.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would need show his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat to;
Then all in the place
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold, the next morning, a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely filled up in the middle.
Cuo. Let censoring critics then think what they
list on't; [ant.]
Who would not write verses with such an assist-

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement;
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite;
That he came through the keyhole, or in at the casement;
[and write]
And it needs must be one that could both read
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below;
Howe'er, it was civil, in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
Cuo. Let censoring, &c.

III.

Even so master Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand;
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from invisible hand.

* The song of Berkeley.

^b Paymaster to the army.

^a Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza, which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, so if a third person had done it. —S.W.V.

* A usual saying of hers.

^b Swift.

^c In Fenton, one of the chaplains.

^d A cold friend of lord and lady Berkeley to Mrs. Harris.

Then, good doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift ;
And, though some malicious young spirit did du't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

THE DISCOVERY.

THE following lines probably had some share in determining the earl to get rid of so untractable a dependent, by gratifying him with a living.

WHEN wise lord Berkeley first came here,
Statesmen and men expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
Ere a week past committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out slipp'd a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.
Now enters Bush^b with new state airs,
His lordship's premier minister ;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyster.^c
With head reclining on his shoulder
He deals and hears mysterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Asks of his neighbour, who is that ?
With this he put up to my lord,
The courtiers kept their distance due,
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word ;
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my lord and Bush
Whispering in juncto most profound,
Like good king Phyz and good king Ush,^d
While all the rest stood gaping round,
At length a spark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanced on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand dispute :
To learn what northern kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd or fall of coin ;
For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
Disguised in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morn'ng's dawn, stole out to spy
How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay ;
Puts this to's excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord seems pleased, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates ;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our listener stood awhile confused,
But gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enraged to see the world abused,
By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

THE PROBLEM.

"That my lord Berkeley stinks when he is in love."
Dtd ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex ?
So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink !
The ladies vow and swear they'll try
Whether it be a truth or lie.

^a To Ireland as one of the lords justices.

^b Bush, by some underhand insinuation, obtained the post of secretary, which had been promised to Seft.

^c Always taken before my lord went to council.

^d See 'The Rehearsal'.

Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before ;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it
But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws ;
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin ;
So, when a wensel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings who in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh—
Beside all this, deep scholars know
That the main string of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut ;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert prefer'd
From giving passage to a t— ;
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathise with human a—.
Thus, when you feel a hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bowstring at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude the how relax'd again.

And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—.
Watching the first unsavoury wind,
Some ply before and some behind.
My lord, on fire amid the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the back way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore he ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first ;
So from my lord his passion broke,
He f—d first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another ;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whatever the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.
You smell the stink ! hy G—d, you lie,
Quoth Rose, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear ;
Let's not fall out ; we all had share ;
And hy the most I can discover,
My lord's a universal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER

1709.

[From Philay, Nat. Hist. Lib. s. c. 67, lib. xxix. c. 4.]

At the siege of Namur lord Cutts commended and headed a storming party, and displayed such cool intrepidity that he was complimented with the name of the Salamander, as if the force of flame and terror had been his proper element.

As mastiff dogs, in modern phrase, are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar ;
As pies and daws are often styl'd
With christian nicknames, like a child ;
As we say *Monsieur* to an ape,
Without offence to human shape ;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would best their nature suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit :

For what is understood by *fame*,
 Besides the getting of a *name*?
 But e'er since men invented guns,
 A different way their fancy runs :
 To paint a hero, we inquire
 For something that will conquer *fire*.
 Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*?
 Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
 Are these too low?—then find out grander,
 Call my *Loan Cutts* a *Salamander*.
 'Tis well;—but since we live among
 Detractors with an evil tongue,
 Who may object against the term,
 Pliny shall prove what we affirm :
 Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
 And I'll be judged by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defined
 This reptile of the serpent kind,
 With gaudy coat, and shining train;
 But loathsome spots his body stain;
 Out from some hole obscure he flies,
 When rains descend and tempests rise,
 Till the sun clears the air; and then
 Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has raised a storm,
 I've seen a snake in human form,
 All stain'd with infamy and vice,
 Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
 Burnish and make a gaudy show,
 Become a general, peer, and beau,
 Till peace has made the sky serene,
 Then shrink into its hole again.
 "All this we grant—why then, look yonder,
 Sure that must be a *Salamander*!"

Further, we are by Pliny told,
 This serpent is extremely cold;
 So cold, that, put it in the fire,
 'Twill make the very flames expire :
 Besides, it spews a filthy froth
 (Whether through rage or love, or both)
 Of matter purulent and white,
 Which, happening on the skin to light,
 And there corrupting to a wound,
 Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
 By age and claps grown cold as snow,
 Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
 Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame :
 And should some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
 Like *Carleton* cheap, or famed *Du-Roi*,
 Receive the filth which he ejects,
 She soon would find the same effects,
 Her tainted carcass to pursue,
 As from the salamander's spew;
 A dismal shedding of her locks,
 And, if no leprosy, a pox.
 "Then I'll appeal to each bystander,
 If this be not a *Salamander*!"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Who commanded the British forces to Spain.
 MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
 The christian world his deeds proclaim,
 And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
 Sits up till midnight with his host,
 Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
 Flies like a quail from place to place,
 And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette a-la-matin,
 This day's arrived, without his train,
 Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reck
 Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
 He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
 And rides through Dover in the morn :
 Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
 The roads are with his followers strewn,
 This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
 Returning sound in limb and wind,
 Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
 His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
 Would halt behind him were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
 When you have not the least suspicion,
 He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
 In senates hold, and fierce in war;
 A land commander and a tar :

Heroic actions early bred in,
 Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
 But by his namesake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately lost a part
 Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH^a heart,
 For want of which, by way of botch,
 She pieced it up again with SCOTCH
 Bless'd revolution! which creates
 Divided hearts, united states!
 See how the double nation lies,
 Like a rich coat with skirts of frise :
 As if a man, in making posies,
 Should bundle thistles up with roses.
 Who ever yet a union saw
 Of kingdoms without faith or law?
 Henceforward let no statesman dare
 A kingdom to a ship compare;
 Lest he should call our commonweal,
 A vessel with a double keel :
 Which just like ours, new rigg'd and man'd
 And got about a league from land,
 By change of wind to leeward side,
 The pilot knew not how to guide.
 So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
 Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

TO MRS. BIDDY FLOYD;

Or, the receipt to form a beauty, 1708.

WHEN Cupid did his grandaunt Jove entreat
 To form some beauty by a new receipt,
 Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene
 Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene :
 From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
 Piek'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
 The Graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride :
 These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
 Of nice coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
 Jove mix'd 'em up all, and the best clay employ'd;
 Then call'd the happy composition FLOYD.

THE REVERSE

(TO SWIFT'S VERSES ON BIDDY FLOYD);
 OR MRS. CLUDD.

VENUS one day, as story goes,
 But for what reason no man knows,

^a The motto on queen Anne's coronation medal.

In sullen mood and grave deport,
Trudged it away to Jove's high court;
And there his godship did entreat
To look out for his best receipt:
And make a monster strange and odd,
Abhor'd by man and every god.
Jove, ever kind to all the fair,
Nor e'er refus'd a lady's prayer,
Straight oped 'scrutoire, and forth he took
A neatly bound and well-gilt book;
Sure sign that nothing enter'd there
But what was very choice and rare.
Scarcely had he turn'd a page or two,—
It might be more, for aught I knew;
But, be the matter more or less,
'Mong friends 'twill break no square, I guess;—
Then, smiling, to the dame quoth he,
Here's one will fit you to a T.
But, as the writing doth prescribe,
'Tis fit the ingredients we provide.
Away he went, and search'd the stews,
And every street about the Mews;
Diseases, impudence, and lies,
Are found and brought him in a trice.
From Hackney then he did provide
A clumsy air and awkward pride;
From lady's toilet next he brought
Noise, scandal, and malicious thought.
These Jove put in an old close-stool,
And with them mix'd the vain, the fool.
But now came on his greatest care,
Of what he should his paste prepare;
For common clay or finer mould
Was much too good such stuff to hold.
At last he wisely thought on mud;
So raised it up, and call'd it—*Chudd*.
With this, the lady, well content,
Low curtsied, and away she went.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. FINCH,*

Under her name of Ardelia.

PHŒBUS, now shortening every shade,
Up to the northern tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid
Attending on a royal dame.
The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenced his head with his own bays
Before he durst the nymph approach.
Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.
The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And guess'd his business ere he spoke.
He, in the old celestial cant,
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.
Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublimary ladies.
Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As baving malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trisil,
To cheat the god in his own art.

* Afterwards countess of Winchelsea.

"Hear my request," the virgin said;
"Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend whenever I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow obliged, by passion led,
The god could not refuse her prayer:
He waded his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
But made his leg and went away.

He hoped to find some lucky hour,
When on their queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power:
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
"Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler part."

"Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despoil a poet's name!"

"Of modest poets be thou first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse."

"And last, my vengeance to complete,
May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!"

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt, 1705.

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power;
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets or elegies to Chloris
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observed they grew a numerous race;
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil, therefore, to prevent,
He wisely chaoged their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there:
And 'tis conceived their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van
In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald * and a poet ;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay ;
Or, by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice ;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
" Great Jove ! " he cried, " the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect ;
What palaces shall we erect !
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
Jove smiled, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolved to write a farce ;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies,
Takes a French play as lawful prize ;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke ;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, " a *bûte*."
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest ;
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides :
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks !
Why then old plays deserve old bricks ;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging, lent his aid ;
Th' experienced bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second hand.)
Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit—
And first the prologue built a wall,
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produced no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep ; and so
A cellar next was dug below ;
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room.
Thus far advanced, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place, not decent here to name.

Now, poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother Van ;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
" Where may the poet's palace lie ?"
Another of the Thames inquires
If he has seen its gilded spire !
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie.

Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van :—
" Thrice happy poet ! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail ;
Or barnes'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise ;
Or in a boat when'er thou wilt
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt !
Capacious house ! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small ;
For every wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother hunt, art born again,
Born like a phoenix from the flame ;
But neither bulk nor shape the same ;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies ;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile ;
So chemists boast they have a power
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past ;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own."

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

1708.

WHEN mother Cludd had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How miss pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture ;
He view'd the edifice, and smiled,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child ;
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.

But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work ;
With true delight observed them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admired, and took
The model in his table-book ;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolved a house to build :
A real house, with rooms and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs ;
Taller than miss's by two yards ;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards ;
And so he did ; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew ;
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envy to see themselves outdone.

From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building famed, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the Second ;
No wonder, since wise authors show
That best foundations must be low ;

* Sir John Vanbrugh, then Clarencieux King of arms.
VOL. I.

And now the duke has lately ta'en him
To be his architect at B'eusheim.

But railery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A mousetrap-man chief engineer.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-
TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET.
1704.

Imitated from the eighth book of Ovid.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' cautious strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old house-ye-man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brim,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What art thou?"
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But for that pack of churlish bores,
Not fit to live on christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joint,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:

In vain; for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course;
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, hut a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, though it had lendu feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, ne'er allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung big, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Mall,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter:
And, high in order placed, describe
The beraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews:
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
He smoked his pipe and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could set his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine;"

Found his head filled with many a system ;
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinnars edged with colberteen ;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin, founne'd with lace.
" Plain goody " would no longer down,
"Twas " madam," in her gingham gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amazed to see her look so prim,
And she admired as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife ;
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discouraging o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk ;
When Bancis hastily cried out—
" My dear, I see your forehead sprout ! "—
" Sprout ! " quoth the man ; " what's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me jealous !
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my Muse ;
In short they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight ;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew :
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn cut Baucis down ;
At which, 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A GRUB-STREET ELEGY.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE THE
ALMANAC-MAKER. 1708.

WELL ; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest :
Partridge is dead ! nay more, he died
Ere he could prove the good 'squire lied.
Strange an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky ;
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse !
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd !
No comet with a flaming beard !
The sun has rose and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead ;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies ;
And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling* and astrology ;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes :
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them ;

* Partridge was a cobbler.—SWIFT.

And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays ;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.

Besides, that slow-paced sign Bootes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis ;
But Partridge ended all disputes ;
He knew his trade and call'd it *Boots* !
The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideless kept their toes from eorns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refiner in harometry)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather ;
And what is parchment else but leather ?
While an astrologer might use
Either for almanacs or shoes.

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts ;
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light ;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears ;
To show his skill he Mars could join
To Venus, in aspect malign ;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side :
One rose a star ; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

But Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.

Triumphant star ! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by p—g out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enlosed artificers to choke.

Though, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there,
To thee the Bull would lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dried ;
For thee thy Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax ;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make the ends ;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art ;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.

For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and sit^b astride,
To take thee kindly in between ;
And then the signs will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

HENE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, star-monger, and quack ;

* See his almanac.—SWIFT.

^b " Tibi brachia contrahit ingens Scorpius," &c.

Who to the stars, in pure good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave hut once a-week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY. 1709.

SEVEN and ten, addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne,
Tamy's river twys y-froen,
Walke sans wetting shoes ne boson.
Then comyth forth, ich understonde,
From towne of stoffe to fatyn londe,
An hardie chyftan,^a woe the morne,
To Fraunce, that evere he was born.
Then shall the fysh^b beweyle his hosse:
Nor shall grin Berrys^c make up the losse.
Young Symnele^d shall again miscarrye;
And Norway's pryd^e again shall marrye.
And from the tree where blossoms feeble,
Ripe fruit shall come, and all is wele.
Beasms shall dance honde in honde,^f
And it shall be merrie in olde Inglande;
Then old Inglande shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorie therefore.
Geryon^g shall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge^h makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

Written in April, 1709; and first printed in the Tatler.

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slipshod^a prentice from his master's door
Had pured the dirt and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till down'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet; [street.
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Dly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER

In imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

Written in October, 1710; and first printed in the Tatler.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.

^a Duke of Marlborough.

^b Duke of Berry.

^c Queen Anne.

^d A king of Britain, slain by Hercules.

^e The archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family.

^f The Dauphin.

^g The young pretender.

^h By the Union.

A coming shower your shooting ears presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain.
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne asleep;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whisks on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade!
Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairman bore the wooden steed,
Fragrant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Fifth of all hues and odour seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Sepulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill-ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweeping from butchers' stalls dung, guts, and blood;
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling down the
flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK. 1710.

WHOMSOEVER pleases to inquire
Why yonder steeple waits a spire
The grey old fellow, poet Joe,^a
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground:
For by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.

^a Mr. Beaumont of Trim, remarkable for venerable white locks.

This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the churchyard stile;
Tho' walls in tumbling got a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar Walls.*

The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out:
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.

A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton^b took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model;
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To hake one loaf, or keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson (Stella) gave her verdict,
And every one was pleased that heard it;
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.

The reverend Dr. Raymond^c guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale,
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.

Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.

Says Nancy,^d I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
Tho' dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe my apronful of bricks.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

First printed in the Tatler.

Scene, the Royal Exchange.

CORYDON.

Now the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more,
While other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chaffing-dish away,
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that hardy dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS.

Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:

* Archdeacon Walt, a correspondent of Swift's.

^b Dr. Swift's curate at Llangar. ^c Minister of Trim.

^d The waiting-woman.

Alas! the day when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-lun betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (O, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

CON. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red-herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn-road;
Fleet-street, transform'd, become a flowery green,
And mass be sung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit and the St. James's beau
Shall change their quarters and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the groom porter's, that play off his plume.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I dote at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and veniches you regale?
My livelong hours in anxious cares are pass'd,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Exposed in vain my glossy ribbons shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

CON. Hard fate of virtue thus to be distress'd,
Thou fairest of thy trade and far the best;
As fruitmen's stalls the summer market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Pinmeako is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so Phillis does appear
In playhouse and in park above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHIL. And yet Creponia, that conceited fair,
Amid her toys affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

CON. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHIL. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she and fifty more
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be placed,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

CON. What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHIL. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

CON. However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels and the remnant of a chine.

And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall and hars resound;
Each ready sempstress slips her pattens on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

L. B. W. H. J. S. S. T.

TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE. 1713.

Among the members who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The god of wit, and light, and arts,
With all acquired and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.

Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew;
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light;
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb or a rake.

How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet in love success!
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you;
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts whereiu you both excell'd
I fancied every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud
(As falks are insolent and vain),
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain;
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupified them all to stocks.
The nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd;
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purified her mortal sight;
Show'd her the virtues all combined,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their locks are all by method set,
When to be prude and when coquette;
Yet wanting skill and power to choose,
Their only pride is to refuse.
But when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd.
Thus the bright empress of the morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first;
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.

Dianna thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.

Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

PHYLLIS;

OR THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. 17 3.

DESCENDING Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:

She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear;
If o'er against her you were placed,
She durst not look above your waist;
She'd rather take you to her bed
Than let you see her dress her head;
In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud;
In church, secure beheld her fan,
She durst behold that monster man:
There practised how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And leave her bosom unaware
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.

At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer feed,
The vicar and the ring bespoke;
Guess, how could such a match he broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father used to say,
The girl had such a bashful way.

Now John the hunter must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoever she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.

See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.

Old madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
"To my much honour'd father—those—"
('Tis always done, romances tell us
When daughters run away with fellows),
Fill'd with the choicest common places,
By others used in the like cases,—
"That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befell her;
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;
For marriages were made in heaven:
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd do it if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor;
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She us'd before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.
One argument she summ'd up all in,
The thing was done and past recalling;
And therefore hoped she should recover
His favour when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;

The loving couple well bemired;
 The horse and both the riders tired;
 Their victuals had, their lodging worse;
 Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
 Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventured out with him;
 John wished that he had broke a leg,
 When first for her he quitted Peg.
 But what adventures more befell them,
 The Muse has now no time to tell them,
 How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
 Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
 How oft she broke her marriage vows,
 In kindness to maintain her spouse,
 Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
 For now the surgeons must be paid,
 To whom those perquisites are gone,
 In christian justice due to John.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce,
 And with exact poetic justice;
 For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
 They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.
 Addressed to archbishop King. 1718.

VIRTUS conceal'd within our breast
 Is inactivity at best:
 But never shall the Muse endure
 To let your virtues lie obscure,
 Or suffer Envy to conceal
 Your labours for the public weal.
 Within your breast all wisdom lies,
 Either to govern or advise;
 Your steady soul preserves her frame
 In good and evil times the same.
 Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
 Stand in your sacred presence awed;
 Your hand alone from gold abstains,
 Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own
 Whose fortune is not overgrown;
 And happy he who wisely knows
 To use the gifts that heaven bestows;
 Or, if it please the powers divine,
 Can suffer want and not repine.
 The man who infamy to shun
 Into the arms of death would run,
 That man is ready to defend
 With life, his country or his friend.

TO MR. DELANY, Nov. 10, 1718.

The rev. Patrick Delany, an excellent and learned divine, had been patronised by sir Constantine Philipps, chancellor of Ireland under Harley's administration.

To you, whose virtues, I must own
 With shame, I have too lately known;
 To you by art and nature taught
 To be the man I long have sought,
 Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
 Placed you in life too far behind:
 Or, what I should repine at more,
 Placed me in life too far before:
 To you the Muse this verse bestows,
 Which might as well have been in prose;
 No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
 But simple topics told in rhyme.

Talents for conversation fit
 Are humour, breeding, ease, and wit:
 The last, as boundless as the wind,
 Is well conceived, though not defined;

For, sure by wit is chiefly meant
 Applying well what we invent.
 What humour is, not all the tribe
 Of logic-mongers can describe;
 Here nature only acts her part,
 Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
 For wit and humour differ quite;
 That gives surprise, and this delight,
 Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild.
 Only by affectation spoil'd;
 'Tis never by invention got,
 Men have it when they know it not.

Our conversation to refine,
 Humour and wit must both combine:
 From both we learn to rally well,
 Wherein sometimes the French excel;
 Voltore in various lights displays
 That irony which turns to praise:
 His genius first found out the rule
 For an ohling ridicule:
 He flatters with peculiar air
 The brave, the witty, and the fair:
 And fools would fancy he intends
 A satire where he most commends.

But as a poor pretending beau,
 Because he fain would make a show,
 Nor can arrive at silver lace,
 Takes up with copper in the place;
 So the pert dunces of mankind,
 When'er they would be thought refined,
 As if the difference lay astruse
 'Twixt raillery and gross abuse;
 To show their parts will scold and rail,
 Like porters o'er a pot of ale.

Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
 Always together by the ears;
 Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
 That meet for nothing but a gibe;
 Who first run one another down,
 And then fall foul on all the town;
 Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
 And call'd by excellence The Clob.
 I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
 All special friends, and always jar.

The mettled and the vicious steed
 Differ as little in their breed!
 Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
 As rudeness is to repartee.

If what you said I wish unspoke,
 'Twill not suffice it was a joke;
 Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
 For those defects he cannot mend;
 His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
 If named with scorn, gives just offence.

What use in life to make men fret,
 Part in worse humour than they met!
 Thus all society is lost,
 Men laugh at one another's cost;
 And half the company is teased
 That came together to be pleased;
 For all buffoons have most in view
 To please themselves by vexing you.

You wonder now to see me write
 So gravely on a subject light;
 Some part of what I here design
 Regards a friend [Sheridan] of yours and mine;
 Who neither void of sense nor wit,
 Yet seldom judges what is fit.
 But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
 And takes unmeasurable rounds.

When jeets are carried on too far,
 And the loud laugh begins the war,
 You keep your countenance for shame,
 Yet still you think your friend to blame;

For though men cry they love a jest,
 'Tis but when others stand the test;
 And (would you have their meaning known)
 They love a jest that is their own.
 You must, although the point be nice,
 Bestow your friend some good advice:
 One hint from you will set him right,
 And teach him how to be polite.
 Bid him like you observe with care,
 Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
 Nor indistinctly to suppose
 All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose.
 To study the obliging jest,
 By reading those who teach it best;
 For prose I recommend Voiture's,
 For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
 He'll find the secret out from thence,
 To rhyme all day without offence;
 And I no more shall then accuse
 The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse.
 If he be guilty, you must mend him;
 If he be innocent, defend him.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER;

Who died the 6th of July, 1720.

SWIFT, with some of his usual party, happened to be in Mr. Sheridan's, in Capel-street, when the news of Demar's death was brought to them; and the elegy was the joint composition of the company.

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
 By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;
 Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
 His faithful steward in the shades below.
 He walk'd the streets and wore a threadbare cloak;
 He dined and sup'd at charge of other folk;
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might he thought an object fit for alms.
 So, to the poor if he refused his pelf,
 He used them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
 Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble
 debtors;

And under hand and seal, the Irish nation
 Were forced to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half the kingdom bought
 In half a minute is not worth a groat.

His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument would not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh London Tavern! thou hast lost a friend,
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend;
 He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize;
 "But as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite
 Cast in his dart, which made three moldores light,
 And as he saw his darling money fail,
 Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
 He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
 If he should now be cried down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on this heathow;
 Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
 A dismal hanker must that banker be,
 Who gives no hills but of mortality!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
 Demar, the wealthy and the wise:

His heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his carcase in a chest;
 The very chest in which, they say,
 His other self, his money, lay.
 And if his heirs continue kind
 To that dear self he left behind,
 I dare believe that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BOURMONT,

ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse;
 But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows;
 Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,
 And you adore him, because he adores you.
 Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
 For you by this rule must adore all mankind.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE DEANERY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

ARE the guests of this house still doom'd to be
 cheated? [treated.
 Sure the fates have decreed they by halves should be
 In the days of good John,* if you came here to dine,
 You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good
 wine.

In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
 You have choice of good wine, but no choice of
 good meat.

O Jove! then how fully might all sides he blest,
 Would'st thou but agree to this humble request!
 Put both deans in one; or if that's too much trouble,
 Instead of the deans make the deanery double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW †

A BARD, on whom Phoebus his spirit bestow'd,
 Resolving 't acknowledge the bounty he owed,
 Found out a new method at once of confessing,
 And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
 To the God he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd chouse,
 By making his patron preside in his house:
 And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
 That the God would in honour hear most of th'
 expense; [treat
 So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phoebus to
 With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat,
 Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
 Are always fob'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720.

RIGHT trusty, and so forth—we let you to know
 We are very ill used by you mortals below.
 For, first, I have often by chemists been told,
 Though I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold;
 Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
 That since I was born I hardly have spied it.
 Then it must be allow'd that whenever I shine
 I forward the grass and I ripen the vine;
 To me the good fellows apply for relief,
 Without whom they could get neither elaret nor beef:
 Yet their wine and their victuals those curmudgeons
 lubbards
 Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
 That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
 And taint all their meat and sour all their drink.
 But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
 I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
 This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
 Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.

* Dr. Stern, the predecessor of Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's, bishop of Clogher, distinguished for his hospitality.
 † Written by Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.

This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom,
And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em.
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
And the titles I view when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And, of my mere motion and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,—
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came,
With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
To the deanery-house, and on the north glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et arma*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traitorously write,
While Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My sister has lately deposed upon oath,
That she stopp'd in her course to look at them both;
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with
grey:

And by the description, I certainly know
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents seduced
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with feignous intent,
Direct to the north, where I never yet went:
That the letters appear'd reversed through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were placed right
again;

Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess'd that the fancy was mine.
She can swear to the person, whom oft she has seen
At night between Cavan-street and College-green.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown,
The reason is plain,—they are none of his own;
And observe while you live that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought he will certainly steal it,
And when he has got it find ways to conceal it.
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear that they're all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your snash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcribed it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow.
Through the zodiac around it shall quickly be spread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well I ne'er gave a refusal
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual:
But the secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you as my friend:
I studied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolved the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus;
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick, [Nick.]
(For I think in my conscience he deals with old
And from my own stock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my sight just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the hubble can swallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo!
High treason by statute! yet here you object,
He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;

Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis fine, y express'd;
So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
Now whereas the sad criminal seems past repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his sentence.
Since Delany has dared, like Prometheus his sire,
To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
We order a vulture in shape of the spieen
To prey on his liver but not to be seen.
And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me:
And under the pain of our highest displeasure
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
And, lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I'm too much avenged already by time.
In return to her scorn I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases.
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Though she lives till she's grey as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

BY DR. DELANY.

Occasioned by "Apollo to the dean." 1790.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-seventh.
The poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Convened by Apollo, who gave them to know
He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declared that no bard should this honour inherit
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit:
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each bard believed he'd a right to the place;
So, finding the assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phœton's fate.
'Twas urged to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels compose;
Till at length he determined that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.

First, one who believed he excell'd in translation^a
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's transmi-
gration:

"Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
I hope the convention will quickly agree."
"Agree!" quoth Apollo: "from whence is this fool?
Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at school?
Begone, sir, you've got your subscriptions in time,
And given in return neither reason nor rhyme."
To the next says the god, "Though now I won't
choose you,

I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:
Love's goddess has oft to her parents complain'd
Of my favouring a bard who her empire disdain'd;
That at my instigation a poem you writ, [wit
Which to beauty and youth prefer'd judgment and
That to make you a laureat I gave the first voice,
Inspiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.
Jove sent her to me, her power to try;
The goddess of beauty what god can deny?
She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
Appease the fair goddess; you then may rise higher."

The next^b that appear'd had good hopes of suc-
ceeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they
owe him;

And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The patriot, whose merits they would not reward:
The god, with a smile, bade his favourite advance,—
"You were sent by Astræa her envoy to France:
You bend your ambition to rise in the state;
I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great."
Then a hard who had been a successful translator^c
"The convention allows me a versifier."

^a Dr. Tripp.

^b Mr. Prior.

^c Mr. Pope's *as here meant*.

Says Apollo, "You mention the least of your merit;
By your works it appears you have much of my spirit.
I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
The greatest objection against you's your youth;
Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;
If you live you shall certainly one day preside."

Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
"Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the
streets."^a

"You taught them to walk! why, they knew it be-
fore;

But give me the bard that can teach them to soar.
Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,
Who lately attempted my style with success;
Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit:
Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
His judgment alone can set bounds to his wit;
Like Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
But excels even Virgil in elegant praise:
Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their due,
Yet writes in a manner entirely new; [plore,
Though none with more ease their depths can ex-
Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store;
Though I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
He scorned to borrow from any but me:
It is owing to this that like Cynthia, his lays
Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."
This said, the whole audience soon found out his
drift:

The convention was summon'd in favour of SWIFT.

APOLLO'S EDICT.

OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS."

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there;
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our viceroy do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects away,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor beaten paths be longer traced.

No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun;
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.

When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll theameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.

No son of mine shall dare to say
Aurora usher'd in the day,
Or ever name the milky-way.
Yon all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.

The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragie heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.

When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upward rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies;
For who can hope to place one there
As glorious as Belinda's hair!

^a Mr. Gay; alluding to his "Trivia."

Yet if his name you'd eternalise,
And must exalt him to the skies,
Without a star this may be dooe:
So Tickell mourned his Addison.

If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of haleyon days;
Nor let my rotaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of deep, yet clear.

Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phoenix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins,

When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.

Cupid shall ne'er mistake another.
However beauteous, for his mother;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With women compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid what need they roam
Whom fate has amply hiest at home!

Unerring Heaven with bounteous hand
Has form'd a model for your laud,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Grannard race;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.

Then would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you consign to endless fame!
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;
Take qualities from Donegal.

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.

Translated almost literally out of the original Irish. 1721.

O'Rourke, a powerful chieftain at Ulster in the reign of queen Elizabeth, was induced to make a visit to the court of that sovereign; and in order to take leave of his neighbours with becoming splendour, he assembled them in the great hall of his castle, which was situated in the county of Leitrim.

O'Rourke's noble fare

Will ne'er be forgot

By those who were there,

Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,

We sup and we dine

On seven score sheep,

Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast

In pails was brought up,

A hundred at least,

And a madder^a our cup.

O there is the sport!

We rise with the light

In disorderly sort,

From snoring all night.

O how was I trick'd!

My pipe it was broke,

My pocket was pick'd,

I lost my new cloak.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,

Of mantle and kercher,^b

Why then, fare them well,

The de'il take the searcher.

Come, harper, strike up;

But first, by your favour,

Boy, give us a cup:

Ah! this hath some savour.

^a A wooden vessel.

^b A covering of linen, worn on the heads of the women.

O'Rourke's jolly boys
 Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
 Till, roused by the noise
 And musical clatter,
 They bounce from their nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready dress'd,
 Without one Ave-Mary.
 They dance in a round,
 Cutting capers and ramping;
 A mercy the ground
 Did not burst with their stamping.

The floor is all wet
 With leaps and with jumps,
 While the water and sweat
 Splish-splash in their pumps.

Bless you late and early,
 Laughlin O'Enagin!^a
 By my hand,^b you dance rarely,
 Margery Grinagin.^c

Bring straw for our bed,
 Shake it down to the feet,
 Then over us spread
 The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
 Fill the bowl up again;
 Then give us a pinch
 Of your sneezing, a Yean.^d

Good lord! what a sight,
 After all their good cheer,
 For people to fight
 In the midst of their beer!

They rise from their feast,
 And hot are their brains,
 A cubit at least
 The length of their skeans.*

What stabs and what cuts,
 What clattering of sticks;
 What strokes on the guts,
 What bastings and kicks!

With cudgels of oak,
 Well harden'd in flame,
 A hundred heads broke,
 A hundred struck lame.

You ehuri, I'll maintain
 My father built Lusk,
 The castle of Slane,
 And Carrick Drumrusk:

The earl of Kildare,
 And Moynalta his brother,
 As great as they are,
 I was nurs'd by their mother.^f

Ask that of old madam:
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as Adam,
 She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
 If cudgels are scarce,
 A blow on the weam,
 Or a kick on the a—se.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1720.

When first Diana leaves her bed,
 Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
 A frouxy dirty-colour'd red
 Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

^a The name of an Irishman. ^b An Irish oath.

^c The name of an Irishwoman.

^d Surname of an Irishwoman.

^e Daggers or short swords.

^f It is the custom in Ireland to call nurses foster-mothers.

But by degrees, when mounted high,
 Her artificial face appears
 Down from her window in the sky,
 Her spots are gone, her visage clears
 'Twixt earthly females and the moon
 All parallels exactly run:
 If Celia should appear too soon,
 Alas, the nymph would be undone!
 To see her from her pillow rise,
 All reeking in a cloudy steam,
 Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
 Poor Strephon! how would he blasphemel

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
 So graceful in their proper place,
 Remove them to a different site,
 They form a frightful hideous face:

For instance, when the lily skips
 Into the precincts of the rose,
 And takes possession of the lips,
 Leaving the purple to the nose:

So Celia went entire to bed,
 All her complexion safe and sound;
 But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
 Though still in sight, had changed their ground

The black, which would not be confined,
 A more inferior station seeks,
 Leaving the fiery red behind,
 And mingles in her muddy checks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
 By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
 Each colour to its place and use,
 And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
 But fill'd with admiration stands;
 As other painters oft adore
 The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
 Celia's the wonder of her sex;
 Say, which among the heavenly powers
 Could cause such marvellous effects!

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
 Gave women all their hearts could wish,
 When first she taught them where to find
 White lead and Lusitanian [Portugal] dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings;
 White lead was sent us to repair
 Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
 A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the lash;
 The window is her proper sphere;
 Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
 Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your sister star;
 Delude at once and bless our sight;
 When you are seen, be seen from far,
 And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
 When the materials all are gone;
 The best mechanic hand must fail,
 Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
 Cannot without a form subsist;
 And form, say I, as well as they,
 Must fail, if matter brings no grist.

their husbands foster-fathers, and their children foster-brothers or foster-sisters; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.

And this is fair Diana's case;
 For all astrologers maintain,
 Each night a bit drops off her face,
 When mortals say she's in her wane:
 While Partridge* wisely shows the cause
 Efficient of the moon's decay,
 That Cancer with his poisonous claws
 Attacks her in the milky way:
 But Gadbury,* in art profound,
 From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
 That swain Endymion is not sound,
 Or else that Mercury's her foe.
 But let the cause be what it will,
 In half a month she looks so thin,
 That Flamsteed^b can, with all his skill,
 See but her forehead and her chin.
 Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
 T'ill midnight never shows her head;
 So rotting Celia strolls the street
 When sober folks are all a-bed:
 For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
 Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
 In vain expects a longer date
 To the materials of her face.
 When Mercury her tresses mows,
 To think of black-lead combs is vain:
 No painting can restore a nose,
 Nor will her teeth return again.
 Ye powers who over love preside!
 Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
 If ye would have us well supplied,
 Send us new nymphs with each new moon!

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stable
 Has fed without restraint or trouble,
 Grown fat with corn and sitting still,
 Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill;
 And hardly waddles forth to cool
 Her belly in the neighbouring pool:
 Nor loudly cackles at the door;
 For cackling shows the goose is poor.

But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
 And round the barren common strays,
 Hard exercise and harder fare
 Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;
 Her body light, she tries her wings,
 And scorns the ground and upwards springs;
 While all the parish, as she flies,
 Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
 The third night's profits of his play;
 His morning draughts till noon can swill,
 Among his brethren of the quill:
 With good roast beef his belly full,
 Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
 Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
 What poet e'er could take his flight
 Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
 What poet e'er could sing a note!
 Nor Pegasus could bear the load
 Along the high celestial road:
 The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
 To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
 When all his drink is Hippocrene,
 His money spent, his patrons fail,
 His credit out for cheese and ale;
 His two-years' coat so smooth and bare,
 Through every thread it lets in air;

With hungry meals his body pined,
 His guts and belly full of wind;
 And, like a jockey for a race,
 His flesh brought down to flying case.
 Now his exalted spirit loathes
 Encumbrances of food and clothes;
 And up he rises like a vapour,
 Supported high on wings of paper.
 He singing flies, and flying sings,
 While from below all Grub-street rings.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721.

Apparent rari names in gurgite vasto,
 Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troiaæ gaza per undas.—VIRG.

When the deluded people of England awoke from their golden dream of South-Sea wealth, their wrath rose to the brim against the directors by whom that ruinous project had been conducted.

Ye wise philosophers, explain
 What magic makes our money rise,
 When dropp'd into the Southern main;
 Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes!

Put in your money fairly told;
 Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
 Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
 Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
 Then fill the vessel to the brim,
 You shall observe, as you are filling,
 The pond'rous metal seems to swim:

It rises both in bulk and height,
 Behold it swelling like a sop;
 The liquid medium cheats your sight:
 Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pounds,
 I have in view a lord's estate;
 My manors all contiguous round!
 A coach-and-six, and served in plate!

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
 Puts all upon a desperate bet;
 Then plunges in the southern waves,
 Dipp'd over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calumny misled,
 The mariner with rapture sees,
 On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
 Enamell'd fields and verdant trees;

With eager haste he longs to rove
 In that fantastic scene, and thinks
 It must be some enchanted grove:
 And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Five hundred chariots just bespoke
 Are sunk in these devouring waves,
 The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
 And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharoah, by directors led,
 They with their spoils went safe before;
 His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
 Lay shatter'd on the Red-Sea shore.

Raised up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
 The young adventurer o'er the deep
 An eagle's flight and state assumes,
 And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
 With wax the father bound them fast;
 The wax is melted by the height,
 And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
 The rashness of the Cretan youth;
 Describe his fall into the main,
 And from a fable form a truth.

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an epheemeris.

^b John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer-royal, died in 1743, aged 73.

His wings are his paternal rent,
 He melts the wax at every flame;
 His credit sunk, his money spent,
 In Southern seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
 Why in that dangerous guif profound,
 Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
 Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd!

So have I seen from Severn's brink
 A flock of geese jump down together;
 Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
 And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
 Directors better knew their tools;
 We see the nation's credit crack'd,
 Each knave has made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
 And then get off with money stored;
 But if a sharper once comes in,
 He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
 The great ones swallowing up the small,
 So fares it in the Southern Sea;
 The whale directors eat up all.

When stock is high they come between,
 Making by secondhand their offers;
 Then cunningly retire unseen,
 With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night,
 An ass was drinking at a stream,
 A cloud arose and stopp'd the light
 By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon,
 Cries out a sage among the crowd;
 An ass has swallow'd up the moon!
 The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the sea
 Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
 Directors fall as well as they,
 Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
 Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
 The moisture dried, they sink again,
 And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
 Come here their losses to retrieve;
 Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
 Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
 As poets feign; but where's the moral?
 It shows the queen of love intends
 To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
 I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
 Which now I clearly understand;
 For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus, by directors we are told,
 "Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes;
 Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
 Look round, and see how thick it lies:

"We, gentlemen, are your assistants,
 We'll come, and hold you by the chin."—
 Alas! all is not gold that glitters,
 Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

O! would those patriots be so kind
 Here in the deep to wash their bands,
 Then, like Pactolus, we should find
 The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the bath you fling,
 The silver takes a nobler hue
 By magic virtue in the spring,
 And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
 At market for a farthing more
 Shown through a multiplying-glass,
 Than what it always did before,—

So cast it in the Southern seas,
 Or view it through a jobber's bill;
 Put on what spectacles you please,
 Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
 Thus from a hillock looking down,
 The golden stars for guineas took,
 And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
 He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
 There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
 All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
 And after many days thou'lt find it;"
 But gold, upon this ocean spread,
 Shall sink and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf where thousands fell,
 Here all the bold adventurers came;
 A narrow sound, though deep as hell—
 'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows,
 Yet be that on the surface lies
 Without a pilot, seldom knows
 The time it fails or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
 And jostle one another down;
 Each paddling in his leaky boat,
 And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"Now buried in the depth below,
 Now mounted up to heaven again,
 They reel and stagger to and fro,
 At their wits' end, like drunken men."

Meantime, secure on Garraway's cliffs,
 A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
 Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
 And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
 From some malicious Tory's brain;
 For where directors get a prize,
 The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rocks a lord is plied,
 Some cully often wins a bet
 By venturing on the cheating side,
 Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
 Directors build them in the seas;
 Subscribers plainly see them there,
 For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
 (Unless the men of Kent are liars)
 Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
 And palace roofs and steeple spires.

Mark where the sly directors creep,
 Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
 The monsters nestle in the deep
 To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
 Who, taught by instinct how to shun
 The crocodile, that lurking lies,
 Run as they drink, and drink and run.

* Psalm cvii.

† A coffeehouse in 'Change alley

Antæus could, by magic charms,
 Recover strength whene'er he fell;
 Alcides held him in his arms,
 And sent him up in air to hell.
 Directors, thrown into the sea,
 Recover strength and vigour there;
 But may be lamed another way,
 Suspended for a while in air.
 Directors!—for 'tis you I warn,—
 By long experience we have found
 What planet ruled when you were born;
 We see you never can be drown'd.
 Beware, nor over hasty grow,
 Nor come within your cully's reach;
 For, if the sea should sink so low
 To leave you dry upon the bench,
 You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
 Your foes already waiting stand,
 To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
 While you lie helpless on the sand.
 Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
 The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
 The monster into parts divide,
 And strip the bones, and melt the oil.
 Oh! may some western tempest sweep
 These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
 That plague, directors, to the deep,
 Driven from the South Sea to the Red!
 May He, whom Nature's laws obey,
 Who lifts the poor and sinks the proud,
 "Quiet the raging of the sea,
 And still the madness of the crowd!"
 But never shall our isle have rest
 Till those devouring swine run down,
 (The devils leaving the possess'd)
 And headlong in the waters drown.
 The nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their cost and trouble,
 Directors' promises but wind,
 South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

Ore cinum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
 Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
 Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et altè
 Ad latræc inhiat, cadit imo vortice præcepis
 Ore cinna, nec non simulacrum corripit una.
 Occupat ille avidus deceptis faulibus umbram;
 Illudis species, ac dentibus æra mordet.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould;
 Lord! how politely they can scold!
 While a coarse English tongue will itch
 For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED
 WEAVERS.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Spoken by Mr. Elfrington. 1781.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
 The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom;
 No wool to work on, neither worst nor warp;
 Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.
 Provoked, in loud complaints to you they cry!
 Ladies, relieve the weavers, or they die!
 Forsake your silks for stuffs, nor think it strange
 To shift your clothes, since you delight in change.
 One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell—
 The men will like you every bit as well.

See, I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff,
 And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough;
 My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
 In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
 And if a man be better in such ware,
 What great advantage must it give the fair!
 Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds;
 Silks come from maggots, calicoes from weeds;
 Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
 Ladies in silks to vapours much inclined—
 And what are they but maggots in the mind!
 For which I think it reason to conclude
 That clothes may change our temper like our food.
 Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
 Too much about the party-colour'd dyes;
 Although the lustre is from you begu'd,
 We see the rainbow, and neglect the sun.

How sweet and innocent's the country maid,
 With small expense in native wool array'd;
 Who copies from the fields her homely green,
 While by her shepherd with delight she's seen!
 Should our fair ladies dress like her, in wool,
 How much more lovely and how beautiful,
 Without their Indian drapery, they'd prove!
 While wool would help to warm us into love!
 Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
 We'll all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE

TO A BENEFIT-PLAY, GIVEN IN BEHALF OF THE
 DISTRESSED WEAVERS.

BY THE DEAN.

Spoken by Mr. Griffith.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
 When charity begins to tread the stage;
 When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
 Will give a night of benefit to weavers!
 Stay—let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his grace* a hundred pound.
 Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
 And then comes in the item of the actors.
Item, The actors freely give a day—
 The poet had no more who made the play.

But whence this wondrous charity in players?
 They learn it not at sermons or at prayers!
 Under the rose, since here are none but friends
 (To own the truth), we have some private ends.
 Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
 Hold up the prices of their old brocades,
 We'll dress in manufactures made at home;
 Equip our kings and generals at the Comb.^b
 We'll ring for Meath-street Egypt's haughty queen,
 And Antony shall court her in rattle.
 In hinc shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
 And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid.
 In drugget dress'd, of thirteen pence a-yard,
 See Philip's son amid his Persian guard;
 And proud Roxana, fired with jealous rage,
 With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
 In short, our kings and princesses within
 Are all resolved this project to begin;
 And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the fashion of the court.

O! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
 Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough;
 But chintz, brocades, and lace, take all away,
 And scarce a crown is left to see the play.
 Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
 Between the weavers and us playhouse kings;
 But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
 Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning:

* Archbishop King.

^b A street famous for woollen manufactures.

And next, observe how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are just as poor as wits;
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a-page;
But weavers will be kinder to the players,
And sell for twentypence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit than in the player's dressing.

ANSWER TO
DR. SHERIDAN'S PROLOGUE, AND TO
DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE,
IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS.
BY DR. DELANY.

Femineo generi tributaur.

THE Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away;
The penell clothes the pine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictured maids;
Far above mortal dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and must be fine.
And shall two bards in eodcert rhyme, and huff
And fret these Muses with their playhouse stuff?

The player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the Comb, and hid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltzy rage,
May curse the heiles and ebintses of the age;
Yet still the artist worm her silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.

The cotton-plant, whom satire cannot blast,
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last;
Like yours, ye fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injured plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.

Some hard, perhaps, whose landlord was a weaver,
Penn'd the low prologue to return a favour;
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the hay,
For such wool-gathering sonnetteers as these?
Hence, then, ye homespun wittlings, that persuade
Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid,
Shall the wide hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus set subservient to a poplin gown?
Who'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under-petticoat be made of stuff.
Lord! to be wrapp'd in flannel just in May,
When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so gay!
And shall not miss be flower'd as well as they?

In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!
The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chints diamonds with the silken thread,
Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of flocks they'd have your milky ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!

[WEAVERS,
"But where," any they, "shall we bestow these
That spread our streets, and are such piteous cravers?"
The silkworms (hrittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care, to make their webs complete:
These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay too much for what they give!]

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF GEORGE ROCHFORD, ESQ.,
Father of the earl of Belvidere.
BY DR. DELANY.

'Tis so old and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You're sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain
in't;

'Tis so large you may lodge a few friends with ease in't,
You may turn and stretch at your length if you please
in't;

'Tis so little, the family live in a press in't,
And poor lady Betty* has scarce room to dress in't;
'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in't;
And so hot in the summer, you're ready to fry in't;
'Tis so brittle, 'twould scarce bear the weight of a sun,
Yet so stanch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun;
'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite
through it,

And you're forced every year in some part to renew it;
'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
'Tis so stanch and so crazy, so strong and so brittle,
'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
It is part of the dew, and part of the old;
It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

THE COUNTRY LIFE,

AND PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in sober lays,
How George,^b Nim,^c Dan,^d dean,^e pass their days;
And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
Yet *Nequet quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse! First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the dean, in night-gown dress,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious,
Go to the dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten my lady comes and hectors
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us, down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclitie Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn:
O'ersees the work, or Dragon^f rows,
Or maws a text, or mends his hose;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the hell, all folks come trembling;
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end;
My lord^h and dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water's brought and dinner's done;
With "church and king" the ladies gone;
Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to doze away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hamond—
While George and dean go to backgammon.

* Daughter of the earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, esq.

^b Mr. Rochfort.

^c His brother, Mr. John Rochfort, who was called Nimrod.

^d Rev. Daniel Jackson.

^e Dr. Swift.

^f A small boat so called.

^g The dean has been created on an idle supposition of this passage being an allusion to the day of judgment.

^h Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief-baron of the exchequer in Ireland.

George, Nim, and dean, set out at four,
 And then again boys to the ear.
 But when the sun goes to the deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his sleep,
 Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
 His candle out and he a-bed,) *;*
 We watch his motions to a minute,
 And leave the flood when he goes in it.
 Now stinted in the shortening day,
 We go to prayers and then to play,
 Till supper comes; and after that
 We sit an hour to drink and chat.
 'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
 By Adam [the butler] lighted, walk up stairs.
 The weary dean goes to his chamber
 And Nim and Dan to garret chamber.
 So when the circle we have run,
 The curtain falls and all is done.

I might have mention'd several facts,
 Like episodes between the acts;
 And tell who loses and who wins,
 Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
 How Dan caught nothing in his net,
 And how the boat was overset,
 For brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the lake the dean was drench'd:
 It would be an exploit to brag on,
 How valiant George rode o'er the dragon;
 How steady in the storm he sat,
 And saved his oar, but lost his hat:
 How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us hares when he can catch 'em;
 How skillfully Dan mends his nets;
 How fortune fails him when he sets;
 Or how the dean delights to vex
 The ladies, and lampoon their sex:
 I might have told how oft dean Perceval
 Displays his pedantry unmerciful,
 How haughtily he cocks his nose,
 To tell what every schoolboy knows;
 And with his finger and his thumb,
 Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
 But now there needs no more be said on't,
 Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
 Shows all her secrets of housekeeping;
 For candles how she trucks her dripping;
 Was forced to send three miles for yeast,
 To brew her ale and raise her paste;
 Tells everything that you can think of,—
 How she cured Charley of the rheumach;
 What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
 How jowler howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A word or two of lord-chief baron;
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all Whig papers and gazettes;
 But for the politics of Pue,
 Thinks every syllable is true:
 And since he owns the king of Sweden
 Is dead at last, without ending,
 Now all his hopes are in the car;
 "Why, Muscovy is not so far;
 Down the Black Sea, and up the Straits,
 And in a month he's at your gates;
 Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
 By Christmas we shall see strange things."
 Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
 What carps we met with for our pains;
 Of sparrows tamed, and nuts innumerable
 To choke the girls, and to consume a rattle!
 But you, who are a scholar, know
 How transient all things are below,

How prone to change is human life!
 Last night arrived Clem and his wife—
 This grand event has broke our measures;
 Their reign began with cruel sieges;
 The dean must with his quilt supply
 The bed in which those tyrants lie;
 Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
 (My lady says, she can't afford one,)
 George is half scared out of his wits,
 For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
 Henceforth expect a different survey,
 This house will soon turn topsyturvy;
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL. 1722.

[The duke of Marlborough.]

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
 Of old age too, and in his bed!
 And could that mighty warrior fall,
 And so inglorious, after all!
 Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
 The last loud trumpet must wake him now;
 And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
 He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
 And could he be indeed so old
 As by the newspapers we're told?
 Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
 'Twas time in conscience he should die!
 This world he cumber'd long enough;
 He burnt his candle to the snuff;
 And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind so great a stink.
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his bier.
 But what of that? his friends may say
 He had those honours in his day.
 True to his profit and his pride,
 He made them weep before he died.
 Come hither, all ye empty things!
 Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
 Who float upon the tide of state;
 Come hither, and behold your fate!
 Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
 How very mean a thing's a duke;
 From all his ill-got honours flung,
 Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

Would you that Delville I describe
 Believe me, sir, I will not gibe;
 For who would be satirical
 Upon a thing so very small?
 You scarce upon the borders enter
 Before you're at the very centre.
 A single crow can make it night,
 When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
 Yet in this narrow compass we
 Observe a vast variety;
 Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
 Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
 And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
 And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
 All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
 Without the mowing or the reaping:
 A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
 Would shave you and your meadows both.
 Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
 Full huge to entertain a mouse;

But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's entered by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of eek;
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gauder,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty elutter,
Were it as big as eitty gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And once a year a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.

In short, in all you boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS

AT DELVILLE.

A BARN, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.

This enraged god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And hid him go ask what his votary meant?
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
Tell him, Hermes, from me tell that subject of mine
I have sworn by the Styx to defeat his design;
For wherever he lives the Muses shall reign;
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERY RUPE.

IN COMITATU COMAGENSIS.

Scriptis Jon Ann Dom 1723.

Eccæ ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
Desuper impendit, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
Horrisso stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in uddis.
Nam, longè venti rabie, atque aspergine erchra
Æquore iactis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam futura ruit, jam summa cucumina nutant;
Jam cedit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitis credas, hinc deieciisse Tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum eorû jaculasse gigantum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immensi aperitur hiatus
Fœces è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Puerbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis inæquaria tecti
Formantur; moles ulim ruitura supernè.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palmæ,
Inque imo stagni posuere eubilia phœcæ.

Sed, cum sævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad eulmina montis;
Non obsesse areas, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missæ Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Essequant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicina iatè,
Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.

VOI 1.

Gramina dum carpuunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aque de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite liquantur.

Piscator terrâ non audeat veliere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremehundus, et æra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS.

TRANSLATED BY DR. DENKIN.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its alby head amid the saure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
Proud on the wave the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound
The dreadful murmurs heaven's high convex cicaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves;
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode, [hur'd;
To crush Earth's rebel sons beneath the load.

Off too with hideous jaws the cavern wide

Presents an orifice on either side—

A dismal orifice, from sea to sea

Extended, pervious to the god of day;

Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form

An arch, the ruin of a future storm;

High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,

And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his sullen train

Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;

When o'er the eraggy steep without control,

Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;

Not towns besieger'd, not the flaming brand,

Darted from heaven by Jove's avenging hand,

Of as on impious men his wrath he pours,

Humbles their pride and blasts their gilded towers,

Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:

Waves rush u'er waves, rebellious shore to shore.

The neighbouring race, though wont to shrove the

Of angry seas, and run along the rocks, [shucks

Now pale with terror while the ocean foams

Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

The goats, while, pendent from the mountain-top,

The wither'd herb improvident they erop,

Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,

Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.

The frighted fisher with desponding eyes,

Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,

Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,

Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

COPY OF THE BIRTHDAY VERSES

ON MR. FORD.*

COME, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
Aud, whispering, charged me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or if at last I needs must hab it
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to spoil,
By calling this your native soil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,

* Dr. Swift had been used to celebrate the birthday of his friend Charles Ford, esq., which was on the 1st of January.

I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.

The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid;
And every belle that since arose,
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champagne.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot;
For true or false they'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior.

In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience hear
(Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun or Irish phrase)
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
A foothoy to some rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody ***** stands
With torturing engines in his hands;
Hear him blasphemous and swear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.

I thought my very spleen would burst
When fortune hither drove me first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons' names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like prisoners when their goal is broke.

If you have London still at heart,
We'll make a small one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's-park and Stephen's-green;
And Dawson-street will serve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-mall.
Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choke your sight and raise your malice.
The deanery-house may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatch'd.
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a-quart for stum.
Then for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Monthermer;
She's now as handsome every hit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet,* though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin and Jack, and Jack and Dan;
Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with scorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.

* A tavern in St. James's-street.

† Mary duchess of Montague and marchioness of Monthermer, youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough.

‡ Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.

R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackson.

O! were but you and I so wise,
To see with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that spot of earth,
That literal spot which gave him birth;
And swears "Belcamp" is, to his taste,
As fine as Hampton-court at least."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you and submit;
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this,
We hury on our side the channel
In linen; and on yours in flannel.
You for the news are ne'er to seek,
While we perhaps may wait a week;
You happy folks are sure to meet
A hundred whores in every street,
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.

You see my arguments are strong,
I wonder you held out so long;
But since you are convinced at last,
We'll pardon you for what is past.
So let us now for whilst prepare;
Twelve pence a corner if you dare.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia que mentes indant volitantibus umbris," &c.

THOSE dreams that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terror, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, feels the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his hed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees,
His fellow pickpurse watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplex'd,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text;
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

* In Fingal, about five miles from Dublin.

† The law for burying in woollen was extended to Ireland in 1733.

The hiring senator of modern days
 Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise;
 And Dick the scavenger, with equal grace
 Flirts from his cart the mud into his face.

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT,
 In order to be admitted to speak to him when he was deaf.
 1724.

DEAR sir, I think, 'tis doubly hard,
 Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
 Can anything be more unkind!
 Must I not see 'cause you are blind!
 Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,—
 A friend that loves to see and hear you.
 Why am I robb'd of that delight,
 When you can be no loser by't?
 Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer!)
 That if you heard you'd be no gainer!
 For sure you are not yet to learn
 That hearing is not your concern.
 Then be your doors no longer barr'd;
 Your business, sir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

THE wise pretend to make it clear
 'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
 Why are we then so fond of two,
 When by experience one would do?
 'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
 And there's an end; the man is dead;
 Because, among all human race,
 None e'er was known to have a brace:
 But confidently they maintain
 That where we find the members twain,
 The loss of one is no such trouble,
 Since t'other will in strength be double.
 The limb surviving, you may swear,
 Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
 Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
 Your reverence hut to cut one leg off,
 And you shall find, by this device,
 The other will be stronger twice;
 For every day you shall be gaining
 New vigour to the leg remaining.
 So, when an eye has lost its brother,
 You see the better with the other;
 Cut off your hand, and you may do
 With t'other hand the work of two:
 Because the soul has power contracts,
 And on the brother limb re-acts.

But yet the point is not so clear in
 Another case, the sense of hearing:
 For, though the place of either ear
 Be distant, as one head can hear,
 Yet Galen most acutely shows you
 (Consult his book *de partium usu*)
 That from each ear, as he observes,
 There creep two auditory nerves,
 Not to be seen without a glass,
 Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
 Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there,
 One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
 Which made my grandam always stuff her ears
 Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
 You see my learning; hut, to shorten it,
 When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
 To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
 And thus I solve this hard phenomenon.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
 To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
 Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
 Would guard your nose against a post:
 Without your legs, two legs of wood
 Are stronger, and almost as good:

And as for hands, there have been those
 Who, wanting both, have used their toes.
 But no contrivance yet appears
 To furnish artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a friend who married a shrew. 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
 That Will durst hardly venture in:
 He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
 Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
 But, when he saw his friend appear,
 Cried bravely, "Patience, good my dear!"
 At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
 But hurried out and clapp'd the door.

Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
 (Quoth Will,) thy house is worse than hell:
 Why what a peal the jade has rung!
 D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
 For nothing else will make it cease.
 Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
 I never quarrel with my wife;
 I bear it for a quiet life.

Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
 Bids us to seek peace, and ensue it

Will went again to visit Dick;
 And entering in the very nick,
 He saw virago Nell belabour,
 With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour.
 Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
 Received a brace or two of blows.
 But now, to make my story short,
 Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
 Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
 Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
 If she were mine, and had such tricks,
 I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
 Z—da! I would ship her to Jamaica,
 Or truck the carrion for tobacco;
 I'd send her far enough away—
 Dear Will! but what would people say?
 Lord! I should get so ill a name,
 The neighbors round would cry out shame.

Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
 But who believed him when he said it?
 Can he, who makes himself a slave,
 Consult his peace, or credit save?
 Dick found it by his ill success,
 His quiet small, his credit less.
 She served him at the usual rate;
 She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate:
 And what he thought the hardest case,
 The parish jeer'd him to his face;
 Those men who wore the breeches least
 Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
 At home he was pum'd with noise;
 Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
 Within, his wife would break his bones;
 Without, they pelted him with stones;
 The 'prentices procured a riding,*
 To act his patience and her chiding.
 False patience and mistaken pride!
 There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
 Slaves to their quiet and good name
 Are used like Dick, and hear the blame.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE;

Written after the news of the death of king George I. who
 died after a short sickness, by eating a melon, at Osnaburg,
 on his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.

* Richmond Lodge is a house with a small park belonging to
 the crown. It was usually granted by the crown for a lease of

* A well-known humorous anecdote, in ridicule of a scolding
 wife and henpecked husband.

years. The duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile it was given to the prince of Wales by the king. The prince and princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

"Marble-hill is a house built by Mrs Howard, then of the bedchamber, afterwards countess of Suffolk and groom of the stole to the queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, lord Herbert the architect, the dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the ice-house. Upon king George's death these two houses met and had the following dialogue."

IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must and sing I will
Of Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill.
Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE HILL.

Quoth Marble Hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen;
You'll find it soon by woful proof,
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND LODGE.

The kindly prophet well convinces
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promised me
To raise me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find us true!

MAR. H. My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn;
For those we dextrous courtiers call
Can rise upon their masters' fall;
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICH. L. My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MAR. H. No more the dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no-wiser;
My ice-house rots, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green;
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICH. L. Here went the dean, when he's to seek,
To sponge a breakfast once a-week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;

Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking:
While lady Charlotte,* like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont† at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm,
His hat, for show, beneath his arm.

MAR. H. Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste;
Changed for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICH. L. In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head:
Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MAR. H. Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a-week I here expect,
To rattle Moody‡ for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tipping at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a-week to brush my gown.

RICH. L. I pity you, dear Marble Hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness—and so adieu.

MAR. H. Kind Richmond Lodge, the same to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men Possession and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!

A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)

Related thus the following tale:—

Possession, and Desire, his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace;
'Tis said their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misdrew them many a league about;
Seduced by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;

* Lady Charlotte de Roussy, a French lady

† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality, who had emigrated from his country.

‡ The gardener.

Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew ;
Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground :
No sooner got than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again ;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game ;
But all he took was just the same :
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strew'd ;
But overcharged and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight ;
It was a tower of monstrous height ;
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands ;
Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire, in rapture, gazed awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile ;
But as he clim'd to grasp the crown
She knock'd him with the sceptre down !
He tumbled in the gulf profound ;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbersome weight ;
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey ;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcass light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure ;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which hreeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court,
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit ;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie :
Alas ! they would not do you wrong ;
But all appearances are strong.

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say !
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache ;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place ;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think ;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

The most effectual way to balk
Their malice is—to let them talk

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND

1727.

A SET of phrases learn'd by rote ;
A passion for a scarlet coat ;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why ;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it ;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit ;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong ;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before ;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry ;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight would put her in a swoon ;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude ;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing ;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your handy leg or crooked nose ;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before ;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In choosing lace a critic niece,
Knows to a groat the lowest price ;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright ;
So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her ;
Can dext'rously her husband tease
By taking fits when'er she please ;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick ;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity ;
If Mr. li happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath ;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious like a man.

In party, furious to her power ;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour ;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend ;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain ;
And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes ! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding ;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing ;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition ;
They may outsell a better thing ;
So, halloo, boys ; God save the king !

CLEVER TOM CLINCH,

GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn, to die in his calling,

* Widow of John Harding, the drapier's printer.

He stopp'd at the George for a bottle of sack,
 And promised to pay for it when he came back.
 His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were
 His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie't. [white;
 The maids to the doors and the halleonies ran,
 And said, "Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man!"
 But, as from the windows the ladies he spied,
 Like a heau in the box, he bow'd low on each side!
 And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
 He swore from his cart "It was all a damn'd lie!"
 The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
 Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee;
 Then said, I must speak to the people a little;
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whistle.*
 My honest friend Wild^b (may he long hold his place?),
 He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
 Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
 Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
 My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
 And thus I go off, without prayer-hook or psalm;
 Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
 Who hung like a hero and never would flinch.

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.
 1736.

Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
 Down from your garrets haste;
 Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
 Not yet consign'd to paste;
 I know a trick to make you thrive;
 O, 'tis a quaint device:
 Your still-born poems shall revive,
 And scorn to wrap up spice.
 Get all your verses printed fair,
 Then let them well be dried;
 And Curll must have a special care
 To leave the margin wide.
 Lend these to paper-sparing Pope;
 And when he sits to write,
 No letter with an envelope
 Could give him more delight.
 When Pope has fill'd the margins round
 Why then recall your loan;
 Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
 And swear they are your own.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

While he was writing the *Dunelad*.
 1737.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
 But not to reach the ear;
 His loudest voice is low and weak,
 The dean too deaf to hear.
 Awhile they on each other look,
 Then different studies choose;
 The dean sits plodding on a book;
 Pope walks and courts the Muse.
 Now backs of letters, though design'd
 For those who more will need 'em,
 Are fill'd with hints, and interlined,
 Himself can hardly read 'em.
 Each atom, by some other struck,
 All turns and motions tries;
 Till, in lump together stuck,
 Behold a poem rise:

Yet to the dean his share allot;
 He claims it by a canon;
 That without which a thing is not
 Is *causa sine qua non*.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
 For, had our deaf divine
 Been for your conversation fit,
 You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock,^a thus, for preaching famed,
 The sexton reason'd well;
 And justly half the merit claim'd,
 Because he rang the bell.

A LOVE-POEM.

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.
 Written at London.

By poets we are well assured
 That love, alas! can ne'er be cured;
 A complicated heap of ills,
 Despising boluses and pills.
 Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
 Since first I gave my heart to you.
 Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
 I strain my guts, my colon wound.
 Now jealousy my grumbling tripe
 Assaults with grating, grinding gripe.
 When pity in those eyes I view,
 My bowels wambling make me spew.
 When I an amorous kiss design'd,
 I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
 Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
 Remember how I suck'd it all;
 What eolic pangs from thence I felt,
 Had you but known your heart would melt,
 Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
 Till nature pointed out a vent.
 How have you torn my heart to pieces
 With maggots, humours, and caprices!
 By which I got the hemorrhoids;
 And loathsome worms my *auss* voids.
 Where'er I hear a rival named,
 I feel my body all inflamed;
 Which breaking out in boils and blains,
 With yellow filth my linen stains;
 Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd thirst,
 Small-beer I guzzle till I burst;
 And then I drag a bloated corpus,
 Swell'd with a dropsey, like a porpus;
 When, if I cannot purge or stale,
 I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.

BOUTS RIMES.

ON SIONORA DOMITILLA.

Our schoolmaster may rave i' th' fit
 Of classic beauty, *hæc et illa*;
 Not all his hirc inspires such wit
 As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.
 Let nobles toast, in bright champagne,
 Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
 I'll drink her health, again, again,
 In Berkeley's tar or sars'parilla.
 At Goodman's-fields I've much admired
 The postures strange of monsieur Brilla
 But what are they to the soft step,
 The gliding air of Domitilla!
 Virgil has eternized in song
 The flying footsteps of Camilla;
 Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
 He might have dream'd of Domitilla.
 * The dean of St. Paul's, father to the bishop.

^a A cause word for confusing.

^b The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, executed for receiving stolen goods.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
 For thinking ill of his Placilla:
 And deuce take London! If some knight
 O' th' city wed not Domitilla.
 Wheeler, sir George, in travels wise,
 Gives us a medal of Placilla;
 But O! the empress has not eyes,
 Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.
 Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
 Piled on the mules of king Attila,
 Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
 Or garter snatch'd from Domitilla.
 Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
 Yeleped Harrow of the Hill, a—
 hus'd much my heart and was a damn'd let
 To verse—but now for Domitilla.
 Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
 To the fair sylphid Momeutilla,
 And thus I offer up my catch
 To the snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNEYS UPON
 THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

Is ridicule of the easy strains of poor Ambrose Phillips: so
 often doomed to undergo the satire of Swift and Pope.

Now the active young attorneys
 Briskly travel on their journeys,
 Looking big as any giants
 On the horses of their clients;
 Like so many little Marses
 With their tilfers at their a—s,
 Brazen-bilted, lately burnish'd,
 And with harness-huckles furnish'd,
 And with whips and spurs so neat,
 And with jockey-coats complete,
 And with boots so very greasy,
 And with saddles eke so easy,
 And with bridles fine and gay,
 Bridles borrow'd for a day,
 Bridles destined far to roam,
 Ah! never, never to come home.
 And with hats so very big, sir,
 And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir,
 And with ruffles to be shown,
 Cambric ruffles not their own;
 And with Holland shirts so white,
 Shirts becoming to the sight,
 Shirts bewrought with different letters,
 As belonging to their betters.
 With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
 Gotten from their dainty doxies,
 And with rings so very trim,
 Lately taken out of lim—
 And with very little pencee,
 And as very little sense;
 With some law, but little justice,
 Having stolen from my hostess,
 From the barber and the cutler,
 Like the soldier from the sutler;
 From the vintner and the tailor,
 Like the felon from the jailor;
 Into this and t'other county,
 Living on the public bounty,
 Thorough town and thorough village,
 All to plunder, all to pillage:
 Thorough mountains, thorough valleys,
 Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
 Some to—kiss with farmers' spouses,
 And make merry in their houses;
 Some to tumble country wenches
 On their rushy beds and benches;

* A cant word for pawing.

And if they begin a fray,
 Draw their swords and—run away;
 All to murder equity,
 And to take a double fee;
 Till the people all are quiet,
 And forget to hroil and riot,
 Low in pocket, eow'd in courage,
 Safely glad to sup their porridge,
 And vacation's over—then
 Hey for London town again.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
 And turn it all to ridicule,
 Wit did a puppet-show invent,
 Where the chief actor is a fool.
 The gods of old were logs of wood,
 And worship was to puppets paid;
 In antic dress the idol stood,
 And priest and people how'd the head.
 No wonder then, if art began
 The simple votaries to frame,
 To shape in timber foolish man,
 And consecrate the block to fame.
 From hence poetic fancy learn'd
 That trees might rise from human forms;
 The body to a trunk be turn'd,
 And branches issue from the arms.
 Thus Dedalus and Ovid too,
 That man's a blockhead, have confess'd:
 Povel* and Stretch* the hint pursue;
 Life is a farce, the world a jest.
 The same great truth South Sea has proved
 On that famed theatre, the Alley;
 Where thousands, by directors moved,
 Are now sad monuments of folly.
 What Momus was of old to Jove,
 The same a Harlequin is now;
 The former was huffoon above,
 The latter is a Punch below.
 This fleeting scene is but a stage,
 Where various images appear;
 In different parts of youth and age,
 Alike the prince and peasant share.
 Some draw our eyes by being great,
 False pomp conceals mere wood within;
 And legislators ranged in state
 Are oft but wisdom in machine.
 A stoek may chance to wear a crown,
 And timber as a lord take place:
 A statue may put on a frown,
 And cheat us with a thinking face.
 Others are blindly led away,
 And made to act for ends unknown;
 By the mere spring of wires they play,
 And speak in language not their own.
 Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
 Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
 And many drink the cup of life
 Mix'd and emhitter'd by a Joan.
 In short, whatever men pursue,
 Of pleasure, folly, war, or love:
 This mimic race brings all to view:
 Alike they dress, they talk, they move
 Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
 Mortals to please and to deride;
 And when death breaks thy vital band,
 Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

* Two famous puppet-show men.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
 Thy image shall preserve thy fame,
 Ages to come thy worth shall own,
 Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.
 Tell Tom (Sheridan) he draws a farce in vain,
 Before he looks in Nature's glass;
 Puns cannot form a witty scene,
 Nor pedantry for humour pass.
 To make men act as senseless wood,
 And chatter in a mystic strain,
 Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
 And shows some error in the brain.
 He that would thus refine on thee,
 And turn thy stage into a school,
 The jest of Punch will ever be,
 And stand confess'd the greater fool.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

In a letter to a person of quality. 1728.

Sin, 'twas a most unfriendly part
 In you, who ought to know my heart,
 Are well acquainted with my seal
 For all the female commonweal—
 How could it come into your mind
 To pitch on me, of all mankind,
 Against the sex to write a satire,
 And brand me for a woman-hater?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival Venns to a hair;
 Their virtues never cease to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a string
 Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
 Will be his character belie!
 Must never our misfortunes end!
 And have we lost our only friend!
 Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
 No more let fall those precious tears.
 Sooner shall, &c.

[Here several verses are omitted.]

The hound he hunted by the hare,
 Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engaged me first to write,
 Then gave the subject out of spite:
 The journal of a modern dame
 Is, by my promise, what you claim.
 My word is pass'd, I must submit;
 And yet perhaps you may be hit.
 I but transcribe; for not a line
 Of all the satire shall be mine.
 Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
 The common slanders of the times,
 Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
 And me my innocence secures.
 Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
 The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
 (As we shall show you in the sequel),
 The modern dame is waked by noon,
 (Some authors say not quite so soon),
 Because, though sore against her will,
 She sat all night up at quadrille.
 She stretches, yawns, unglazes her eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise;
 Of headache and the spleen complains;
 And then, to cool her heated brains,
 Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
 Takes a large dram of citron-water.
 Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray,
 Don't I look frightfully to-day?
 But was it not confounded hard?
 Well, if I ever touch a card!
 Four matadores, and lose codille!
 Depend upon't, I never will.

But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 The ladies here to-night by six."
 "Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
 He says, his business is to know
 If you'll redeem the silver cup
 He keeps in pawn!"—"First, show him up."
 "Your dressing-plate be'll be content
 To take, for interest cent. per cent.:
 And, madam, there's my lady Spade
 Has sent this letter by her maid."
 "Well, I remember what she won;
 And has she sent so soon to dun?
 Here, carry down these ten pistoles
 My husband left to pay for coals;
 I thank my stars they all are light,
 And I may have revenge to-night."
 Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
 She enters on her usual theme;
 Her last night's ill success repeats,
 Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
 "She slipp'd spadillo in her breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a jest:
 There's Mrs. Cat and she combicc,
 And to each other give the sign."
 Through every game pursues her tale,
 Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another scene give place:
 Enter the folks with silks and lace:
 Fresh matter for a world of chat,
 Right Indian this, right Mechlin that;
 "Observe this pattern—there's a stuff;
 I can have customers enough.
 Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
 This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard:
 Madam, if there be truth in man,
 I never sold so cheap a fan."

This business of importance o'er,
 And madam almost dress'd by four;
 The footman, in his usual phrase,
 Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
 She answers, in her usual style,
 "The cook must keep it back a while;
 I never can have time to dress,
 No woman breathing takes up less;
 I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
 I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
 At table now she acts her part,
 Has all the dinner cant by heart:
 "I thought we were to dine alone,
 My dear; for sure, if I had known
 This company would come to-day—
 But really 'tis my spouse's way!
 He's so unkind, he never sends
 To tell when he invites his friends:
 I wish ye may but have enough!"
 And while with all this paltry stuff
 She sits tormenting every guest,
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
 In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which modern ladies call polite;
 You see the booby husband sit
 In admiration at her wit!

But let me now a while survey
 Our madam o'er her evening tea;
 Surrounded with her noisy chums
 Of prudes, coquettes, and haridans;
 When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
 Away the god of silence flew,
 And fair Discretion left the place,
 And Modesty with blushing face;
 Now enters overweening Pride,
 And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
 Hypocrisy with frown severe,
 Scurrility with glibling air;

Rude laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flow hovering o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meaning lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal charge;
What sume invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name;
But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind
Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes;
Mopaa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia sneering says
That Florimel wears iron stays;
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aurs, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a bawling out
Raised ever such incessant rout;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail
When drunk with sour election ale.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the fan
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female clah disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands,
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysterical fits;
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went;

Past six, and not a living soul
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spicen!
How shall we pass the time between?
'Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops;
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap!"—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite
Our madam can sit up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within,"—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game,
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays:
Your fan a moment if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."

"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matsadore;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to touch,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matsadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to renounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
"And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand: it seldom fails
I wish some folks would pare their nails."

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes hut for common form;
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.

The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun,
But I shall not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found;
"Come, let us play the other round."

Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forswears),
With empty purse and aching head
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

PAULUS: AN EPIGRAM.

BY MR. LINDSAY.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorched with the summer's
heats,

In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
While smiling Nature in her best attire
Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
Can he, who knows that real good should please,
Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"—
Thus Paulus presch'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and doses on the laws.

THE ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then, why these quarrels to the sun,
Withont whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget?
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams!
The sun, you say, his face has kiss'd:
It has; but then it greased his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends,
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poet's brains
With penniless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more substantial cause—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phoebus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grandam Earth;
By Phoebus first produced to light;
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees.
Nor, when we see *Astræa* stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she has in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests' the lawyers' gold.

Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise:
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched
To prove that lawyers are so wretched,
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics which, though I abominate
May serve as argument *ad hominem*:
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes.

I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest nor hurt his lungs;
I own, his conscience always free
(Provided he has got his fee),
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt who knows no sin.

Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted.
And though the gospel seems to say
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to their labour,
Always for saving their own bacon,
No doubt the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, the sense is rack'd;
To prove it I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.

With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with uneluh'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his hriefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then from the bar harangues the bench
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moldores fee!
Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse!
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six!
Of common sense without a word in.
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:
And what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse.
While he at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despises rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.

Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps he found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To he hut rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imitate
The fundamentals of his tribe:

And in his client's just defence
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discern'd;
To get the name of council learn'd,
(As *lucius* comes a *non lucendo*.)
And wisely do as other men do;
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue at discretion
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Ahandon'd, stupid, slavish praters?
For as the rabble daub and rife
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd;
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd;
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe.*

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER [DR. LINDSAY] AND

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

In allusion to Horace, book II. satire I.

"Sunt quibus in Satira," &c.

Written by Mr. Lindsay in 1729.

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose,
Either in verse or humorous prose:
And to avoid all future ill,
In my seroitore lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleased to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forehear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other christian folks;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct.
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert that Hyde, in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a Tory;

* Richard Tighe, esq., member of the Irish parliament, and disliked by the dean.

While Burnet in his deathless page
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston recommend your youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius who unhinds
The chains which fetter freeborn minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. S. Must I commend, against my conscience,
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense;
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wisdom, Fate;
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAW. As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
"Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece has writ
Must taste your irony and wit;
While most that are or would be great
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

AN ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupefying draughts;
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;
When, (who could think it) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTAS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent;
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were hid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded how distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, dress'd to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;

A flourish'd night-cup on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarcely run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen hooks,
She at the glass consults her looks;
While Betty's busying in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her finger ends she counts
Exact to what his age amounts.
The dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.

At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The dean, who used to dine at one,
Is mawkish and his stomach's gone;
In threadbare gown would scare a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And in the sneaking parson's sirs
Computes that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.

Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore
And teach her to despise thee more.

If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon;

She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor lady Jane has thrice miscarried;
The cause, alas! is quickly guess'd;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath:
No other way but try the bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infused a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Achelous' spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find;
The uymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn
To drink in Achelous' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much against the grain,
The dean has carried lady Jane.
He for a while would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent;
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season!
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there;
Where if the dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's railery;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings fostered by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not horn to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.

The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;—
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN* TO BE HANGED FOR
A RAPE. 1730.

I.

On a brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapp'd up in crape;
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Hurst into her chamber and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She hustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The dean he pursued to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares;
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgell'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him
down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the hagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practised before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the
grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolved for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

VI.

This protestant sealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And grieved that a Tory should live above ground,
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape
For no other crime but committing a rape!

VII.

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesie*;
Who'd be dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toll of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a crotehet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre and rochet, [er.
Whom would'st thou resemble? I leave thee a guess—
But I only behold thee in Atherton's^a shape,
For sodomy hang'd as thou for a rape.

* * * Dublin June 6. The rev. dean Sawbridge, having surrendered himself on his indictment for a rape, was arraigned at the bar of the court of king's bench, and is to be tried next Monday.—*London Evening Post*, June 16, 1730.

^a A bishop of Waterford, sent from England an hundred years ago, who was hanged at Arthur hill, near Dublin.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing,
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and saved a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could ravish them then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true protestant hearts should be glad;
She sends us our bishops, our judges, and deans,
And better would give us if better she had.
But lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape!

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.
A quibbling Epigram. 1730.

THE thrasher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, "no fence against a bail."
From threshing corn he turns to thrash his brains;
For which her majesty allows him grains;
Though 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
His poems think them all not worth a straw!
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.*

1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in 1)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing,
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.

Stephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.

And first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the armpits well besmear'd;
Stephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
On such a point few words are best,
And Stephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears he wondrously the men lie
In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fix'd,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandruff, powder, lead, and hair:

* This visit took place in 1723; but being only found guilty of an assault, with intent to commit the crime, the worthy colonel was fined 500*l*. to the private party prosecuting.

^b A defence of "The Lady's Dressing-room," by some facetious friend of our author, is printed in Farinier's edition.

A forehead cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front :
Here alm-flour, to stop the steams
Exhaled from sour unsavoury streams :
There night-gloves made of Tripsy's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsy when she died ;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsy's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials placed,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste ;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands :
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits and here she spews.

But oh ! it turn'd poor Strephon's howls
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, hematter'd, and beslimed,
With dirt, and sweat, and car-wax grimed ;
No object Strephon's eye escapes ;
Her petticoats in frouzy heaps ;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,
Or greasy coils, or pinners reeking,
Which Celia slept at least a week in ?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round ;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass
Of Celia's magnifying glass ;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant :
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail ;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest ?
And must you needs describe the chest ?
That careless wench ! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner !
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite ?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes :
Which Strephon ventured to look in,
Resolved to go through thick and thin.
He lifts the lid : there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus oped the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew ;
He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind :
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent ;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.
O ! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber seen !
O ! may she better learn to keep
Those " secrets of the hoary deep."

As mutton-outlets, prime of meat,
Which, though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire ;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon the cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench :
So things which must not be express'd,
When plump'd into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell :
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.

Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away ;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
" Oh ! Celia, Celia, Celia sh— !"
But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping :
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks ;
And, if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits ;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of womankind.
Should I the queen of love refuse
Because she rose from stinking ooze ?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky queen.

When Celia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout,)
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips raised from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME.

1730.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand ;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry ;
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine ?

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they used to meet,
On love, and books, and rapture sweet ;
Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter.)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while and warm his nose ;
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed ;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of different colour'd yarn ;

His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide,
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for night-gown he had none,)
His Jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dyed,
And half unsmoked, lay by his side.

Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers placed, to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush;
And I have heard thee ever salute
Aurora with thy early flute.

Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word comes from thy lips!

Then gave him some familiar thumps,
A college joke to cure the dumps,

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
Cried, Celia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must—is Celia dead?

How happy I, were that the worst!
But I was fated to be curs'd!

Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?
O Peter, would it were no more!

Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox

Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.

O Peter! beauty's hut a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish:

But Celia has contrived to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.

Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,

How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd:

Conceive the most venom'd dart
To pierce an injured lover's heart.

Why, hang her; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the harber's boy.

Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;

Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.

But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime, that shocks all human kind;

A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:

Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.

Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn!

And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after-times:—

"Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
And dying, never told his pain."

Vain, empty world, farewell! But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark:

And there—behold Alecto stand.
A whip of scorpions in her hand:

Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry:

I come! I come! Medusa see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.

Be gone; unhail me, hellish fry:
"Avaunt—ye cannot say 'tis I."

Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.

But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee tell the cause;

And Celia's horrid fact relate;
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

To force it out my heart must rend;
Yet when conjured by such a friend—

Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.

Now hend thine ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,

The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;

(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)

Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;

Nor hlab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;

Nor let the Zephyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;

Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Celia's foul disgrace.

But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed—

And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu!

Nor wonder how I lost my wits;
Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

Written for the honour of the fair sex.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;

Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batten'd strolling toast!

No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar where on tick to sup;

Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;

Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;

Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.

Her eye-brows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,

Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em,

Now dext'rously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws,

Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes;

Pulls out the rags contrived to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.

Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,

Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.

Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips;

With gentlest touch she next explores
Her chancres, issues, running sores;

Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster;

But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,

And smoothe the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.

She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps,

With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,

Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belsted, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her faucy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs;
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
And puss had on her plumpers p—ss'd.
A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scattered parts!
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again!
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning disen'd,
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

1781.

Or Chloe all the town has rung,
By every size of poets sung;
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years;
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel;
Such cleanliness from head to heel;
No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow;
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maid's water;
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown:
At country dances not a nose
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!

What sword-knots! what poetic strains!
What hillets-doux, and clouded canes!

But Strephon sigh'd so loud and stroug,
He blew a settlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down,
With coach-and-six and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands,
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage rites.

Imprimis, at the temple porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings:
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with silver tongue,
And Hebe, goddess ever young.
Behold the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand and side by side;
She by the tender Graces dress'd,
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus sung th' epithalamium.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade;
With loud buzzes from all the boys,
That uow the pair must crown their joys.

But still the hardest part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night:
For as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet;
With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.
The weather and his love were hot;
And should he struggle I know what—
Why let it go if I must tell it!
He'll sweat and then the nymph may smell it!
While she, a goddess died in grain,
Was unacceptible of stain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant-skin
Exhaled ambrosia from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard and hairy breast!
His nightcap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
Yet if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find!
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men;
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read,)
Took colonel Peleus to her bed,
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife!
(For Strephon could remember well
That once he heard a schoolboy tell
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes!

While these reflections fill'd his head
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stripp'd, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.

Now "ponder well, ye parents dear;"
Furbi'd your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
That ere to bed they venture up;
They may discharge it every sup;
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forced to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confined,
Nor let them taste what causes wind:
'Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples heans.
O! think what evils must ensue,
Miss Moll, the jade, will burn it blue;
And when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, even when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretic
Will damp all passions sympathetic;
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean,
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair;
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still awaits the bold,
Resolved to make the first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Even lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right;
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season.

Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or hurt.
Then see the dire effects of peas;
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph, oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her band, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair intell, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cried out, Ye gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, — ?
But when he smelt a noisome steam
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream
(Salerno both together joins,
As sovereign medicines for the loins);
And though contrived, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;

He found her, while the scent increased,
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions press'd,
He boldly sent his band in quest
(Inspired with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side;
And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove,) with garlands crown'd,
Abaab'd at what they saw and heard
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to raviabing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.

How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed
Can see each other do their need.

On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienced grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less ashamed,
How'er for selling bargains famed,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire;
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birthday gear,
You think some goddess from the sky,
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spied
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case,
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spied her on the privy
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly lasts the boney-moon:

For if they keep not what they caught
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down;
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!

Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a telltale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distills;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord!
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;
Shows Sheba's queen completely dress'd,
And Solomon in royal vest:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.

A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last;
And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble!
What edifice can long endure
Raised on a basis unsecure?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?

On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still;
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refined all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books;
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;

The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
I own 'twas but a coach-and-four,
For Jupiter allows no more.

Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind,
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His singing was another fault,
For he could reach to B in *alt*;
And by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED. 1731.

ALL folks who pretend to religion and grace
Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the place;
But if HELL may by logical rules be defined
The place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads,
damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators bribed, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd
squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends and
damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd;
And HELL to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us that it is not at home!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.*

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seized my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said,
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell from pride;
You who in different sects were shammi'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you);
—The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

JUDAS. 1731.

Written when the majority of the Irish bishops were meditating what might be considered as encroachments upon the rights of their clergy.

By the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor bishop Judas late repenting dies.

* This poem was first printed (from the *dean's MS.*) in a letter from lord Chesterfield, addressed to Mr. Voltaire.

The Jews engaged him with a paltry bribe,
 Amounting hardly to a crown a-tribe;
 Which though his conscience forced him to restore,
 (And parsons tell us, no man can do more,)
 Yet, through despair, of God and man accurs'd,
 He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
 Those former ages differ'd much from this;
 Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
 But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,
 Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;
 Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
 Yet keep their bishoprics and 'scape the cord;
 Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
 To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.

As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
 And burst asunder ere he went to bell;
 So could we see a set of new Iscariots
 Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
 Each modern Judas perish like the first,
 Drop from the tree with all his bowels burst;
 Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
 To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place;
 His habitation let all men forsake,
 And let his bishopric another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY.^a—1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
 To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!^b
 Fain would I think our female friend^c sincere,
 Told Bob,^d the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
 Did female virtue e'er so high ascend
 To lose an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the court no better place to choose
 For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy muse?
 How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
 To squire a royal girl of two years old;
 In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
 Or with her go-cart amble side by side!

But princely Douglas,^e and his glorious dame,
 Advanced thy fortune and preserved thy fame.
 Nor will your nobler gifts be misapplied
 When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
 The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
 For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

Nut love of beauty less the heart inflames
 Of guardian eunuchs to the sultan's dames,
 Their passions not more impotent and cold,
 Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
 With puer's purest fire his favourites glow,
 The dregs will serve to ripen ore below:
 His meanest work; for, had he thought it fit
 That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
 The goal of light could ne'er have been so blind
 To deal it to the worst of humankind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
 Your conduct in this new employ foretell.

And first: to make my observation right,
 I place a statesman full before my sight,
 A bloated minister in all his gear,
 With shameless visage and perfidious leer:
 Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
 And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
 My fancy drags this monster to my view,
 To show the world his chief reverse in you.
 Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
 Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
 With these the court and senate-house he plies,
 Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

^a The dean, having been told by an intimate friend that the duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's revenues and stewards (which, however, proved to be a mistake), wrote this epistle to his friend.

^b See the libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret.

^c The countess of Suffolk.

^d Sir Robert Walpole.

^e The duke of Queensberry.

Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
 You serve a potent prince as well as he.
 The ducal coffers trusted to your charge
 Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
 His vassals easy, and the owner blest;
 They pay a trifle and enjoy the rest.
 Not so a nation's revenues are paid;
 The servant's faults are on the master laid.
 The people with a sigh their taxes bring,
 And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.

Neat hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
 With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring squire
 Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;
 Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
 Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
 Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
 Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
 By telling noses with a party strong.

Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
 At least, before your master's debts are paid;
 Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
 Presume to treat him at his own expense.
 Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
 To what your lawful perquisites amount.
 The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
 Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
 With interest, and a premium paid beside,
 The master's pressing wants must be supplied;
 With hasty seal behold the steward come
 By his own credit to advance the sum;
 Who, while th' unrighteous mammon is his friend,
 May well conclude his power will never end.
 A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
 He lends my lord what was my lord's before.

The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
 That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
 The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
 And give advice before he gives the pill.
 But the state empiric acts a safer part;
 And, while he poisons, wins the royal heart.

But bow can I describe the ravenous breed?
 Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
 On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:
 Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
 To countermand his orders by your own.
 Should some imperious neighbour sink the bount,
 And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes;
 Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
 Because he bribed you with a brace of trench?

Nor from your lord his bad condition bide,
 To feed his luxury, or soothe his pride.
 Nor at an under rate his timber sell,
 And with an oath assure him all is well;
 Or swear it rotten, and with bumble air
 Request it of him to complete your stairs;
 Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
 Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.

Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
 That rogue, of genuine ministerial kind,
 Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
 Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich;
 And, when he gravely has undone a score,
 Is bumbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.

A dextrous steward, when his tricks are found,
 Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round;
 His master, unsuspecting of his pranks,
 Pays all the cost and gives the villain thanks.
 And should a friend attempt to set him right,
 His lordship would impute it all to spite:
 Would love his favourite better than before,
 And trust his honesty just so much more.
 Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
 Are sunk by premier ministers of state.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the father, rob the son.
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps;
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks when'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A hanger thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:
Nor dares an able workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs:
For vengeance more embroils than skill repairs.
So robbers, (and their ends are just the same,)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.

I knew a brazen minister of state, [Walpole]
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, when will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, old master died.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two:
Will you, sir Spencer? or will you, or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And, such was then the temper of the times,
He owed his preservation to his crimes.
The candidates observed his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

TO A LADY

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES
UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.

Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t'ye;
I can solve the diff—culty.

You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;

How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by Fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heiress;
Dress'd like any lady-mayores;
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued play-day—
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduced into a poem.

But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court, nor parliament can 'scape you;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mend.

Sing my praise in strain sublime;
Treat me not with doggerel rhyme.
'Tis but just you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse;
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all our modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?

When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to flee and gibe?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;
With good words and countenance sprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?

Think not cards my chief diversion;
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to dose my head like landanum.
We hy play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over;

Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.

Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you and obey;
Though you treat us with a smile,
Clear your looks and smooth your style,
Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel ***** may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think;
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To discourse, and to attend,
Is, to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourself is starving;
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough;
Let them neither starve nor stuff;
And that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,—
What is this but to instil?

To conclude this long essay;
Pardon if I disobey;
Nor, against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose;
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
Spy the strutting chattering vermin;
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon?

When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representatives:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools;
How the helm is ruled by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all poll;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight crieb themselves:

Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry;
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage
(Though it must be understood,
I would bang them if I could):
If I can but fill my niche,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to d'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. John,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance;
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb^a boise 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Dunce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet,
On corruptions running riot.
Eud as it befits your station;
Come to use and application;
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit; and answer thus:

If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public rule,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Soonar would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on Blueskias.^b
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude, *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on; for, as
It is well observed by Horace,
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world than sour.
Horses thus, let jockeys judge also,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.

Thus, I find it by experience,
Boolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with railleury to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind clope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsy-turvy.

I, who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king,
That they might some better way tread
To avoid the public hatred,
Thought no method more commodious
Than to show their vices odious;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger but by sneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming,

^a Caleb d'Anvers was the name assumed by Amhurst, the omniscient writer of the Craftsman.

^b The famous thief who while on his trial at the Old Bailey stabbed Jonathan Wild.

For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault;
Would you have me change my style?
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use!

If I treat you like a crow'd head,
You have chesep enough compounded;
Can you put in higher claims
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not so great a grievance
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower class
Than my friend sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found:
I have laugh'd and lash'd them round.

Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierced the sky:
It hut reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there;
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a cockcomb's crown.
See what mirth the sport creates!
Singes hair, hut breaks no plates!
Thus should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse:
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst; and bursting drop;
All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps;
Only make it smart a while;
Then could I forhear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on;
Learn to relish truth and reason!

Thus we both shall gain our prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

EPIGRAM

ON THE DUSTS OF NEWTON, LOCKE, CLARKE, AND
WOOLASTON, IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE.

1732.

"*Sic sit! lætatur docti.*"

With honour thus by Carolina placed,
How are these venerable hueses graced!
O queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Revered by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
And raised the scientific head;
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAMS,
AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER.

SINCE ADDA, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust;
I wonder, good man, that you are not envailed;
Frithee go, and be dead, and he doughty exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER BOOK, FINELY BOUND,
ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV. 30, 1732.

By John Earl of Ottery.

To thee, dear Swift, these spotted leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a hook below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear!
Though tawdry now, and like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace
Though pasteboards, glittering like a tinseled coat,
A *rosa fabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age
And modern vices should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impudent fate,
A sinking country and an injured state,
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise,
Inspired with thought, and speaking to our eyes;
Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence and nervous sense;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more;
But lead us inward to those golden mines
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty graced, with shape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES

LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF
ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

By Dr. Delany.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at quadrille.
Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turn'd out to serve the poor.*
Not strolling idleness to aid,
But honest industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchased me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.

This done, to Hermes I applied
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
Be it my fate to serve a sage,
The greatest genius of his age;
That matchless pen let me supply,
Whose living lines will never die!"
"I grant your suit," the god replied,
And here he left me to reside.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER BOOK is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil,
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can handish.

* Alluding to five hundred pounds lent by the dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen.

Let both around my tomb be placed,
As trophies of a Muse deceased;
And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praise of long departed wit,
Be graved on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

VERSES

SENT TO THE DEAN WITH AN EAGLE-QUILL,
On hearing of the presents by the earl of Orrery and Dr. Delany.
By Mrs. Pilkington.*

SHALL then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To music, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.^b
I to the faithful canvass have consign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's sky-dipp'd pencils rise
Such heavenly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays;
Nor thou, immortal bard, my aid refuse,
Accept me as the servant of your Muse;
Then shall the world my wondrous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless pen revere.

AN INVITATION, BY DR. DELANY,

IN THE NAME OF DR. SWIFT.

MIGHTY Thomas,^c a solemn acutus^d I call,
To consult for Sapphira;^e so come one and all;
Quit books and quit business, your cure and your care,
For a long winding walk and a short bill of fare.
I've mutton for you, sir; and as for the ladies,
As friend Virgil has it, I've *aliud mercedis*;
For Letty,^f one filbert, whereon to regale,
And for pale Constance^g to make a full meal;
And for your cruel part,^h who take pleasure in blood,
I have that of the grape, which is ten times as good:
Flow wit to her honour, flow wine to her health:
High raised be her worth above titles or wealth.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,
On observing how most men mistake their own talents. 1732.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stammering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal

* See a letter to Mrs. Pilkington, Jan. 1, 1732-3.

^b Quills of the Largschield.

^c From their diminutive size, the dean used to call Mr. Pilkington "Tom Thumb," and his wife "his lady fair."

^d To correct Mrs. Barber's poems; which were published at London, in 4to, by subscription.

^e The name by which Mrs. Barber was distinguished by her friends.

^f Mrs. Pilkington.

^g Mrs. Constanza Grieson, a very learned young lady.

^h Mrs. Van Lewen (Mrs. Pilkington's mother), who used to argue with Dr. Swift about his declamation against eating blood.

In rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least 500 poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; 40,000 politicians, and 4500 profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupees^a on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau to make a figure before women; some of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted! I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geography, even of present times. I compute that London hath eleven native fools of the heau and puppy kind for one among us in Dublin; besides two-thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalised; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the articles of dunces by forty to one; and what is more, to our further mortification, there is no one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This has been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the author does a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes, wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesses; and yet be has gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals—the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape—all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning; so great is the pride of man!

WHEN beasts could speak, (the learned say
They still can do so every day,)
It seems they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout.)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food,
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

The Ass, approaching next, confess'd
That in his heart he loved a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:

^a Wigs with long black tails, at that time very much in fashion.

Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe :
 But yet the worst that could be said,
 He was a wit both born and bred ;
 And if it be a sin and shame,
 Nature alone must bear the blame :
 One fault he has, is sorry for't,
 His ears are half a foot too short,
 Which could he to the standard bring,
 He'd show his face before the king :
 Then for his voice, there's none disputes
 That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with coutrite heart allow'd
 His shape and beauty made him proud :
 In diet was perhaps too nice,
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice :
 In every turn of life content,
 And meekly took what fortune sent :
 Inquire through all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found ;
 His vigilance might some displease ;
 'Tis true, he hated sloth like peas.

The mimic Ape began his chatter,
 How evil tongues his life bespatter ;
 Much of the censuring world complain'd,
 Who said his gravity was feign'd :
 Indeed, the strictness of his morals
 Engaged him in a hundred quarrels :
 He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet :
 He found his virtues too severe
 For our corrupted times to hear ;
 Yet such a lewd licentious age
 Might well excuse a stoic's rage.

The Goat advanced with decent pace,
 And first excused his youthful face ;
 Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
 ('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
 'Tis true, he was not much inclined
 To fondness for the female kind ;
 Not, as his enemies object,
 From chance or natural defect ;
 Not by his frigid constitution,
 But through a pious resolution ;
 For he had made a holy vow
 Of chastity, as monks do now ;
 Which he resolved to keep for ever hence,
 And strictly too, as doth his reverence.*

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
 How just it suits with humankind.
 Some faults we own : but can you guess ?
 — Why, virtue's carried to excess,
 Wherewith our vanity endows us,
 Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
 The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
 He never squeezed a needy client ;
 And this he makes his constant rule,
 For which his brethren call him fool ;
 His conscience always was so nice,
 He freely gave the poor advice,
 By which he lost, he may affirm,
 A hundred fees last Easter term ;
 While others of the learned robe,
 Would break the patience of a Job.
 No plender at the bar could match
 His diligence and quick despatch ;
 Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
 Above a term or two at most.

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
 Without success, thus tells his case :
 Why should he longer mince the matter ?
 He fail'd because he could not flatter ;

He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
 Nor for a party give his vote :
 His crime he quickly understood,
 Too zealous for the nation's good ;
 He found the ministers resent it,
 Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
 Though it would raise him to the lawn :
 He pass'd his hours among his books ;
 You find it in his meagre looks :
 He might, if he were worldly wise,
 Preferment get, and spare his eyes ;
 But owns he had a stubborn spirit,
 That made him trust alone to merit ;
 Would rise by merit to promotion ;
 Alas ! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
 Confess'd a sin (and God forgive him !) ;
 Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
 A blind old beggar from the grave :
 But see how Satan spreads his snares !
 He quite forgot to say his prayers.
 He cannot help it for his heart
 Sometimes to act the parson's part :
 Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
 That moves his patients to repentance ;
 And, when his medicines do no good,
 Supports their minds with heavenly food :
 At which, however well intended,
 He hears the clergy are offended ;
 And grown so bold behind his back,
 To call him hypocrite and quack.
 In his own church he keeps a seat ;
 Says grace before and after meat ;
 And calls, without affecting airs,
 His household twice a-day to prayers.
 He shuns apothecaries' shops,
 And hates to errand the sick with slops :
 He scorns to make his art a trade,
 Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
 Old nurse-keepers would never hire
 To recommend him to the squire ;
 Which others, whom he will not name,
 Have often practised to their shame.

The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
 His fault is to be too sincere ;
 And, having no sinister ends,
 Is apt to disoblige his friends.
 The nation's good, his master's glory,
 Without regard to Whig or Tory,
 Were all the schemes he had in view,
 Yet he was seconded by few :
 Though some had spread a thousand lies,
 'Twas he defeated the excise.
 'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
 That standing troops were his aversion :
 His practice was, in every station,
 To serve the king and please the nation.
 Though hard to find in every case
 The fittest man to fill a place :
 His promises he ne'er forgot,
 But took memorials on the spot ;
 His enemies, for want of charity,
 Said he affected popularity :
 'Tis true the people understood
 That all he did was for their good ;
 Their kind affections he has tried ;
 No love is lost on either side.
 He came to court with fortune clear,
 Which now he runs out every year ;
 Must, at the rate that he goes on,
 Inevitably be undone :
 O ! if his majesty would please
 To give him but a writ of ease,

* The priest his confessor

Would grant him licence to retire,
As it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations;
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame),
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views
When he has liberty to choose.

The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away;
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill he always lost;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contrived a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye;
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fierce him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact,
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd that could I raise up,
From fields Elysian, fabled *Æsop*,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers,
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of *Tray* or *Cupid*;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap
There to be stroked and fed with pap,
As *Æsop* would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes where'er his lady whistles,
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et imphimus*;
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on humankind;
For here he owns that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend *Marcus*, like a stole,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet all must own thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting-days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave;
And, O, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!

But now should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curate's place a dean;

Or some rich benefice provid'e,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small, and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf, and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town;
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffeehouse, or court;
And weekly persecute his grace
With visits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine
Would'st thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

Poor ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day;
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not I can see no cause),
The men should slave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE-SONG

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* brows,
Morphens, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Meander*,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

THE STORM.

MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddess chaste and wise,
Descending lately from the skies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a storm;
A storm to drown that rascal Horte,
And she would kindly thank him for't;
A wretch! whom English rogues, to spite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.

The god, who favour'd her request,
Assured her he would do his best:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the bishop loved a whore,
And had enlarged her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beside.

At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishops' bench,
Till Horte arrived, ne'er kept a weuch;
If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one single prelate:
For, to say truth, she did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus in commendam;
And since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

Then Proteus urged the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;
Said he—"Great sovereign of the main,
To drown him all attempts are vain.
Horte can assume more forms than I,
A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;
Can creep, or run, or fly, or swim;
All motions are alike to him:
Turn him adrift, and you shall find
He knows to sail with every wind;
Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
As well against as with the tide.
But Pallas, you've applied too late;
For 'tis decreed by Jove and Fate,
That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,
And who but Horte can be employ'd?
You need not then have been so pert
In sending Bolton* to Clonfert.
I found you did it, by your grinning;
Your business is to mind your spinnling.
But how you came to interpose
In making bishops, no one knows;
Or who regarded your report;
For never were you seen at court.
And if you must have your petition,
There's Berkeley^b in the same condition;
Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,
If one must drown, the other must;
But if you'll leave us bishop Judas,
We'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
Now, if 'twill gratify your spite,
To put him in a pluguy fright,
Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
You soon shall see him soundly toss'd.
You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
(And every moment take a dram)
His ghastly visage with an air
Of reprobaton and despair;
Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,
For fear the rest should say he squeaks;
Or as Fitzpatrick^c did before,
Resolve to perish with his whore;

Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
And but for shame would say his prayers
Or would you see his spirits sink?
Relaxing downwards in a stink!
If such a sight as this can please ye,
Good Madam Pallas, pray be easy.
To Neptune speak, and he'll consent;
But he'll come back the knave he went."
The goddess, who conceived an hope
That Horte was destined to a rope,
Believed it best to condescend
To spare a foe, to save a friend;
But fearing Berkeley might be scar'd,
She left him virtue for a guard.

ODE ON SCIENCE.^a

O, HEAVENLY born! in deepest dells
If fairest science ever dwells
Beneath the mossy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flow'ry carpets lave.

For Melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obstructed and depress'd;
Till wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspired to shine,
By reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lyeurgus taught
To moralise the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws,
Thy charms, O Liberty! the cause
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
Or hid a hundred suns be born,
To hestomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
Bring sweet philosophy along,
In metaphysic dreams;
While raptur'd hards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian streams,

Drive Thralldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destined land,
By Folly led astray:
Ierne hear on azure wing;
Énergie let her soar, and sing
Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion made the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drow'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song.

^a This is written in the same style, and with the same imagery, as the "Love-song in the Modern Taste."

Dr. Theophilus Bolton, afterwards archbishop of Cashel.

Dr. George Berkeley, a senior fellow of Trinity college, Dublin.

^c Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the pocket-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great storm.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT

FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND.

Written on the same plan with the preceding, in order to ridicule the commonplaces of poetry.

Blow, ye zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails;
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident strong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous state,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my golden fleece,
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadeneus longer stay?
Come, Cadeneus, come away;
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres, with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;
All are ripe, and courting sue
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadeneus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore,
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return:
Come, Cadeneus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly,
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

"PRAISE is the strongest satire, and the most pleasing, but it requires great art and judgment to manage and conduct an irony. I once said, talking on this subject with Dean Swift, that the Rhapsody was the best satire he had ever composed. He assured me that immediately after this poem was published he received a message of thanks from the whole ***—(Dr. King's cautious asterisks may be supplied with the words royal family!) This I can easily conceive, as irony is not a figure in the German rhetoric. If Mr. Pope, when he calls Lord Cobham a coward, had complimented a German colonel with the same appellation, my little friend I fear would have fared very ill."
—Dr. King's *Anecdotes*.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of hays in fifty years;
While every fool his claims alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges,
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?

Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies litter'd under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter;
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Clibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starv'ling hard, how small thy gain!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;

Biot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline;
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
 Is needful to transcribe it fair.
 In modern wit all printed trash is
 Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
 You print it in *Italic* type,
 When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
 But, when in capitals express'd,
 The dullest reader smokes the jest:
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant;
 As learned commentators view
 In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
 Correctly fitted for the press,
 Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
 But let no friend alive look into't.
 If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
 You need not fear your labour lost;
 And bow agreeably surprised:
 Are you to see it advertised;
 The hawkier shows you one in print,
 As fresh as farthings from the mint;
 The product of your toil and sweating;
 A hasty of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's, the following day,
 Lie snug, and bear what critics say;
 And, if you find the general vogue
 Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
 Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
 Sit still and swallow down your spittle;
 Be silent as a politician,
 For talking may beget suspicion;
 Or praise the judgment of the town,
 And help yourself to run it down.
 Give up your fond paternal pride,
 Nor argue on the weaker side:
 For, poems read without a name
 We justly praise, or justly blame;
 And critics have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse:
 And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
 Depend upon't their judgment's right.
 But if you blab you are undone;
 Consider what a risk you run:
 You lose your credit all at once;
 The town will mark you for a dunce;
 The vilest doggrel Grub-street sends
 Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
 And you must bear the whole disgrace,
 Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
 And sent in quires to line a trunk,
 If still you be disposed to rhyme,
 Go try your hand a second time.
 Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
 Take courage, and attempt a third.
 But first with care employ your thoughts
 Where critics mark'd your former faults;
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The similes that nothing fit;
 The cant which every fool repeats,
 Town jests and coffeehouse conceits,
 Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
 And introduced the Lord knows why:
 Or where we find your fury set.
 Against the harmless alphabet,
 On A's and B's your malice vent.
 While readers wonder whom you meant.

A public or a private robber,
 A statesman or a South-Sea jobber;
 A prelate who no God believes;
 A parliament or den of thieves;
 A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
 A duchess or a suburb wench;
 Or oft, when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chink;
 Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
 In streets where kennels are too wide;
 Or like a beel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short;
 Or like a bridge that joins a marsh
 To moorlands of a different parish.
 So have I seen ill-coupled bounds
 Drag different ways in miry grounds.
 So geographers, in Afric maps,
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er uninhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns.

But, though you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
 To spring more profitable game.
 From party merit seek support;
 The vilest verse thrives best at court.
 A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring in peace;
 Nor be concern'd about the sale,
 He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits every virtue round,
 As emblems of the sovereign power,
 Like other haubles in the Tower:
 Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
 And so continues till he dies:
 His humble senate this professes,
 In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
 As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This god on earth turns devil in hell;
 And lo! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
 Where in the scenes of endless woe
 They ply their former arts below;
 And as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
 To Cerberus they give a sop,
 His triple barking mouth to stop;
 Or, in the ivory gate of dreams,
 Project excise and South-Sea schemes;
 Or hire their party pamphleteers
 To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your muse on kings alive;
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet:
 Who, as the colours reach his throne,
 Will smile and think them all his own;
 For law and gospel both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
 I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath.
 Your garland, in the following reign,
 Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too base,
 (Which sell'm in the dunce's case)

Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A uod, a slurp, a scornful smile,
With caution used, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place:
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bosu,
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *perì Augustus*;
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To ery it up or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them),
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city hard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this, for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius placed in Phœbus' ear
From Ludgate shines to Temple-har:
Harmonious Ciber eutertains
The court with annual birthday strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;

Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their perieranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in state of war by nature.
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
Tha hrave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely hit, are always hit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticize,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.

The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern postasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outshone us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee;
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient breed
Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And lest a chaam should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolved to thee,
Great poet of the hollow tree.*
But ah! how insecure thy throne!
A thousand hards thy right disown;

* Lord Grimsden was the author of this celebrated perform-
ance, of which he was afterwards so much ashamed as to buy
up all the copies.

They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a commonweal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In hulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all!
For though in nature depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymers can like Welsted * sink,
His merits balanced, you shall find
The laureat * leaves him far behind.
Concannon, more aspiring hard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore * with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:
With heads to point the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch bless'd,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess horn and hred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
Au heil fur Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddess, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:

* Mr. Welsted's poems were reprinted in 1767, and contain specimens of little worth.

* In some editions, instead of the laureat, was maliciously inserted the name of Mr. Fielding; for whose ingenious writings the supposed author manifested a great esteem.—"Little," says Dr. Warton, "did Swift imagine that Fielding would be another equal him in works of humour, and exact him in drawing and correcting characters, and in the arduous conduct and plan of a comic epopee."

* James Moore Smith, esq., author of "The Rival Modes."

Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great viceregent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the ample flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steeple.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafed to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.

Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strew your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refused to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan,
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be heed so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight:
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cetera desiderantur.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.*

Written in November, 1713.^b

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHFESOUCAULT: "Dans l'université de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
In all distresses of our friends

We first consult our private ends;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

* The verses on his death, and the Epitaph on Poetry, are the best of Swift's poetical productions, though they cannot be called true poetry.—(Dr. Warton.)

^b These verses have undergone perhaps, a stranger revolution than any other part of the dean's writings. A manifestly

If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.
 We all behold with envious eyes
 Our equals raised above our size,
 Who would not at a crowded show
 Stand high himself, keep others low ?
 I love my friend as well as you :
 But why should he obstruct my view ?
 Then let me have the higher post :
 Suppose it but an inch at most.
 If in a battle you should find
 One whom you love of all mankind
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
 Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
 Would you not wish his laurels eropp'd ?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he ?
 But rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell !

Her end when Emulation misses,
 She turns to Envy, stings and hisses ;
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.
 Vain humankind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all on me a usurpation.

I have no title to aspire ;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine ;
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six ;
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, " Pox take him and his wit !"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous hitting way.
 Arbutnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refined it first, and show'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose ;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside ;
 If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em !

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts ! but never to my friend :
 I tamely can endure the first ;
 But this with envy makes me hurt.

*spurious copy, containing 201 lines, under the title of "The Life and Character of Dr. Swift," appeared at London in April 1733; of which the dean complained heavily in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated May 1st; and notwithstanding Swift acknowledged in that letter he had written "a poem of near 200 lines upon the same maxim of Rocheforteau, and was a long time about it," many readers have supposed (not attending to the circumstance of there being two poems on the subject) that the dean disclaimed the *Verses on his own Death*. The genuine verses having been committed to the care of the celebrated author of "The Toss," an edition was printed in 1738-9, in which more than 100 lines were omitted. Dr. King assigned many judicious reasons (though some of them were merely temporary and prudential) for the mutilation; but they were so far from satisfying Dr. Swift, that a complete edition was immediately published by Faulkner, with the dean's express permission. The poem, as it now stands in this collection, is agreeable to Mr. Faulkner's copy.*

Thus much may serve by way of poem ;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
 Must by the course of nature die ;
 When I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends :
 And, though 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
 " See, how the dean begins to break !"
 Poor gentleman, he droops apace !
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him till he's dead,
 Besides, his memory decays :
 He recollects not what he says ;
 He cannot call his friends to mind :
 Forgets the place where last he dined ;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit !
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith ! he must make his stories shorter
 Or change his comrades once a quarter :
 In half the time he talks them round,
 There must another set be found.

" For poetry he's past his prime ;
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;
 His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 His fancy sunk, his Muse a jale.
 I'd have him throw away his pen ;—
 But there's no talking to some men !"

And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years ;
 " He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 And well remembers Charles the Second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail :
 Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
 But now he's quite another thing :
 I wish he may hold out till spring !"
 They hug themselves, and reason thus :
 " It is not yet so bad with us !"

In such a case they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d'yes come of course,
 And servants answer, " Worse and worse !")
 Would please them better than to tell
 That, " God be praised, the dean is well."
 Then he who prophesied the best
 Approves his foresight to the rest :
 " You know I always fear'd the worst,
 And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather choose that I should die
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover ;
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send !
 What hearty prayers that I should mend !
 Inquire what regimen I kept ;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept !
 And more lament when I was dead
 Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear ;
 For, though you may mistake a year,

Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!

"How is the dean?"—"He's just alive."

Now the departing prayer is read;

"He hardly breathes."—"The dean is dead."

Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.

"O! may we all for death prepare!

What has he left? and who's his heir?"

"I know no more than what the news is;

"Tis all bequeathed to public uses!"—

"To public uses! there's a whim!

What had the public done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride:

He gave it all—but first he died.

And had the dean, in all the nation,

No worthy friend, no poor relation?

So ready to do strangers good,

Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd:

With elegies the town is cloy'd;

Some paragraph in every paper

To curse the dean or bless the draper.

The doctors, tender of their fame,

Wisely on me lay all the blame:

"We must confess his case was nice;

But he would never take advice.

Had he been ruled, for aught appears,

He might have lived these twenty years."

For when we open'd him we found

That all his vital parts were sound."

From Dublin soon to London spread,

"Tis told at court "the dean is dead."

And lady Suffolk,^a in the spleen,

Runs laughing up to tell the queen.

The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,

Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.

He's dead, you say; then let him rot:

I'm glad the medals^b were forgot.

I promised him, I own; but when?

I only was the princess then;

But now, as consort of the king,

You know 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres,^c at sir Robert's levee,

Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:

"Why, if he died without his shoes,"

Cries Bob,^d "I'm sorry for the news;

O, were the wretch but living still,

And in his place my good friend Will!"

Or had a mitre on his head,

Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

Now Curll^e his shop from rubbish drains:

Three genuine tomes of Swifts remains!

And then, to make them pass the glibber,

Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber,^f

^a The dean supposed himself to die in Ireland, where he was born.

^b Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the dean.

^c The medals were to be sent in the dean in four months; but

^d Bob, a favourite with the dean.

^e Chartres, an infamous scoundrel, grown from a footboy to a

prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland.

^f Sir Robert Walpole, chief minister of state, treated the dean in 1736 with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chartres, with the dean's friends chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him on Ireland, to which kingdom and people the dean found him no great friend.

^g Mr. William Pulvis, from being sir Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, opposed his measures, and joined with my lord Bolingbroke.

^h Henry St. John, lord viscount Bolingbroke, secretary of state to queen Anne, of blessed memory.

ⁱ Curll had been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country.

^j Three single verse-writers in London; the last, to the shame of the court and the disgrace to wit and learning, was made a peer.

He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters:"

Revive the libels born to die;

Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent

How those I love my death lament.

Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his pen and drop a tear.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,

"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,

All fortitude of mind supplies:

For how can stony bowels melt

In those who never pity felt?

When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,

Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,

Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;

Who wisely thought my age a screen,

When death approach'd, to stand between:

The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;

They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts

Have better learn'd to act their parts,

Receive the news in doleful dumps:

"The dean is dead: (Pray, what is trumps!)

Then Lord have mercy on his soul!

(Ladies, I'll venture for the vote.)

Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:

(I wish I knew what king to call.)

Madam, your husband will attend

The funeral of so good a friend.

No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;

And he's engaged to-morrow night:

My lady Club will take it ill

If he should fail her at quadrille.

He loved the dean—(I lead a heart),

But dearest friends, they say, must part.

His time was come; he ran his race;

We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?

No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past; a different scene!

No further mention of the dean;

Who now, alas! no more is miss'd

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now this favourite of Apollo?

Departed:—and his works must follow;

Must undergo the common fate;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,

Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."

Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;

He died a year ago."—"The same."

He searches all the shops in vain.

"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;"

I sent them with a load of books,

Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.

To fancy they could live a year!

I find you're but a stranger here.

The dean was famous in his time,

And had a kind of kasek at rhyme.

His way of writing now is past;

The town has got a better taste:

I keep no antiquated stuff,

But spick and span I have enough.

Pray do but give me leave to show 'em;

Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.

^k Curll, notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who are hanged at Tyburn.

^l Where old books are sold.

This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen
Then here's a letter finely pen'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend :
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's sir Robert's vindication,^a
And Mr. Hensley's last oration.^b
The hawks have not got them yet :
Your honour please to buy a set !

"Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition ;

'Tis read by every politician :
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down ;
You never met a thing so smart ;
The courtiers have them all by heart ;
Those maids of honour who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.^c
He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down :
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor ;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :
The church had never such a writer ;
A shame he has not got a mitre !"

Suppose me dead ! and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose ;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.

And while they toss my name about,
With favour some and some without,
One quite indifferent in the cause
My character impartial draws ;

"The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those ;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em :
But this I know, all people bought 'em.
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind :
His vein, ironically grave,
Exposed the fool and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.

"He never thought an honour done him
Because a duke was proud to own him ;
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration ;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs :
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends ;
And only chose the wise and good ;
No flatterers ; no allies in blood :
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success ;

As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown."

"With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just,
In princes never put thy trust :
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd !
Fair Linnæus was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die ;
For her he boldly stood alone ;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms,^d just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head ;
But not a traitor could he found
To sell him for six hundred pound.

"Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men :
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat :
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound :
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of humankind :
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power ;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair."

"And oh ! how short are human schemes !
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended
On which alone our weal depended.^e
When up a dangerous faction starts,^f
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
By solemn league and covenant bound
To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel ;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story :
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand !
With horror, grief, despair, the dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene :
His friends in exile or the Tower,
Himself 'tween the frown of power ;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens
Far to the land of saints and fens ;

^a Dr. Delany, in the close of his eighth letter, after having enumerated the friends with whom the dean lived, is the greatest intimacy, very handsomely applies this passage to himself.

^b In 1713 the queen was prevailed with, by an address from the house of lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising 300*l*. to discover the author of a pamphlet called "*The Public Spirit of the Whigs*;" and in Ireland, in the year 1724, lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation for promising the like reward of 300*l*. to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet called "*The Dragoon's Fourth Letter*."

^c Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after its commencement.

^d In the height of the quarrel between the ministers the queen died, Aug. 1, 1714.

^e On the queen's demise the Whigs were restored to power.

^f Upon the queen's death the dean returned to Dublin.

^a Walpole had a set of party scribblers, who did nothing but write in his defence.

^b Hensley, a clergyman, who, wanting both merit and luck to get preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the established church, formed a new conventicle, which he called an Oratory.

^c Wolston, a clergyman, who, for want of bread, in several treatises, in the most blasphemous manner, attempted to turn our Saviour's miracles into ridicule.

^d Wolston is here confounded with Woolston.

A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most when treated worst.

"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose
Whose merits were to be his foes;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegades now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.

"The dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;^a
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

"To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,^b
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scrooges or old Treilian;^c
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd be God, nor man regarded,
Vow'd on the dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his seal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

"In exile,^d with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.^e
His friendships there, to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.

^a Wood, a hardware-man from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of 108,000*l.* which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdom without gold or silver.

^b Whitbread was then chief justice.

^c Sir William Scrooge, chief justice of the king's bench in the reign of king Charles II., and sir Robert Treilian, chief justice of England in the time of Richard II.

^d In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile.

^e "Alas, poor dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into general odium drew him,
Which if he liked, much good may't do him.
His seal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times:
For had we made him timely offers
To raise the poet or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled—
I say no more—because he's dead.—
What writings have he left behind?
I hear, they're of a different kind:
A few in verse; but most in prose—
Some high flown pamphlets, I suppose;—
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
As never flattery the pretender;
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite!
Perhaps his travels, part the third;
A lie at every second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear:—
But—not one sermon, you may swear."

On rural squires, that kingdom's base,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
***** squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and ***** for nought.
The ***** go joyful back,
The ***** the church their tenants rack,
Go snacks with *****
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads,
Commodious to their own abodes.

"Perhaps I may allow the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant
His satire points at one defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhor'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spared a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess'd
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote."

"He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show'd by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he had left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WITH FINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND.

BY DR. J. SICAN,^a

(Horace speaking).

You've read, sir, in poetic strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birthday been invited,
(But I was forced in verse to write it,)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine,
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And though I'm used to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on my common suit)
My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in my birthday dress:
My coat of purest Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly spread;

^a Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridiculed or lash'd.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you nor your name,
Should view expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke!

^b And, since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his aspersions.

^c This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy.

To which I've sure as good pretensions
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antechamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns,
Have at your levees paid attendance;
And Peterborow and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the general's staff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenæ
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley;
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your loved hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope,
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian Isæ, Hippocrates;
Since Tully lived before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.

You'll plead, perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your bearing's bad!"—But why such fears!
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in—a book.
Attack'd by slow devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes, and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire;
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, bad their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my frame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim:
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
"Thy yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long uncertain fate,
You best know how—" which way!"—TRANSLATE.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER THE HEAD OF
GULLIVER. 1733.

"Hers learn from moral truth and wit refined,
How vice and folly have debased mankind;
Strong sense and humour arm in virtue's cause;
Thus her great rotary vindicates her laws;
While bold and free the glowing colours strike;
Blame not the picture, if the picture's like."

ON PSYCHE.*

At two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire;
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle!
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.

She gives you snuff plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit,
For her taste is almost as refined as her wit.

* Mrs. Sienæ, a very leopulous lady, mother to the author of the poem at p. 654.

To oblige a good friend she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good to see how she will
cark it.

Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the dean had long been friends;
James is beduked; of course their friendship ends;
But sure the dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
For knowing James to boast he knows the duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all be got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd; he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.
O! wert thou not a duke, my good duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou scarce could'st keep thy
bum free.

A duke to know a dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother's (far thy better) were a gown.
Well, but a duke thou art; so pleased the king:
O! would his majesty but add a string!

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1734.

VERTIGINOSUS, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non amamos meas mulier jam percussit aures.

THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT TRANSLATED
AND ANSWERED.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone.

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOC.—To all my friends a burden grown.

ANS.—Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

DOC.—No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANS.—Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOC.—At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANS.—Think then of thunder when you f—t.

DOC.—Nay, what's incredible, slack I
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANS.—A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell or thunder:
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

"IN SYLLABAM LONGAM IN VOCE VERTIGINOSUS
A. D. SWIFT CORREPTAM."

MUSARUM antistes, Phœbi numerosus alumnus,
Vix omnes numeros Vertiginosus habet.
Intentat eharo capitū vertigo ruinam:
Obi servet cerebro nata Minerva caput.
Vertigo nimium longa est, divina poeta;
Dent tibi Pierides, douet Apollo, brevem.

* James Brydges was created duke of Chandos, April 30, 1719.
† The hon. Henry Brydges, archdeacon of Rochester.

* These lines were found on his table when his servant brought up his dinner. Mrs. Ridgway, his housekeeper, requested a copy of them, and the dean immediately gave her the paper.

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pluck my chicken to the bone;
But this my servants much enrage,
No scraps remain to save board-wages
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend;
Yet, where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good bye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plums, apples, and pears.
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in heaven;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot;
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

RIFE 'sparagras,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass;
O, 'tis a pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell;
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer,
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boll'd:
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known:
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING oysters I cry:
My masters come hny:
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colehester oyster
Is sweeter and moister:
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And madam your wife
They'll please to the life;
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring

Fresh from Malahide,*

Better never was tried.

Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard;
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a-dozen, to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

COME, buy my fine oranges, sauce for your teal,
And charming, when squeezed in a pot of brown ale;
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.^b

HAPPIEST of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound!
And the muscly swelling breast,
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.

With a proper light and shade
Let the winding boop be laid;
And within that arching bower,
(Secret circle, mystic power.)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft respiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmey dews, ambrosial showers.

With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Soothe the heart and kindle love.
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance choose,
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsel's gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame!
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the pencil and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

* Malahide, near Dublin, famous for oysters.

^b Is ridicule of Phillips's poem on Miss Carteret.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Several of them written in 1726.

ON A WINDOW AT AN INN.

We fly from luxury and wealth
To hardships, in pursuit of health;
From generous wines, and costly fare,
And dozing in an easy chair;
Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And everywhere her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh, so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

AT AN INN IN ENGLAND.

The glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So, when our passions Love has stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l;
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye;
The wine is so sour;
'Twill give you a scour;
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale.
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me, you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD.*

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will?
Is this your justice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home;
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half choked with dust, half drown'd with rains,
Only your godship to implore
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep,
While you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

ANOTHER, WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW WHERE THERE WAS NO WAITING BEFORE.

Thanks to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free!
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry draughts on glass;

* These verses are signed J— K—; but written, as it is presumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

Nor party fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

THE sage, who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd;
His window scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly hid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

By Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine, I swear, are such.

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when required;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspired,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1726.

TWO-FACED Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's gift;
She has got but half a face;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my lady once be kind,
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor isle's [Ireland] approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me time when coming on;
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new-year's lace
Burnishes an old-year's face.
Give me veivet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD,

WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN, WHOSE SIGN WAS THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchis brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the stuff,
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful dragon [England],
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN DIFFERENT LIBELS

The greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And Fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injured innocence escape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unrevenge'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done? Shall wit and learning choose
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
By Censure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd?
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

Lesbia mi dicit semper male; nec tacet unquam
De me. Lesbiam me, dispeream, nisi amat.
Quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illam
Assidue; verum, dispeream, nisi amo.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now, hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this: I plainly see
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

ON A

CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'd three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men
In the close hands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where, thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious snail,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

TO BETTY,

THE GRISSETTE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty,
Never may the Muse forget ye,
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.
And thy beauty thus despatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply;
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded;
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all christian folks:
Shreds of wit and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times;

Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions;
Where, in the eighteen-penny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery.
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Flee and gibe, and laugh and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, hit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[A FAVOUR gentleman dining with some company on a festday, called for some bacon and eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a sin; whereupon he wrote the following lines, which are translated.]

PEUT on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colère,
Ou, que manger un hareng,
C'est un secret pour lui plaire!
En sa gloire envelopé,
Songe-t-il bien de nos soupés!
Who can believe with common sense
A bacon slice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring has a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapp'd up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

EPIGRAM. 1712.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life;
Went home and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a hully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she combs his head.

VERSES

ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS.

BEOHOLD, those monarch oaks, that rise
With lofty branches to the skies,
Have large proportion'd roots that grow
With equal longitude below:
Two bards that now in fashion reign
Most aptly this device explain:
If this to clouds and stars will venture,
That creeps as far to reach the centre;
Or, more to show the thing I mean,
Have you not o'er a sawpit seen
A skill'd mechanic, that has stood
High on a length of prostrate wood,
Who hired a subterraneous friend
To take his iron by the end?
But which excell'd was never found,
The man above or under ground.

The moral is so plain to hit,
That, had I been the god of wit,
Then, in a sawpit and wet weather,
Should Young and Philips drudge together.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL OROGUES,* AND LADY MEATH.†

UNDER this stoop lies Dick and Dolly.
Dick dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.
Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear;
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a-year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.
Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms
cross'd;

Thought much of his Doll and the jointure he lost;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.
Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cried:
To live without both full three days he tried;
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.
Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate;
And Cuffe grins, for getting the Alicant plate.
Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
And both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest—*sic transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

My latest tribute here I send;
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future time the satisfaction
To leave one handle for detraction.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF.

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of drapers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and scrappers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the pretender and popery bring in;
No protestant prelate, his lordship or grace,
Durst there show his right or most reverend face:
How would it pollute their croziers and rochets,
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!
[The rest is wanting.]

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

THE furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's dean, good sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And next the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be prefer'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep,
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the dean;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintry night:

* Of Kilbrus, in the county of Meath.

† Dorothy, daughter of Edward earl of Meath. She was married to the general in 1718, and died April 10, 1728. Her husband survived her but two days.

To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserved than show.
These are what the dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

EPIGRAM.*

BETHOLD a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine!

EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BESKELEY CHURCH, CLOUDESTONSHIRE.

H. S. E.

CAROLUS Comes de BESKELEY, Vicecomes DUBLIN, Bato BESKELEY, de Berkeley Carl, MOWBRAY, SESSAVE Et BAUCE, et nobilissimo Ordine Baimi Eques. Vir ad prout quod spectat et proaves usquequaque nobilis, Et longo et quia alius proutum summate editus; Monile etiam tam illustri atque dignis insignibus. Sigillum a GUTTENHO III^o ad ordines fiderati Belgii Ablegatus et Penipotentiarius Extraordinarius Rebus, non Britannic tantum, sed totius fere Europæ (Tunc temporis proutum arduis) per annos V. incoluit. Quam felici diligentia, fide quam innumeratâ, Ex illo discas, Lector, quod, superstitie patre, In magnatum ordinem alacri memorit. Fuit à sanctioribus consiliis et Regi GULIEL. et ANNE Regine, E principibus Hibernie secundas, Comitatum civitatumque Glocet. et Brist. Dominus Locumben. Sarrie et Glocet. Cantos Rot. Urbis Glocet. magnas Benefactus. Arcis sacri de Briavell Castellanus. Guardianus Foreste de Dean. Denique ad Turorum primam, deinde ad Roman. Imperatorum Cum Legatus Extraordinarius designatus eueit, Quo minus has etiam curaret provincias Obstitit adversa corporis valetudo. Sed restat adhuc, per quo credentur cetera, Honos verus, stabilis, et vel morti cedere necitas, Quod veritatem evangelicam serio amplectus; Erga Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus, Adversus omnes equos et benevolus, In Christo jam placid obdormit, Cum eodem olim regnatus esset. Natus viii^o April. MDCLXX. decessit xxiv^o Septem. MDCC. ætatis sue LIII.

EPITAPH

ON FREDERICK DUKA DE SCHOMBERG,†

Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG
ad BUDINDAM oecisi, A.D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
UT HEREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum eurent;
Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere;
Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
«Saltem ut scias, hospes,
Ubinam terrarum SCHOMBERGENSIS cineres
delitescunt.
«Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.»
A.D. 1731.

* The dean, in his tenancy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians or physicians took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for? To which Dr. Kinsbury answered, «That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city.»—«Oh! oh!» said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book; «let me take an item of that. This is worth remarking:—'My tablets,' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets—memory, put down that!'» Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote.

† The duke was unhappily killed in crossing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690, and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument in his honour, at their own expence.

* The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with were, «Saltem ut sciat visitor indignatus, quali in cellis tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt.»

AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment;
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know he was not quits
So grave as to be unpolite:
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.

The message told, he gapes and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire so trim and ulce,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour,
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His heaven brush'd, his shoes and gowns,
Away he trudges low to town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state,
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopp'd, and could not tell what all'd him.

What was the message I received!

Why certainly the captain raved!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be he.
Or maybe I mistook the word;
My lady—it must be my lord.

My lord's abroad; my lady too;
What must the unhappy doctor do!
"Is captain Cracherode here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream!
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Named me as plain as he could speak,
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my lady been within!
What could I've said! I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past;
Well, then, I'll e'en go home and fast:
And since I 'scaped being made a scold,
I think I'm very fairly off.

My lady, now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray see,
'Tis now a quarter after three."
The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no doctor's to be found.
My lady could not choose but wonder;
"Captain, I fear you've made some blunder;
But pray to-morrow go at ten;
I'll try his manners once again;
If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college."

The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense as well as breeding.

Who, loth to blame or to excuse,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought;
The doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting and faltering—hummm'd and ha'd,
"Her ladyship was gone abroad;
The captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;"
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him and eat some fruit.
Provided at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme;
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing seemingly compell'd,
Though if he durst he had denied.
But first resolved to show his taste
Was too refined to give a feast,
He'd treat with nothing that was rare
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence;
For well he knew to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
While high, and nice, and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly hoast of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest die, that shone
With native lustre, like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Liked everything—at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d'acquies*.
Yet she, though seeming pleased, can't bear
The scorching sun or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleased at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
To apologize his late offence:
"Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse;
If you unused have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confined to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breathed the fumes
Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazling sun;
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence to excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;

To see th' important man of dress
 Scolding my college awkwardness ;
 To be the strutting cornet's sport,
 To run the gauntlet of the court,
 Winning my way by slow approaches
 Through crowds of cockcombs and of coaches,
 From the first fierce cockaded sentry,
 Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry ;
 To pass so many crowded stages,
 And stand the staring of your pages ;
 And after all, to crown my spleen,
 Be told—' You are not to be seen !'
 Or, if you are, be forced to bear
 The awe of your majestic air.
 And can I then be faultily found
 In dreading this vexatious round ?
 Can it be strange if I eschew
 A scene so glorious and so new ?
 Or is he criminal that flies
 The living lustre of your eyes ?"

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET. 1724.

Grætor et pulchre vestiens in corpore Virtus.—Virgo.

ONCE on a time a righteous sage,
 Grieved with the vices of the age,
 Applied to Jove with fervent prayer—
 " O, Jove, if Virtue be so fair
 As it was deem'd in former days
 By Plato and by Socrates,
 Whose heauties mortal eyes escape,
 Only for want of outward shape ;
 Make then its real excellence,
 For once, the theme of human sense ;
 So shall the eye, by form confined,
 Direct and fix the wandering mind,
 And long-deluded mortals see
 With rapture what they used to flee !"
 Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
 And bids him bless and mend the earth.
 Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
 Now made—ye gods—a son and heir ;
 An heir : and stranger yet to hear,
 An heir, an orphan of a peer ;
 But prodigies are wrought to prove
 Nothing impossible to Jove.

Virtue was for this sex design'd,
 In mild reproof to womankind ;
 In manly form to let them see
 The loveliness of modesty,
 The thousand decencies that shoue
 With lessen'd lustre in their own ;
 Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
 And some thought modish to despise.
 To make his merit more discern'd,
 He goes to school—he reads—is learn'd ;
 Raised high above his birth by knowledge,
 He shines distinguish'd in a college ;
 Resolved nor honour, nor estate,
 Himself alone should make him great.
 Here soon for every art renown'd,
 His influence is diffused around ;
 Th' inferior youth to learning led,
 Less to be famed than to be fed,
 Behold the glory he has won,
 And blush to see themselves outdone ;
 And now, inflamed with rival rage,
 In scientific strife engage,
 Engage ; and, in the glorious strife
 The arts new kindle into life.

Here would our hero ever dwell,
 Fix'd in a lonely learned cell ;
 Contented to be truly great
 In Virtue's best beloved retreat ;

Contented he—but Fate ordains
 He now shall shine in nobler scenes,
 Raised high, like some celestial fire,
 To shine the more, still rising higher ;
 Completely form'd in every part,
 To win the soul and glad the heart.
 The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
 Lovely alike, or heard, or seen ;
 The outward form and inward vie,
 His soul bright beaming from his eye,
 Ennobling every act and air,
 With just, and generous, and sincere.
 Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
 Is to the council and the court,
 Where Virtue is in least repute,
 And interest the one pursuit ;
 Where right and wrong are bought and sold,
 Barter'd for beauty and for gold ;
 Here Manly Virtue, even here,
 Pleased in the person of a peer,
 A peer ; a scarcely hearded youth,
 Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
 Of innocence the surest guard,
 Tales here forgot, or yet unheard :
 That he alone deserved esteem
 Who was the man he wish'd to seem ;
 Call'd it unmanly and unwise
 To lurk behind a mean disguise ;
 (Give fraudulent Vice the mask and skreen,
 'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen ;)
 Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
 And found, in blushes, eloquence.

Thus acting what he taught so well,
 He drew dumb merit from her cell,
 Led with amazing art along
 The haughty dame, and loosed her tongue ;
 And, while he made her value known,
 Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.

Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
 He rises to the highest stations ;
 For where high honour is the prize
 True Virtue has a right to rise :
 Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
 To Wealth and Vice in high degree ;
 Exalted worth disdains to owe
 Its grandeur to its greatest foe.

Now raised on high, see Virtue shows
 The godlike ends for which he rose ;
 For him, let proud Ambition know
 The height of glory here below,
 Grandeur, by goodness made complete !
 To bless, is truly to be great !
 He taught how men to honour rise,
 Like gilded vapours to the skies,
 Which, howsoever they display
 Their glory from the god of day,
 Their noblest use is to abate
 His dangerous excess of heat,
 To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
 And bless the earth with genial showers.

Now change the scene ; a nobler care
 Demands him in a higher sphere :
 Distress of nations calls him hence,
 Permitted so by Providence ;
 For models made to mend our kind
 To no one clime should he be confin'd ;
 And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
 His course of glorious toils should run :
 Alike diffusing in his flight
 Congenial joy, and life, and light.
 Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
 And Discord in his presence dies :

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the czar.

Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head ;
The arts revive, the valleys sing,
And winter softens into spring ;
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves ;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire ;
While he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone ;
The rest condemn'd with rival voice
Repining do applaud his choice.

Fame now reports the Western Isle
Is made his mansion for a while,
Whose anxious natives, night and day,
(Happy beneath his righteous sway,)
Wear the gods with ceaseless prayer
To bless him and to keep him there ;
And claim it as a debt from Fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER.* 1729.

As a thorn-bush or oaken bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, on country fair,
Betokens entertainment there ;
So bays on poets brows have been
Set, for a sign of wit within.
And as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouse bush for spite ;
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn ;
Evvy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.

And now, t' exemplify this moral :
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which, measured on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was tied,
A trophy, on his temple-side,)
Paddy repined to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair ;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Smedley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose.
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teased by a huzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hoped to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast :
In vain ; even there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

AN EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY. 1729.

*Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, crasseque turba rogat.*

MART. epig. Lib. ix.

THOU wise and learned ruler of our isle,
Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile ;

When next your generous soul shall condescend
T' instruct or entertain your humble friend ;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On some high theme you learnedly enlarge ;
Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
How Richieu rose, and how Sejanus fell :
Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and some delighted friends ;
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine :
Nor with less praise the conversation guide
Than in the public councils you decide :
Or when the dean, long privileged to rail,
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal ;
You hear (whilst I sit by ash'd and mute)
With soft concessions shortening the dispute ;
Then close with kind inquiries of my state,
" How are your tithes, and have they rose of late ?
Why, Christ-Church is a pretty situation,
There are not many better in the nation !
This, with your other things, must yield you clear
Some six—at least five hundred pounds a-year."

Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em ;
You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
And, if you please, my lady shall decide.

" My lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well,
And that I'm thankful all the world can tell ;
But you'll forgive me if I own the event
Is short, is very short, of your intent :
At least, I feel some ill unfelt before,
My income less, and my expenses more."

" How, doctor ! double vicar ! double rector !
A dignitary ! with a city lecture ! {what rent !
What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—
Why, doctor !—will you never be content !"

" Would my good lord but cast up the account,
And see to what my revenues amount ;
My titles ample ; but my gains so small,
That one good vicarage is worth them all !
And very wretched, sure, is he that's double
In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
Add to this crying grievance, if you please,
My horses founder'd on Fermanagh ways ;
Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
Where every step endangers every bone ;
And, more to raise your pity and your wonder,
Two churches—twelve libberian miles asunder :
With complicated cures, I labour hard in,
Beside whole summers absent from—my garden !
But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
I'd change with Charley Grattan for his school.
What fine cascades, what vistas, might I make,
Fix'd in the centre of th' Eternian lake !
There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,
Beneath the conduct of my good sir Ralph :
There's not a better steerer in the realm ;
I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the helm."

" Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief !
When cures are cross, a school's a sure relief
You cannot fail of being happy there,
The lake will be the Lethe of your care :
The scheme is for your honour and your ease ;
And, doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
Yet, doctor, you've a philosophic spirit ;

lently, both in conversation and in print ; but unfortunately stumbled on some of the numbers which the dean had written, and all the world admired, which gave rise to these verses.

* Which calculation, according to Dr. Swift in his *Vindication of Lord Carteret*, severely exceeded 2000. a year.

† A free school at Tuamkilken. Founded by Erasmus Smith 1696.

‡ Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Criss.

* Dr. Sheridan was publisher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper written principally by himself, but Dr. Swift occasionally supplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them vio-

Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
And you've enough to gratify them all :
You've trees, and fruits, and roots enough in store :
And what could a philosopher have more ?
You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"

" My lord, I've not enough to buy me books—
Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
Are there no wants I should regard beside ?
Whose breast is so unmann'd as not to grieve,
Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve ?
Who can be happy—who should wish to live,
And want the godlike happiness to give !
That I'm a judge of this you must allow :
I had it once—and I'm debar'd it now.
Ask your own heart, my lord ; if this be true,
Then how unhappiest am I ! how blest are you !"

" 'Tis true—but, doctor, let me waive all that—
Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at ?"

" Excuse me, good my lord—I won't be sounded,
Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
Yet this might Symmachus himself avow,
(Whose rigid rules^a are antiquated now)—
My lord ; I'd wish to pay the debts I owe—
I'd wish besides—to build, and to bestow."

AN EPISTLE

UPON AN EPISTLE FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A
CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

As Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press,
You can't, grave sir, believe it hard
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
Unanswer'd at your patron's gate ;
And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
This one poor humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his secretary,
As Falstaff acted old rhyme Harry ;
I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print ;
Folks shrug, and cry, " There's nothing in't.
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.

How could so fine a taste dispense
With mean degrees of wit and sense ?
Nor will my lord so far hegule
The wise and learned of our isle,
To make it pass upon the nation
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind,
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.

You've cause to say he meant you well :
That you are thankful who can tell !
For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent : you mean, your merit.

Ah ! *quanto rectius, tu adeptus,*
Qui nil moliris tam ineptus ?
Smedley,^b thou Jonathan of Clogher,
" When thou thy humble lay dost offer
To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
Thy thanks and verse devoid of art—
Content with what his bounty gave,
No larger income dost thou crave."

But you must have cascades, and all
Lérue's lake, for your canal,

Your vistas, harges, and (a pox on
All pride !) our speaker for your coxoon :
It's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar ;
And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enraged, as Erin would do at thee.

How different is this from Smedley !
(His name is up, he may in bed lie),
" Who only asks some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure :
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers ;
No gay parterre with costly green
Must in the ambient hedge be seen ;
But nature freely takes her course,
Nor fears from him ungrateful force ;
No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
Or shape the yews to antic figure."

But you, forsooth, your all must squander
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder ;
And when you've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting ;
Nor further buildings, further planting :
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground ;
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch which in a scurry
Humour you tumbled topsy-turvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were ;
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis* ?

To fane a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect :
Mounts, walks, on high ; and in a hollow
You place the Muses and Apollo ;
There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.

These stories were of old design'd
As fables ; but you have refined
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you're Don Quixote redivivus ?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only winter's rain supplies.
O ! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well !
Here may it reassume its stream,
And take a greater Patrick's name !

If your expenses rise so high,
What income can your wants supply ?
Yet still your fancy you inherit—
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my lady's kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a bishop :
That could not be my lord's intent,
Nor can it answer the event.
Most think what has been heap'd on you
To other sort of folk was due ;
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.

^a Symmachus bishop of Rome, 499, made a decree that no man should seek for ecclesiastical preferment before the death of the incumbent.

^b See the petition to the duke of Grafton.

^a Alluding to Dr. Delany's choice of fixing in the island of the lake of Erin, where sir Ralph Gore had a villa.

^b Which had suddenly dried up.

Though now your depth must not be sounded,
The time was when you'd have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan's school !
Five hundred pound a-year's no fool !
Take this advice then from your friend,
To your ambition put an end,
Be frugal, Pat : pay what you owe,
Before you build and you bestow.
Be modest ; nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.

A passage may be found,* I've heard,
In some old Greek or Latian bard,
Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking
By loud and inharmonious croaking,
They might, unburied by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to hoot their maws."

A LIBEL

ON THE REV. DR. DELANY AND HIS EXCELLENCE
JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUD'D mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête-à-tête* ;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whenever you will ;
Then boasting tell us where you dined,
And how his lordship was so kind ;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you laugh'd at every joke :
Swear he's a most facetious man,
That you and he ere cup and can ;
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.

Suppose my lord and you alone ;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now ;
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with "Name your toast :"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.

For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench ;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind ;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to waste.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design
For which he summon'd you to dine.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days :
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept :
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes ;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair :
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party real ;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortune of his later scene,
Took proper principles to thrive :
And so might every dunce alive.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,

* Hor. lib. i. ep. xvii.

From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth :
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd ;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.

Thus Addison, by lords careen'd
Was left in foreign lands distress'd ;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire :
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shaped the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refused the visits of a queen.

A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught ;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells :
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit :
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle ;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is placed ;
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive ;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.

True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play :
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forged up in colleges and schools,
Consider how much more is due
To all their journey-men than you :
At table you can Horace quote ;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote :
You show your skill in Grecian story ;
But they can manage Whig and Tory :
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious ;
But they can smoke the deep designs
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already ;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit ;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension ?
He overpays in condescension.

But, reverend doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low ;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend ;
Nor will in you those gifts despise
By which himself was taught to rise :
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleased the nation
This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will ;

* William duke of Cumberland, son of George II

And what condition can be worse?
 He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
 He comes to tie our chains on faster,
 And show us England is our master:
 Caressing knaves, and dances wooing,
 To make them work their own undoing.
 What has he else to bait his traps,
 Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
 The offals of a church distress'd;
 A hungry vicarage at best;
 Or some remote inferior post,
 With forty pounds a-year at most!

But here again you interpose—
 Your favourite lord is none of those
 Who owe their virtues to their stations
 And characters to dedications:
 For, keep him in, or turn him out,
 His learning none will call in doubt;
 His learning, though a poet said it
 Before a play, would lose no credit;
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
 Although to praise it Philips writ.
 I own he hates an action base,
 His virtues battling with his place:
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
 Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
 And give up party to his fame.
 I do the most that friendship can;
 I hate the viceroy, love the man.

But you, who till your fortune's made
 Must be a sweetener by your trade,
 Should swear he never meant us ill;
 We suffer sore against his will;
 That, if we could but see his heart,
 He would have ebose a milder part:
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey or lose his place.

Since this reflection slipp'd your pen,
 Insert it when you write again
 And to illustrate it, produce
 This simile for his excuse:

"So, to destroy a guilty land,
 An angel sent by Heaven's command,
 While he obeys Almighty will,
 Perhaps may feel compassion still;
 And wish the task had been assign'd
 To spirits of less gentle kind."

But I, in politics grown old,
 Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
 Who from my soul sincerely hate
 Both kings and ministers of state;
 Who look on courts with strieter eyes
 To see the seeds of vice arise;
 Can lend you an allusion fitter,
 Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
 Which, if you durst but give it place,
 Would show you many a statesman's face:
 Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
 I had it in the words that follow:
 Take notice, to avoid offence,
 I bere except his excellence:

"So, to effect his monarch's ends,
 From bell a viceroy devil ascends;
 His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
 The contributions of the damn'd;
 Which with unsparing hand he strews
 Through courts and senates as he goes;
 And then at Beelzebub's black hall
 Complains his budget was too small."

Your simile may better shine
 In verse, but there is truth in mine.
 For no imaginable things
 Can differ more than gods and kings:

And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
 Are angels just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM. 1729.

— Tantū tibi non est opaci
 Omnis arena Tagi.—JUV.

As some raw youth in country bred,
 To arms by thirst of honour led,
 When at a skirmish first he hears
 The bullets whistling round his ears,
 Will duck his head aside, will start,
 And feel a trembling at his heart,
 Till 'scaping oft without a wound
 Lessens the terror of the sound;
 Fly bullets now as thick as hope,
 He runs into a cannon's chaps.
 An author thus, who pants for fame,
 Begins the world with fear and shame;
 When first in print you see him dread
 Each popgun level'd at his head:
 The lead yon critic's quill contains
 Is destined to beat out his brains:
 As if he heard loud thunders roll,
 Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
 Concluding that another shot
 Will strike him dead upon the spot.
 But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one creature dropping;
 That missing fire, or missing aim,
 His life is safe, I mean his fame;
 The danger past, takes heart of grace,
 And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendour gives the fairest mark
 To poison'd arrows in the dark,
 Yet in yourself when smooth and round,
 They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the gods tried all their art
 How pain they might from pleasure part:
 But little could their strength avail;
 Both still are fasten'd by the tail:
 Thus fame and censure with a tether
 By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferred
 In wit before the common herd;
 And yet grow mortified and vex'd
 To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
 As fairest fruits attract the flies.
 Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
 You soon a remedy may find;
 Lie down obscure like other folks
 Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
 Their faction is five hundred odds;
 For every coxcomb lends them rods,
 And sneers as learnedly as they,
 Like females o'er their morning tea.

You say the Muse will not contain,
 And write you must, or break a vein.
 Then if you find the terms too hard,
 No longer my advice regard:
 But raise your fancy on the wing;
 The Irish senate's praises sing;
 How jealous of the nation's freedom,
 And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
 How each the public good pursues,
 How far their hearts from private views;
 Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
 Hussa their brethren at the Blue-boys;
 Thus grown a member of the club,
 No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft am I for rhyme to seek
 To dress a thought I toil a week:

And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown !
While every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite ;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy !
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.

A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down ;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes,
Point out the surest men to rise ;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob ;^a
Will sooner coin a thousand lies
Than suffer men of parts to rise ;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight :
For as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians,
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit freethinkers.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times ;
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense !
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmix'd,
And let not fiction come betwixt :
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate ;
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull ;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to-bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a sooterkin ;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue :
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe :
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muse's fame ;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain !
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.

^a Sir Robert Walpole.

Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite !
Show me the same numeric flea
That hit your neck but yesterday ;
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poet's nest ;
What sponging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them while they wait for bail ;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin ;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you have them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict !
Or call them rogues, or get them kick'd
These they have often tried before ;
You but oblige them so much more :
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd—Let us know
What fool officious told you so !
Will you regard the hawk's cries,
Who in his titles always lies !
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise ;
And praise bestow'd in Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG. 1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best ;
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern ;
Because they might have heard of one
Who often long'd to eat his son ;
But this I think will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove ;
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant ;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire ;
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose ;
And sure no christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a beathan ;
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their arms :
Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow ;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head ;
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's pannels ;

As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard-bowls;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet poet, prepare for birthday rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffeehouse we read in
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful!
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For you can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.

Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops;
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows;
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a sham,
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams, in George's reign.
As from the flowery hed of Nile!"—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read and take the hint;
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt and cover marbled;)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains;
For patrons never pay so well
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in't;
And, if provoked, he soundly firsks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seized the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not dishonour them;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis not denied that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.

But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays;
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclined?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthæa's horn:
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told
In him such virtues lie inherent
To qualify him God's viceregent,
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.

Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal suet,
And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdued;
O, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.

Now, birthday hard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed;
First of the first, to vouch your verses,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress, Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thousand years has lived the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is;
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she has graces of her own:
Three graces by Lucina brought bar,
Just three, and every grace a daughter;
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down:
In royal robes they come by dozens
To court their English-German cousins:
Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.

Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother link'd
Can shine—without him is extinct;
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;

And sees a son in every god,
Unawed by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already :
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymedel
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain and quell the Turk :
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days ;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.

But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind ;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants, to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the yokker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer :
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore ;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.

A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough ;
Heese-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Gnelph the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony :
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clicks to Caroline.
Hail, queen of Britain, queen of rhymes !
Be sung ten hundred thousand times.
Too happy were the poet's crew
If their own happiness they knew :
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet :
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove even Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beautiful vowels stand,
With hridgegroom liquids, hand in hand ;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.

May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young !—in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeezed in a coffin, turn to dust !
Those clematis her name compose,
Like atoma, are exempt from blows.

Though Carolina may fill your gape,
Yet still you must consult your maps,
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sahrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Aihlon's cliffs are out at heel ;
And Patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gani,
But proud Iberia sonndly mau !
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him erouch to save his hacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been ;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline ;
And if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out you share his fate,

And bear the new successor's frown ;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion ;
Nor entertain a thought so odd
That princes should believe in God ;
But follow the secure rule,
And turn it all to ridicule :
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport ;
For, since they talk'd with doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark :
That sound divine the truth has spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold or meanings donkle.

Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune :
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

—Quis inique

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreas, ut tenent se ?—Juv.
In ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right,)
A peacock reign'd, whose glorious away
His subjects with delight obey :
His tail was beautiful to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold ;
Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise ;
And princely ruled he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.

A pheasant lord (lord Carteret), above the rest
With every grace and talent bless'd,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill [Ireland].
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own :
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead :
For birds, if ancient tales say true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too ;
Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ****, and build like Pearce.*
He knew their voices and their wings,
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings ;
Who toils with illi-fledged pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime.
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye ;
And when that fail'd to show them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear.
It chanced, as on a day he stray'd
Beneath an academic shade,
He liked, amidst a thousand throats,
The wickness of a woodcock's [Dr. Delany] notes,
And search'd, and spied, and seized his game,
And took him home, and made him tame ;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.

Here some shrewd critic finds I'm caught,
And cries out, " Better fed than taught !"
Then jests on game and tame, and reads
And jests, and so my tale proceeds.
Long had he studied in the wood,
Conversing with the wise and good :

* A famous modern architect.

His soul with harmony inspired,
 With love of truth and virtue fired:
 His brethren's good and Maker's praise
 Were all the study of his days;
 Were all his study in retreat,
 And now employed him with the great.
 His friendship was the sure resort
 Of all the wretched at the court;
 But chiefly merit in distress
 His greatest blessing was to him.—
 This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
 But fired with envy all the rest:
 I mean that noisy, craving crew,
 Who round the court incessant flew,
 And prey'd like rooks, by palms and dozens,
 To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
 "Unmoved their heart, and chill'd their blood,
 To every thought of common good,
 Confining every hope and care,
 To their own low, contracted sphere."
 These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
 But found it hard to tell you why,
 Till his own worth and wit supplied
 Sufficient matter to deride:
 "'Tis envy's safest, surest rule,
 To hide her rage in ridicule:
 The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
 When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles:
 Sardonic smiles, by rancour raised
 Tormented most when seeming pleased!"
 Their spite had more than half expired,
 Had he not wrote what all admired;
 What morsels had their malice wanted,
 But that he hull'd, and plann'd, and plotted!
 How bad his sense and learning grieved them,
 But that his charity relieved them!

"At highest worth dull malice reaches,
 As slops pollute the fairest peaches;
 Envy defames, as harpies vile
 Devour the food they first defile."

Now ask the fruit of all his favour—
 "He was not hitherto a sinner."

What then could make their rage run mad?
 "Why, what he hoped, not what he had."

"What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
 Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes!
 Th' inheritance of hope and fame
 Is seldom Earthly Wisdom's aim;
 Or if it were, is not so small,
 But there is room enough for all."

If he but chance to breathe a song,
 (He seldom sang, and never long.)
 The noisy, rude, malignant crowd,
 Where it was high, pronounced it loud:
 Plain Truth was Pride; and, what was sillier,
 Easy and Friendly was Familiar.

Or if he tuned his lofty lays,
 With solemn air to Virtue's praise,
 Alike abusive and erroneous,
 They call'd it hoarse and inharmonious.
 Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
 Toneless as Abel to the bears!

A Rook [Dr. T.—r] with harsh malignant caw
 Began, was follow'd by a Daw*
 (Though some, who would be thought to know,
 Are positive it was a crow.)
 Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
 Tom Tit^b could write, and so he writ;
 A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
 The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
 And twenty more their throats let loose,
 Down to the witless, waddling Goose.

Some peck'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
 Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd;
 The Crow, on carrion wont to feast,
 The Carrion Crow, condemn'd his taste;
 The Rook, in earnest too, not joking,
 Swore all his singing was but croaking.
 Some thought they meant to show their wit,
 Might think so still—^a but that they writ"
 Could it be spite or envy?—"No—
 Who did no ill could have no foe."
 So wise Simplicity esteem'd;
 Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd:
 This question rightly understood,
 "What more provokes than doing good?
 A soul ennobled and refined
 Reproaches every baser mind:
 As strains exalted and melodious
 Make every meaner music odious."
 At length the Nightingale^c was heard,
 For voice and wisdom long revered,
 Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
 The Guardian Genius of the wood:
 He long in discontent retired,
 Yet not obscured, but more admired:
 His brethren's servile souls disdaining,
 He lived indignant and complaining:
 They now afresh provoke his choler
 (It seems the Lark had been his scholar,
 A favorite scholar always near him,
 And oft had waked whole nights to hear him).
 Enraged he canvasses the matter,
 Exposes all their senseless chatter,
 Shows him and them in such a light,
 As more inflames, yet quells their spite.
 They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
 For rage had raised it very high:
 Shamed by the wisdom of his notes,
 They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND LARK.

In ancient times the wise were able
 In proper terms to write a fable:
 Their tales would always justly suit
 The characters of every brute.
 The ass was dull, the lion brave,
 The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
 The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
 The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl:
 A pigeon would, if shown by *Æsop*,
 Fly from the hawk, or pick his peace up.
 Far otherwise a great divine
 Has learnt his fables to refine;
 He jumbles men and birds together,
 As if they all were of a feather:
 You see him first the Peacock bring,
 Against all rules to be a king;
 That in his tail he wore his eyes,
 By which he grew both rich and wise.
 Now pray observe the doctor's choice,
 A Peacock chose for flight and voice;
 Did ever mortal see a peacock
 Attempt a flight above a haycock?
 And for his singing, doctor, you know,
 Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
 He squalls in such a hellish noise,
 He frightens all the village boys.
 This Peacock kept a standing force,
 In regiments of foot and horse:
 Had statesmen too of every kind,
 Who waited on his eyes behind;

* Right hon. Rich. Tighe.

^b Dr. Sheridan

^c Dr. Swift.

And this was thought the highest post;
 For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.
 The doctor names but one at present,
 And he of all birds was a Pheasant.
 This Pheasant was a man of wit,
 Could read all books were ever writ;
 And, when among companions privy,
 Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
 Birds, as he says, and I allow,
 Were scholars then, as we are now;
 Could read all volumes up to folios,
 And feed on fricassees and olios;
 This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
 Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
 And, as he wander'd in his park,
 He chanced to spy a clergy Lark;
 Was taken with his person outward,
 So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d;
 Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
 And in his palace fed and taught him.
 The moral of the tale is pleasant,
 Himself the Lark, my lord the Pheasant:
 A lark he is, and such a lark
 As never came from Noah's ark:
 And though he had no other notion,
 But building, planning, and devotion;
 Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
 "Who does no ill can have no foe;"
 Yet how can I express in words
 The strange stupidity of birds?
 This Lark was hated in the wood,
 Because he did his brethren good.
 At last the Nightingale comes in,
 To hold the doctor by the chin:
 We all can find out what he means,
 The worst of disaffected deans:
 Whose wit at best was next to none,
 And now that little next is gone;
 Against the court is always blabbing,
 And calls the senate-house a cabin;
 So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
 We ne'er should know that he could write;
 Who thinks the nation always err'd,
 Because himself is not prefer'd;
 His heart is through his libel seen,
 Nor could his malice spare the queen;
 Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
 Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
 A noble lord* has told his pranks,
 And well deserves the nation's thanks.
 O! would the senate deign to show
 Remorsement on this public foe,
 Our Nightingale might fit a cage;
 There let him starve, and vent his rage:
 Or would they but in fetters bind
 This enemy of human kind!
 Harmonious Coffee,^b show thy zeal,
 Thou champion for the common weal:
 Nor on a theme like this repine,
 For once to wet thy pen divine:
 Bestow that libeller a lash,
 Who daily vends seditious trash:
 Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
 But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
 That scribbler lash, who neither knows
 The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
 Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
 Would have us love our English friends:
 Who never had one public thought,
 Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
 One clincher more, and I have done,
 I end my labours with a pun.

* Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Trullius.
 b A Dublin garretier.

Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
 Who spends his day and night in gall!
 So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
 I see the greatest owls in you
 That ever screech'd, or ever flew.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Non domus aut fundus—Iton.
 This place is repeatedly and always satirically alluded to in
 the preceding poems.

It was, my lord, the dexterous shift
 Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
 But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
 With silver verge, and surplice clean,
 Of Oxford or of Ormond's grace,
 In looser rhyme to beg a place.
 A place he got, yeleft a stall,
 And eke a thousand pound withal;
 And were he less a witty writer,
 He might as well have got a mitre.

Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
 In humble grace my thanks to offer,
 Approach your grace with grateful heart,
 My thanks and verse both void of art,
 Content with what your bounty gave,
 No larger income do I crave:
 Rejoicing that, in better times,
 Grafton requires my loyal lines.
 Proud! while my patron is polite,
 I likewise to the patriot write!
 Proud! that at once I can commend
 King George's and the Muses' friend!
 Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
 (Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the sea)
 Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
 Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
 By love, by wisdom, and by skill;
 For he has saved thee 'gainst thy will.

But where shall Smedley make his nest,
 And lay his wandering head to rest?
 Where shall he find a decent house,
 To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
 O! tack, my lord, some pretty cure,
 In wholesome soil and ether pure;
 The garden stored with artless flowers,
 In either angle shady bowers.
 No gay parterre, with costly green,
 Within the ambient hedge be seen:
 Let Nature freely take her course,
 Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
 No shears shall check her sprouting vigour,
 Nor shape the yews to antic figure;
 A limpid brook shall turn supply,
 In May, to take the mimic fly;
 Round a small orchard may it run,
 Whose apples reddened to the sun.
 Let all be snug, and warm, and neat;
 For fifty turn'd a safe retreat,
 A little Euston* may it be,
 Euston I'll carve on every tree.
 But then, to keep it in repair,
 My lord—twice fifty pounds a-year
 Will barely do; but if your grace
 Could make them hundreds—charming place!
 Thou then would'st not show another face.

Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
 'Midst snowy hills, inclement skies:
 One shivers with the arctic wind,
 One bears the polar axis grind.
 Good John! indeed, with beef and claret,
 Makes the place warm, that one may bear it.

* The name of the duke's seat in Suffolk.
 b Bishop Sterne.

He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good, hut assets fail,
To fight with storms of snow and hail.
Besides, the country's thin of people,
Who seldom meet hut at the steeple:
The strapping dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er named the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigued with sermon study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found
To push the lazy hottle round:
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.

Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-seed does in plenty grow;
And Gris (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, "Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor* from sweet London;
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else—we shall be ill at ease.

You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage-house with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat;
A decent church, close by its side;
There preaching, praying, to reside;
And as my time securely rolls
To save my own and other souls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified;
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that same Vis, St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
And may be something else withal;
And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse, then, if you can—be wise—
Believe me, 'tis the way to rise.
Talk not of making of thy nest:
Ah! never lay thy head to rest!
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your dean's new repair,
And build a castle in the air.
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expense.
There your dear spouse and you together
May breathe your hellics full of ether,
When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your wife when she's in labour;
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft falls in pieces.

* The bishopric of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.

There you shall see a rare show
Will make you scorn this world below,
When you behold the milky-way,
As white as snow, as bright as day;
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding arctic pole;
The lovely twinkling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is undone
For quitting her beloved London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanced above dean Vis,
You'll never think of Goody Gris;
But ever, ever live at ease,
And strive, and strive your wife to please;
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand girls and boys;
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they like stars shall rise and set,
While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon
Be a new sun and a new moon:
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

PARODY

ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY,

Written in Latin by himself.

THE very reverend dean Smedley,
Of dulness, pride, conceit, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to shine
As poet, scholar, and divine;
With godliness could well dispense,
Would be a rake, but wanted sense;
Would strictly after Truth inquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated bailiffs at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest,
A perfect nuisance to the rest;
From many (and we may believe him)
He had the best wishes they could give him.
To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had cash to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a laconic sentence,
By cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
To prove that bishops were old women.
Poor Envy durst not show her phiz,
She was so terrified at his.
He waded, without any shame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every sharpening trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the dice;
But, if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop à quatre trois.
Now sound in mind, and sound in corpus,
(Says he) though swell'd like any porpoise,
He hies from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he sinks a score)
To the East Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchase an estate;
Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
He'll mount his tin and preach his best,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Lest that the reader should not know
The bank where last he set his toe,

'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
And gave his creditors the slip.
But lest chronology should vary,
Upon the ides of February,
In seventeen hundred eight-and-twenty,
To Fort St. George, a pedler went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

CADENUS AND VANESSA.*

Written at Windsor, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charged,
On which the pleader much enlarged;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes;
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league;
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes;
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact:
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing:
A fire celestial, chaste, refined,
Conceived and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flouncees, and brocades,
From equipage and park parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind:

* This is thought to be one of Dr. Swift's correctest pieces of chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with which a story, but ill conceived in itself, is told.—GUTHRIE.

Mrs Vanhomrigh, daughter to Mr. Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dutch merchant in Dublin.

Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;
The faults must on the nymphs be placed,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd with so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment seat,
Desired them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For if the heavenly folks should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth:
There live with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.

But since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces half ashamed looked down;
And 'twas observed, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes,
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second:
She then refer'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day;
And so she did; and then a third;
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and assign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say
What Venus meant by this delay!
The goddess much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declined,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,

Conceived a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produced on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

Since men allege they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These will I gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refined in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the newborn maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes;
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help required:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspired
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair;
And said, "Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame:
Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on earth shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn'
To see a lovely infant born:
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son;
But it shall ne'er he said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd:
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles;
The queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind
For manly honours she'll fly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.

Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude:
With honour which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore upon second thought,
Infused, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She managed her estate with care,
Yet liked three footmen to her chair,
But, lest she should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And after long computing found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.

The queen of Love was pleased and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd;
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanced, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
" 'Tis what Vanessa never did!"

Thus by the nymphs and swains adored,
My power shall be again restored,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hoped, but hoped in vain.
For when in time the martial maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And fired with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.

But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatso'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause:
A shame to one so much adored
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fall in her design:
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,

From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's naught
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.

In proper season Pallis meets
The queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold :)—
Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceived thyself, instead of me;
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love!
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense!
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.

The goddess thus pronounced her doom:
When, lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanced, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far!
In a new world with caution step,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the hooks she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the Park appear.
Nor saw the playhouse twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclined
To know the converse of mankind

First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she liked the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine:
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said, she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly placed
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She named the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;

Through nature and through art she rag'd,
And gracefully her subject changed;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dullest soul!—
Then tap't their forehead in a jeer,
As who would say—She wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!

A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest were they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
While Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discouraging with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost! Vanessa guess'd
As came into her fancy first;
Named half the rates, and liked the worst.
To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring!
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said her face would never last.

Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a hit to spare:
Her foodness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phyllis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge bean.
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
They rallied next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex ashamed,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the most.
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In boucces has a better fancy;
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We beg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place:
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.

The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspired;
Her virtues fewer swains admired.
So stars, beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus, making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She placed it in the strongest view.
All humbly worth she strove to raise,
Would not be praised, yet loved to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach;
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain;
One way he knows to give her pain:
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake;
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas now were grown;
And Cupid hoped they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's *Morals* struck, were spoil'd.

The queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolved to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable sires.

Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She needs no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works;
Meantime the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierced her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increased her smart.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanced in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit,
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lag'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought;
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tired with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventured to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teased;
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;

Was now convinced he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grande monde*;
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He waked, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yat could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, said the nymph, to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise;
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Ain'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise,
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style;
And yet her words were so express'd,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thought had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget;
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce;
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;

And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse.—

Hardly at length he silence broke;
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *ass* consequence.
She rallied well, he always knew;
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.

But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself described,
His doctrines when she first imbibed;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last;
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had named,
For learning, wit, and wisdom famed;)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach;
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is centred and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such palus acquired,
By this new passion grew inspired;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline:
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind;

In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes;
Each girl, when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice:
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

So when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit placed,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and ego
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With what devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances.
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise!

But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne:
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Meantime the mournful queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise;
For though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd;
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram Regina, proz' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and silence thrice proclaimed.
One lawyer to each side was named.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor spend their time to show their reading;
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every bead
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.

But in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;
On whose petition (humbly showing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
She was at lord knows what expence
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find,
She saw her favour was misplaced;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid senseless race;

Aud, were she to begin again
 She'd study to reform the men;
 Or add some grains of folly more
 To women, than they had before,
 To put them on an equal foot;
 And this, or nothing else, would do't.
 This might their mutual fancy strike;
 Since every being loves its like.
 "But now, repenting what was done,
 She left all business to her son;
 She put the world in his possession,
 And let him use it at discretion."
 The crier was order'd to dismiss
 The court, so made his last "O yes!"
 The goddess would no longer wait;
 But rising from her chair of state,
 Left all below at six and seven,
 Harness'd her doves and flew to heaven.

TO LOVE.*

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
 Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee!
 So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
 And yet so strong, that triumph'st o'er the wise.
 Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
 They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
 Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care;
 But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
 Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
 And throw the pleasing part of life away.
 But, what does most my indignation move,
 Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love:
 Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
 By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
 While the blind loitering god is at his play,
 Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away:
 Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
 Convey'st malignant arrows tipped with lead:
 The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,
 Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
 But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
 And from her shepherd can find no return,
 Laments, and rages at the power divine,
 When, curs'd Discretion! all the fault was thine:
 Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
 And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
 That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
 When one appears, away the other runs.
 The former scales, wherein he used to poise
 Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
 Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
 Where titles, power, and riches still subside.
 Then gentle Venus to thy father run,
 And tell him how thy children are undone;
 Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
 And strike Discretion to the shades below.

A REBUS.

BY VANESSA.

CUR the name of the man^b who his mistress denied,
 And let the first of it be only applied
 To join with the prophet^c who David did chide;
 Then say what a horse is that runs very fast;^d
 And that which deserves to be first put the last;
 Spell all then, and put them together, to find
 The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
 Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's versed in the state;
 Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;

^a Found on Miss Vanhoush's desk, after her death, in the handwriting of Dr. Swift.
^b Joseph. ^c Nathan. ^d Swift.

Like a racer he flies, to succour with speed,
 When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
 I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
 Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
 On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
 For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
 The first but a rebus, the last but a dean.
 A dean's but a parson: and what is a rebus?
 A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus.
 The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
 It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
 But a genius like hers no subject can stifle,
 It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
 By reading this trifle, I quickly began
 To find her a great wit, but the dean a small man.
 Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff
 Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
 So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here
 Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
 Thus much for the verse; we proceed to the neat,
 Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text:
 Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season;
 And what she describes to be merit is treason:
 The changes which fiction has made in the state
 Have put the dean's politics quite out of date:
 Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
 And, should he write pamphlets, no great man would
 read 'em;
 And, should want or desert stand in need of his aid,
 This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

March 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four
 (We shan't dispute a year or more).
 However, Stella, be not troubl'd,
 Although thy size and years are doubled
 Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
 The brightest virgin on the green;
 So little is thy form declined;
 Made up so largely in thy mind.
 O, would it please the gods to split
 Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
 No age could furnish out a pair
 Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
 With half the lustre of your eyes,
 With half your wit, your years, and size.
 And then, before it grew too late,
 How should I beg of gentle fate,
 (That either nymph might have her swain),
 To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY. 1719-20.

ALL travellers at first incline
 Where'er they see the fairest sign:
 And if they find the chambers neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The Angel Inn to every friend.
 What though the painting grows decay'd,
 The house will never lose its trade:
 Nay, though the treacherous tapster, Thomas,
 Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
 As fine as daughter's hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true old Angel Inn.
 Now this is Stella's case in fact,
 An angel's face a little crack'd,

Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six :
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind ;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense ;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face ?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal-pieking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innendoes, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows ;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve ;
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face ;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen ;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind :
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED THE DEAN'S
POEMS. 1720.

As, when a lofty pile is raised,
We never hear the workmen praised,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones,
But all admire Inigo Jones ;
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approved in aftertimes ;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts ;
With friendship and esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new ;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best ;
The best we value by the worst,
As tradesmen show their trash at first ;
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes :

Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop ;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout ;
Or patch his broken stocking-soles ;
Or send him in a peck of coals ;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies and leaves the stars behind ;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris ;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine ;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tipping under ground ;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks ;
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks ;
And radiant Iris in the box.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise ;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse ;
Truth shines the brighter elad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What stoics call without our power,
They could not be ensured an hour ;
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root ;
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get ;
Had gone through all the commonplaces
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces ;
Before he could his poem close,
Tha lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend,
They on no accidents depend ;
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolved to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Moved with the lightest touch of blame ;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense ;
Perverseness is your whole defence ;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right ;
Your virtues all suspended wait,
Till time has open'd reason's gate ;
And what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide ;
In vain ; for see, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault ;

And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble, generous mind :
And may compare to *Etna's* fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire ;
The heat that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.

Those who in warmer climes complain
From *Phœbus's* rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.

Yet when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn :
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours :
Thus *Ajax*, when with rage possess'd,
By *Pallas* breathed into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy* ;
But blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the *Greeks*.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
Stella for once you reason wrong,
For should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind ;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, *Stella*, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text ?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand ?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire ?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA,

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS. 1720.

PALLAS, observing *Stella's* wit
Was more than for her sex was fit
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for humankind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.

But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs,
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.

Those numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake ;
Or think it sented in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car ;
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpeners at piquet ;

Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an assignation ;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears ;
Let *Stella's* fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside :
Ask no advice, but think alone ;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act is not the case,
But how would *Brutus* in my place ?
In such a case would *Cato* bleed ?
And how would *Socrates* proceed ?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to humankind :
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
A factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipp'd with nauseous cheer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart reside.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall *Stella* rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word :
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere *Stella* can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best :
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind !
Base kings and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate !
She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confined.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn ?
She wonders where the charm appears
In *Florimel's* affected fears ;
For *Stella* never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start ;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plume.

Her hearers are amazed from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense ;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud ;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.

Say, *Stella*, was *Prometheus* blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind ?
No ; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul ;
Then to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay :
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should *Stella's* kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride !
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains ;
Then *Stella* ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief,

And, though by Heaven's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel master could require,
 From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With vigour and delight perform'd :
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes :
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught,
 And so obligingly am caught ;
 I bless the hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends ! beware ;
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger yours ;
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for a house decay'd.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV. 30, 1721.

ST. PATRICK'S dean, your country's pride,
 My early and my only guide,
 Let me among the rest attend,
 Your pupil and your humble friend,
 To celebrate in female strains
 The day that paid your mother's pains ;
 Descend to take that tribute due
 In gratitude alone to you.

When men began to call me fair,
 You interposed your timely care :
 You early taught me to despise
 The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes ;
 Show'd where my judgment was misplaced ;
 Reduc'd my fancy and my taste.

Behold that beauty just decay'd,
 Invoking art to nature's aid :
 Forsook by her admiring train,
 She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain ;
 Short was her part upon the stage ;
 Went smoothly on for half a page ;
 Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
 As the scene changed, to change her part :
 She, whom no lover could resist,
 Before the second act was his'd.
 Such is the fate of female race
 With no endowments but a face ;
 Before the thirtieth year of life,
 A maid forlorn or bated wife.

Stella to you, her tutor, owes
 That she has ne'er resembled those :
 Nor was a burden to mankind
 With half her course of years behind.
 You taught how I might youth prolong,
 By knowing what was right and wrong ;
 How from my heart to bring supplies
 Of lustre to my fading eyes ;
 How soon a beauteous mind repairs
 The loss of changed or falling hairs ;
 How wit and virtue from within
 Send out a smoothness o'er the skin :
 Your lectures could my fancy fix,
 And I can please at thirty-six.
 The sight of Chloe at fifteen,
 Coquetting, gives not me the spleen ;
 The idol now of every fool
 Till time shall make their passions cool ;
 Then tumbling down Time's steepy hill,
 While Stella holds her station still.

Oh turn your precepts into laws,
 Redeem the women's ruin'd cause,
 Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
 That men may bow their rebel necks.

Long be the day that gave you birth
 Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth ;
 Late dying may you cast a shred
 Of your rich mantle o'er my head ;
 To bear with dignity my sorrow,
 One day alone, then die to-morrow.

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise
 The Muse her annual tribute pays,
 While I assign myself a task
 Which you expect, but scorn to ask ;
 If I perform this task with pain,
 Let me of partial fate complain ;
 You every year the debt enlarge,
 I grow less equal to the charge :
 In you each virtue brighter shines,
 But my poetical vein declines ;
 My harp will soon in vain be strung,
 And all your virtues left unseung ;
 For none among the upstart race
 Of poets dare assume my place ;
 Your worth will be to them unknown,
 They must have Stellas of their own ;
 And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
 I dying leave the debt unpaid,
 Unless Delany, as my heir,
 Will answer for the whole arrears.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mœstum linquas, lætumque revias
 Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
 Tu quoque depositum serres, neve opprime, marior
 Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

EPITAPH.

BY THE SAME.

Hoc tumulata jacet proles Lenææ sepulchro,
 Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet ;
 Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditor alio :
 Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY :

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT
 DAY DUG UP. 1722-3.

RESOLVING my annual verse to pay,
 By duty bound, on Stella's day,
 Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think :
 I bit my nails and scratch'd my head,
 But found my wit and fancy fled :
 Or, if, with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme :
 And what was yet a greater curse,
 Long thinking made my fancy worse.

Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at Apollo's shrine :
 I told him what the world would say
 If Stella were unsung to-day :
 How I should hide my head for shame,
 When both the Jacks and Robin came ;
 How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
 How Sheridan, the rogue, would sneer,

And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel in anno ridet Apollo*.
I have assured them twenty times
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inspired me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euslen's right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle.

Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints and you shall use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, dean D—, and dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent [the housekeeper];
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders' [the butler] cellar on the ground:
A spade let prudent Archy [the footman] hold,
And with discretion dig the mould.
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca [Mrs. Dingley], Ford, and Grattans by.

Behold the hottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.

You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

From thence a pteuous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse;
But first let Robert [the valet] on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees;
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

STELLA AT WOOD PARK,

THE RESIDENCE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ., NEAR
DUBLIN. 1723.

—“*Cuiusque nocere volent,
Vestimenta debet pretiosa.*”

DON CARLOS, in a merry spite,
Did Stella to his house invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.

In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest hits;
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn:
A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
“Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;”
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high, and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter sky began to frown:
Poor Stella must pack off to town;
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's stinking tide in Dublin:
From wholesome exercise and air,
To sousing in an easy-chair:
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From rulling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley;^a
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked:
From every meal Pontac in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of — — —:
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.

But now arrives the dismal day;
She must return to Ormond quay.^b
The coachman stopp'd; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door:
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She cur'd the narrow winding stairs:
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings like a poor Grisette,
While there are houses to be let.

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for, (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four):
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.

Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the dean.

Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet railery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;

^a The constant companion of Stella
^b Where the two ladies lodged.

Nor can be more securely placed
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little ;
Your table neat, your linen fine :
And, though in miniature, you shine :
Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scuse, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place :
For though my railleury were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottish binds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain :
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone ;
Exposed to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew ;
And, as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow ber want supplies :
Without an ounce of last year's flesh ;
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh ;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medes's kettle,
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to a cow ?
'Tis just the case ; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted ;
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze ;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair :
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin ;
Will agitate the lazy blood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood ;
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor ought of Stella but the name :
For what was ever understood,
By humankind, but flesh and blood ?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you ;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass.
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd :
While all the squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case ;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away ;
The 'squire in acorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse ;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY. 1724-5.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing days :
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose :
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better :
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth !
Have always been confined to youth ;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you ?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me ?
Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes !
You must be grave and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose :
But I'll be still your friend in prose :
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress ;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young ;
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray ?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown ;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight ;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass :
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit,
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better bear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight !

TO STELLA.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, MARCH 13,
1723-4.

But not on the subject, when I was sick in bed.

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains ?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day :
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful ! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave ;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,

She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears;
Although 'tis easy to desery
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a stole in her own.
When, among scholars, can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress!
Whatever hase returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again;
Meantime, your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

VERSES

BY STELLA.

Is it he true, celestial powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care;
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face
Bestow upon my mind!

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN ABBEASLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY
LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom having humbly kiss'd
His gristly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declared in council Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That death should get a numerous breed;
Young deathlings, who by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau;
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes:
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupets* of this upper world,)
With flower of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind:
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Cloth'd for a feather to his hat:

* Periwigs with long tails.

His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeathed to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcass pick'd by crows,
A lawyer, o'er his hands and face
Stock artfully a parchment case:
No new-flux'd rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebony box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops,
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sound,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—d!

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimentary message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcomed him to town.

But Death had business to despatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrors came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sat at cards;
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
She scarce remembers what it trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own.
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slyly out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain;
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts!
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille!
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above!
How oft a-week was kept a hall
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall!
She fancied these Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades;
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll in a coach-and-six!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims:
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee;
For when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp;
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

* The college of physicians.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.

Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistency,
To be easy, keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her;
Lose no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought
That she'll own or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then perhaps you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise for spite.

No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed;
She's too cunning and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this to dress her soul.

Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the dean and you:
Heaven forbid he should despise thee,
But will never more advise thee.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

MARCH 13, 1726-7.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told
That you are sick and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
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Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes;)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave:
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend!
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heaven Intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC.^a 1723-4.

RETURNING JANUS now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Dr. Swift,
Who thus displays the new-year's gift.

First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leavings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagined cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends:
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest yon the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's^b cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT.^c

A SONG.

To the tune of "Ye Commons and Peers."

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.
Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.
You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest;
Comes Dingley, and asks yon, what was it?
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

BEC'S [MRS. DINGLEY] BIRTHDAY.

Nov. 8, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one she'd give it ye.
She chose a thread of greatest length;
And doubly twisted it for strength.
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they're out in that.
For she, though overrun with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.

As, if the gont should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gont that will prolong his days.

^a Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.
^b Country-house of Dr. Sheridan.
^c Dr. Swift's housekeeper.

Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet;
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led;
Her hands and feet conduct her head;
By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne'er considers why or where;
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander:
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.
Thus nature has resolved to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.

Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lived;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken porridge:
I mean when Tiger^a has been served,
Or else poor Stella may be starved.

May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger slabbering in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair;
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger's barking!

And when she's in another scue,
Stella long dead, but first the dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her.
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening,
And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the dean storm or Stella rattle.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

A CONFERENCE

BETWEEN

SIR H. F.—CE'S CHARIOT AND MRS. D. ST.—D'S CHAIR.
CHARIOT.

My pretty dear coz, though I've roved the town o'er,
To despatch in an hour some visits a score;
Though, since first on the wheels, I've been every day
At the 'Change, at a raffling, at church, or a play;
And the fops of the town are pleased with the notion
Of calling your slave the perpetual motion!—
Though oft at your door I have whined [out] my love,
As my knight does grin his at your lady above;
Yet ne'er before this, though I used all my care,
I e'er was so happy to meet my dear Chair;
And since we're so near, like birds of a feather,
Let's e'en, as they say, set our horns together.

CHAIR.

By your awkward address, you're that thing which
should carry,
With one footman behind, our lover sir Harry.

^a Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap dog.

By your language, I judge, you think me a wench;
He that makes love to me must make it in French.
Thou that's drawn by two beasts, and carry'st a brute,
Can'st thou vainly e'er hope I'll answer thy suit?
Though sometimes you pretend to appear with your
No regard to their colour, their sexes you mix; [six,
Then on the grand-paw you'd look very great,
With your new-fashion'd glasses and nasty old seat.
Thus a beau I have seen strut with a cock'd hat,
And newly rigg'd out, with a dirty cravat.
You may think that you make a figure most shining,
But it's plain that you have an old cloak for a lining.
Are those double gilt nails? Where's the lustre of
To set off the knight, and to finish the Jerry? [Kerry,
If you hope I'll be kind, you must tell me what's due
To George's fame for you ere I'll buckle to. [alert;
CHAR. Why, how now, Doll Diamond, you're very
Is it your French breeding has made you so pert?
Because I was civil, here's a stir with a pox;
Who is it that values you — or your fox?
Sure 'tis to her honour, he ever should bend.
His bloody red hand to her bloody red head.
You're proud of your gilding; but I tell you each
Is only [just] tinged with a rub at her tail; [nail
And although it may pass for gold on each niny,
Sure we know a Bath shilling soon from a guinea.
Nay, her foretop's a cheat; each morn she does
black it,
Yet, ere it be night, it's the same with her placket.
I'll ne'er be run down any more with your cant;
Your velvet was wore before in a mant,
On the back of her mother; but now 'tis much duller,—
The fire she carries hath changed its colour.
Those creatures that draw me you never would mind,
If you'd but look on your own Pharaoh's lean kine;
They're taken for spectres, they're so meagre and
Drawn damnable low by your sorrel mare. [spare,
We know how your lady was in you befriended;
You're not to be paid for 'till the lawsuit is ended;
But her bond it is good, he need not to doubt;
She is two or three years above being out.
Could my knight be advised, he should ne'er spend
his vigour
On one he can't hope of e'er making bigger.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR WILLIAM HANDCOCK AND THADY FITZ-
PATRICK, IN THE DEVIL'S ANTECHAMBER.

THADY.

You'RE welcome, sir William, by my shoul and sal-
I rejoice for to see one from my own nation. [ration,
We have long wanted news: was it growing wealthy
Has made all my brothers so damnable healthy?
When I think of their number, I look for them faster;
Sure they are not grown honest, and quitted their
master.

Come, never look squeamish, nor be out of order,
We're here on a level, good master Recorder. [civil,
Let me know what has pass'd, and you'll find I'll be
And speak a good word for you here to the devil.

SIR WILLIAM.

[part,
Oh, thank you, dear Thady, and must own, for my
It's much more your goodness than it is my desert;
But, to speak for his fee, you know, 'twas our calling;
Which because I could not, I then fell a bawling.
I never stuck out to quote a false case;
And to back it, I e'er had an impudent face;
Or on my right hand I had always my brother,
To vouch, which we still did, the one for the other.
To be sure, to be rich was always my guide;
To take, when I could, a fee on each side.

All this you well know. But, pr'ythee, now tell
If I have any more acquaintance in hell.
Is not that Tullamore?

TH. You see how he trudges

At the head of a shoul of unrighteous judges.
By oppression and cheating, by rapine and lust,
We shall in good time have the rest of the trust.
But our master, the devil, has solemnly sworn,
Till they're out of commission, not to admit more.
If you speak me but fair, you shall not go far
To meet with your friends of the bench or the bar;
Look at Reynolds, and Lyndon, and Whitshed, and
Keating.

The four rogues are all got together a prating.

SIR W. Pr'ythee, where is fat Hely? I durst lay my
That he's got to heaven by help of his wife. [life

TH. You'll ever be urging a reason that's sniot;
If that would have dooe, we might each be a saint.
But what is become of sir Toby and Stephen?
There's neither of them, I am sure, gone to heaven.
Does your brother as yet speak law in a cause;
And has Pauca left off making use of his claws?
Does the bar from the bench with patience still pocket
The calling them rogue, and rascal, and blockhead?

SIR W. Faith, Thady, our judges are grown very
humble;

And one is suspicious he'll soon have a tumble.

The new ones they keep the old ones in awe,
And have taught them civility, prudence, and law.

TH. Pox take me, sir William, why was not I asking,
All this time you've been here, for poor Clara Gas-
The woman that lay so long by my side?— [coyne?
But I show'd I forgot her before that I died.

I believe she's unmarried, for I think I took care
To leave her but little, and much to my heir.

SIR W. She still is thy widow, thou barbarous
teague;

Both living and dead, thou'st to her been a plague;
It's not for that sin that I am come here,
Having left all the wealth I had to my dear.

TH. That thou e'er wert a blockhead you need not
now own,

But this thy last action all others does crown;
Thou scarce wert got hither, thou pitiful cully,
Before she had gotten a lusty young bully;
I have of our master a proverb to tell you;
What's got o'er his back is spent under his belly.

BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

The enclosed prologue is formed upon the story of the secretary's not allowing you to act, unless you would pay him 300*l.* per annum; upon which you got a licence from the lord-mayor to act as strollers.

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good lord-mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he,
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king;
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
Stay! let me see—Three hundred pounds a-year,
For leave to act in town!—'Tis plagy dear.

Now, here's a warrant; gallants, please to mark,
 For three thirteens, and sixpence to the clerk.
 Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
 The public should bestow the actors six;
 A score of guineas given underhand,
 For a good word or so, we understand.
 To help an honest lad that's out of place
 May cost a crown or so; a common case:
 And in a crew 'tis no injustice thought
 To ship a rogue and pay him not a groat.
 But, in the chronicles of former ages,
 Who ever heard of servants paying wages?
 I pity Elrington with all my heart;
 Would he were here this night to act my part;
 I told him what it was to be a stroller;
 How free we acted, and bad no comptroller:
 In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
 First get a licence, then produce our ware;
 We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
 Hurra! (the schoolboys roar) the players are come;
 And then we cry, to spur the humpkins on,
 Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
 I told him in the smoothest way I could
 All this, and more, yet it would do no good.
 But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
 He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
 To whom our country has been always dear,
 Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
 Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
 And as a stroller act in every play:
 And the whole crew this resolution takes,
 To live and die all strollers for your sakes;
 Not frightened with an ignominious name,
 For your displeasure is their only shame.
 A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
 Now to a word of business in our own.
 Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last:
 Then without fail we pack up for Belfast.
 Lose not your time, nor our diversion miss;
 The next we act shall be as good as this.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. HOPPY'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT SMOCK-ALLEY.

Hold! hold, my good friends; for one moment pray
 stop ye;
 I return ye my thanks in the name of poor Hoppy.
 He's not the first person who never did write,
 And yet has been fed by a benefit-night.
 The custom is frequent, on my word I assure ye,
 In our famed elder house, of the hundreds of Drury.
 But then you must know, those players still act on
 Some very good reasons for such benefaction.
 A deceased poet's widow, if pretty, can't fail;
 From Cibber she holds, as a tenant in tail.
 Your emerited actors, and actresses too, [do,
 For what they have done, (though no more they can
 And sitters, and songsters, and Chetwood and G—,
 And sometimes a poor sufferer in the South Sea;
 A machine-man, a tire-woman, a mute, and a sprite,
 Have been all kept from starving by a benefit-ught.
 Thus, for Hoppy's bright merits, at length we have
 found
 That he must have of us ninety-nine and one pound,
 Paid to him clear money once every year:
 And however some think it a little too dear,
 Yet, for reasons of state, this sum we'll allow,
 Though we pay the good man with the sweat of our
 brow.
 First, because by the king to us he was sent,
 To guide the whole session of this parliament.
 To preside in our councils, both public and private.
 And so learn, by the hy, what both houses do drive at.

When bold B— roars, and meek M— raves,
 When Ash prates by wholesale, or B—h by halves,
 When Whigs become Whims, or join with the Tories,
 And to himself constant when a member no more is,
 But changes his sides, and votes and uvvotes;
 As S—t is dull, and with S—d, who dotes;
 Then up must get Hoppy, and with voice very low,
 And with eloquent bow, the house he must show
 That that worthy member who spoke last must give
 The freedom to him, humbly most, to conceive
 That his sentiment on this affair isn't right;
 That he mightily wonders which way he came hy't:
 That, for his part, God knows, he does such things
 disown;
 And so, having convince'd him, he most humbly sits
 For these, and more reasons, which perhaps you
 may hear, [down, [year,
 Pounds hundred this night, and one hundred this
 And so on we are forced, though we sweat out our
 blood,
 To make these walls pay for poor Hoppy's good;
 To supply with rare diet his pot and his spit;
 Add with richest Margoux to wash down a tit-bit.
 To wash off his fine linen, so clean and so neat,
 And to buy him much linen, to fence against sweat:
 All which he deserves; for although all the day
 He oftentimes is heavy, yet all night he's gay;
 And if he rise early to watch for the state,
 To keep up his spouts he'll sit up as late.
 Thus, for these and more reasons, as before I did say,
 Hop has got all the money for our acting this play,
 Which makes us poor actors look *je ne sais quoi*.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defined
 As rational the human kind;
 Reason, they say, belongs to man,
 But let them prove it if they can.
 Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove, with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est rationale præditum;
 But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
 And must in spite of them maintain
 That man and all his ways are vain;
 And that this hoasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature;
 That instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em.
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Whoever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute,
 Bring action for assault or battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
 No politics disturb their mind;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court.
 They never to the levee go
 To treat, as dearest friend, a foe:
 They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place:
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
 Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
 To folks at Paternoster-row.
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
 No pickpockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupeds:
 No single brute his fellow leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay.

Of beasts, it is confess'd the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like men, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his lurking passion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Apling the conduct of superiors;
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manner still contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

THE ELEPHANT;

OR THE PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years since: taken from Coke's Institutes.

ENR bribes convince you whom to choose,
The precepts of lord Coke peruse.
Observe an elephant, says he,
And let like him your member be:
First take a man that's free from gall,
For elephants have none at all;
In flocks or parties he must keep,
For elephants live just like sheep;
Stubborn in honour he must be,
For elephants ne'er bend the knee.
Last, let his memory be sound,
In which your elephant's professed;
That old examples from the wise
May prompt him in his noes and eyes.

Thus the lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyer's wit:
And then, with Latin and all that,
Shows the comparison is pat.
Yet in some points my lord is wrong,
One's teeth ere sold, and t'other's tongue:
Now, men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like elephants of shows;
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence;
To get their master half-a-crown,
They spread their flag, or lay it down:
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise every pliant gesture,
Opening their trunk for every tester.
Siam, for elephants so famed,
Is not with England to be named:
Their elephants by men are sold;
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

No. 1.

THE SWAN TRIPE CLUB IN DUBLIN.

A SATIRE.

Dedicated to all those who are true friends to her
present majesty and her government, to the church
of England, and the succession as by law estab-
lished; and who gratefully acknowledge the pre-
servation of their religion, rights, and liberties, due
to the late king William, of ever glorious and im-
mortal memory.

Difficile est adyram non scribere.

How this fantastic world is changed of late!
Sure some full moon has work'd upon the state.

Time was when it was question'd much in story,
Which was the worst, the Devil or a Tory,
But now, alas! those happy times are o'er;
The rampant things are couchant now no more,
But trump up Tories, who were Whigs before.

There was a time when fair Hibernia lay
Dissolved in ease, and, with a gentle sway,
Enjoy'd the blessings of a halcyon day.
Pleased with the bliss their friendly union made,
Beneath her bending fig-tree's peaceful shade,
Careless and free, her happy sons were laid.
No feuds, no groundless jealousies appear,
To rouse their rage, or wake them into fear;
With pity they beheld Britannia's state,
Toss'd by the tempest of a stormy fate;
Wild frenzy through her blasted borders pass'd,
Whilst noisy faction drove the furious blast,
Calm and serene we heard the tempest roar,
And fearless view'd the danger from the shore.

Thus blest, we slumber'd in a downy trance,
Happy, like Eden, in mild ignorance;
Till Discord, like the wily serpent, found
Th' unguarded path to the forbidden ground;
Show'd us the tree, the tempting tree, which stood
The fairest, but most fatal, of the wood;
And where (as hanging on the golden bough)
The glittering fruit look'd smiling to the view.
"Taste, and be wise," the sly provoker said;
And see the platform of your ruin laid:
Rouse from the dulness ye too long have shown,
And view your church's danger, and your own.
Thus at superior wit we catch'd in haste,
Which mock'd the approach of our deluded taste.

And now —
Imaginary schemes we seem to spy,
And search for dangers with a curious eye;
From thought to thought we roll, and rack our sense,
To obviate mischiefs in the future tense:
Strange plots in embryo from the Lord we fear;
And dream of mighty ills, the Lord knows where!
Wretchedly wise, we curse our present store,
But bless the witless age we knew before.

Near that famed place* where slender wights resort,
And gay Pulvilio keeps his scented court;
Where exiled wit ne'er shows its hated face,
But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place;
Where sucking bees, our future hopes, are bred,
The sharpening gamester, and the bully red,
O'erstock'd with fame, but indigent of breed;
There stands a modern dome^b of vast renown,
For a plump cook and plumper reck'nings known:
Raised high, the fair inviting bird you see,
In all his milky plumes and feather'd lechery;
In whose soft down immortal Jove was dress'd;
When the fair nymph the wily god possess'd;
Still in which shape he stands to mortal view,
Patron of whoring and of toying too.

Here gravely meet the worthy sons of seal,
To wet their pious clay, and decently to rail:
Immortal courage from the claret springs,
To censure heroes and the acts of kings:
Young doctors of the gown here shrewdly show
How grace divine can ebb, and spleen can flow;
The pious red-coat most devoutly swears,
Drinks to the church, but ticks on his errands;
The gentle beau, too, joins in wise debate,
Adjusts his eravat, end reforms the state.
As when the sun, on e returning flood,
Warmes into life the animated mud,
Strange wondrous insects on the shore remain,
And a new race of vermin fills the plain;
So from the excrement of seal we find
A slimy race, but of the modish kind,

* Lucas's coffeehouse.

^b The Swan tavern

Crawl from the filth, and, kindled into man,
Make up the members of the sage divan.

Of these the famed Borachio is the chief,
A son of pudding and eternal beef.
The jovial god, with all-inspiring grace,
Sits on the scarlet honours of his face;
His happy face, from rigid wisdom free,
Secretly smiles in thoughtless majesty;
His own tithe-geese not half so plump as he.
Wild notions flow from his immoderate head,
And stanzas quoted,—moderately read;
Whole floods of words his moderate wit reveal,
Yet the good man's immoderate in seal.
How can his fluent tongue and thought keep touch,
Who thinks too little, but who talks too much!
When peaceful tars with Gallic navies meet,
And lose their honour to preserve the fleet,
This wondrous man alone shall conquest boast,
And win the battles which the heroes lost.
When just esteem he would of William raise,
He dams the glories which he means to praise;
The poor encomium, so thinly spread,
Lampoons the injured ashes of the dead;
Though for the orator, 'tis said withal,
He meant to praise him, if he meant at all.

Egregious Magpie^a charms the listening throng,
Whilst inoffensive satire tips his tongue;
Grey politics adorn the beardless chit,
Of foreign manners hut of native wit;
Scarce wren'd from diddy of his Alma Mater,
The cocking thing steps forth the church's Erra Pater;
High-flying thoughts his moderate size supply,
And wing the towering puppet to the sky;
On brassen wings best out from native stock,
He mounts, and rides upon the weathercock;
From whence the dull Hibernian isle he views;
The dull Hibernian isle he sees, and spews;
He mourns the talent of his wisdom, lost
On such a dry inhospitable coast.
Thus daws, when perch'd upon a steeple's top,
With Oxford strut and pride superior hop;
And, whilst on earth their haughty glances throw,
Take humble carates hut for daws below.

Firedrake,^b a senator of awkward grace,
But famed for clamorous modesty and face,
With christian matchless filth the deafen'd room,
And prophecies of wondrous ills to come.
Heaven in a hurry seems to have form'd his paste,
Fill'd up his spleen, but left his head-piece waste;
He thinks, he argues, nay, he prays, in haste.
When in soil'd sheets the dirty wight is spread,
And high-blown schemes for curtains grace the bed,
Wild freakish fancy, with her airy train,
Whirls through the empty region of his brain
Shows him the church just tott'ring on his head,
And eil her mangled sons around her spread;
Paints out himself, of all his hopes beguiled,
And his domestic Sicorax defiled:
Then kindling at the sight, he flies about,
And puts dissenting squadrons to the rout;
Brimful of wrath, he plunges into strife,
And thumps the passive carcase of his wife;
He routs the flying foe, he scours the plain,
And boldly fights the visionary scene.

Th' Apollo of the cause, old Grimheard^c stands,
And all the inferior fry of wit commands;
Nursed up in faction, and a foe to peace,
He rots his bones of necessary ease;
Drunk with inveterate spleen, he scorns his age,
And Nature's lowest ebb supplies with sprightly rage.
Cold drivelling Time has all his nerves unstrung,
But left untouched his lechery of tongue;

^a Archdeacon Percival.

^b Eachlin, a lawyer.

^c Mr., or captain, Locke.

His lechery of tongue, which still remains,
And adds a friendly aid to want of brains:
He hames the duiness of his party's sloth,
And hides the fears of their unactive youth;
Tells them the time, the happy time, is come,
When moderation shall behold its doom;
When snivelling mercy shall no more beguile,
But christian force and pious rage shall smile;
Warns them against those dangers to provide,
Those dangers which his spectacles have spied,
Dark and unknown to all the world beside!
Hail, venerable man, design'd by fate
The saving genius of a sinking state!
Lo, prostrate at thy feet we trembling fall,
Thou great twin-idol of the thund'ring Baal!
How shall thy votaries thy wrath assuage,
Unbend thy frowns, and deprecate thy rage!
Millions of victims shall thy altars soil;
Heroes shall bleed and transgressors shall hroll;
Thy peerless worth shall in our lays be sung;
O, bend thy stubborn rage, and sheathe thy dreadful
tongue!

Nuthrain,^a a daggie-gown of large renown,
For weak support to needy client known,
With painted dangers keeps his mob in awe,
And shrewdly construes faction into law.
When Albion's senate waved its fatal wand,
And with their hungry locusts cursed the land,
Our fruitful Egypt, with the load oppress'd,
Beheld with grief its happy fields laid waste:
With watery eyes, and with a mother's pain,
She heard the nation groan, but heard in vain;
Till, gorged with prey, they took the favourite wind,
And left this straggling vermin here behind:
Too well he liked our fruitful Egypt's plain,
To trot to hungry Westminster again.
Say, blind Hibernia, for what charms unknown
Ye adopt a man whom ye should blush to own:
Beggard and spoil'd of all your wealthy store,
Yet hug the viper whom ye cursed before.
Is this the pious champion of your cause,
Who robs your offspring to protect your laws;
Slily distils his venom to the root,
And blasts the tree from whence he plucks the fruit?
Who sees your ruin, which he smiles to see;
Whose gain's his heaven, and whose god's a fee?

In the first rank fam'd Sooterkin^b is seen,
Of happy viange and enchanting mien,
A lazy modish son of melancholy spleen;
Whose every feature flourishes in print,
And early pride first taught the youth to squint.
What niggard father would begrudge his brass,
When travell'd son doth homebred boy surpass—
Went out a fopling and return'd an ass!
Of thought so dark, that no erroneous hit
E'er show'd the lucid beauties of his wit.
When scanty fee expects a healing pill,
With careless yawn he nods upon the bill,
Secure to hit—who never fails to kill.
When coxive punk, in penitential case,
Sits squessing out her soul in vile grisees,
To ease his patient, he prescribes—his face!
Well may the wretch a Providence disown,
Who thinks no wisdom brighter than his own:
Loug since he left religion in the lurch,
Who yet would raise the glories of the church,
And stickles for its rights, who ne'er comes near the
porch.

Immortal Crah^c stands firmly to the truth,
And with sage nod commands the list'ning youth;

^a Nutley, a lawyer.

^b Dr. Worth, a physician.

^c Explained, in the Lancashire manuscript, to be arch-
deacon Neale, but averred by another authority to mean a
"Mr. Hodge Young, or Hogg Young, the late laid-chancellor's
parson-bearer."

In whom rank spleen has all its vigour shown,
 And blended all its curses into one;
 Overflowing gall has changed the crimson flood,
 And turn'd to vinegar the wretch's blood.
 Nightly on hended knees the musty nut
 Still saints the spigot and adores the butt;
 With fervent zeal the flowing liquor plies,
 But damns the moderate bottle for its size.
 His liquid vows cut swiftly through the air,
 When glorious red has whetted him to prayer;
 Thrifty of time, and frugal of his ways,
 Tippling he rails, and as he rails he prays.
 In the sage list great Mooncalf is enroll'd,
 Famed as the Delphic oracle of old.
 Propitious dulness and a senseless joy
 Shone at his birth and bless'd the hopeful boy;
 Who utters wonders without sense of pain,
 And scorns the crabbed labour of his brain.
 Fleeting as air his words outstrip the wind,
 Whilst the sage tardy meaning lags behind.
 No saucy foresight dares his will control,
 Or stop the impetuous motion of his soul;
 His soul, which struggles in her dark abode,
 Crush'd and o'erlay'd with the unwieldy load:
 Prevailing dulness did his sense betray,
 And cramp'd his reason to extend his clay;
 His wit contracted to a narrow span,
 A yard of idiot to an inch of man.
 Hail, mighty dunce, then largest of thy kind,
 How well thy mien is suited to thy mind!
 What if the lords and commons can't agree,
 Thou dear, dull, happy thing, what is't to thee?
 Sit down contented with thy present store,
 Heaven ne'er design'd thee to be wise and poor:
 Trust to thy fate; whatever parties join,
 Thy want of wit obstructs thy want of coin.
 As when imperial Rome beheld her state
 Grown faint and struggling with impending fate;
 When barbarous nations on her ruins trod,
 And no kind Jove appear'd her guardian god;
 A sacred goose could all her fears disperse,
 And save the mistress of the universe:
 Of equal fame the great example be,
 Our church's safety we expect from thee:
 In thee, great man, the saving brood remains,
 Of equal piety and equal brains;
 In this we differ but in point of name:
 Unlike the Romans we; but thou, our goose, the same.

And now with solemn grace the council sat,
 And the third flask had raised a warm debate;
 When Faction, entering, walk'd the giddy maze,
 Sworn foe and noted enemy to peace;
 And, taking Grimbeard's shape, the silence broke,
 And in shrill voice the eager fury spoke. [find
 "Be witness, Heaven, how much I'm pleased to
 Such gallant friends, and of so brave a mind;
 Souls fit to rule the world, and proudly sit
 The noblest sons of piety and wit.
 Uncommon vigour in your looks I spy,
 Resolved the utmost of your force to try;
 Bravely to stickle for your church's laws,
 And shed a generous influence on her cause.
 See how with grief she hangs her pensive head,
 Whilst trickling tears, upon her garments shed,
 Mourn all her lustre and her beauty fled:
 In hair dishevel'd, and with bosom bare,
 With melancholy sounds she fills the air.
 Would ye, my friends, the weighty business know,
 And learn the cruel reason of her woe!
 The cause she has to grieve, the world believes, :
 Is this—hem—hem—why, 'tis enough she grieves
 What sons from tears their flinty souls can keep,
 And with dry eyes behold their mother weep!

Ah! stop the deluge of her watery store,
 And let her taste those joys she felt before!
 "When William (curse upon that hated name,
 For ever blotted and unknown to fame!)—
 When William in imperial glory shone,
 And, to our grief, possess'd Britannia's throne;
 Mark with what malice he our church defaced,
 Her sons neglected, and her rites defaced:
 To canting zeal design'd her form a slave,
 And meant to ruin what he came to save.
 What though the world be fill'd with his alarms
 And fainting Gallia trembled at his arms;
 Yet still the doughty hero did no more
 Than Julius once, and Ammon, did before.
 Is this the idol of the people's love,
 The poor mock-puppet of a ruling Jove?
 Sorrel, we owe his hasty fate to thee,
 Thou lucky horse; oh! may thy memory be
 Fragrant to all, as it is sweet to me!
 Too far, I fear, the vile infection's spread,
 Since Anna courts the party which he led,
 And treads the hated footsteps of the deal.
 If so, what now can we expect to hear,
 But black effects of those damn'd ills we fear?
 Your fat endowments shall be torn away,
 And to Geneva seal become an easy prey;
 Cold element shall give your guts the gripes,
 And, ah! no more you shall indulge in tripe.
 No Sunday padding shall adorn the board,
 Or burn the chaps of its too eager lord:
 No gentle Abigail shall caudles make,
 Nor cook the jellies for the chaplain's hack;
 Long-winded schismatics shall rule the roast,
 And father Christmas mourn his revels lost.
 Rouse then, my friends, and all your forces join,
 And act with vigour in our great design:
 What though our danger is not really great?
 'Tis brave to oppose a government we hate.
 Poison the nation with your jealous fears,
 And set the fools together by the ears:
 Whilst with malicious joy we calmly sit,
 And smile to see the triumphs of our wit:
 Sound well the college; and with nicest skill [will.
 Inflame the beardless boys, and bend them to your
 What though unmoved her learned sons have stood,
 Nor sacrificed to spleen their country's good?
 Yet search the tree, and sure there may be found
 Some branches tainted, though the trunk be sound;
 Show them the lure which never fails to hit;
 Approve their bristleness, and admire their wit.
 Youth against flattery has no defence,
 Fools still are cheated with the bait of sense;
 Glean e'en the schools from leechery and hire,
 And teach the youngsters to defend the church.
 'Tis fools we want, and of the largest size:
 'Twould spoil our cause to practise on the wise:
 The wise are eagles of the sharpest ken,
 And calmly weigh the merits and the men;
 Pierce through the cobweb veil of erring sense,
 And know the truth of seal from the pretence:
 Whilst fools, like game-cocks, are the slaves of show,
 And never ask a cause, but fly upon the foe:
 Chance only guides them wandering in the night,
 When in an age they stumble on the right:
 God never gave a fool the gift of sight."

He said—with joy the pleased assembly rose;
 "Well moved!" they cried, and murmur'd their
 applause;

When, lo, before the board, confess'd in sight,
 Stepp'd forth a heavenly guest serenely right;
 No mortal beauty could with hers compare,
 Or poet's fancy form a maid so fair;

* Sorrel was the name of the horse on which King William rode when he received his mortal injury by a fall.

Around her head immortal glories shone,
And her mild air confess'd the nymph divine;
Whilst thus she spake:

"Ask not, my frightened sons, from whence I came,
But mark me well; Religion is my name;
An angel once, but now a fury grown,
Too often talk'd of, but too little known:
Is it for me, my sons, that ye engage,
And spend the fury of your idle rage?
'Tis false; unmanly spleen your bosom warms,
And a pretended zeal your fancy charms.
Where have I taught you in the sacred page
To construe moderation into rage;
To affront the power from whence your safety springs,
And poorly blast the memory of kings?
Branded with infamy, ye shun the light,
But court, like birds obscene, the covert of the night.
Is then unlawful riot fit to be
The great supporter of my church and me?
Think ye, weak men, she's of her foes afraid,
Or wants the assistance of your feeble aid?
When round her throng seraphic warriors stand
And form upon her side a heavenly band:
When, fix'd as fate, her deep foundation lies,
And spreads where'er my Anna's glory flies.
Think on the intended ruins of the day,
When to proud Rome ye were design'd a prey:
With wonder read those fatal times again,
And call to mind the melancholy scene:
When down its rapid stream the torrent bore
Your country's laws, and safety was no more;
Torn from your altars, ye were forced to roam
In needy exile from your native home.

'Twas then, my sons, your mighty William rose,
And bravely fell like lightning on your foes:
With royal pity he deplored your fate,
And stood the Atlas of your sinking state.
When sacrifice on idle altars slain
Polluted all the isle and dyed the plain;
Rome's mob of saints did all your temples fill,
And consecrated groves crown'd every hill;
'Twas then, Josiah-like, that he defaced
Their pagan rites, and laid their altars waste;
Drove out their idols from their loved abodes,
And pounded into dust their molten gods:
Israel's true Lord was to his rule restored,
Again his name was heard and was again adored.

"Wondering, ye saw your great deliverer come,
But, while he war'd abroad, ye rail'd at home;
Dreadfully gay in arms, but scorn'd in peace,
The useless buckler of inglorious ease:
O poor and short-lived glory and renown!
O false unenvied pleasures of a crown!
So soon are all thy shining honours fled,
Traduced while living, and defamed when dead.
Strange fate of heroes, who like comets blaze,
And with a sudden light the world amaze:
But when with fading beams they quit the skies,
No more to shine the wonder of our eyes;
Their glories spent, and all their fiery store,
We scorn the omens which we fear'd before.

"My royal Anne, whom every virtue crowns,
Feels your ill-govern'd rage, nor escapes your frowns;
Your want of duty ye supply with spite,
Traduce her counsels, and her heroes slight;
Lampoon the mildness of her easy way,
And sicken at the light of her superior day;
Poison her sweets of life with groundless fears,
And fill her royal breast with anxious cares.
What! such a queen, where Art and Nature join
To hit the copy of a form divine:
Unerring Wisdom purged the dross away,
And form'd your Anna of a nobler clay;

Breathing a soul in which in glory shone
Goodness innate, and virtue like its own:
She knows how far engaging sweetness charms,
And conquers more by mildness than by arms:
Like Sampson's riddle in the sacred song,
A springing sweet still flowing from the strong;
Like hasty sparks her slow resentment dies,
Her rigour lagging, but her mercy flies.
Hail, pious princess I mightiest of thy name,
Though last begotten, yet the first in fame:
Those glorious heroines we in story see
Were but the fainter types of greater thee.
Let others take a lustre from the throne;
Yoo shine with brighter glories of your own,
Add worth to worth, and dignify a crown.
Oft have I mark'd with what a studious care
My words you ponder and my laws revere:
To thee, great queen, what eulogies are due,
Who both protect the flock and feed the shepherds
For which I still preside o'er thy alarms, [too late
And add a shining lustre to thy arms:
I form'd the battle, and I gave the word,
And rode with conquest on thy Ormond's sword:
When Anjou's fleet yielded its Indian store,
And at thy sacred feet deposited the silver ore;
I sent the goddess, when Victoria came,
And raised thy Churchill to immortal fame,
And Hochstet's bloody field advanced the hero's name.

Nor shall thy glories or thy triumphs cease,
But thy rough wars shall soften into peace.
Charles³ shall from thee his diadem receive,
And shining pomp which you alone can give;
The Gallic lion, list'ning at his shore,
Shall fear to tempt the British dangers more,
But skulk in deserts where he used to roar:
Admiring worlds before thy throne shall stand,
And willing nations bend to thy command.

"For you, ye inveterate enemies to peace,
Whom kings can use or oblige, our heaven can please;
Who, blindly zealous, into faction run,
And make those dangers you'd be thought to shun;
For shame, the transports of your rage give o'er,
And let your civil feuds be heard no more:
To the wise conduct of my Anna trust;
Know your own good, and to yourselves be just:
And, when with grief you see your brother stray,
Or in a night of error lose his way,
Direct his wandering, and restore the day.
To guide his steps, afford your kindest aid,
And gently pity whom ye can't persuade;
Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
For, O, remember, he's your brother still:
Let healing mercy through your actions shine,
And let your lives confess your cause divine."

Frowning, the goddess spoke, and straight withdrew,

Scatt'ring ambrosial odours as she flew;
Her trembling sons, immoderately scared, [heard,
Fled from th' uneasy truths which suddenly they

NO. II.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

UNREBUQUED.

ORPHEUS, a one-eyed blessing Thracian,
The crowder of that harsh-rous nation,
Was ballad-singer by vocation;
Who, up and down the country strolling,
And with his strains the mob cajoling,

* Alluding to her grants to the clergy.

† The archduke Charles.

Charm'd 'em as much as each man knows
Our modern farces do our beaux :
To hear whose voice they left their houses,
Their food, their handicrafts, and spouses ;
Whilst, by the mercury of his song,
He threw the staring, gaping throng
(A thing deserving admiration)
Into a copious salivation,
From hence came all those monstrous stories,
That to his lays wild beasts danced borees ;
That after him, where'er he rambled,
The lion ramp'd and the bear gamboll'd,
And rocks and caves (their houses) amhied :
For sure, the monster mob includes
All heasts, stones, stocks, in solitudes.

He had a spouse, yeapt Eurydice,
As tight a lass as e'er your eye did see ;
Who, being caress'd one day by Morpheus,
In absence of her husband, Orpheus,
As in the god's embrace she lay,
Died, not by metaphor they say,
But the ungrateful literal way :
For a modern's [Tasso] pleased to say by't,
From sleep to death there's hut a way-bit.
Orpheus at first, to appearance grieving,
For one he had oft wish'd damn'd while living,
That he might play her her farewell,
Resolved to take a turn to hell
(For spouse, he guess'd, was gone to the devil) :
There was a husband damnably civil !
Playing a merry strain that day,
Upon th' infernal king's highway,
He caper'd on, as who should say,
Since spouse has pass'd the Stygian ferry,
Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry ;
And wights who travel that way daily
Jog on by his example gaily.
Thus scraping, he to hell advanced :
When he came there the devil danced ;
All hell was with the frolic taken,
And with a huge huzza was shaken.
All hell broke loose, and they who were
One moment past plunged in despair,
Sung, sang sorrow, cast away care !
Hot Pluto, with a spiteful prank,
Ungrateful devil, did Orpheus thank.
Orpheus, said he, I like thy strain
So well, that here's thy wife again !
Not on those terms receive the blessing,
Till thou'rt on earth forbeare possessing.
He who has play'd like thee in hell
Might e'en do t'other thing as well ;
And shades of our eternal night
Were not design'd for such delight.
Therefore, if such in hell thou usest,
Thy spouse immediately thou losest.
Quoth Orpheus, I am manac'd, I see :
You and your gift be damn'd, thought he ;
And shall be, if my skill don't fail me,
And if the devil does not all me.
Now Orpheus saw importance free,
By which once more a slave was he.
The damn'd changed presently their notes,
And stretch'd with hideous howl their throats ;
And two and two together link'd,
Their chains with horrid music clink'd ;
And in the concert, yell and fetlock
Express'd the harmony of wedlock.
He, by command, then lugg'd his dowdy
To Acheron, with many a how-d'ye ;
But, as the boat was tow'd them steering,
The rogue, with wicked ogle leering,
Darted at her fiery glances,
Which kindled in her furious fancies.

Her heart did thiek as any drum beat.
Alarming Amazon to combat.
He soon perceives it, and too wise is
Not to lay hold on such a crisis :
His moiety on the hank he threw,
Whilst thousand devils look'd askew.
Thus spouse, who knew what long repentance
Was to ensue by Pluto's sentence,
Could not forbear her reversion
One poor half-day, to avoid damnation.
Her from his arms the Furies wrang,
And into hell again they flung.
He, singing thus, repass'd the ferry,—
" Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry."

No. III. ACTÆON ;

OR, THE ORIGINAL OF HORN FAIR.

SOME time about the month of July,
Or else our ancient authors do lie,
Diana, whom poetic noddies
Would have us think to be some goddess,
(Though, in plain truth, a witch she was,
Who sold grey peas at Ratcliff-crova.)
Went to the up-setting of a neighbour,
Having before been at her labour.
The gossips bad of punch a bowlful !
Which made them all sing, O be joyful !
A folly took them in the noddle,
Their over-heated bums to coddle ;
So they at Limehouse took a sculler,
And cram'd it so, no egg was fuller.
With tide of chh, they got to Eriff,
Where Punchinello once was sheriff.
Our jovial crew then made a halt,
To drink some Nanta, at what-d'ye-call't.
And thence, if any cared a fart for't
Went to a stream that comes from Dartford ;
Where all unrigg'd, in good decorum,
As naked as their mothers hore them ;
And soon their tattling did outdo
An Irish howl or hubbubboo,
" O la," cries one, to joke the aptest,
" Methinks I'm grown an anahapstist ;
If to be dipp'd to grace prefers,
I'm grace'd and soused o'er head and ears."
Whilst thus she talk'd, all of a sudden
They grew as mute as hasty-pudding :
Daunted at th' unexpected sounds
Of hollalaing men and yelping hounds,
Who soon came up and stood at bay
At those who wish'd themselves away.
But, to increase their sad disaster,
After the curs appear'd their master ;
Actæon named, a country gent,
Who, hard by somewhere, lived in Kent ;
And hunting loved more than his victuals,
And cry of hounds 'bove sound of fiddles.
He saw his dogs neglect their sport,
Having sprung game of better sort ;
Which put him in a fit of laughter,
Not dreaming what was coming after.
Bless me ! how the young lecher star'd !
How pleasantly the spark was scared !
With hidden charms his eyes he fed,
And to our females thus he said :
" Hey, jingo ! what the de'il's the matter ;
Do mermaids swim in Dartford water !
The poets tell us they have skill in
That sweet melodious art of singing :
If to that tribe you do belong,
Faith, ladies, come—let's have a song."

What, silent! ne'er a word to spare me?
 Nay, frown not, for you cannot scare me.
 Ha, now I see you are mere females,
 Made to delight and pleasure us males.
 Faith, ladies, do not think me lavish,
 If five or six of you I ravish.
 I'gad, I must." This did so frighten
 The gossips, they seem'd thunder-smitten.
 At last Diana takes upon her
 To vindicate their injured honour;
 And by some necromantic spells,
 Strong charms, witchcraft or something else,
 In twinkling of the shell of oyster,
 Transmogrified the rampant royster
 Into a thing some call a no-man,
 Unfit to love or please a woman.
 The poets, who love to deceive you,
 (For, once believe them, who'd believe you?)
 Say that, to quench his lecherous fire,
 Into a stag she changed the squire;
 Which made him fly o'er hedges skipping
 Till his own hounds had spoil'd his tripping.
 But I, who am less given to lying,
 Than jolly rakes to think of dying,
 Do truly tell you here between us,
 She only spoil'd the spark for Venns;
 Which soon his blood did so much alter,
 He cared for love less than for halter:
 No more the sight of naked beauty
 Could prompt his vigour to its duty;
 And in this case, you may believe,
 He hardly stay'd to take his leave.
 He had a wife, and she, poor woman,
 Soon found in him something uncommon.
 In vain she strived, young, fair, and plump,
 To rouse to joy the senseless lump.
 She from a drone, alas! sought honey,
 And from an empty pocket money.
 Thus used, she for her ease contrives
 That sweet revenge of slighted wives;
 And soon of horns a pair most florid
 Were by her grafted on his forehead;
 At sight of which his shame and anger
 Made him first curse, then sonndly hang her.
 And then his rage, which overpower'd him,
 Made poets say his dogs devour'd him.
 At Cuckold's Point he died with sadness;
 (Few in his case now show such madness;)
 Whilst gossips, pleased at his sad case,
 Straight fix'd his horns just on the place,
 Lest the memory on't should be forgotten,
 When they, poor souls, were dead and rotten;
 And then from queen Dick got a patent,
 On Charlton-green to set up a tent;
 Where once a year, with friends from Wapping,
 They tell how they were taken napping.
 The following age improved the matter,
 And made two dishes of a platter.
 The tent where they used to repair
 Is now become a jolly fair;
 Where, every eighteenth of October,
 Comes citizen demure and sober,
 With basket, shovel, pickaxe, stalking,
 To make a way for his wife to walk in:
 Where, having laid out single money,
 In buying horns for dearest honey,
 O'er furnity, pork, pig, and ale,
 They cheer their souls, and tell this tale.

THE FAMOUS SPEECHMAKER OF ENGLAND;

Or Baron (*alias* Barren) Lovell's Charge at the Assizes at Exon, April 5, 1710.

———Rising tranquilly?

From London to Exon,
 By special direction,
 Came down the world's wonder,
 Sir Salathiel Blunder,
 With a quoil on his head
 As heavy as lead;
 And thus open'd and said:—
 Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,
 Her majesty, mark it,
 Appointed this circuit
 For me and my brother,
 Before any other;
 To execute laws,
 As you may suppose,
 Upon such as offenders have been.
 So then, not to scatter
 More words on the matter,
 We're beginning just now to begin.
 But hold—first and foremost, I must enter a clause,
 As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
 Which here I aver
 Are better by far
 Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea—
 For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy
 The laws of our land
 Don't abet, hut withstand,
 Inquisition and thrall,
 And whatever may gall,
 And fire withal;
 And sword that devours
 Wherever it scowrs:
 They preserve liberty and property, for which men
 pull and hale so,
 And they are made for the support of good govern-
 ment also.
 Her majesty, knowing
 The best way of going
 To work for the weal of the nation,
 Builds on that rock
 Which all storms will mock,
 Since religion is made the foundation.
 And, I tell you to boot, she
 Resolves resolutely
 No promotion to give
 To the best man alive,
 In church or in state,
 (I'm an instance of that,)
 But only to such of a good reputation
 For temper, morality, and moderation.
 Fire! fire! a wild-fire,
 Which greatly disturbs the queen's peace,
 Lies running about;
 And if you don't put it out,
 (That's positive) will increase:
 And any may spy,
 With half of an eye,
 That it comes from our priests and papistical fry.
 Ye have one of these fellows,
 With fiery bellows,
 Come hither to blow and to puff here;
 Who, having been toss'd
 From pillar to post,
 At last vents his rascally stuff here;
 Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly.
 When they ought to preach nothing but what's very
 godly;

* A line seems to be wanting here

As here from this place we charge you to do,
 As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who,
 Ye have a diocesan,^a
 But I don't know the man ;—
 They tell me, however,
 The man's a good liver,
 And fiery never !
 Now, ye under-pullers,
 That wear such black colours,
 How well would it look,
 If his measures ye took,
 Thus for head and for rump
 Together to jump ;
 For there's none deserve places,
 I speak't to their faces,
 But men of such graces,
 And I hope he will never prefer any asses ;
 Especially when I'm so confident on't,
 For reasons of state, that her majesty won't.
 Know, I myself, I
 Was present and by
 At the great trial, where there was a great company,
 Of a turbulent preacher, who, cursedly hot, [plot,
 Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder
 Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what ;
 Exclaiming like fury—it was at Paul's, London—
 How church was in danger, and like to be undone,
 And so gave the lie to gracious queen Anne ;
 And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men :
 And then printed a book,
 Into which men did look ;
 True, he made a good text ;
 But what follow'd next
 Was naught but a dunghill of sordid abuses,
 Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
 It was high time of day
 That such inflammation should be extinguish'd without more delay ;
 But there was no engine could possibly do't,
 Till the commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it
 So the man was tried for't, [out.
 Before highest court :
 Now it's plain to be seen
 It's his principles I mean,
 Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to
 Which over, the blade [bellow :
 A poor punishment had
 For that racket he made.
 By which ye may know
 They thought, as I do,
 That he is hot at best an inconsiderable fellow.
 Upon this I find here,
 And everywhere,
 That the country rides rusty, and is all out of gear :
 And for what !
 May I not
 In opinion vary,
 And think the contrary,
 But it must create
 Unfriendly debate,
 And disunion straight ;
 When no reason in nature
 Can be given of the matter,
 Any more than for shapes or for different stature ?
 If you love your dear selves, your religion or queen,
 Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men :
 For nothing disgusts her
 Like making a bluster :
 And your making this riot
 Is what she would cry at,
 Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.

I would ask any man
 Of them all that maintain
 Their passive obedience
 With such mighty vehemence,
 That damn'd doctrine, I trow !
 What he means by it, ho',
 To trump it up now !
 Or to tell me in short,
 What need there is for't !
 Ye may say I am hot,
 I say I am not ;
 Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
 There are those alive yet,
 If they do not forget, [state :
 May remember what mischiefs it did church and
 Or at least must have heard
 The deplorable calamities
 It drew upon families,
 About sixty years ago and upward.
 And now, do ye see,
 Whoever they be
 That make such an oration
 In our protestant nation,
 As though church was all on a fire,—
 With whatever cloak
 They may cover their talk,
 And wheedle the folk,
 That the oaths they have took,
 As our governors strictly require ;—
 I say they are men—(and I'm a judge ye all know)—
 That would our most excellent laws overthrow ;
 For the greater part of them to church never go ;
 Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance is,
 If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.
 Their aim is, no doubt,
 Were they made to speak out, [rout ;
 To pluck down the queen, that they make all this
 And to set up, moreover,
 A bastardly brother ;
 Or at least to prevent the house of Hanover.
 Ye gentlemen of the jury,
 What means all this fury,
 Of which I'm inform'd by good hands I assure ye ;
 This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
 And breaking of windows, which you know maketh
 Ye ought to resent it, [breaches !
 And in duty present it,
 For the law is against it ;
 Not only the actors engaged in this job,
 But those that encourage and set on the mob :
 The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
 But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
 I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
 Have strove what they could all this rage to suppress ;
 And I hope many more
 Will exert the like power,
 Since none will, depend on't,
 Get a jot of preferment,
 But men of this kidney, as I told you before.—
 I'll tell you a story : Once upon a time,
 Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
 And so were so weak
 ('Twas a mighty mistake)
 To pull down and abuse
 Bawdy-houses and stews ;
 Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
 Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd for that very
 When the time came about [reason.
 For us all to set out,
 We went to take leave of the queen ;
 Where were great men of worth,
 Great heads, and so forth,
 The greatest that ever were seen ;

* Dr. Offspring Blackroll. He was made bishop of Exeter in 1707.

And she gave us a large
 And particular charge;—
 Good part on't indeed
 Is quite out of my head;—
 But I remember she said,
 We should recommend peace and good neighbour-
 hood where—
 Soever we came; and so I do here;
 For that every one, not only men and their wives,
 Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;
 And told us withal that she fully expected
 A special account how ye all stood affected;
 When we've been at St. James's you'll hear of the
 Again then I charge ye, [matter.
 Ye men of the clergy,
 That ye follow the track all
 Of your own bishop Blackall,
 And preach, as ye should,
 What's savoury and good;
 And together all cling,
 As it were in a string;
 Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
 Now we're treating with monsieur,—that son of his
 mother.

*Then proceeded on the common matters of the law,
 and concluded—*

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
 I charge you all present, by way of request,—
 If ye honour as I do
 Our dear royal widow,
 Or have any compassion
 For church or the nation,
 And would live a long while
 In continual smile,
 And eat roast and boil,
 And not be forgotten
 When ye are dead and rotten,—
 That ye would be quiet and peaceably dwell,
 And never fall out, but p—s in a quill.

PARODY

ON THE RECORDER OF BLESSINGTON'S ADDRESS TO
 QUEEN ANNE.

*Mr. William Crowe, Recorder of Blessington's Ad-
 dress to her Majesty, as copied from the London
 Gazette.*

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,
 The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder,
 Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Bless-
 ington.

May it please your Majesty,

THOUGH we stand almost last on the roll of boroughs
 of this your majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and there-
 fore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press
 but late among the joyful crowd about your royal
 throne, yet we beg leave to assure your majesty
 that we come behind none in our good affection to
 your sacred person and government; inasmuch that
 the late surprising accounts from Germany have
 filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow-
 subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed
 the field to that degree that thirty squadrons, part of
 the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water,
 not able to stand their fire, and drank their last
 draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before
 committed on its injured banks, thereby putting an
 end to their master's long-boasted victories: a glo-
 rious push indeed, and worthy a general of the queen
 of England. And we are not a little pleased to find
 several gentlemen in considerable posts of your ma-

jesty's army, who drew their first breath in this
 country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so
 effectually put in execution the command of your
 gallant enterprising general, whose twin-battles have,
 with his own title of Marlborough, given immor-
 tality to the otherwise perishing names of Scheit-
 herg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born
 under stars as propitious to England as that he now
 wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre
 as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they
 once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate with a
 joy proportioned to the success of your majesty's
 fleet our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe
 the French obliged to steer their wonted course for
 security to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards'
 ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and
 maintained by your majesty's subjects.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power
 of France be such as may soon turn your wreaths of
 laurel into branches of olive: that after the toils of
 a just and honourable war, carried on by a con-
 federacy of which your majesty is most truly, as of the
 faith, styled defender, we may live to enjoy, under
 your majesty's auspicious government, the blessings
 of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the
 power of him to violate, who, but for his own un-
 reasonable convenience, destructive always of his
 neighbours, never yet kept any. And, to complete
 our happiness, may your majesty again prove to
 your own family what you have been so eminently
 to the true church—a nursing mother. So wish and
 so pray, may it please your majesty, your majesty's
 most dutiful and loyal subjects and devoted humble
 servants.

This address was presented January 17, 1705.

*Mr. William Crowe's Address to her Majesty, turned
 into Metre.*

FROM a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
 With three or four houses and as many people,
 There went an address in great form and good order,
 Composed as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their recorder.
 And thus it began to an excellent tune:
 Forgive us, good madam, that we did not as soon
 As the rest of the cities and towns of this nation
 Wish your majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
 Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
 But having a great many sisters and brothers,
 Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
 We let them speak first to show our good breeding.

We have heard with much transport and great
 satisfaction

Of the victory obtain'd in the late famous action,
 When the field was so warm'd that it soon grew too
 hot, [pot,
 For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to
 But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
 And leap into the water for fear of the fire.
 But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
 Do ye think to swim through me, and that I'll not
 drown ye,

Who have ravish'd, and murder'd, and play'd such
 damn'd pranks,

And trod down the grass on my much injured banks?
 Then swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
 He gave the poor monsieur his last draught of drink.
 So it plainly appears they were very well hang'd,
 And that some may be drown'd who deserved to be
 hang'd. [dead:

Great Marlbro' well push'd: 'twas well push'd in-
 Ob, how we adore you because you succeed!
 And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
 That you have got twins by your violent pushing;

Twin battles I mean, that will ne'er be forgotten,
But live and be talk'd of when we're dead and rotten.
Let other nice lords seulk at home from the wars,
Frank'd up and adorn'd with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed I'm sure very soon [moon:
'Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the
A blazing star, I foretell, 'twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.

Now God bless your majesty and our lord Murrough,
And send him in safety and health to his borough.

JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION;

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

To the Tune of "I'll tell thee, Dick," &c.

I.

Ye commons and peers,
Pray lend me your ears,
I'll sing you a song, (if I can,)
How Lewis le Grand,
Was put to a stand,
By the arms of our gracious queen Anne.

II.

How his army so great
Had a total defeat,
And close by the river Dender;
Where his grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the popish pretender.

III.

To a steeple on high.
The battle to spy,
Up mounted these clever young men,
But when from the spire
They saw so much fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

IV.

Then on horseback they got
All on the same spot,
By advice of their cousin Vendome;
O Lord! cried out he,
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Would your brother and you were at home!

V.

While this he did say,
Without more delay
Away the young gentry fled;
Whose heels for that work,
Were much lighter than cork,
Though their hearts were as heavy as lead.

VI.

Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave,
In this bloody field I assure ye:
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

VII.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,
Which runs in his veins so blue:
For this gallant young man,
Being a-kin to QUEEN ANNE,
Did as (were she a man) she would do.

VIII.

What a racket was here,
(I think 'twas last year,)

For a little misfortune in Spain!
For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the puts in,
To lose all they're worth this campaign.

IX.

Though *Bruges* and Ghent
To *Monsieur* we lent,
With interest they shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may sing
With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimittis instead of *Te Deum*.

X.

From this dream of success,
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great Marlborough's drums:
They may think, if they will,
Of *Almanza* still,
But 'tis *Blenheim* wherever he comes.

XI.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What general next!
Thou hast hitherto changed in vain:
He has beat 'em all round;
If no new one's found,
He shall beat 'em over again.

XII.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improved, let me tell yr,
With *Nottingham* ale
At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in belly

XIII.

But as losers at play
Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on;
Let who will command,
Thou hadst better disband,
For, old Bully, thy doctors are gone.

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1700.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab grieved to be denied;
And thus scotced him with scorn:
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
A king, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll rest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.
Poor Hail, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hail, of small scripture conversation,
Yet, how'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident, had got
The story of this garden-plot—
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolved, in humble sort,
To begin first and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET,* THE
MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.

THE success of this jeu d'esprit was prodigious. The allusion to Godolphin's family name, Sidney, and to his staff of office, are sufficiently obvious.

THE rod was but a harmless wand
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphosed by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring nap;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resumed the figure of a stick.

So, to her midnight feasts, the bag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, raised by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,^b
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,^c
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divined
How well a cully's purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake
Stood without motion like a stake.

The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.

Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he used to fish withal;
A piece was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and saved his bait.

Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep mischievous spirits out,
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th' enchanted rod was broke
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an HERILOOM, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,

Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nursed,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
Could with the rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then returned to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

THE RECORDER'S SPEECH TO HIS
GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND,
4TH JULY, 1711;

WITH A PARODY UPON IT, WHICH IS PERHAPS BY SWIFT.

THIS city can omit no opportunity of expressing
their hearty affection for her majesty's person and
government; and their regard for your grace, who
has the honour of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my lord, a grateful remembrance of
the mild and just administration of the government
of this kingdom by your noble ancestors; and, when
we consider the share your grace had in the happy
Revolution in 1688, and the many good laws you
have procured us since, particularly that for prevent-
ing the farther growth of popery, we are assured that
that liberty and property, that happy constitution in
church and state, to which we were restored by king
William of glorious memory, will be inviolably pre-
served under your grace's administration. And we
are persuaded that we cannot more effectually re-
commend ourselves to your grace's favour and pro-
tection than by assuring you that we will, to the
utmost of our power, contribute to the honour and
safety of her majesty's government, the maintenance
of the succession in the illustrious house of Hanover,
and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and
open attempts of the pretender and all his abettors.

The Recorder's Speech explained by the Tories.

An ancient metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the church and for nosing the state,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order, [corder:
Made the following speech by their mouth, the re-
First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster's town.

The Speech.

May it please your grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell [weil;
That we love the queen's person and government
Then next, to your grace we this compliment make,
That our worship regards you, but 'tis for her sake:
Though our mouth be a Whig, and our head a dis-
senter,

Yet salute you we must, 'cause you represent her:
Nor can we forget, sir, that some of your line [shine.
Did with mildness and peace in this government
But of all your exploits, we'll allow but one fact,
That your grace has procured us a Popery Act.
By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,

* Earl Godolphin.

^b The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.

^c Supposed to allude to the Union.

We give no other proof of your zeal to your prince;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It's then only we hope that whilst you rule o'er us
You'll tread in the steps of king William the glorious,
Whom we're always adoring, though hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, although he be dead;
Which shows that good zeal may be founded in spleen.

Since a dead prince we worship to lessen the queen.
And as for her majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin the popish pretender.
Our vallant militia will stoutly stand by her
Against the sly Jack and the sturdy high-flier. {her,
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence bless
And Hanover's sure to be next her successor. {ply
Thus ended the speech, but what heart would not
His grace, almost choked with the breath of the city!

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE LORD-TREASURER OXFORD. 1710.

ATLAS, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedlar does his pack;
But, as the pedlar overpremd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.

Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could he have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet, when the weight of kingdom lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORÉ ON MR. HARLEY'S BRING STARR-ED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710-11.

ON Britain Europe's safety lies,
Britain is left if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill;
Think what you save, or what you kill.*

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG:

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF
A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE. 1711.

AN orator dimal of Nottinghamshire,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has ramp'd an odd speech, and the court, to their sorrow,

Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day like a Finch.^b
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
And, ' mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

* "I told lord-treasurer of four lines I writ extempore, with my pencil, on a bit of paper, in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste-paper of them; and he never heard of them."—*Journal to Stella*, Feb. 19, 1711-12.

Lord Nottingham's family name.

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, notwithstanding I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But most noble senators, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game*.

The duke showed me all his fine house; and the duchess

From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:

I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t;
My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cram'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.

But some will cry turn-coat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places.

But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends while I'm *Not-in-game*

When I and some others subscribed our names

To a plot for expelling my master king James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:

I had my advantage and stood at defiance,
For Daniel^c was got from the den of the lions;
I came in without danger, and was I to blame
For, rather than hang, I would be *Not-in-game*.

I swore to the queen that the prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over;
I made use of a trope; that "an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight."

But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I holdidly did vote

That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young condutor;

For why? I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game*.

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace, with Spain or without;

Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers,
and consins,

And all my whole family, places by dozens;

Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound,—

Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,—

I'll speech against peace while *Diemal's* my name,
And be a true Whig while I'm *Not-in-game*.^b

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.^a

"About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was hurled in the cloisters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had dis-

^a This was the earl's christian name.

^b "There was printed a Grub-street speech of lord F setting ham; and he was sw." an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court that Walpole (a great Whig member) said that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him."—*Journal to Stella*, Dec. 18, 1711.

^c "I have written a Prophecy, which I design to print. I did it to-day, and some other verses."—*Journal to Stella*, Dec. 23, 1711. "My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day. I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass."—*Ibid.*, Dec. 24. "I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them."—*Ibid.*, Dec. 26. "I entertained our society at the Thatched house tavern. The printer had not received my letter, and so brought us a dozen copies of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. It is an admirable good one, and people are mad for it."—*Ibid.* Dec. 27.

covered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. W—, F.R.S., where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present."

When a *holy black Swede*, the son of *Bob*,^a
With a *saint*^b at his chin and a *seal*^c at his fob,
Shall not see *one new-year's-day*^d in that year,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor^e and *Bristol*^f then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-country*.^g
Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*^h
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conyng wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But, spite of the *Harpy*ⁱ that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But England must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.^j
And, dear England, if ought I understand,
Beware of *Carrots*^k from *Northumberland*.
Carrots sowu *Thynne*^l a deep root may get,
If so be they are in *Somer set*;
Their *Conyngs mark*^m thou; for I have been told
They *assassins* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these *Carrots*, *O thou*,ⁿ whose name
Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;
And keep close to thee always that name,
Which *backwards* and *forwards* is almost the same.
And, England, wouldest thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill*.^o

CORINNA, A BALLAD. 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.
But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
Both softly to the erudite creep;
Both stroke her hands and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay fast asleep.

^a Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol.

^b He was dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal.

^c The new style (which was not used in Great Britain and Ireland till 1754) was then observed in most parts of Europe.

^d Alluding to the demerit and bishopric being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.

^e Earl of Nottingham.

^f Duke of Marlborough.

^g The treasurer's wand taken from Harley, whose second title was lord Mortimer.

^h The duchess of Somerset.

ⁱ Thomas Thynne of Longleaze, esq., married the above lady after the death of her first husband, Henry Carew, earl of Ogle.

^j Count Koningmark.

^k ANNA.

^l MASHAM.

^m Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
Of love shall always speak and write;"
"And I pronounce," the Satyr said,
"The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

Her talent she display'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The outler with my lady's maid:
And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:
And how, when master went to p—
Miss came and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve, a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

Her commonplace-book all gallant is,
Of scandal now a cornucopia;
She pours it out in Atalanta,
Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.^a 1712.

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd everything he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground;
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or t' had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Where'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, by wise farmers we are told
Old hay is equal to old gold.^b
And hence a critic deep maintains
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.

This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapp'd asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pætolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;

^a "To-day I published 'The Fable of Midas,' a poem printed on a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night to lord-treasurer at lord Malmain's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you.—*Journal to St/ia*, Feb. 14, 1711-12.

^b The reader will recollect that the duke of Marlborough was accused of having received perquisites from contractors.

Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.†
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call:
And there's the jest, for Pan is all.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.

Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has ass's ears:
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.

But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hands so much,
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scorn,
They wash'd away the chemic power.

While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place;
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may 't do them that have caught em;
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears and dirty hands.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from HORACE, lib. I. epist. 5.

SWIFT mentions the satire in his Journal, 1st July, 1719.—
"Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal? How do
you like it! But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps
you do not understand Horace." It is again mentioned in
the 17th of the same month.

Ir dearest Dismal, yon for once can dine
Upon a single dish and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calf's head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where then, our latest proselyte, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
How by brave hands the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
While an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast, "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly show our spite,
And talk what fools call treason all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:

VOL. I.

By force of wine e'en Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence;
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.

My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise,
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace,
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place;
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.

Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll tease you with king Charles and bishop Laud,
Or make you fast and carry you to prayers;
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SUB-
RENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL. 1712.

To the tune of "The king shall enjoy his own again."

I.

Spite of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last;
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will, or ought to end in ropes
"But the queen shall enjoy her own again."

II.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double Dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hal is off the books;
Old Godolphin, full of spleen,
Made false moves, and lost his queen;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane;
But a prince of high renown
Swore he'd rather lose a crown,
"Than the queen should enjoy her own again."

III.

Our merchant-ships may cut the line,
And not be snapp'd by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise cent. per cent.
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain
We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
"And the queen shall enjoy her own again."

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to heat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:

* Right honourable Henry Boyle.

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But the lord of Oxford swears
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to general Hill:
"For the queen now enjoys her own again."

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast,)
Observed a parson near Whitehall,
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now disposed to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis* go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)—
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleased, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the jinto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the doctor straight, and say
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried:
"He does, with insolence and pride."

Some few days after Harley spleas
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.

* The treasurer's secretary.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord, the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect!"
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."

The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early and departed late;
In short the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the Park to ride,
In winter—never to reside.
A canon!—that's a place too mean:
No, doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need not cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs, and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, ajurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now, all the doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind,
And Parvise! discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read^b would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, "Welcome, reverend dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on self
So much that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye:
Or is your money out at use?"
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The doctor in a passion cried,)
"Your raillery is misapplied;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:

* The dean's agent, a Frenchman.

b The lord-treasurer's porter.

But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

(A few of the first lines are wanting.)

By an old——pursued,
A crazy prelate,^a and a royal prude;^b
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er helleve in God.
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconciled divinity and wit: {grace;
He moved and bow'd, and talk'd with too much
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despised luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;
At Child's or Truhy's,^c never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secured by numbers from the laymen's gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.

And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private when superiors wait;
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor, Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks: the yeomen cry,
"Make room," as if a duke were passing by.

Now Finch^d alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.
Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislabie,^e to clear the doubt,
Inform the commons that the secret's out
"A certain doctor is observed of late
To haunt a certain minister of state:
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."

York is from Lambeth sent to show the queen
A dangerous treatise^f writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon,^g and repents too late.

Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ***** spouse:^h

^a Dr. John Sharpe, who, for some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, had been suspended, May 14, 1706, was raised from the deanery of Canterbury to the archbishopric of York, July 4, 1711; and died February 2, 1719-13.

^b Queen Anne. ^c Coffeehouses frequented by the clergy.

^d Daniel Finch, earl of Nottingham.

^e John Aislabie, then M.P. for Rippon. They both spoke against him in the house of commons.

^f Tale of a Tub.

^g He sent a message to ask Swift's pardon.

^h Insert "murder'd." The duchess's first husband, Thomas Thynne, esq., was assassinated in Pall Mall by banditti, the emissaries of count Camillemar.

From her red locks her mouth with venom fill,
And thence into the royal ear instill.
The queen incens'd his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.^a
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.^b
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candid divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean!
Now Delaware again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ears thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.^c
By fiction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire!

THE FAGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE,

OBSERVE the dying father speak,
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot:
And strove, by turns, to break the fagot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be applied in few words,
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others, who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But fashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarterstaffs instead of white;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found
The consul's fasces were unbound;
Those Romans were too wise to think on it,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The praetor broke the consul's head!
Or consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the praetor down!

Come, courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt,^a bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Despatch, or else that rascal Northey^b
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or hind them.

^a The duke of Argyll.

^b For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

^c Then lord-treasurer of the household.

^d He was visited by the Scotch lords more than ever.

^e Lord-chancellor.

^f Sir Edward Northey, attorney-general.

To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crozier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Leechmere, King and Hamblin!
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK
OF HORACE. 1714.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
["But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

"If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other aere;
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure.'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence;
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;^a
Nor cross the channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.

"Lewis, the dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is leave-day
And find his honour in a ponné,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green,
How should I thrust myself between!
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the dean had been too proud,
To juggle here among a crowd!"

Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more seal than wit.

"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,

^a The twenty lines within brackets were added by Mr. Pope.

^b Swift was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England.

But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone—"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd;
Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not if his lordship knew—"
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you!—"

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley hid me first attend,^b
And choose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaimed at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête*;
What! they admire him for his jokes!—
See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great!
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

^a Very happily turned from "Si vis potes"—WHARTON.

^b The rise and progress of Swift's intimacy with lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his very interesting Journal to Stella.

^c The real cause of Swift's disappointment in his hopes of preferment is explained in Coke's Memoirs of Walpole.

^d Another of his amusements in these excursions consisted in lord Oxford and Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and whenever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman, wou the game.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.*

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714.

"En qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curae,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra decorum."

HOR. SAT. I. VI. 24.

DICK, thou'rt resolved, as I am told,
Some strange arena to unfold,
And with the help of Buckley's pen
To vamp the good old cause again;
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furnish up and nickname Craisie.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair,)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anna for heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout,
With—who is in—and who is out!
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state;
And of that dreadful *coup d'état*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth! (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'rt got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eased thy conscience
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last—and so the story ends."
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;
Which made thy closet much frequented
By huxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.

* Thus far was translated by Dr. Swift in 1714.

* This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele had long threatened the town.

Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Did'st in thy calling do thy best.
But now the senate (if things hit,
And thou at Stockbridge wert not hit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot-like, thou'rt strut and frown.

What though thy enemies 'tis said,
The laurel which adorns thy head
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.

Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces:
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter;)
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syllable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp^b keep a fragrant house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney^c thou wilt toot,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now, manfully thou'lt run a tilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the christian world complain."

Dick, we agree—all's true thou'rt said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair,
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart.
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspired, we'll cluh each night
Some tender sonnet to ludie,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Phillips, Dennis,
Immortalise our Dolls and Jennys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING PORT'S INVITATION TO
RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY-WRITER AND
MEMBER, TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM IN THE MINT.
1714.

FR to be bound with THE CRIST.
If thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,

^a Abel Roper, a Tory bookseller.

^b The duke and duchess of Marlborough then resided at Antwerp.

^c General Macartney, second to lord Mohun in the fatal duel with the duke of Hamilton.

Such as we minters, with ragouts unstored,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idiest cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship cruising,
Is practising those beaten paths of erasing,
And for new levies on proposals musing.

'Tis true that Bloomsbury-square's a noble place;
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house embelli'd to profusion,
Where shoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improprietly nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,
With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's-field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.

Here I, even I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a stato of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,*
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovoked without and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail,
My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every county's generous produce.
The ready (for here christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquor out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flask or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose baasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Mado thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.

But if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us hold contentment for a feast.
The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter-eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious author of *The Lover*.

Cease, therefore, to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,

And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pr'ythee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and bush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose and on what topics dwell
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week, —
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.

Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stepp'd,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shank's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.

Why has my lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debar'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare,
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within;
As, in despite of a censorious race,
I must incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design [wine?
Whose stomach flows and brain turns round with
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it 'stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,
And S*****, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W*****, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th*****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-sens-o'er, by its inspiring hounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promised, thou may'st rest assured
Shall faithfully and gladly be procured.
Nay, I'm already better than my word.
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest thou at their sight should'st make wry faces,
The girl has secur'd the pots and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em.

Moreover, due provision has been made
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most fragrant Whig at supper.

* Poor Dennis had a notion that he was dreaded by the French for his writings, and fled from the coast, on hearing that Monroes had approached the town where he was residing.

There's not a man among them hut must please,
 Since they're as like each other as are peas.
 Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
 They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
 Provided he's no other invitation
 From men of greater quality and station.
 Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left:
 But their discourses smell so much of theft,
 There would be no abiding in the room,
 Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
 However, by this trusty bearer write,
 If I should any other souls invite;
 Though, if I may my serious judgment give,
 I'm wholly for king Charles's number five:
 That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
 Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
 And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
 Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
 I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
 But to request thou'lt instantly away,
 And leave the duties of thy present post,
 To some well-skill'd retainer in a host:
 Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
 And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
 While thou, who slunk through postern more than dost
 By that means avoid a crowd of duns, [once,
 And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
 Leav'st Phillips with good words to cheat their ears.

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND IN OCTOBER 1714.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
 To see my life so fast decline?
 But why obscurely here alone,
 Where I am neither loved nor known?
 My state of health none care to learn;
 My life is here no soul's concern:
 And those with whom I now converse
 Without a tear will tend my hearse.
 Removed from kind Arbutnot's aid,
 Who knows his art hut not his trade,
 Preferring his regard for me
 Before his credit or his fee.
 Some formal visits, looks, and words,
 What mere humanity affords,
 I meet perhaps from three or four,
 From whom I once expected more;
 Which those who tend the sick for pay
 Can act as decently as they:
 But no obliging, tender friend,
 To help at my approaching end.
 My life is now a hurthen grown
 To others, ere it be my own.

Ye formal weepers for the sick,
 In your last offices be quick;
 And spare my absent friends the grief
 To hear, yet give me no relief;
 Expired to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
 When known, will save a double sorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715, ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT.

A Bitch, that was full pregnant grown
 By all the dogs and curs in town,
 Finding her ripen'd time was come,
 Her litter teeming from her womb,
 Went here and there, and everywhere,
 To find an easy place to lay her.

At length to Music's house^a she came,
 And begg'd like one both blind and lame;

^a The church of England.

"My only friend, my dear," said she,
 "You see 'tis mere necessity
 Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
 I die if you refuse your help."

With fawning whine and rueful tone,
 With artful sigh and feigned groan,
 With couchant cringe and flattering tale,
 Smooth Bawty^b did so far prevail
 That Music gave her leave to litter;
 (But mark what follow'd—faith! she bit her;) ^c
 Whole haskets full of hits and scraps,
 And broth enough to fill her paps;
 For well she knew her numerous brood,
 For want of milk, would suck her blood.

But when she thought her pains were done,
 And now 'twas high time to be gone,
 In civil terms, "My friend," said she,
 "My house you've had on courtesy;
 And now I earnestly desire
 That you would with your cubs retire;
 For, should you stay hut one week longer,
 I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
 The guest replied—"My friend, your leave
 I must a little longer crave;
 Stay till my tender cubs can find
 Their way—for now, you see, they're blind;
 But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
 We'll to our barn again repair."

The time pass'd on; and Music came
 Her kennel once again to claim;
 But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
 Set all her cubs at once upon her;
 Made her retire, and quit her right,
 And loudly cried—"A bite! bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian woman horse
 Conceal a fatal armed force:
 No sooner brought within the walls
 But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD-TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the Tower, 1716.

How blest is he who for his country dies,
 Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
 The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack;
 With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
 Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
 Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repulsed yet knows not to repine;
 But shall with unattainted honour shine;
 Nor stoops to take the staff,^b nor lays it down,
 Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
 Some new unheaten passage to the sky;
 Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
 To those who die for meriting to live.

Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
 Within our breast he every secret harr'd!
 He who betrays his friend shall never be
 Under one roof, or in one ship, with me:
 For who with traitors would his safety trust,
 Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just!
 And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
 Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER.

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
 The Church has vapours; there's no danger nigh.
 In those we love not we no danger see,
 And were they hang'd there would no danger be.

^a A Scotch name for a bitch, alluding to the kirk.^b The ensign of the lord treasurer's office.

But we must silent be amidst our fears,
And not believe our senses, but the peers.
So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then dehauch the dame.

A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH.

High Church is undone,
As sure as a gun,
For old Peter Patch is departed ;
And Eyres and Delaune,
And the rest of that spawn,
Are tacking about broken-hearted.

For strong Gill of Sarum,
That *decoctum amarum*,
Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail ;
Which will make them resign
Their flasks of French wine,
And spice up their Nottingham ale.

It purges the spleen
Of dislike to the queen,
And has one effect that is odder ;
When easement they use,
They always will choose
The conformity hill for humfodder.

A POEM,

OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN,
IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETON IS EXPRESSED.

Not asking or expecting aught,
One day I went to view the court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
Though thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
The faded colours spoke it old ;
But wrought with curious imagery,
The figures lively seem'd and hold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
(In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo's frail ;
Wisdom to nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer ;
Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd ;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
There all, beneath, the flaming world.

What does this idle fiction mean ?
Is truth at court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
Nor e'en in picture show its face ?

No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,
By sweet-tongued Ovid dress'd so fine ;
It does important truths conceal,
And here was placed by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,
Worthy the cabinet of kings ;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
In matchless verse the poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire
To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand, conspire,
To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,
By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
Alas ! what strange confusion's bred !

If, either void of princely care,
Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein ;
If rising heats or mad career,
Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain ;

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
In wanton pride to show his skill,
How easily he can reduce
And curb the people's rage at will ;
In wild uproar they hurry on :—
The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and religion overthrown,)
Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.
When, to a height their fury grown,
Finding, too late, he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaeton,
And truly sets the world on fire.

A TALE OF A NETTLE.

A MAN with expense and infinite toil,
By digging and dunging, ennobled his soil ;
There fruits of the best your taste did invite,
And uniform order still courted the sight.
No degenerate weeds the rich ground did produce,
But all things afforded both beauty and use :
Till from dunghill transplanted, while yet hut a seed,
A nettle rear'd up his inglorious head.
The gard'ner would wisely have rooted him up,
To stop the increase of a barbarous crop ;
But the master forlorn him, and after the fashion
Of foolish good nature, and blind moderation,
Forbore him through pity, and chose as much rather,
To ask him some questions first, how he came thither.
Kind sir, quoth the nettle, a stranger I come,
For conscience compell'd to relinquish my home,
'Cause I wouldn't subscribe to a mystery dark,
That the prince of all trees is the Jesuit's bark.
An erroneous tenet I know, sir, that you,
No more than myself, will allow to be true.
To you I for refuge and sanctuary sue,
There's none so renown'd for compassion as you ;
And, though in some things I may differ from these,
The rest of your fruitful and beautiful trees ;
Though your digging and dunging, my nature much
harms,

And I cannot comply with your garden in forms :
Yet I and my family, after our fashion,
Will peaceably stick to our own education.
Be pleased to allow them a place for to rest 'em,
For the rest of your trees we will never molest 'em ;
A kind shelter to us and protection afford,
We'll do you no harm, sir, I'll give you my word.
The good man was soon won by this plausible tale,
So fraud on good-nature doth often prevail.
He welcomes his guest, gives him free toleration
In the midst of his garden to take up his station,
And into his breast doth his enemy bring,
He little suspected the nettle could sting.
Till flush'd with success, and of strength to be fear'd.
Around him a numerous offspring he rear'd.
Then the master grew sensible what he had done,
And fain he would have his new guest to be gone ;
But now 'twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well-rooted possession already was got.
The old trees decay'd, and in their room grew
A stuhhorn, pestilent, poisonous crew.
The master, who first the young brood had admitted,
They stung like ingrates and left him unpitied.
No help from manuring or planting was found,
The ill weeds had eat out the heart of the ground.
All weeds they let in, and none they refuse
That would join to oppose the good man of the house.
Thus one nettle uncrop'd, increased to such store,
That 'twas nothing but weeds what was garden before.

• In allusion to the supremacy of Rome.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

ON A SERIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720.

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

THIS ballad alludes to the dean's "Proposal for the use of Irish Manufactures," for which Waters the printer was prosecuted with great violence.

BROCADES and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are, by Robert Ballantine, lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.

Though a printer and dean

Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean,
We'll huy English silks for our wives and our daughters,

In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters,
In England the dead in woollen are clad,

The dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be clothed like a carcase would make a Tenguia

Since a living dog better is than a dead lion. [mad,

Our wives they grow sullen

At wearing of woollen,

And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,

In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters,
Whoever our trading with England would hinder;

To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,

And wool it is greasy and quickly takes fire.

Therefore I assure ye,

Our noble grand jury, [fury;

When they saw the dean's book they were in a great
They would huy English silks for their wives and their daughters,

In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters,
This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,

And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,

Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,

And if swearing can do't shall be swingingly maul'd;

And as for the dean,

You know whom I mean, [clean.

If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,

In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS. 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep,

Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,

Till Neptune with one general sweep

Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks

Are said to represent the seas,

Which, breaking bankers and the banks,

Resume their own where'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,

Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,

Unless a proper circulation

Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,

Quakers and aldermen in state,

Like peers, have levees every day

Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;

The banker's ruin'd if he pays:

They seem to act an ancient tale;

The birds are met to strip the jays.

"Riches," the wisest monarch sings,

"Make pinions for themselves to fly;"

They fly like bats on parchment wings,

And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!

Bills turn the lenders into debtors:

The wish of Nero now is theirs,

"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,

Tormenting fools behind their backs:

Thus bankers, o'er the bills and hags,

Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;

The witches left in open air,

With power no more than other folk,

Exposed with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,

Where creditors demand their due;

They break up counters, doors, and tills,

And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light

Upon the god of gold and hell,

Unable to endure the sight,

He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease

From Satan for a term of years,

The tenant's in a dismal case,

Where'er the bloody bowl appears.

A baited banker thus desponds,

From his own hand foresees his fall;

They have his soul, who have his bonds;

'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the catiff wretch be scared,

When first he finds himself awake

At the last trumpet, unprepared,

And all his grand account to make!

For in that universal call

Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;

They'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall!"

Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When other hands the scales shall hold.

And they, in men's and angels' sight

Produced with all their bills and gold,

"Weigh'd in the balance and found light!"

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY HARRIQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHES-
TER'S FRENCH DOG.

In a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory, 1723.

I ASK'd a Whig the other night,

How came this wicked plot to light?

He answer'd, that a dog of late

Inform'd a minister of state.

Said I, From thence I nothing know;

For are not all informers so?

A villain who his friend betrays,

We style him by no other phrase;

And so a perjured dog denotes

Porter, and Pendergast, and Oates,

And forty others I could name.

WHIG. But you must know this dog was lame.

TORY. A weighty argument indeed!

Your evidence was lame:—proceed:

Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.

WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while;

I mean a dog (without a joke)

Can howl, and bark, but never spoke

TORY. I'm still to seek which dog you mean:

Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skeau,*

An English or an Irish hound;

Or t'other puppv, that was drown'd;

* John Kelley; and Skio, or Skinner, were persons engaged in the plot.

Or Mason, that abandon'd bith :
Then pray be free, and tell me whiel :
For every stander-by was marking
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dog's-head in a porridge-pot ;
And 'twas but just ; for wise men say
That every dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't ;
And look'd, since he had got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish ;
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.

WmO. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

TONY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.

WmO. I proved my proposition full :

But Jacobites are strangely dull.

Now, let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,

A dog of spirit for his years ;

Has twice two legs, two hanging ears ;

His name his Harlequin, I wot,

And that's a name in every plot :

Resolved to save the British nation,

Though French by birth and education ;

His correspondence plainly dated,

Was all decipher'd and translated :

His answers were exceeding pretty,

Before the secret wise committee ;

Confess'd as plain as he could bark :

Then with his fore-foot set his mark.

TONY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,

I thought it was a dog in doubtlet :

The matter now no longer sticks :

For statesmen never want dog-tricks.

But since it was a real cur,

And not a dog in metaphor,

I give you joy of the report,

That he's to have a place at court.

WmO. Yea, and a place he will grow rich in ;

A turnspit in the royal kitchen.

Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,

We had occasion for a plot ;

And when we found the dog begin it,

We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.

TONY. I own it was a dangerous project,

And you have proved it by dog-logic.

Sure such intelligence between

A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,

Till you began to change the breed ;

Your bishops all are dogs indeed !

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT.

1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate has sunk our Justice Boat ;
Why should he sink where nothing seem'd to press,
His fading little and his hallost less ?
Toss'd in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length, his anchor fix'd and canvass fur'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's end b he founders in the port.
With water c fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenehs :
Benches on boats are placed, not benches on benches.

* A street in Dublin, leading to the harbour.

b A village near the sea.

c It was said he died of a dropsey.

And yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it)
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack :
Had many pendants, but abhor'd a Jack.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

Behold the awful bench on which he sat !
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that :
Yet when his sand was out we find at last
That death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry ;
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell ;
A trade our Boat b has practised here so well :
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and himestone to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus ; and well deserves your thanks :
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's-green ;
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry ; look, here's our Boat, and there's the
pendant.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies judge Boat within a coffin ;
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge ! yes ; where's the blunder ?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree
No boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller ;
In short, he was an able sculler.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S^a MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

Libertas et natalis solum : *

Fine words ! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach ?
But let me now thy words translate :
Natalis solum, my estate ;
My dear estate, how well I love it,
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.

Libertas bears a large import :
First, how to swagger in a court ;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury ;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension ;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an old trick,
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick ;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious dean :
And, sixthly, for my soul to harter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret. †
Now since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true,
Libertas et natalis solum :

You had good reason when you stole 'em.

* A coat word for a Jacobite.

b In condemning malefactors as a judge.

c Where the Dublin galleys stand.

d That noted chief justice who twice prosecuted the drapier and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him.

e This motto is repeatedly mentioned in the Drapier's Letters.

f Allan Broderick, lord vicecount Midleton, was then lord-chancellor of Ireland.

g Lord lieutenant of Ireland.

VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE
ORDER OF THE BATH.

DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A.D. 1724.

By an unknown hand.

Quoth king Robin, our ribbons I see are too few
Of St. Andrew's the green, and St. George's the blue.
I must find out another of colour more gay, [blue.
That will teach all my subjects with pride to obey.
Though the exchequer be drain'd by prodigal donors,
Yet the king ne'er exhausted his fountain of honours.
Men of more wit than money our pensions will fit,
And this will fit men of more money than wit.
Thus my subjects with pleasure will obey my com-
mands,
Though as empty as Younge, and as saucy as Sandes.
And he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a deg in a string.

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER,
AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725.

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believed with reason,
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is silver all this while.

So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,^a
Join'd with a brazen politician,^b
Exposed, to bind the nation's eyes,
A parchment^c of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1726.

By long observation I have understood
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head without tail,
Enclosed *cap à pif*, in a strong coat of mail.

^a The duchess of Kendal.

^b Walpole, nick named *sir Robert Brass*.

^c The patent for coloring halfpence.

And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears;
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone.^a
The louse of the wood for a medicine is used,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruised.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood, either bruised or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possess'd,
Or sick of obtrusions and pains in her chest.

The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-
Because like a watch it always cries click; [watch;
Then woe be to those in the bouse who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding-hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at
the door

Of a governing-statesman or favourite whore;
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the drapier has heartily maud'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him;
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This corner of rap^b in a caldron of oil. [fagot,
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

PROMETHEUS,

ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPEACE. 1724.

I

As when the squire and tinker Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chemic art
United close in every part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck,

So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, conformists, presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal interest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And every one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.

A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough;
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

^a He was in jail for debt.

^b Counterfeit halfpence.

^c See an account of Wood's project in the *Diapier's Letter*

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong that from the lower end
They say all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets bold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolved, and into money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass—
(Venus^a was bribed to let it pass),

Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship rais'd;
No sacrifice on altars blaz'd;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amazed; but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye powers of Grub-street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.

But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725.

SALMONEUR, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep,
Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse;
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod,
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And be must thunder with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.

^a Duchess of Kendal again.

All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adulterate copper:
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolls,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better,)
Which, lighting on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE
OF IRELAND.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, SUPPOSED TO BE
MADE, AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN
BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND
HALFPENNY-MONGER.—1725.

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They'll sell to my grief
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-furthing or toss on the knife.

Come blither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing;
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the drapier and Harding.^a

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily hob him.

The little blackguard
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes:
When his pockets are cram'd
With mine, and be d—d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade,^b
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more

^a The drapier's printer.^b Two famous bankers.

To say in this wretched condition.

If my coin will not pass,

I must die like an ass;

And so I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

YE people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:

At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and haking and brewing;

In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin.
Which nobody can deny.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall
men, [men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which nobody can deny.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His fivepence will prove but a farthing a-day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which nobody can deny.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which nobody can deny.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twopence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which nobody can deny.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which nobody can deny.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which nobody can deny.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.
Which nobody can deny.

The squire possess'd of twelve thousand a-year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-room,
I fear. Which nobody can deny.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire's too wise, he will not take a mouse.
Which nobody can deny.

The farmer who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his
trash. Which nobody can deny.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which nobody can deny.

The wisest of lawyers all swear they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't.
Which nobody can deny.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swopping her moles for the mange.
Which nobody can deny.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his majesty's kind.

Which nobody can deny.
Now God bless the draper who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise.

Which nobody can deny.
Nay, further, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very hard race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.

Which nobody can deny.
That he and his halfpence should come to weigh
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown: [dow
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.

Which nobody can deny.
This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Wood's;
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds.

Which nobody can deny.
Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or, egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM UPON WILLIAM WOOD,

BRAZIER, FINIKER, HARDWAREMAN, COINER,
FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE.

WHEN foes are o'ercome we preserve them from
slaughter,

To be hewers of wood and drawers of water.
Now, although to draw water is not very good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own it has often provoked me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter;
But ancient philosophers wisely remark
That old rotten wood will shine in the dark.
The heathens, we read, had gods made of wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no
But this idol Wood may do us great evil; [good;
Their gods were of wood, but our Wood is the devil.
To cut down fine wood is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring;
Then, if cutting down wood brings money good store,
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of wood;
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into fagots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name.
My tale is a wise one, if well understood;
Find you but the friar, and I'll find the Wood.

I hear among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out,
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech,
And said, "By my soul he's the son of a BEECH."
Some call him a thorn, the curse of the nation,
As thorns were design'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret, and pray do not blush:—
He is an old stump, cut out of a crab;
And England has put this crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us verjuice;
And therefore his witnesses justly may boast
That none are more properly knights of the post.

But here Mr. Wood complains that we mock,
Though he may be a blockhead, he's no real block.
He can eat, drink, and sleep; now and then for a
He'll not be too proud an old kettle to mend; [friend

He can lie like a courtier, and think it no scorn,
When gold's to be got, to forswear and suborn.
He can rap his own raps,^a and has the true sapience,
To turn a good penny to twenty bad halfpence.
Then in spite of your sophistry, honest Will Wood
Is a man of this world, all true flesh and blood;
So you are but in jest, and you will not, I hope,
Unman the poor knave for the sake of a trope.
'Tis a metaphor known to every plain thinker,
Just as when we say, the devil's a tinker,
Which cannot, in literal sense be made good,
Unless by the devil we mean Mr. Wood.

But some will object that the devil oft spoke,
In heathenish times from the trunk of an oak;
And since we must grant there never were known
More heathenish times than those of our own;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis the devil that puts
The words in Wood's mouth, or speaks from his guts;
And then your old arguments still will return;
Howe'er, let us try him, and see how he'll burn:
You'll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath join'd with himself two hags in commission.

I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner to fasten a saint in a niche,
Bored a large auger-hole in the image's breech;
But, fluding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinced it was a true saint.
When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about,^b)
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find
If you make the same trial and bore him behind.
I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his hum,
He'll bellow as loud as the devil in a drum.
From me I declare you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may show him about for a new groaning board.

Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much copper? He got it by brass;
This Brass was a dragon, (observe what I tell ye,)
This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly;
I know you will say this is all heathen Greek.
I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.

I often have seen two plays very good,
Call'd Love in a Tub, and Love in a Wood;
These comedies twain friend Wood will contrive
On the scene of this land very soon to revive.
First, Love in a Tub: squire Wood has in store
Strong tubs for his raps, two thousand and more;
These raps he will honestly dig out with shovels,
And sell then for gold, or he can't show his love else.
Wood swears he will do it for Ireland's good,
Then can you deny it is Love in a Wood?
However, if critics find fault with the phrase,
I hope you will own it is Love in a Maze:
For when to express a friend's love you are willing,
We never say more than your love is a million;
But with honest Wood's love there is no contending,
'Tis fifty round millions of love and a mending.
Then in his first love why should he be cross'd?
I hope he will find that no love is lost.

Hear one story more and then I will stop.
I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop:
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it proved that he died of a drop at Kilmainham.^c

^a Forging his own copper coin.
^b He was repeatedly burnt in effigy.
^c The place of execution near Dublin.

I waked with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he and how we at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald, I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

To the tune of "London is a Fine Town," &c.

O DUBLIN is a fine town
And a gallant city,
For Wood's trash is tumbled down,
Come listen to my ditty.

O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

In full assembly all did meet
Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
To save the sinking nation.
O Dublin, &c.

The hankers would not let it pass
For to be Wood's tellers,
Instead of gold to count his brass,
And fill their small-beer cellars.
O Dublin, &c.

And next to them, to take his coin
The Guild would not submit,
They all did go, and all did join,
And so their names they writ.
O Dublin, &c.

The brewers met within their hall,
And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,
They want so many grains.
O Dublin, &c.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
And wish'd the dog in bell,
Should we give this same Woods an inch,
We know he'd take an ell.
O Dublin, &c.

But now the noble clothiers
Of honour and renown,
If they take Wood's halfpence
They will be all cast down.
O Dublin, &c.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vex'd,
Take money stamp'd on leather.
O Dublin, &c.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light.
O Dublin, &c.

And that if Woods were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.
O Dublin, &c.

The butchers then, those men so brave,
Spoke thus, and with a frown;
Should Woods, that cunning scoundrel knave,
Come here, we'd knock him down.
O Dublin, &c.

For any rogue that comes to truck
And trick away our trade,
Deserves not only to be stuck,
But also to be flay'd.
O Dublin, &c.

The hakers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here,
We'd all have lost our hrend.
O Dublin, &c.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.
O Dublin, &c.

The carpenters and joiners stood
Confound'd in a maze,
They seem'd to be all in a wood,
And so they went their ways.
O Dublin, &c.

This coin how well could we employ it
In raising of a statue,
To those brave men that would destroy it,
And then, old Woods, have at you.
O Dublin, &c.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
And as he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
When Woods has got a rope.
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.
THE church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weasand;
He cut his weasand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandsire cut his throat;
To do the job too long he tarried;
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he married.

ON THE SAME.

(THE JUDGE SPEAKS.)

I'm not the grandson of that ass Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christchurch cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

EPIGRAM, APRIL 1733.

In answer to the dean's verses on his own deafness.
WHAT though the dean hears not the kuell
Of the next church's passing bell;
What though the thunder from a cloud,
Or that from female tongue more loud,
Alarm not: At the DRAPIER'S ear
Chink but Wood's halfpence, and he'll hear.

HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou fix'd of old, be now the moving land!

Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.
UNHAPPY ship, thou art return'd in vain;
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars that used thy course to guide
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold, it cracks by yon rough eastern wind;
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel;
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags,
The nation scared, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now;
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injured Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallie coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She saved Britannia's rights, and lost her own.

In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lured by the glided stern and painted sides;
Yet at a hall unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday night;
They on the gold brocades and satins raved,
And quite forgot their country was enslaved.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like snapple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.

Weak and sea-sick, when in thee confined,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

VERSES

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF

ST. PATRICK'S WELL,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

By holy zeal inspired, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy o'errun.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.

Hither from Colchos, with the fleecy ore,
Jason arriv'd two thousand years before,

Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
 When haughty Britain was a land unknown:
 From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
 The glorious founder of their kingly race:
 Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
 Did once their land subdue and civilise;
 Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
 Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
 Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
 Within their veins who are thy younger sons.
 A conquest and a colony from thee,
 The mother-kingdom left her children free;
 From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
 Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
 Invited here tovengeful Morrough's aid,
 Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
 Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
 Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
 Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
 First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
 My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
 Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
 Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
 Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
 The fatal changes time has made in thee!
 The christian rites I introduced in vain:
 Lo! infidelity return'd again!
 Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
 Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
 By faith and prayer, this crozier in my hand,
 I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;
 The shepherd in his bower might sleep or slay,
 Nor dread the adder's tooth nor scorpion's sting.

With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
 Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
 I sent the magpie from the British soil,
 With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
 To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
 And haunt thy holy walls in white and black,
 What else are those thou seest in bishop's gear,
 Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
 Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
 Devour the church, and chatter to the state?

As you grew more degenerate and base,
 I sent you millions of the croaking race;
 Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
 Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
 A noxious brood, that fills your senate walls,
 And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!

See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
 Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
 With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
 And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
 Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
 Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.

Where is the boly well that bore my name?
 Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
 Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
 And blessings equally on all bestows.
 Here, from the neighbouring nursery of arts,
 The students, drinking, raised their wit and parts;
 Here, for an age and more, improved their vein,
 Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
 Discouraged youths! now all their hopes must fail,
 Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
 To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
 And by their sweat procure a mean support;
 Or, for the classics, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
 Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.

Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
 Or hardy Scot, or any land but this:

* The university of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth

Combined in arms, they had their foes defied,
 And kept their liberty, or bravely died;
 Thou still with tyrants in succession cursed,
 The last invaders trampling on the first:
 Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
 Virtue herself would now return too late.
 Not half thy course of misery is run,
 Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
 Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
 Be all made captives in their native land;
 When for the use of no Hibernian born,
 Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
 When shells and leather shall for money pass,
 Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass,
 But all turn leasers to the mongrel breed,
 Who, from thee sprung yet on thy vitals feed;
 Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
 And waste in luxury thy harvest there;
 For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
 The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.

I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
 And from this hour my patronage resign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE, CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
 Such godlike virtues in the king;
 A minister so fill'd with seal
 And wisdom for the commonweal;
 If he^a who in the chair presides,
 So steadily the senate guides;
 If others, whom you make your theme,
 Are seconds in the glorious scheme;
 If every peer whom you commend,
 To worth and learning be a friend;
 If this be truth as you attest,
 What land was ever half so blest!
 No falsehood now among the great,
 And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
 Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
 Her scale to neither side inclines:
 Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
 And Mercy here exalts her throne;
 For such is good example's power,
 It does its office every hour,
 Where governors are good and wise;
 Or else the truest maxim lies:
 For so we find all ancient sages
 Deeree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
 Through all the realm his virtues run,
 Ripening and kindling like the sun.
 If this be true, then how much more
 When you have named at least a score
 Of courtiers, each in their degree,
 If possible, as good as he!

Or take it in a different view.
 I ask (if what you may be true)
 If you affirm the present age
 Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
 If that same universal passion
 With every vice has fill'd the nation;
 If virtue dares not venture down
 A single step beneath the crown;
 If clergymen, to show their wit,
 Praise classics more than boly writ;
 If bankrupts, when they are undone,
 Into the senate-house can run,

* Wood's ruinous project was supported by sir Robert Walpole.

^a The absentee.

^b Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

^c Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

And sell their votes at such a rate
As will retrieve a lost estate;
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so ensw'd!

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1728.

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I'll give you these delicate bits. [you're,
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than
And besides must be out of my wits.
Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread;
You'll fly when you get what you came here to steal,
And I must be hang'd in your stead,
The stockjobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.
Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be
Your offers of bribery cease: [spent;
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.
From London they come, silly people to chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
That would turn a man out of his own!

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX
AND TIMOTHY. 1728.

"HAVING lately had an account that a certain person of some distinction swore in a public coffeehouse that party should never die while he lived (although it has been the endeavour of the best and wisest among us to abolish the ridiculous appellations of Whig and Tory, and entirely to turn our thoughts to the good of our prince and constitution in church and state), I hope those who are well-wishers to our country will think my labour not ill bestowed in giving this gentleman's principles the proper embellishments which they deserve: and since Mad Mullinix is the only Tory now remaining who dares own himself to be so, I hope I may not be censured by those of his party for making him hold a dialogue with one of less consequence on the other side. I shall not venture so far as to give the christian nick-name of the person chiefly concerned; but I should give offence; for which reason I shall call him Timothy, and leave the rest to the conjectures of the world."—*Jatelligasser*, No. 8.

M. I own, 'tis not my bread and butter,
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites!

When, if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars—

T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!

M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—

T. G—d d—n the liars again!

Did not an earl but lately vote
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts

M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*Aside*.

T. Did not an able statesman hishop

This dangerous horrid motion disab up

As popish craft! did he not rail on't!

Show fire and fagot in the tail on't!

Proving the earl a grand offender,

And in a plot for the pretender;

Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,

Was then embarking at Avignon!

M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory

Are stale and worn as Troy-town story;

VOL. I.

The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marrall, gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under
Have dropp'd their arms and seized the plunder:
And when the war is past you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites, (be was your relation,)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd than by his foes:
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapp'd up in a stink,)
Have made thy presence, in a state sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,
That when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious!)
Keck at the memory of Glorious *
'Tis true; nor need I to be told
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
And often see a puppet-show:
Observe the audience is in pain
While Punch is bid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice;
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus with the devil behind him
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!
You every moment think an age
Till he appears upon the stage:

* King William III.

And first his bum you see him clasp
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap ;
The duke of Lorraine drew his sword ;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sold the king of Spain a bargain ;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon ;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks ;
In every action thrusts his noise ;
The reason why no mortal knows :
In doleful scores that break our heart,
Punch comes like yon and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood
But what would hang him if they could ;
While, teasing all, by all he's teased,
How well are the spectators pleased !
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare ;
Have no concern for Sahra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose
The world consists of puppet-shows ;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes :
So at this booth which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in :
You wriggle, sidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound ;
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter ;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man :
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories,
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toll what hast thou got ?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgraced at court.

T. Got ! D—n my blood ! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters ;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer.—
Got ! D—n me ! why I got my will !
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still :
I fart with twenty ladies by ;
They call me beast ; and what care I ?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to thloak
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Reville and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impench, inform,
With such a constant loyal seal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath ;
And, when I damn my soul to plague em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game ;
Consume my vitals ! they shall know
I am not to be treated so ;
I'd rather hang myself by half
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure ?
No little boys and girls to cry,
" There's nimble Tim a-passing by ! "

No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred ?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue.
When through the streets I cry halloo !
Must all my d—n me's ! bloods and wounds !
Pass only now for empty sounds ?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected ?
And when I roar, " a plot, a plot ! "
Will our own party mind use not !
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy ?

Dear Mullinia, your good advice
I beg ; you see the case is nice ;
O ! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town !
Or bless'd with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts !
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snowball destined at thy chaps ;
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.

M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection ;
Your parts are good, 'tis not denied ;
I wish they had been well applied.
But now observe my counsel, (vis.)
Adapt your habit to your phiz ;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says *optat ephippia* ;
(There's Latin, too, that you may see
How much improvid by Dr. —)
I have a coat at home, that you may try :
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry ;
My hat has much the nicer air ;
Your block will fit it to a hair ;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal and so curl'd ;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear :
Be careful, as you walk behind ;
Use all the talents of your mind ;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait ;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile ;
Nor spatter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city ;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions spying.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts ;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky ;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air ;
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways ;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age ;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro :

Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyelabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all humankind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
One shows how bravely Audouin died,
And at the gallows aſt denied;
How by the almanac 'tis clear
That herrings will be cheap this year.

T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long mispent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debased my mind;
I give myself entire to you;
G—d d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM AND THE FABLES.

My meaning will be best unravell'd
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable:
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The Monkey who had seen the World:
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely dress'd,
The beau in all his airs express'd.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't.
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the sidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
"By —," says Tim, and let a f—t,
"This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember when I sat for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave;
He now began to storm and rave:
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say they ought to starve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.
Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;

Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at f—g.
Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.
Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borres;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curse all the Tories.
Dick would make a woful noise,
And scold at an election;
Tom huss'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in subjection.
Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skip'd the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better sputter.
Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenced physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.
Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquent.

DICK, A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issuing wriggling, Dick Draweansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal;
For, as he shakes his waincoat chaps,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz in show,
Like a fresh t—d just dropp'd on snow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

FOULEST brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For would'st thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.
'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout.
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.
Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul:
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul:
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarcely glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just
That thou should'st take an honest trade
And weekly carry out the dum.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries "Dust to carry out!"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules;
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C—
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of p—g in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.

But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture everywhere,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He'd have them tried at the assizes
For priests and Jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the pretender.

But Dick can f—t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by his ears,
Next moment in the bous of peers;
Now scolding at my lady Eastace,
Or thrashing baby in her new stays.
Presto! begone; with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antebamber thrusting
His nose, to get the circle just in;
And damns his blood that in the rear
He sees a single Tory there:
Then woe be to my lord-lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

TRAULUS. PART I.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.* 1730.

TOM. Say, Robin, what can Traulus^b mean
By bellowing thus against the dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeller,
Yet cannot prove a single fact?

ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crack'd.

T. What mischief can the dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, sprawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-maying paper
Which gave the dean the name of Drapler?

R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

* Son of the rev. Dr. Charles Lealey.

^b Lord Allen.

T. Such friendship never man profess'd.
The dean was never so careless'd;
For Traulus long his raucous nursed,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

R. I own appearances are had;
Yet still insist the man is mad.

T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him hap'ence;
Nor in their eyes at random p—ce,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses;
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?

R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels, with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail;
The neighbours all cry "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first bargued,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.

R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you bear him stout-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said be meant,
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begg leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly timed,
He shot before your foes were primed:
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G—d! I'll bring you off as clean—"
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possess'd
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The dean had felt their stings before,
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes

A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounced he never would,
And soon convinced them by a flood.
Yet still the dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAIULUS. PART II.

TRAIULUS, of amphibious breed,
Mottled fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhaled from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks what'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they hutchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his odorous and grandsire:
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well;
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild auspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learn'd the hutchers' guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend!

In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produced him, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of hell?

A FABLE OF THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS.

ONE time a mighty plague did pester
All beasts domestic and sylvester.
The doctors all in concert join'd,
To see if they the cause could find;
And tried a world of remedies,
But none could conquer the disease.
The Lion in this consternation
Sends out his royal proclamation,
To all his loving subjects greeting,
Appointing them a solemn meeting:
And when they're gather'd round his den,
He spoke,—My lords and gentlemen,
I hope you're met full of the sense
Of this devouring pestilence;
For sure such heavy punishment
On common crimes is rarely sent;
It must be some important cause,
Some great infraction of the laws.
Then let us search our consciences,
And every one his faults confess:
Let's judge from biggest to the least,
That he that is the foulest beast
May for a sacrifice be given
To stop the wrath of angry Heaven.
And since no one is free from sin,
I with myself will first begin.
I have done many a thing that's ill
From a propensity to kill,
Slain many an ox, and, what is worse,
Have murder'd many a gallant horse;
Robb'd woods and fens, and, like a glutton
Devour'd whole flocks of lamb and mutton
Nay, sometimes, for I dare not lie,
The shepherd went for company.—
He had gone on, but chancellor Fox
Stands up—What signifies an ox?
What signifies a horse? Such things
Are honour'd when made sport for kings.
Then for the sheep, those foolish cattle,
Not fit for courage or for battle;
And being tolerable meat,
They're fit for nothing but to eat.
The shepherd too, young enemy,
Deserves no better destiny.
Sir, sir, your conscience is too nice;
Hunting's a princely exercise:
And those, being all your subjects born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, if sir, this will not content ye,
We'll vote it *NEMINE CONTRARIANTE*.
Thus after him they all confess
They had been rogues, some more some less;
And yet by little slight excuses
They all get clear of great abuses.
The Bear, the Tiger, beasts of flight,
And all that could hut stratch and bite,
Nay e'en the Cat, of wickerd nature,
That kills in sport her fellow-creature,
Went scot-free; but his gravity,
An Ass of stupid memory,
Confess'd, as he went to a fair,
His back half broke with wooden-ware,
Chancing unluckily to pass
By a churchyard full of good grass,
Finding they'd open left the gate,
He ventured in, stoop'd down and eat [ate].
Hold, says judge Wolf, such are the crimes
Have brought upon us these sad times,
'Twas sacrilege, and this vile Ass
Shall die for eating holy grass.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS. 1731.

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop who ruled all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, archbishop of hell.
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles:
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
'Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:^a
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious,
I wish I could find him out one more commodious;
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there incog.,
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
So the commons unbored them; and this was their
doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may
find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Carr, and lord Howard,^b
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the pretor,
Of a dozen apostles but one proved a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleav-
ings!
And the clergy, forsooth, must take up with their leav-
ings;
If making divisions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they
meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest beathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should horst!
Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head;
And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, "divide and ye govern."
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your bead;
I'll hold you a goat (and I wish I could see't),
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.
But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practised all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building your spitals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but let us change bands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the commons, for biting the biters!

^a The bishop of Down.^b Dr. Theophilus Bolton was archbishop of Cashell from 1729 to 1744; Dr. Charles Carr, bishop of Killaloe from 1718 to 1739; and Dr. Robert Howard, bishop of Elphin from 1719 to 1740.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX.

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ., LATE LORD
MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice and too severe!
Think not that my country song
Shall displease thy honest ear.
Chosen strains I proudly bring,
Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains,
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleased to be undone.
Nor young Teucer's slaughtering sword,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful bow,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian hold,
Waged the ten years' famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king, without a name.
But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.
When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription;
Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——n's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night;
Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.
Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.

Falsely we call the rich man great

He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.

He in wealth or poverty
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death ahhors and flies:

Flies from death!—no, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR ROBERT,^a wearied by Will Pulteney's teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolved that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
Er'n quit the house, for thou too long hast sat in't
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There near thy master's throne in shelter placed,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste;
Yet still I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.

Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral when applied to you.

A hare had long escaped pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leapt'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when):
Out bounced the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distress'd!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest;
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scat behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare pursued, though free from
guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be mau'd, fly where thou
wilt.

Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.^c

^a Right honourable William Pulteney, esq., since earl of Bath.

^b Sir Robert Walpole, premier, who resigned, Dec. 4, 1741, and on the 19th of Feb., 1742, created earl of Orford.

^c This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob, Bob was no longer first minister, but earl of Orford, and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE
REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND, 1733.

As inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.

A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorn'd,
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a deau some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
"Sir, we, the ministers of state."

Thus at the bar the booby^a Betterworth,
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor test nor margin,
Calls Singleton^b his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother protestants and christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did heget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.

Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But he they English, Irish, Scottish,
What protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?

As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians:
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.

Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father,"
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may he bit.

^a This word occasioned Betterworth's attack upon the deau

^b Afterwards lord chief justice of the common pleas.

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

WELL! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:
Lampoon'd did I call it!—No—what was it then?
What was it!—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile;
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I'm notorious;
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one;
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one;
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal:
So eysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard?
A man is a man, though he should be a hastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should say
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas; [us,
And who by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddied by madrigal Namby?

A man is no more who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king or the peasant,
Re-set our old deeds, and make what's past present;
And when they would study to set forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant, a patriot, a Titus, or Nero;
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey's as good as a lion.
The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so; so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in gospel and law,
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergent or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the hargrain, and yet be forgotten.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW; OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD.

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the tune of "Derry Down."

GRESHAM STREET JOURNAL, No. 189, AUGUST 9, 1734.—"In December last Mr. Bettesworth, serjeant-at-law and M.P., swore, before many hundreds of people, that upon the first opportunity he would murder or maim the dean of St. Patrick's. Upon which the principal inhabitants of that liberty signed a paper to this effect: 'That, out of their great love and respect to the dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, they would endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said dean against a certain man and all his ruffians and murderers.'"

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and serjeant in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the dean.

Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer or leap of a louse!

Knock him down.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:

* Ambrose Phillips.

His rhetoric, bombast, silly jest, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some
years

What honest folk never durst for their cars.
Knock him down.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue honnet, and turban's the same,
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came.

Knock him down.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and
Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a christian as good as the rest of the herd.

Knock him down.

He only the rights of the clergy debates; [rates
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at
less;

What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long owed a shame;
When his speech came abroad he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the dean.

Knock him down.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he brag'd, with a raot and a roar;
He brag'd how he bonned, and he swore how he
swore.

Knock him down.

Though he cringed to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's ears were more fit for the shears.

Knock him down.

On this worrier of deans, where'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.

Knock him down.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
A modus right fit for insulters of deans. [grains,

Knock him down.

And when this is over we'll make him amends,
To the dean he shall go; they shall kiss and he
friends:

But how! Why, the dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.

Knock him down.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That serjeant-at-law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave who will coax his superiors
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.

Knock him down.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.

Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL (MR. MOLTON), AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move:
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a hite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice,
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And any of the men what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
Your foul bosom more rancour contains,
If still your more than they, nay, lavishly flatter;
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
Forthine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733.

Ye paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far removed from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*!
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port;
Let prelates by their good behaviour
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But

ON NOISY TOM.

RURACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. IV., PARAPHRASED.
1733.

If Noisy Tom^a should in the senate prate,
"That he would answer both for church and state;
And, further, to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
All mortals must be curious to inquire
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
"What! thou, the spawn of him^b who shamed our
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!" [sate,
Though, by the female side,^c you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
What was your grandsire,^d but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a-year:

^a Sir Thomas Prendergast.

^b The father of Sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.

^c Cadogan's family.

^d A poor cottager condemned at Clonmel to suffer to be hanged for stealing cows.

Whose master Moore^a preserved him from the halter,
For stealing cows! nor could he read the Psalter!
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase
Thy founder's grandson,^b and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good!^c
Then vote a worthy citizen^d to jail,
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

1734-5.

MAKE Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost,
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most
Who know there is a Holy Ghost:
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.

Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.

We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.

There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.

Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum*?
From ancient canons would not vary,
But trice refused *episcopari*.

Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on bands;
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithce,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a-year.

^a The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq., who procured him a pardon.

^b Guy Moore was elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of patron-hunters, petitioned the house against him.

^c "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat."

^d Mr. George Faulkner. Mr. sergeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish parliament, having made a complaint to the house of commons against the "Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner the printer into custody.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And well we know the *conge* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.

Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head so weighty and profound
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB. 1736.

Walter Swift was writing these satires on the Irish parliament he was seized with one of those fits, the effect of which was so dreadful that he left the poem unfinished; and after that period very rarely attempted a composition, either in verse or prose, that required a course of thinking, or perhaps more than one at two sittings to finish. One of these was "The B—son's Confession." From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline; and his melancholy increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene of misery which he fore-saw was his lot, when he must become, as he said, a perfect slabslayer. He was often heard to offer up his prayers to Almighty God, "to take him away from this evil to come." The prospect of this calamity, which he was daily lamenting, contributed very much, as his passions were violent, to pervert his understanding, to which many other particulars seem also to have concurred.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.

Tell us what the pile contains!
Many a head that bolds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club.
Such assemblies you might swear
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpadding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy that harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod!
And the gospel will inform us
He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools
For his lunatics and fools
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never boid their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling-quills,
Scribble senseless heads of hills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.

Let sir Tom,* that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest be fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjured rebel, bribed accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come, assist me, Muse obedient;
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.

See, the Muse unharns the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul:
Styx, through hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes!

By this odious crew heet,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick!"
What! said I, is this the mad-house?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.

* Sir Thomas Prestonkirk.

When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for penec-a-plece.

Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Eoter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian streams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolved to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one,

Who is that hell-featured brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a hard dress
Jack the grandson of sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murder;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd Throp.

Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your p—s;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and sink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them.

Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em in;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks:
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court against the nation.

Those are Allens Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Honth, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.

There sit Clements, Dilks, and Harrison;
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side hell!
Harrison, and Dilks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us! Morgan, art thou there, man
Bless mine eyes: art thou the chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what learned Morgan
Metamorphosed to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks I own
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one?
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to hack us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your fiction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze?
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were hut you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them:
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *caricatura*;
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face.

Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray, be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

ON A PRINTER'S BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants;

* Mr. Faulkner, for printing "A Proposal for the better Regulation of Quadrille."

And swagger while the coast is clear :
But should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dares not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL :

OR, A NEW BALLAD,

Written by a shoeboy, or an attorney who was formerly a shoeboy.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

With singing of ballads and crying of news,
With whitening of huckles and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley^a set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And mooneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black hall;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being hut such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push; [brush,
Ycaphasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omeo'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciously thought it too little
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit. [news!"
One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domville's^b full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing.
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was moved with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost that had been so witty:
Without more ado he ramps up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk!
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney per hill,
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet, would you believe, though I swore by the bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel!

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE.

BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

BY JAMES BLACKWELL, OPERATOR FOR THE PRESS.

"But he, by hawling news about,
And aptly using brush and clout,
A justice of the peace became,
To punish rogues who do the same."

I sing the man of courage tried,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who holdly hooted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,—

^a See the next poem.

^b Sir T. Fencible, patron of the Hansper office.

^c The Proposal for Regulation of Quackery.

Contem'd I mean;—for who would choose
So vile a subject for the Muse?

'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit,)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But unexpectedly grown rich in
Squire Domville's family and kitchen,
He poats to eternal his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So with a colonel's^a at his back,
The libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot drapier;
Then raves and hinders noisence thicker
Than alderman o'recharged with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleased to live in future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.

So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding thee no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a hawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.

And so the Ephesian villain fired
The temple which the world admired,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

AY AND NO. A TALE FROM DUBLIN.

Written to 1737.

At Dublin's high feast sat primate and dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with hand and face clean;
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case,
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state sieve your own notions you
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Boh and the other great folk
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL.

"A TREASONABLE libel written several years ago. It is inconsistent with itself. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him." At the bottom of the paper is subjoined this postscript "I copied out this wicked paper many years ago, in hopes to discover the traitor of an author, that I might inform against him."

While the king and his ministers keep such a pother,
And all about changing one whore for another,

^a Colonel Ker, a Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons.

Think I to myself, what need all this strife,
His majesty first had a whore of a wife,
And surely the difference mounts to no more
Than now he has gotten a wife of a whore.
Now give me your judgment a very nice case on;
Each queen has a son, say which is the base one?
Say which of the two is the right prince of Wales,
To succeed when (God bless him!) his majesty falls;
Perhaps it may puzzle our loyal divines
To unite these two protestant parallel lines,
From a left-handed wife, and one turn'd out of doors,
Two reputed king's sons, both true sons of whores;
No law can determine it, which is first oars. [ter'd:
But alas! poor old England, how wilt thou be mas-
For take which you please, it must needs be a harsard.

EPIGRAMS AGAINST CARTHY,

BY SWIFT AND OTHERS.

Two following epigrams were selected by Dr. Barroet from two scarce pamphlets in the Trinity college library. One is entitled, "Mrzenius. 1734." (Marked R. R. 19. 60.) The other "Flarilegium Carthianum," in the same year. They are probably the productions of Swift, Dunkin, Sicca, &c.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

Containing on one side the original Latin, on the other his own version.

This I may boast, which few e'er could,
Half of my book at least is good.

ON CARTHY MINOTAUROS.

How monstrous Carthy looks with Flaccus hraced!
For here we see the man and there the beast.

ON THE SAME.

Once Horace fancied from a swan,
He was transformed to a swan;
But Carthy, as from him thou learnest,
Has made the man a goose in earnest.

ON THE SAME.

Talis erat quondam Tithoni splendida conjux,
Effulsit misero sic Dea juncta viro;
Hunc tandem imminuit sensim longuæva senectus,
Te vero exinixit, Carole, prima dies.

IMITATED.

So bluish'd Aurora with celestial charms,
So bloom'd the goddess in a mortal's arms;
He sunk at length to wasting age a prey,
But thy book perish'd on its natal day.

AD HORATIUM CUM CARTHYO CONSTRUCTUM.

Leetores ridere jubes dum Carthius astat?
Iste procul depellit olens tibi Mævius omnes:
Sic trivis veneranda diu, Jovis incluta proles
Terruit, assumpto, mortales, Gorgonis ore.

IMITATED.

Could Horace give so sad a monster birth?
Why then in vain he would excite our mirth;
His humour well our laughter might command,
But who can bear the death's head in his hand?

AN IRISH EPIGRAM ON THE SAME.

While with the fustian of thy book
The witty ancient you enrobe,
You make the graceful Horace look
As pitiful as Tom M'Lohe.
Ye Muses, guard your sacred mount,
And Helicon, for if this log
Should stumbl'e once into the fount,
He'll make it muddy as a bog.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS.

High as Longinus to the stars ascends,
So deeply Carthy to the centre tends.

RATIO INTER LONGINUM ET CARTHYUM COMPUTATA.

Æthereas quantum Longinus surgit in auras,
Carthius an tantum ad Tartara tendit iter.

ON THE SAME.

What Midas touch'd became true gold; but then,
Gold becomes leud touch'd lightly by thy pen.

CARTHY KNOCKED OUT SOME TEETH FROM HIS NEWS-BUY,

For saying he could not live by the profits of Carthy's works
as they did not sell.

I must confess that I was somewhat warm;
I broke his teeth, but where's the mighty harm?
My work he said could ne'er afford him meat,
And teeth are useless where there's nought to eat.

TO CARTHY,

On his sending about specimens to force people to subscribe to
his Longinus.

Thus vagrant beggars, to extort
By charity a mean support,
Their sores and putrid ulcers show,
And shock our sense till we bestow.

TO CARTHY,

On his accusing Mr. Duckin for not publishing his book of
poems.

How different from thine is Dunkin's lot!
Thou'rt curs'd for publishing, and he for not.

ON CARTHY'S PUBLISHING SEVERAL LAMPOONS, UNDER THE NAMES OF INFAMOUS POETASTERS.

So witches, bent on bad pursuits,
Assume the shapes of filthy hrutes.

TO CARTHY.

Thy labours, Carthy, long conceal'd from light,
Piled in a garret, charm'd the author's sight,
But forced from their retirement into day,
The tender embryos half unknown decay;
Thus lamps, which burn'd in tombs with silent glare,
Expire when first exposed to open air.

TO CARTHY, ATTRIBUTING SOME PERFORMANCES TO MR. DUNKIN.

[From the Gentleman's London Magazine for January.]

My lines to him you give; to speak your due
'Tis what no man alive will say of you.
Your works are like old Jacob's speckled goats,
Known by the verse, yet better by the notes.
Pope's essays upon some for Young's may pass,
But all distinguish thy dull leaden mass;
So green in different lights may pass for blue,
But what's dyed black will take no other hue.

UPON CARTHY'S THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR.

You have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his Bery steed,
Beware, O hard, how you proceed:—
For should you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM ON ONE DELACOURT'S COMPLIMENTING CARTHY ON HIS POETRY.

Carthy, you say, writes well—his genius true,
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAS SHERIDAN. 1717

DELICIA, Sheridan, Musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessus ad flumen Apollo

Occurrat, sen te mimum convivâ ridet,
 Æquivocoque sales spargis, æu ludere versu
 Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
 Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
 Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
 Scrutandi? Tibi, nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
 Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga future,
 Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
 Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
 Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce ciadam:
 Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
 Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
 Hoc animi dotes supplicunt; teque docente,
 Nec longum tempus, surget, tibi docta juvenus,
 Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
 Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, salutaris orbi;
 At, illi causas orant: his insula visa est
 Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.

Natalis te hora non fallunt signa, sed usque
 Conclui, expellas puero seu lætus Apollo
 Nascenti arriat; sive illum frigidus horror
 Satural premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
 Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
 Erumpent, promissis; quo ritu sæpè puella
 Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitât ignes.

Te dominum agnoscat quocunque sub ære natus:
 Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
 Pressundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
 Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
 Æneæ sedes tantum patrefecit Averna;
 Sæpè puer, tuæ quem tetigit semel auras virginæ,
 Et cælum, terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SOME ancient authors wisely write
 That he who drinks will wake at night,
 Will never fail to lose his rest,
 And feel a straightness in his chest;
 A straightness in a double sense,
 A straightness both of breath and pence:
 Physicians say, it is but reasonable,
 He that comes home at hour unreasonable,
 (Besides a fall and broken shins,
 Those smaller judgments for his sins,)
 If, when he goes to bed, he meets
 A teasing wife between the sheets,
 'Tis six to five he'll never sleep,
 But rave and toss till morning peep.
 Yet harmless Betty must be blamed
 Because you feel your lungs inflamed;
 But if you would not get a fever,
 You never must one moment leave her.
 This comes of all your drunken tricks,
 Your Parrys and your brace of Dicks;
 Your hunting Helsham in his laboratory
 Too, was the time you saw that Drab lace a Pery.*
 But like the prelate who lives yonder-a,
 And always cries he is like Cassandra;
 I always told you, Mr. Sheridan,
 If once this company you were rid on,
 Frequented honest folk, and very few,
 You'd live till all your friends were weary of you.
 But if rack punch you still would swallow,
 I then forewarn'd you what would follow.
 Are the Deanery sober hours?
 Be witness for me all ye powers.
 The cloth is laid at eight, and then
 We sit till half an hour past ten;
 One bottle well might serve for three
 If Mrs. Robinson drank like me.
 Ask how I fret when she has beckon'd
 To Robert to bring up a second;

* &c in the manuscript.

I hate to have it in my sight,
 And drink my share in perfect spite.
 If Robin brings the ladies word
 The coach is come, I 'scape a third;
 If not, why then I fall a talking
 How sweet a night it is for walking;
 For in all conscience, were my treasure able,
 I'd think a quart a-piece unreasonable;
 It strikes eleven,—get out of doors.—
 This is my constant farewell.

October 18, 1724, nine in the morning.

You had best hap yourself up in a chair, and dius
 with me than with the provost.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW

IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE.

Soon after Swift's acquaintance with Dr. Sheridan, they passed
 some days together at the episcopal palace in the diocese of
 Kilmore. When Swift was gone it was discovered that he had
 written the following lines on one of the windows which looks
 into the churchyard:—

RESOLVE me this, ye happy dead,
 Who've lain some hundred years in bed,
 From every persecution free
 That in this wretched life we see;
 Would ye resume a second birth,
 And choose once more to live on earth!

Dr. Sheridan wrote underneath the following lines:

THUS spoke great Bedel* from his tomb:—
 "Mortal, I would not change my doom,
 To live in such a restless state,
 To be unfortunately great;
 To flatter fools, and spurn at knaves,
 To shine amidst a race of slaves;
 To learn from wise men to complain,
 And only rise to fall again;
 No! let my dusty relics rest,
 Until I rise among the blest."

THE UPSTART.

THE character of haughty, presuming, tyrannising upstarts al-
 ways kindled the indignation of the dean. A person of this
 description resided in the parish of Lamer. The following
 lines were written by the dean upon this man.

"——— The rascal! that's too mild a name;
 Does he forget from whence he came!
 Has he forgot from whence he sprung?
 A mushroom in a bed of dung;
 A maggot in a cake of fat,
 The offspring of a beggar's hat;
 As eels delight to creep in mud,
 To eels we may compare his blood;
 His blood delights in mud to run,
 Witness his lazy lousy son!
 Puff'd up with pride and insolence,
 Without a grain of common sense.
 See with what consequence he stalks!
 With what pomposity he talks!
 See how the gaping crowd admire
 The stupid blockhead and the liar!
 How long shall vice triumphant reign!
 How long shall mortals bend to gain!
 How long shall Virtue hide her face,
 And leave her votaries in disgrace!
 —Let indignation fire my strains,
 Another villain yet remains.—
 Let purse-proud C——n next approach;
 With what an air he mounts his coach!
 A cart would best become the knave,
 A dirty parasite and slave!
 His heart in poison deeply dipp'd,
 His tongue with oily accents tipp'd,
 * Bishop Bedel's tomb lies within view of the window.

A smile still ready at command,
The pliant bow, the forehead bland—"

ON THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF WATERFORD.

WHILE viewing this town the dean observed a stone bearing the city arms, with the motto, *PRÆ INTACTA MANET*. The approach to this monument was covered with filth. The dean, on returning to the inn, wrote the Latin epigram, and added the English paraphrase, for the benefit, he said, of the ladies.

—*URBS INTACTA MANET—semper intacta manebit, Tangere crabrones quis henc sanus amat?*

TRANSLATION.

A THISTLE is the Scottish arms,
Which to the touch threatens harms:
What are the arms of Waterford,
That no man touches—but a ———?

VERSES ON BLENHEIM.

*Atria longe patent, sed nec conatibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam leno non habetis!*
MAST. lib. 12. sp. 50.

SEN, here's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock *
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well design'd
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contriv'd for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

TO THE CITIZENS.

ANN shall the patriot who maintain'd your cause,
From future ages only meet applause!
Shall he, who timely rose t' his country's aid,
By her own sons, her guardians, be betray'd?
Did heathen virtues in your hearts reside,
These wretches had been damn'd for parricide.
Should you behold, whilst dreadful armies threat
The sure destruction of an injured state,
Some hero, with superior virtue bless'd,
Avert their rage, and succour the distress'd!
Inspired with love of glorious liberty,
Do wonders to preserve his country free;
He like the guardian shepherd stands, and they
Like lions spoil'd of their expected prey,
Each urging in his rage the deadly dart,
Resolved to pierce the generous hero's heart;
Struck with the sight, your souls would swell wi
And dare ten thousand deaths to his relief. [grief,
But if the people he preserved should cry,
He went too far, and he deserved to—die,
Would not your soul such treachery detest,
And indignation boil within your breast?
Would not you wish that wretched state preserved,
To feel the tenfold ruin they deserved?

If, then, oppression has not quite subdued
At once your prudence and your gratitude,
If you yourselves conspire not your undoing,
And don't deserve, and won't draw down, your ruin,

* A lion tearing a cock to pieces was placed in front of Blenheim house: a wretched pun in architecture, deservedly criticised in the Spectator.

If yet to virtue you have some pretence,
If yet ye are not lost to common sense,
Assist your patriot in your own defence:
That stupid cant, "he went too far," despise,
And know that to be brave is to be wise:
Think how he struggled for your liberty,
And give him freedom whilst yourself are free.

M. B.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY.

THIS is an address of congratulation to the grand jury who threw out the bill against Harding the printer.

Poor Monsieur his conscience preserved for a year:
Yet in one hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it?—A judge or a peer.*

Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a basket,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.

O Monsieur, to sell it for nothing was nonsense,
For, if you would sell it, it should have been long since,
But now you have lost both your cake and your conscience.

Which nobody can deny.

So Nell of the dairy, before she was wed,
Refused ten good guineas for her maidenhead,
Yet gave it for nothing to smooth-spoken Ned.

Which nobody can deny.

But, Monsieur, no wonder dat you vere colloque,
Since selling de contre be now all de vogue,
You he hut von fool after seventeen rogue.

Which nobody can deny.

Some sell it for profit 'tis very well known,
And some hut for sitting in sight of the throne,
And other some sell what is none of their own.

Which nobody can deny.

But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.

Which nobody can deny.

There's Donevan, Hart, and Areher, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerrard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland and hsters of Wood.

Which nobody can deny.

But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in colours as black as their crime.

Which nobody can deny.

But P——r and copper L——h we'll excuse;
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse;
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.

Which nobody can deny.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN—
DR. KIRK, archbishop of Dublin, rose high in Swift's estimation by his opposition to Wood's coinage.

BY HONEST JO, ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL.

To the tune of ———.

I sing not of the drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood,
But I sing of a famous lord, who seeks his country's good;
Lord William's grace of Dublin town, 'tis he that first appears,
Whose wisdom and whose piety do far exceed his years.

* Whitshed or Cartwright.

In ev'ry council and debate he stands for what is right,
 And still the truth he will maintain, whate'er he
 loses by't.
 And though some think him in the wrong, yet still
 there comes a season
 When ev'ry one turns round about, and owns his
 grace had reason.
 His firmness to the public good, as one that knows it
 swore,
 Has lost his grace for ten years past ten thousand
 pounds and more.
 Then come the poor and strip him so, they leave him
 not a cross,
 For he regards ten thousand pounds no more than
 Woods's dross.
 To beg his favour is the way new favours still to win,
 He makes no more to give ten pounds than I to give a
 pin.
 Why, there's my landlord now, the squire, who all
 in money wallows,
 He would not give a groat to save his father from the
 gallows.
 "A bishop," says the noble squire, "I hate the very
 name,
 To have two thousand pounds a-year—O 'tis a burn-
 ing shame!
 Two thousand pounds a-year! good lord! and I to
 have but five!"
 And under him no tenant yet was ever known to
 thrive:
 Now from his lordship's grace I hold a little piece of
 ground,
 And all the rent I pay is scarce five shillings in the
 pound.
 Then master steward takes my rent, and tells me,
 "Honest Jo,
 Come, you must take a cup of sack or two before you
 go."
 He bids me then to hold my tongue, and up the
 money locks,
 For fear my lord should send it all into the poor
 man's box.
 And once I was so bold to beg that I might see his
 grace,
 Good lord! I wonder how I dared to look him in the
 face:
 Then down I went upon my knees, his blessing to
 obtain;
 He gave it me, and ever since I find I thrive again.
 "Then," said my lord, "I'm very glad to see thee,
 honest friend,
 I know the times are something hard, but hope they
 soon will mend,
 Pray never press yourself for rent, but pay me when
 you can;
 I find you bear a good report, and are an honest man.
 Then said his lordship with a smile, "I must have
 lawful cash,
 I hope you will not pay my rent in that same Woods's
 trash!"
 "God bless your grace!" I then replied, "I'd see
 him hanging higher,
 Before I'd touch his filthy dross, than is Clandalkin
 spire."
 To every farmer twice a-week all round about the
 Yoke,
 Our parsons read the drapier's books, and make us
 honest folk.
 And then I went to pay the squire, and in the way
 I found
 His bailie driving all my cows into the parish pound;
 "Why, sirrah," said the noble squire, "how dare you
 see my face!
 Your rent is due almost a week, besides the days of
 grace."

And yet the land I from him hold is set so on the rack,
 That only for the bishop's lease 'twould quick'y
 break my back.
 Then God preserve his lordship's grace, and make
 him live as long
 As did Methusalem of old; and so I end my song.

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

A POEM.

*Serms in eorum redempt, diuque
 Letus intersis populo.*—Hos.

GREAT, OOD, and JUST, was once applied
 To one who for his country died;
 To one who lives in its defence
 We speak it in a happier sense.
 O may the fates thy life prolong!
 Our country then can dread no wrong:
 In thy great care we place our trust,
 Because thou'rt great, and good, and just:
 Thy breast unshaken can oppose
 Our private and our public foes:
 The latent wiles and tricks of state
 Your wisdom can with ease defeat.
 When power in all its pomp appears,
 It falls before thy reverend years,
 And willingly resigns its place
 To something nobler in thy face.
 When once the fierce pursuing Gaul
 Had drawn his sword for Marius' fall,
 The godlike hero with a frown
 Struck all his rage and malice down;
 Then how can we dread William Wood,
 If by thy presence he's withstood?
 Where wisdom stands to keep the field,
 In vain he brings his brazen shield;
 Though like the sibyl's priest he comes,
 With furious din of brazen drums,
 The force of thy superior voice
 Shall strike him dumb and quell their noise.

PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES.

*— Quid non mortalia pectora cogit,
 Antri sacra fumes? —*

FAIR ones who do all hearts command,
 And gently sway with fan in hand
 Your favourite—Punch a suppliant falls,
 And humbly for assistance calls;
 He humbly calls and begs you'll stop
 The gothic rage of Vander Hlop.
 Wh' invades without pretence and right,
 Or any law but that of might,
 Our Pigmy land—and treats our kings
 Like paltry idle wooden things;
 Has beat our dancers out of doors,
 And call'd our chastest virgins whores;
 He has not left our queen a rag on,
 Has forced away our George and Dragon,
 Has broke our wires, nor was he civil
 To doctor Faustus nor the devil;
 E'en us he hurried with full rage,
 Most hoarsely squalling off the stage;
 And faith our fright was very great
 To see a minister of state,
 Arm'd with power and fury come
 To force us from our little home—
 We fear'd, as I am sure we had reason,
 An accusation of high treason;
 Till, starting up, says Bananiere,
 "Treason, my friends, we need not fear,
 For 'gainst the Brass we used no power,
 Nor strove to save the chancellor."

* Lord-chancellor Middleton, against whom a vote of censure passed in the House of Lords for delay of justice occasioned by his absence in England.

Nur did we show the least affection
To Rochford ur the Meath election;
Nor did we sing, ' Machugh he means.' "
" You villain, I'll dash out your brains.
'Tis no affair of state which brings
Me here—or business of the king's;
I'm come to seize you all as debtors,
And bind you fast in iron fetters,
From sight of every friend in town,
Till fifty pound's to me paid down."
" Fifty!" quoth I, " a devilish sum;
But stay till the brass farthings come,
Then we shall all be rich as Jews,
From castle down to lowest stew;
That sum shall to you then be told,
Though now we cannot furnish gold."

Quoth he, " Thou vile mis-shapen beast,
Thou knave, am I become thy jest?
And dost thou think that I am come
To carry nought but farthings home?
Thou fool, I ne'er do things by halves,
Farthings are made for Irish slaves;
No brass for me, it must be gold,
Or fifty pounds in silver told,
That can by any means obtain
Freedom for thee and for thy train."

" Votre très humble serviteur,
I'm not in jest," said I, " I'm sure;
But from the bottom of my belly,
I do in sober sadness tell you,
I thought it was good reasoning
For us fictitious men to bring
Brass counters made by William Wood
Intrinsic as we flesh and blood;
Then since we are but mimic men,
Pray let us pay in mimic coin."

Quoth he, " Thou lovest, Punch, to prate,
And could'st for ever hold debate;
But think'st thou I have nought to do
But to stand prating thus with you?
Therefore to stop your noisy parley,
I do at once assure you fairly
That not a puppet of you all
Shall stir a step without this wall,
Nor merryandrew beat thy drum,
Until you pay the foesaid sum."
Then marching off with swiftest race
To write despatches for his grace,
The revel-master left the room,
And us condemn'd to fatal doom.
Now, fair ones, if e'er I found grace,
Or if my jokes did ever please,
Use all your interest with your sec*
(They say he's at the ladies' beck);
And though he thinks as much of gold
As ever Midas did of old,
Your charms I'm sure can never fail,
Your eyes must influence, must prevail;
At your command he'll set us free,
Let us to you owe liberty.
Get us a licence now to play,
And we'll in duty ever pray.

BALLAD.

To the tune of "Commons and Tiers.

I.

A WONDERFUL age
Is now on the stage;

I'll sing you a song if I can,
How modern Whigs
Dance forty-one jigs,*

But God bless our gracious queen Anne

* Abridged from secretary, *rythmi gratis*.
* The year of the rebellion, 1641.

II.

The kirk with applause
Is establish'd by laws
As the orthodox church of the nation;
The bishops do own
It's as good as their own;
And this, sir, is call'd moderation

III.

It's no riddle now
To let you see how
A church by oppression may speed
Nor is't hanter or jest,
That the kirk faith is best
On the other side of the Tweed.

IV.

For no soil can suit
With every fruit;
Even so, sir, it is with religion;
The best church by far
Is what grows where you are,
Were it Mahomet's ass or his pigeon.

V.

Another strange story
That vexes the Tory,
But sure there's no mystery in it,
That a pension and place
Give communicants grace,
Who design to turn tail the next minute.

VI.

For if it be not strange
That religion should change
As often as climates and fashions;
Then sure there's no harm
That one should conform
To serve their own private occasions.

VII.

Another new dance,
Which of late they advance,
Is to cry up the birth of pretender,
And those that dare own
The queen heir to the crown
Are traitors not fit to defend her.

VIII.

The subject's most loyal
That hate the blood royal,
And they for employment have merit
Who swear queen and steeple
Were made by the people,
And neither have right to inherit.

IX.

The monarchy's fix'd
By making on't mix'd,
And by non-resistance o'erthrown;
And preaching obedience
Destroys our allegiance,
And thus the Whigs prop up the throne.

X.

That viceroy [lord Wharton] is best
That would take off the test,
And make a sham speech to attempt it;
But being true blue,
When he found 'twould not do,
Swore, damn him, if ever he meant it.

XI.

'Tis no news that Tom Double
The nation should bubble,
Nor is't any wonder or riddle
That a parliament rump
Should play hop, step, and jump,
And dance any jig to his fiddle.

XII.

But now, sir, they tell
How Sacherrell,
By bringing old doctrines in fashion,
Hath, like a damn'd rogue,
Brought religion in vogue,
And so open'd the eyes of the nation.

XIII.

Then let's pray without spleen,
May God hies the queen,
And her fellow-monarchs the people:
May they prosper and thrive
Whilst I am alive,
And so may the church with the steeple.

PARODY

ON THE SPEECH OF DR. BENJAMIN PRATT, PROVOST
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE following is the original speech from the London Gazette of Tuesday, April 17, 1771. The protest, it appears, was attended by the rev. Dr. Howard and Mr. George Berkeley (afterwards bishop of Cloyne), both of them fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. The speech was praised by Addison, in the "Freeholder," though his classical taste must have suffered, while his loyalty approved.

"Then the provost proceeded and made the following speech to his royal highness:—

"Permit us, most illustrious prince, with hearts full of duty to approach your royal person. His majesty's loyal university of Dublin, which glories in its most renowned foundress, queen Elizabeth of blessed memory, espies now with greater honour, and, zealous for the dignity and welfare of their body, seeks a head and governor equal in birth to their glorious foundress, the same munificent patron of learning, constant defender of our true religion, and bright example of virtue—a character belonging only to your royal highness.

"As this noble view alone fills all their thoughts, and most agreeably points out their choice, yea, most gracious prince, the ambition of their present address; deign, with that goodness which guides all your actions, to receive into your protection a society which, from duty, interest, and affection, humbly hopes to be placed under it; that society wherein his majesty's faithful subjects of Ireland received those principles that render them now eminent in the service of their country, firm in their allegiance to their prince, and unshaken in their zeal for the apostolical faith established amongst them. Here it was they first were taught obedience to the king, and wisely instructed that out of the illustrious house of Hanover would come the greatest and best of kings.

"Happy indeed were our presages, and joyful altogether is the accomplishment of them. Our eyes behold a prince now sitting on the throne of his royal ancestors, wise, valiant, just, and magnanimous: a monarch loaded with all the martial glories of the field, and long distinguished for the soldier arts of peace and of civil government. His early years he devoted to the cause of religion against Turks and infidels; he afterwards employed his arms in defence of the liberties of Europe; at a time when they were in the utmost danger from abroad; and now he completes his glories at home in delivering Britain, the bulwark of the protestant faith, from the inconsistent rule of a popish pretender. By his wisdom he has defeated all secret attempts; by his valour conquered in the open field; his justice awes the daring and the violent; his clemency gains the weak and deluded; his large revenues he employs in securing those liberties for whose preservation his undoubted title is most justly founded, and in endowing that church whose rise and fall, like a true and affectionate friend, does ever accompany the English monarchy. A prince of fewer virtues might make a nation happy; but every quality of his exalted mind has contributed to our present peace and safety.

"Forgive me, most serene prince, that I attempt thus faintly to touch that great character so fully copied in your royal person; but there a noble virtue which adorns the rest forbids me, in your august presence, to name those heroic qualities which in other places are the constant subject of our praise and delight. We congratulate each other on the felicity of the present reign: a glorious successor lengthens out the pleasing prospect; and we see our joy perpetuated in a beautiful offspring which fills our palaces. The pious care and example of a most excellent princess insinuates their parent's virtues; and virtue recommended in these lovely forms must draw the imitation of all below them. Hence may these kingdoms date a second reformation from vice and irreligion, a glory which Providence seems to have reserved to your illustrious house.

"And such happy assurances his majesty's university of Dublin has conceived of those blessings which will attend your royal family that joyfully they lay hold of this first opportunity to place themselves under the immediate government of

it. Not content to share with their fellow subjects the distant influences derived through other hands, they approach near the throne, submitting themselves with the profoundest veneration to your princely authority. And most willing must their obedience be to those commands where private interest cannot mix or designs be formed against that happy settlement whose preservation lies nearest at all our hearts.

"Descend then, most mighty prince, to give us laws. Ireland submits its harp into your royal hands. Rule, instruct, and nourish the attending muses; make them the envied subjects of your present care and the lively image of a happy people. Protect and govern now the nursery of that faith, whereof we daily beseech Heaven, in sincerity of heart, to establish your royal highness the next most glorious defender."

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVOST OF
TRINITY COLLEGE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF
WALES.

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS prince, we're come before ye,
Who, more than in our founders, glory
To be by you protected;
Deign to descend and give us laws,
For we are converts to your cause,
From this day well-affected.*

II.

The noble view of your high merits
Has charm'd our thoughts and fix'd our spirits
With zeal so warm and hearty,
That we resolved to be devoted,
At least until we be promoted,
By your just power and party.

III.

Urged by a passionate desire
Of being raised a little higher,
From lazy cloister'd life,
We cannot flatter you nor fawn,
But fain would honour'd be with lawn,
And settled by a wife.^b

IV.

For this we have before resorted,
Paid levees punctually, and courted,
Our charge at home long quitting;
But now we're come just in the nick,
Upon a vacant bishopric,
This halt can't fail of hitting.

V.

Thus, sir, you see how much affection,
Not interest, aways in this election,
But sense of loyal duty;
For you surpass all princes far,
As glow-worms do sacred a star,
In goodness, wit, and beauty.

VI.

To you our Irish commons owe
That wisdom which their actions show,
Their principles from ours sprang,^c
Taught, ere the devil himself could dream on't,
That of their illustrious house a stem on't
Should rise the best of kings.

VII.

The glad presages with our eyes
Behold a king, chaste, vigilant, and wise,
In foreign fields victorious,
Who in his youth the Turks attacks,
And [made] them still to turn their backs;
Was ever king so glorious?

* The rev. Dr. Benjamin Pratt was, at this time, April 1771 provost of Trinity college.

^b The statutes of the university enjoin celibacy.

^c The see of Killaloe was then vacant, and to this bishopric the rev. Dr. George Carr, chaplain to the Irish house of commons, was nominated.

VIII.

Since Ormond's like a traitor gone,
We scorn to do what some have done,
For learning much more famous;
Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
And stick to the unfortunate;
We laugh while they condemn us.

IX.

For, being of that gen'rous mind,
To success we are still inclined,
And quit the suffering side;
If on our friends cross planets frown,
We join the cry and hunt them down,
And sail with wind and tide.

X.

Hence 'twas this choice we long delay'd,
Till our rash foes the rebels fled,
Whilst fortune held the scale;
But [since] they're driven like mist before you,
Our rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.

XI.

Descend then from your lofty seat,
Behold th' attending Muses wait
With us to sing your praises;
Calliope now strings up her lyre,
And Clio^b Phebus does inspire,
The theme their fancy raises.

XII.

If then our nursery you will nourish,
We and our Muses too will flourish,
Encouraged by your favour;
We'll doctrines teach the times to serve,
And more five thousand pounds deserve
By future good behaviour.

XIII.

Now take our harp into your hand,
The joyful strings, at your command,
In doleful sounds no more shall mourn.
We, with sincerity of heart,
To all your tunes shall bear a part,
Unless we see the tables turn.

XIV.

If so, great sir, you will excuse us,
For we and our attending Muses
May live to change our strain;
And turn, with merry hearts, our tune,
Upon some happy tenth of June,
To "the king enjoys his own again."

RIDDLES BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.*

Written in or about the year 1724.

PETHOX THE GREAT. 1723.

FROM Venus born thy beauty shows;
But who thy father no man knows;
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;

* Alluding to the sullen silence of Oxford upon the accession.
* This is spelled Chloë, but evidently should be Clio.
* In the Dublin edition we find, "About nine or ten years ago (i. e. about 1724), some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and send them to him and their other acquaintance; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed, both here and in England. The author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement; although it be said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use."

Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin singed the soil
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vespuccio's name,
For so conjectures would intrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from jostling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round;
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strew'd.
The hird of Pallas^a knows his post,
Thee to attend where'er thou goest.
Byasians boast that on the clod
Where once their sultan's horse hath trod
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree.
The same thy subjects boast of thee.

The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.

With half a word, when you require,
The man of business must retire.

The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait,
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.

Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of thy power,
Enclose him in a wooden tower,
With pungent pains on every side;
So Regulus in torments died.

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secrecy, the art of courts.

The glittering baub^b could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long conversed with you,
Knows how to scrawl a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refined,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust and voice that stuns;

* Bubo, the owl.

But you have moulded them afresh,
Removed the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.

Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.

How famed thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pelias bright!
Outnumber'd, half encompass'd round
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retired to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he traced,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march:
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell:
You, in your capital secured,
A siege as long as Troy endured.

ON A PEN. IT24.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white.
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd:
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.

Nay; men my master is my slave;
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's heart a peer.

But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

ON GOLD.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth,
How is the greatest monarch bless'd,
When in my gaudy livery dress'd!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or soy embraces shun.

Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refused to lend them fire.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I stand with double face:
Superior none on earth I find;
But see below me all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight.
At every motion undertook
The vulgar all consult my look.
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
I am a courtier in my way;
For those who raised me I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, to luxury, and dice,
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.
By riding post I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

ON THE POSTERIOBS.

BECAUSE I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense,
And yet my speaking gives offence;
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppress'd;
And my oppression gives them rest.

Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's hut my caterer and taster?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere dependant still:
Am humble hanger-on at best;
Of whom all people make a jest.

In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind;
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I last get up, and first a-bed;
Though, if I rise before my time,
The learn'd lu sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and theuce foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

ON A HORN.

THE joy of man, the pride of hutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee raised to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoever you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celin's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Meantime, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art,
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain:
But the sly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

ON A CORKSCREW.

THOUGH I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white;
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out;
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who, from materials hard and dry,
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.

Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not ashamed to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat,
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleased till I make one;
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.

I twice a day a-hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And when I have him by the poll,
I drag him upwards from his hole;

Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forced to leave a limb behind,
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to mend.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

1724.

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and look behind;
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears
When all the sad reverse appears!

This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors, who their country sold.

This gulf insatiate imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and met,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For, while the bashful sylvan maid,
As, half ashamed and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart
The courtly dame, unmoved by fear,
Profusely pours her offering here.

A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works,
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.

In at this gulf all offerings pass
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones behind;
So those who here the gifts convey
Are forced to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave!
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls!
The food of worms and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
 All-heauteous offspring of one womb,
 Oft in the train of Venus seen,
 As fair and lovely as their queen;
 In royal garments each was dress'd,
 Each with a gold and purple vest;
 I saw them of their garments stripp'd,
 Their throats were cut, their bellies ripp'd;
 Twice were they buried, twice were born,
 Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
 But now dismember'd here are cast,
 And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft the curious traveller finds
 The combat of opposing winds;
 And seeks to learn the secret cause,
 Which alien seems from nature's laws;
 Why at this cave's tremendous mouth
 He feels at once both north and south;
 Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
 Through clefts oppugnant force a vent;
 Or whether, opening all his stores,
 Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet, from this mingled mass of things,
 In time a new creation springs.
 These crude materials once shall rise
 To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
 In various forms appear again,
 Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
 So Jove pronounced among the gods,
 Olympus trembling as he nods.

LOUISA* TO STREPHON. 1724.

Ah! Strephon, how can you despise
 Her who without thy pity dies!
 To Strephon I have still been true,
 And of as noble blood as you;
 Fair issue of the genial hed,
 A virgin in thy bosom bred;
 Embraced thee closer than a wife;
 When thee I leave, I leave my life.
 Why should my shepherd take a miss
 That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
 Yet you of every kiss complain;
 Ah! is not love a plesing pain?
 A pain which every happy night
 You cure with ease and with delight;
 With pleasure as the poet sings,
 Too great for mortals less than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
 Observes me with revengeful eye:
 If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
 She'll tear me with her desperate nails;
 And with relentless hands destroy
 The tender pledges of our joy.
 Nor have I bred a spurious race;
 They all were born from thy embrace.
 Consider, Strephon, what you do;
 For, should I die for love of you,
 I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
 And all my kin (a numerous host,
 Who down direct our lineage bring
 From victors o'er the Memphian king;
 Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
 Who never fled the bloody plains;
 Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
 And scorn the pleasures of a court;
 From whom great Sylla found his doom,
 Who scourged to death that scourge of Rome)
 Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
 Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
 When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
 And skin and flesh in pieces tore.

* This Riddle is solved by an anagram

Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
 Cut from the piece that made her shift,
 Shall in thy dearest blood be dyed,
 And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

A MAYPOLE. 1725.

Deprived of root and branch and rind,
 Yet flowers I bear of every kind:
 And such is my prolific power,
 They bloom in less than half an hour;
 Yet standers-by may plainly see
 They get no nourishment from me.
 My head with giddiness goes round,
 And yet I firmly stand my ground;
 All over naked I am seen,
 And painted like an Indian queen.
 No couple-beggar in the land
 E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand.
 I join'd them fairly with a ring;
 Nor can our parson blame the thing.
 And though no marriage words are spoke,
 They part not till the ring is broke:
 Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
 I'm hut an idol rais'd on high;
 And once a weaver in our town,
 A dsenn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
 I lay a prisoner twenty years,
 And then the jovial cavaliers
 To their old post restored all three—
 I mean the church, the king, and me.

ON THE MOON.

I with borrow'd silver shine;
 What you see is none of mine.
 First I show you hut a quarter,
 Like the bow that guards the Tartar
 Then the half, and then the whole,
 Ever dancing round the pole.
 And what will raise your admiration,
 I am not one of God's creation,
 Bot sprung, (and I this truth maintain,)
 Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
 And after all, I chiefly owe
 My beauty to the shades below.
 Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
 A man, a woman, lion, bear,
 A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
 All figures heaven or earth can yield;
 Like Daphne sometimes in a tree;
 Yet am not one of all you see.

ON A CIRCLE.

I'm up and down and round about,
 Yet all the world can't find me out;
 Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
 They never yet could find my measure.
 I'm found almost in every garden,
 Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
 There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
 Can move an inch except I will.

ON INK.

I am jet black, as you may see,
 - The son of pitch and gloomy night:
 Yet all that know me will agree
 I'm dead except I live in light.
 Sometimes in panegyric high,
 Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
 And raise a virgin to the sky,
 Or sink her to a pocky whore.
 My blood this day is very sweet,
 To-morrow of a bitter juice;
 Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the street,
 And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power ;
 For with one colour I can paint ;
 I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
 Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
 Provide me but with paper wings ;
 And fairly show a reason why
 There should be quarrels among kings ;

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
 When learned doctors will dispute,
 That I should point the word of God,
 And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats :
 'Tis I that must the lands convey,
 And strip their clients to their coats ;
 Nay, give their very souls away.

ON THE FIVE SENSES.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
 Brethren of a wondrous kind ;
 Yet among us all no brother
 Knows one tittle of the other ;
 We in frequent councils are,
 And our marks of things declare,
 Where, to us unknown, a clerk
 Sits, and takes them in the dark.
 He's the register of all
 In our ken, both great and small ;
 By us forms his laws and rules,
 He's our master, we his tools ;
 Yet we can with greatest ease
 Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
 Yet no watch the rest will keep,
 But the moment that he closes,
 Every brother else reposes.

If wine's bought or victuals dress'd,
 One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
 One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
 Add to them ten thousand more,
 Yet but one of us is found
 Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
 There's hut one of us can smell.

FONTINELLA [A FOUNTAIN] TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,
 Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
 I feel not the least love surprise,
 Yet endless tears flow down in streams ;
 There's nought so beautiful in thee
 But you may find the same in me.
 The lilies of thy skin compare ;
 In me you see them full as white :
 The roses of your cheeks, I dare
 Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
 Then, since I show as fine a face,
 Can you refuse a soft embrace ?
 Ah ! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime !
 And so am I, while thou art here ;
 But soon will come the fatal time
 When all we see shall disappear.
 'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
 And yours to follow my direction.
 Then catch admirers while you may ;
 Treat not your lovers with disdain :
 For time with beauty flies away,
 And there is no return again.
 To you the sad account I bring,
 Life's autumn has no second spring.

AN ECHO.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
 Pleasing most when most I speak ;
 The delight of old and young,
 Though I speak without a tongue.
 Nought hut one thing can confound me,
 Many voices joining round me ;
 Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
 Like the labourers of Babel.

Now I am a dog, or cow,
 I can bark, or I can low ;
 I can bleat, or I can sing,
 Like the warblers of the spring.

Let the lovesick hard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain ;
 Let the happy swain rejoice,
 And I join my helping voice :
 Both are welcome, grief or joy ;
 I with either sport and toy.

Though a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out ;
 Then I elash, and roar, and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.

Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I'm vex'd, can't keep me uuder ;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 That the lowest voice I fear :
 Much I dread the courtier's fate,
 When his merit's out of date ;
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
 Yet everything that you can name ;
 In no place have I ever been,
 Yet everywhere I may be seen ;
 In all things false, yet always true,
 I'm still the same—but never new.

Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
 Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
 Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
 All shapes and features I can boast,
 No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost :
 All colours, without paint, put on,
 And change like the chameleon.

Swiftly I come, and enter there,
 Where not a chink lets in the air ;
 Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone :
 All things on earth I imitate
 Faster than nature can create ;
 Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
 Anon in beggar's rags appear ;
 A giant now, and straight an elf,
 I'm every one, but ne'er myself ;
 Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
 I move my lips, hut want a voice ;
 I ne'er was horn, nor ne'er can die,
 Then, pr'ythee, tell me what am I !

MORE things by me do rise and fall,
 And, as I please, they're great and small ;
 Invading foes, without resistance,
 With ease I make to keep their distance :
 Again, as I'm disposed, the foe
 Will come, though not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
 And gamesome goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains.

The greatest whale that swims the sea
 Does instantly my power obey.
 In vain from me the sailor flies,
 The quickest ship I can surprise,

And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it against tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child, and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant:
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

ON TIME.

Even eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

ON THE GALLOWS.

There's a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heaven and earth and hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter:
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way;
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greatest ease
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There's not a soul that does resort here
But strips himself to pay the porter.

ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

ON SNOW.

From heaven I fall, though from earth I begin;
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The faintest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

ON A CANNON.

BROUGHT, and horn, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark:
The moment I get one my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain.
Many to our counters run,
Some are made and some undone:
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

ON A CANDLE.

To lady Carteret.

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he:
I, a virtue strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair;
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dosed with smoke and snar'd with snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the fair am I,
Polish'd neck and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them subdued,
Slave like them to Vulcan too;
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal;
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart;
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Bess, and small like Sue:
Now brown and burnish'd like a nut,
At other times a very slut;
Often fair, and soft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender:
Like Flora, deck'd with fairest flowers,
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours;
But whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-sick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun,
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head;
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I live to please;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

TO LADY CARTERET.

By Dr. Delany.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger or stirring a foot
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder.
Though many and various, and large and absurd

Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side
Through a wonderful wicket not half an inch wide;
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though sometimes, they say, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror I'll show you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look back too, it heightens my spell;
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in You.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

With half an eye your riddle I spy,
I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thickety
And whatever passes is strain'd through glasses.
You say it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without stirring out;
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magic,
When you say it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound, and they live above ground:
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
While plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such, it cries at a touch;
"A perfect milkop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt;
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

TO LADY CARTERET.

By Dr. Swift.

From India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Nor Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can show more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast;
I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Your house of hair, and lady's hand,
At first did put me to a stand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough—
Your hairy business is a muff.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once so like your masts and sails;
And for the rhyme to you're the man,
What fits it better than a fan!

A RIDDLE.

I'm wealthy and poor,
I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
I'm witty and dull.
I'm foul and yet fair;
I'm old, and yet young;
I lie with Moll Kerr,
And toast Mrs. Long.

ANSWER, BY MR. F—R.

In rigging he's rich, though in pocket he's poor;
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the eels;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He's a wit to the fools and a fool to the wise.
Of wisdom he's empty, but full of conceit;
He paints and perfumes while he rots with the
'Tis a beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty and lies with a drab.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

Sir,
Pray discontinue what follows.

The dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar.
The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.
The dullest beast, when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.
The dullest beast, and a party distress'd,
When too long, is had at best.
The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.
The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.
The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.
The dullest beast, and famed college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.
The dullest beast, and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.
The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.
Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.
The dullest beast, and eggs unbound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.
The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.
The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.
The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.
The dullest beast, and mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.
The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.
The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.
The dullest beast, and fish for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.
The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday Night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. I pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

PROBATUR ALITER.

A LONG-EAR'D beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals doth often rattle.
A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms' first gifts to their mates,
Is by all pious christians thought
In clergymen the greatest fault.
A long-ear'd beast, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beast, and medicine's use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.

A long-ear'd beast, and hoity fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beast, and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Fianders college,
Is Dr. T——, to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spite.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We sinners are too apt to slight.

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark and give a smart.

A long-ear'd beast, in mud to lie
No bird in air so swift can fly.

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At Whist they will make a desperate sweep.

A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest for jest.

A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all unless I look'd better.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.

A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies' skins there nothing comes so near.

A long-ear'd beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.

A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.

A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving.

POEMS

COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who went to weed the court of Gosford knight,
While each with stubbed knife removed the roots
That raised between the stones their daily shoots,
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fix'd [twixt;
Than stroughest weeds that grow those stones be-
My spud these nettles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

* Sir Arthur Acheson.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake
(I spare the thistles for sir Arthur's sake);
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting aquant.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside;
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanced to tug,
When the dean threw me this tobacco-plug;
A longer ha'p'orth^b never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door this morn I slipp'd,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipp'd;
Dennis^c was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sate and loosed him all a sunshine day;
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lie as his between your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty hitch;
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Oonah once I kiss'd, forhear to chide:
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side;
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lics, and every louse was gold,
Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my weeding-knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

O could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues^d to hear thee dry to mass!
But see, where Norah with the sowins^e comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary huns.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO,
A BARNACK OR MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

Thus spoke to my lady the knight^f full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn,^g while it sticks in my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barnack or malt-house we now must consider.

"First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheds a-year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored,
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;

^a Who was a great lover of Scotland.

^b Halfpenny-worth.

^c Sir Arthur's butler.

^d Shoes with flat low heels.

^e A sort of flummery.

^f Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.

^g A large old house, two miles from sir Arthur's seat.

And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his bounour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't;
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."

Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife:
"It must and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopaw*; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums.^a
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain I'm sure will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."

Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah,^b who listen'd to all that was pass'd,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's possess'd.
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.^c
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news."

"Dear madam, bad you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please;
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *perdest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, where'er of a barrack I think,
As I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new *erotbet* comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this to be sure, sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning."

"Now see when they meet how their honours
behave: [slave:]

'Noble captain, your servant!'—'Sir Arthur, your
You honour me much!'—'The honour is mine.'—

'Twas a sad rainy night!'—'But the morning is
fine.'— [service:]

'Pray, how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—

'Good morrow, good captain!'—'I'll wait on you
down'—

'You shan't stir a foot!'—'You'll think me a clown.'—

'For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther'—

'You must be obeyed—Your servant, sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—

'I hope you will use my house as your own.' "

^a A cast word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

^b My lady's waiting woman.

^c Two of sir Arthur's managers.

"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."

"Pray, madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow.
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys bolla.

See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;

And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With a fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;

And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at his tail and its ears:

At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Draw up in our court; when the captain cries, STAND!

Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
For sure I had discern'd you out like a queen.

The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver

(His beaver is cock'd: pray, madam, mark that;
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,

Because he has never a hand that is idle, [bridle];
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;

(How I tremble to think of the blood it has split!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the bit.

Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
'Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.'

The captain salutes you with courtesies profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.

'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;

And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:

You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year;

If I had expected so worthy a guest—
'Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;

You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant—
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant!'"

"Hiet, hussey, I think I hear somebody coming!"
"No, madam, 'tis only sir Arthur a-bumping."

To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story,)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;

The dean and the doctor have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;

And, because he's their betters, you carve for him
The parsons for envy are ready to burst. [first;

The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;

And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *nozes*.

Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;

And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.

I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose;
But the devil's as welcome, wherever he goes:

G—d d—n me! they bid us reform and repent;
But, s—s! by their looks, they never keep Lent:

Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You east a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:

I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock and smoothing your band.'

(For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny.)

'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.

^a Dr. Jimmy, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

Observe how a parson comes into a room ;
G—d d—n me, he hobbles as bad as my groom ;
A scholar, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry to a goose ;
Your Novels, and Blueturks, and Omurs,* and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation :
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life :
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, hy G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and sniff'd at the dean,
As who should say, 'Now am I skinny* and lean ?'
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk, "walk !"
Till she heard the dean call, "Will your ladyship
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down !"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, "Hussy, why sure the weach is gone mad !
How could these chimeras get into your brains ?—
Come bither and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers :
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye ;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730

We give the world to understand
Our thriving dean has purchased land ;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year ;
Provided to improve the ground
He will but add two hundred pound ;
And from his endless boarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur, too, shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's-hill ;
That, when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved,
When none the drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs* are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of drapier ;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's-hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount ;
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promised or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended ;
Nor can you tax me as unsteady—
I have a hundred causes ready ;

* Ovids, Philarchs, Homers.

b Nicknames for my lady.

c Medals were cast (see the Drapier's halfpenny in this edition), many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made, with devices in honour of the dean, under the name of M. B., Drapier.

All risen since that flattering time
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.

I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind ;
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, fields Elysian !
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians !

But here my lady will object ;
Your deanship ought to recollect
That, near the knight of Gosford placed,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so couvenable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.

'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plums ;
Though I should see him twice a-day,
And am his neighbour 'cross the way :
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale ?

Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friend withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold,
Their knowledge to themselves confined
Is the same avarice of mind ;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight ;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart :
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep ;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or with his fingers beat the drum ;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high
To understand Malebranche or Cambray ;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless ;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb ;
My spirit's with my body propping,
Both hand in hand together jogging ;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter ;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crack'd head ;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust !

Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind ;
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white :
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met :
Not in philosophy, or ale ;
In state affairs, or planting kale ;
In rhetoric, or picking straws ;
In roasting larks, or making laws ;
In public schemes, or catching flies ;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.

The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,

Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes;
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor bunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy-chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I used to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after pound;
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire;
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage;
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves;
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine;
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH.* 1730.

RESOLVED my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind:
Nine more such champions as the dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign;
How well to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits raised,
By you so oft, so highly praised!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to choose
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
My heart with emulation burns,
To make you suitable returns;
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By Lady Anne, of Market-Hill!"

* The lady of sir Arthur Ashmole.

I thus begin: my grateful Muse
Salutes the dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's^a condjutor;
And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit;^b
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an acre,
Except to give dean Daniel place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me snipe and slattern;
Nor dares be, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.

Proceed we to your preaching^c next:
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen as when you mount our pulpit.

Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er were known, by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word;
But still, when'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port
As clearly shows you bred at court!

Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's mate;
You next to Dennis bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may best for hottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink sir Arthur's health and mine:
Your master's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.

Your usher's post must next be handled;
How blest am I by such a man led!

^a The names of two over-seers.^b My lady's footman.^c The author preached but once while he was there.

Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship;
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.

Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There's none so ignorant and weak
To take offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphy, or an earl;
A duchess or a kitchen-girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan⁶ take every joke.

I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improved so well,
That I have almost learn'd to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night,
As soon as gone will show their spite:
Good lord! what can my lady mean
Conversing with that rusty dean!
She's grown so nice, and so penurious,
With Socrates and Epicurus!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play!

But I admire your patience most;
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor founce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.

So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily;
Ours thateber, ditcheber, gardener, haily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient sties;
Or ponder long with ancient thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavoury smelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter⁷ never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace;
From tubs their anuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it,⁸
But with his hand the dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd

To see thy deanship thus employ'd!

Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ache;
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceased:
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less,)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumbings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first;
You think your giddy head will burst;
But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have raised your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnificence
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envied by the Greeks;
Raised up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells, the he's and she's
Here pay their vows on bended knees.
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush,
Here unobserved she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.

Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come
Return with unpolluted thumb!

Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralise awhile.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbidden in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?
When Saturn ruled the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown,)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Received the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd;
And here thy daily votaries placed
Their sacrifice with seal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert pleased to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower absterive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;

⁶ The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill.

⁷ A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.

⁸ It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it.

The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove,
Then Gluttony, with greasy paws,
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chops, and wagging chin
Brauced like a drum her oily skin;
Wedged in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragouts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and *fricassees*;
And for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caviare.

This bloated barpy, sprung from hell,
Confined thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.

First, lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale Dropsy, with a swallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapp'd up in fur,
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavoury vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.

Ah! woe, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays!
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.

Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches' side;
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box!

Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, placed in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.

Hither, by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred hramble tinged,
My petticoat is doubly fringed.

Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injured offering out.
But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I tempt too high a flight.

Me Phœbus, in a midnight dream
Accosting, said, "Go shake your cream.*
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your ten, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style;
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile;^b
With Peggy Dixon^c thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth and pare thy nails;
At nicely carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit;
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

"But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek — claims her as his right;
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall sing the dean in Smedley's lines."

TWELVE ARTICLES.

- I. LEAR it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.
 - II. By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.
 - III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.
 - IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.
 - V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.
 - VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.
 - VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.
 - VIII. Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.
 - IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.
 - X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on and blunder.
 - XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs:
That with me shall break no squares.
 - XII. Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
"Twill be just as I expect.
- Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL 1730.

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:

^a In the bottle, to make butter.

^b The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.

^c Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper.

By faction banish'd, here unite
 A dean,* a Spaniard,^b and a knight;^c
 Unite, but on conditions cruel;
 The dean and Spaniard find it too well.
 Condemn'd to live in service hard;
 On either side his honour's guard:
 The dean, to guard his honour's back,
 Must build a castle at Drumlack;
 The Spaniard, sore against his will,
 Must raise a fort at Market-Hill.
 And thus the pair of humble gentry
 At north and south are posted sentry;
 While in his lordly castle fix'd,
 The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
 And, what the wretches most resent,
 To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
 Attend him daily as their chief,
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
 O Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
 To smile on those who are least worthy:
 Weigh but the merits of the three,
 His slaves have ten times more than he.
 Proud haronet of Nova Scotia!
 The dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
 Of their two fames the world enough rings:
 Where are thy services and sufferings?
 What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
 Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
 What if, among the courtly tribe,
 You lost a place and saved a bribe?
 And then in surly mood came here,
 To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
 And fierce against the Whigs harangued?
 You never ventured to be hang'd.
 How dare you treat your betters thus?
 Are you to be compared with us?

Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
 Call forth our cottagers to arms:
 Our forces let us both unite,
 Attack the foe at left and right;
 From Market-hill's exalted head,
 Full northward let your troops be led;
 While I from Drapier's-mount descend,
 And to the south my squadrons bend.
 New-river walk, with friendly shade,
 Shall keep my host in ambushade;
 While you, from where the basin stands,
 Shall scale the rampart with your hands.
 Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
 I hold intelligence within.
 True, lady Anne no danger fears,
 Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
 Then, lest upon our first attack
 Her valliant arm should force us back,
 And we of all our hopes deprived,
 I have a stratagem contriv'd.
 By these embroider'd high-heel shoes
 She shall be caught as in a noose:
 So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
 She'll not have power to stir an inch:
 These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
 Direct before her lady's face;
 The shoes put on, our faithful portress
 Admits us in, to storm the fortress,
 While tortured madam bound remains,
 Like Montezume, in golden chains;
 Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
 Stumbling at every step she trod.
 Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
 To catch a monkey by a wife,

The mimic animal amuse;
 They place before him gloves and shoes;
 Which when the brute puts awkward on,
 All his agility is gone;
 In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
 The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault
 Secure the larder and the vault;
 The valliant Dennis* you must fix on,
 And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon.[†]
 Then, if we once can seize the key
 And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
 They must surrender at discretion!
 And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
 We'll act as other conquerors do,
 Divide the realm between us two;
 Thou (let me see), we'll make the knight
 Our clerk, for he can read and write.
 But must not think, I tell him that,
 Like Lorrimer[‡] to wear his hat;
 Yet, when we dine without a friend,
 We'll place him at the lower end.
 Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
 May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
 But, lest it might not be so proper
 That her own maid should overtop her,
 To mortify the creature more,
 We'll take her heels five inches lower.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
 'Twill be our interest to get rid of her;
 And when we execute our plot,
 'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
 As all your politicians wise,
 Despatch the rogues by whom they rise.

ROBIN AND HARRY. 1730.

SONS OF DR. LESLY.

ROBIN to beggars with a curse
 Throws the last shilling in his purse;
 And when the coachman comes for pay,
 The rogue must call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
 Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
 But always careful of the main,
 With twopence left, walks home in rain.

Robin from noon to night will prate,
 Run out in tongue, as in estate;
 And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
 Will not have one new thing to say.
 Much talking is not Harry's vice;
 He need not tell a story twice:
 And, if he always be so thrifty,
 His fund may last to five-and-fifty.

It so fell out that cautious Harry,
 As soldiers use, for love must marry,
 And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
 (All for Love, or the World well Lost!)
 Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
 Just big enough to shelter two in;
 And in his house if anybody come,
 Will make them welcome to his modicum;
 Where goody Julia milks the cows,
 And boils potatoes for her spouse;
 Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
 While Harry's fencing up his ditcher.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
 To live without a coach-and-six,
 To patch his broken fortunes, found
 A mistress worth five thousand pound;
 Swears he could get her in an hour;
 If gaffer Harry would endow her;

* Dr. Swift.

† Colonel Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.

‡ Sir Arthur Arden.

* The butler.

† The housekeeper.

‡ The apothecary.

And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birthright for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux ;
But, when espoused, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state ;
From gold brocade and shining armour
Was metamorphosed to a farmer ;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd ;
Nor twice a-week will shave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gray,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank ;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life ;
Supplying those defects by dress
Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON. 1728.

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the drapier :
He, that of every ear's the charmer
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace his villa with his strains ;
Lives such a bard on British plains !
No, not in all the British court ;
For none but wittings there resort,
Whose names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Duncial ;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future times shall pass ;
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brassen knight they vainly sung ;
A subject for their genius fit ;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not ! He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet ;
A judge without the least pretence
To common law or common sense ;
A bishop that is no divine ;
And coxcombs in red ribbons shine :
Nay, he can make, what's greater far,
A middle state 'twixt peace and war ;
And say, there shall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill ! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste :
You never else had known the dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain ;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-hill been still Drumlack ;
But now your name with Penhurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight ;
I said—"Why let him, if he will :"
And so I bade sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected,
And so we see him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

VOL. I.

I've said enough to make him blith,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't ;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.
But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.
Or you may say—"My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, sir, I know you hate a crowd."
Or, "Mr. Dean—I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghueclo, *
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill."

The house accounts are daily rising ;
So much his stay doth swell the bills :
My dearest life, it is surprising,
How much he eats, how much he swills.
His brace of puppies how they stuff !
And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough ;
His horses too eat all our hay.
O! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face and waistcoat paws,
His beetle brows and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause !
Must I be every moment chid
With *Skinnymonia*, *Saize*, and *Lean P* ?
O! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting tyrant dean !

ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN AT
MARKET-HILL. 1727.

At Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.
Hither came every village maid,
And on the boughs her garland hang ;
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from satyrs, sat and sung.
Sir Archibald, † that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and listen with delight ;
For he was fond of rural strain.
(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's lord. ‡)
But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round ;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining toward the ground.
This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
Which must, alas ! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel dean in scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.
Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek ;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.
The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

* The seat of Acheson Moore, esq., in the county of Tyrone.

† The dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.

‡ Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.

§ Drummond of Hawthornden, and sir William Alexander, earl of Stirling, who were both friends of sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
Stood chattering with incessant din:
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trolled forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stomp,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant,)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care,
Received its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.
But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murderer's ears:
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
Relentless dean, to mischief born;
My kindred oft thine hide shall gull,
Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
And wound her legs with every briar.

"Nor thou, lord Arthur,* shalt escape;
To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape;
Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain:

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
Or chid the dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;
Since you could see me treated so,
(An old retainer to your house,)

"May that fell dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows and Teagues,
Through all my empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet hancier than thy pate,
To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, suspended high in air,
Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare,)
Then, bloody caltiff* think on me."

EPITAPH

IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HERE lies the earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry!
Dickies enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried, June 18, 1728. Aged 63.

* Sir Arthur Cheson

MY LADY'S* LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

JULY 28, 1728.

None never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
No tedious day and night
By a dean and a knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wife
With Skiony and Salpe:
His nukes is plain,
Hallowing the dean.
The dean never stops,
When he opens his chaps;
I'm quite overtoo
With reins and yam.
Before he came here,
To sponge for good cheer,
I sat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bonny thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes.
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbow he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two prows,
Supporting my chaps,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my prows,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,
A useless machine.

If he had his will,
I should never sit still;
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my fret;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires, fers,
Through bogs and through bri-
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm to sode of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And feel out of spite;
For I'd rather be dead,
Than sit or should be said
I was better for him
In stomach or limb.
But now to my diet!—
No eating in quiet,
He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt;
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick,
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
Neat, for his diversion,
He rails at my person,
What court breeding this is!
He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to back
I'm lean and am look;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el-bows
Are two iron crows,
Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To scape them, sir Arthur
Is forced to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tanks of a boat.

Now changing the scene,
But still to the dean—
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunder;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which spoils every feature
Beside her by nature;
But now gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wise looks and reflection
Will mend the complexion;
(A civil divine
I suppose, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be hands-me.
I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At lost out it comes:
What, madam? No walk'ng,
No reading, no talk'ng:
You're now to your prie-
Make use of your limbs,
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hassies will flev
Where'er you appear;
"That silly old puss
Would fain be like us:
What a figure she made
In her tarrish'd brouce!"
And then he grows mild
Come be a good child;
If you are inclined
To polish your mind,
Be seduced by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen,
I'll show you the way;
Read six hours a day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
To make you learn faster,
I'll be your schoolmaster,
And leave you to choose
Th' books you please:
Thus was I drawn in.
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task,
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am serious
Is very imperious
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
Twere better be blind
Than thus be confined.

But while in an ill tone
I murder poor Milton,
The dean, you will swear,
Is at study or prayer,
He's all the day scotter'g,
With labourers bootering.
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
Whom he brings in smooch up
And bribes with muscadung.
He little believes
How they laugh in their sleeves
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet;
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
Now see how he sits
Perplexing his wife

* Lady Cheson.

In search of a motto
To fix on his grotto,
How proudly he talks
Of signs and walks,
And all the day raves
Of crullers and caves;
And boasts of his fruits,
His grottoes and seats;
Shows all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause;
A life occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a tower.
But, O! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by head,
And foul the green seat;
Or run halcyon-skeeter,
To his harbour for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The dean has been doing.
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briars
And thorns to make fires;

But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
Dear friend, doctor Jinnay,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmesley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frown,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No spouse to be found
The neighbourhood round;
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose three.)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
No may you be seen
No more in the spleen;
May Walmesley give wine
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Wendell's warty face!
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses!

at the same time in writing some letters of business. I will send you the rest when I have leisure; but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S,

IN ANSWER TO HIS LEFT-HANDED LETTER.

SINCE your poetic prancer is turn'd into Cancer,
I'll tell you at once, sir, I'm now not your man, sir;
For, pray, sir, what pleasure in fighting is found
With a coward who studies to traverse his ground?
When I drew forth my pen, with your pen you ran
back;
But I found out the way to your den by its track:
From thence the black monster I drew, o' my con-
science, sense.
And so brought to light what before was stark nou-
When I with my right hand did stoutly pursue,
You turn'd to your left, and you writ like a Jew;
Which, good Mr. Dean, I can't think so fair,
Therefore turn about to the right, as you were;
Then if with true courage your ground you maintain,
My fame is immortal, when Jonathan's slain:
Who's greater by far than great Alexander,
As much as a teal surpasses a gander;
As much as a game-cock's excel'd by a sparrow;
As much as a coach is below a wheelbarrow:
As much and much more as the most handsome man
Of all the whole world is exceeded by Dan.

T. SHERIDAN.

This was written with that hand which in others is commonly called the left hand.

Ort have I been by poets told,
That, poor Jonathan, thou grow'st old.
Alas, thy numbers failing all,
Poor Jonathan, how they do fall!
Thy rhymes, which whilom made thy pride swell,
Now jingle like a rusty bridle:
Thy verses which ran both smooth and sweet,
Now limp upon their gouty feet:
Thy thoughts, which were the true sublime,
Are humbled by the tyrant, Time:
Alas! what cannot Time subdue!
Time has reduced my wine and you;
Emptied my casks, and clipp'd your wings,
Disabled both in our main springs;
So that of late we two are grown
The jest and scorn of all the town.
But yet, if my advice be ta'en,
We two may be as great again;
I'll send you wings, and send me wine;
Then you will fly, and I shall shine.

This was written with my right hand, at the same time with the other.

How does Melpy like this! I think I have vex'd her;
Little did she know, I was *ambidexter*.

T. SHERIDAN.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

REVEREND AND LEARNED SIR,

I AM teacher of English, for want of a better, to a poor charity-school, in the lower end of St. Thomas's-street; but in my time I have been a Virgilian, though I am now forced to teach English, which I understood less than my own native language, or even than Latin itself; therefore I made bold to send you the enclosed, the fruit of my Muse, in hopes it may qualify me for the honour of being one of your most inferior ushers: if you will vouchsafe to send me an answer, direct to me next door but one to the Harrow, on the left hand in Crocker's-lane.

I am yours, reverend sir, to command,

PAT. RIVET.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.—Horst.

3 c 2

TRIFLES PASSING BETWEEN SWIFT AND SHERIDAN.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN, A 1718.

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-
dung;

We lie crumming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must say ye,

Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

Though Delany advised you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor;

I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;

How many to answer! One, two, three, or four,

But, because the three former are long ago pass'd,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.

You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,

Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.

Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the

Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield, [field,

So the French, when our generals soundly did pay
them, [Drum.

Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te*

So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,

Comes off by out-laughing the company round:

In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,

Having thus overthrown all our farther advances.

My offers of peace you ill understood; [good!

Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own

'Twas to teach you in modest language your duty;

For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye;

As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends

To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.

But we like Anteus and Hercules fight,

The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;

And I'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,

I'll first take you up, and then take you down;

And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound

The worst dunce in your school till he's heaved from
the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I
was in great haste, and the other hand was employed

* The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossi-
bility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

Besides, the good Whigs, who strangely adore ye,
In pity cry out, "He's a poor blinded Tory."
But listen to me, and I'll soon lay before ye
A sovereign cure well attested in Gory.
First wash it with *ros*, that makes dative *rosi*;
Then send for three leeches, and let them all gore ye;
Then take a cordial dram to restore ye,
Then take lady Judith, and walk a fine boree,
Then take a glass of good claret *ex more*,
Then stay as long as you can *ad usore*; [he
And then if friend Dick* will but ope your back-door,
Will quickly dispel the black clouds that hang o'er ye,
And make you so bright, that you'll sing tory rory,
And make a new ballad worth ten of John Dory!
(Though I work your cure, yet he'll get the glory.)
I'm now in the back school-house, high up one story,
Quite weary with teaching, and ready to *mori*.
My candle's just out too, no longer I'll pore ye,
But away to Clem Barry's,—there's an end of my
story.

A REPLY, BY SHERIDAN, TO DELANY.

I LIKE your collyrium,
Take my eyes, sir, and clear ye 'um,
Twill gain you a great reputation;
By this you may rise,
Like the doctor so wise [Dr. Davenant],
Who open'd the eyes of the nation.

And these, I must tell ye,
Are bigger than its belly;—
You know, there's in Livy a story
Of the hands and the feet
Denying of meat,—
Don't I write in the dark like a Tory!

Your water so far goes,
'Twould serve for an Argus,
Were all his whole hundred sore;
So many we read
He had in his head,
Or Ovid's a son of a whore.

For your recipe, sir,
May my lids never stir
If ever I think once to see you;
For I'd have you to know,
When abroad I can go,
That it's honour enough if I see you.

ANOTHER REPLY, BY SHERIDAN.

My pedagogue dear, I read with surprise [eyes;
Your long sorry rhymes which you made on my
As the dean of St. Patrick's says, earth, seas, and
I cannot lie down, but immediately rise, [skies]
To answer your stuff and the doctor's likewise.
Like a horse with a gall, I'm pester'd with flies,
But his head and his tail new succour supplies,
To beat off the vermin from back, rump, and thighs.
The wing of a goose before me now lies,
Which is both shield and sword for such weak
Whoever opposes me certainly dies, [enemies.
Though he were as valiant as Condé or Guise.
The women disturb me a-crying of ples,
With a voice twice as loud as a horse when he neighs.
By this, sir, you find, should we rhyme for a prize,
That I'd gain cloth of gold, when you'd scarce merit
frise.

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

DEAR TOM, I'm surprised that your verse did not
jingle; [was but single.
But your rhyme was not double, 'cause your sight

* Dr. Richard Helsham.

For, as Helsham observes, there's nothing can chime
Or fit more exact than one eye and one rhyme.
If you had not took physic, I'd pay off your hacon,
But now I'll write short, for fear you're short-taken.
Besides, Dick* forbid me, and call'd me a fool;
For he says, short as 'tis, it will give you a stool.

In libris bellis, tu parum parcas ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpæ cæcor ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina lædis:
Sed tibi cenantis sunt collyria tanti!
Nunquid egres visu, dum complex omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan cæcus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus
Nunc bene nasutus mittit tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet shundæ,
Nec Phæbi fili versum quis mittere Rylly.

Quid tibi cum libris? relavat tua lumina Tybriæ
Mixtus Saturno; penso sed parçè diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scripta utere noctu.
Nonnulli miungunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mi bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni fallor, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani;
Heu tibi si scribaud, aut si tibi ferula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera consula fortis.
Hæc tibi paucæ dedi, sed consule Betty my lady,
Huc te des solæ, nec egres pharmacopole.

Hæc somnians cecini.

Oct. 23, 1718.

JON. SWIFT.

AN ANSWER BY SHERIDAN.

PERLETO versus versus, Jonathan bone, terres;
Perlepidos quidem; scribendo semper es idem.
Laudibus extollo te, tu mihi magnus Apollo;
Tu frater Phæbus, oculis collyria præbes,
Ne minus insanus repans quoque damna Dianæ,
Quæ me percussit radiis (nec dixeris usit)
Frigore collecto; medicus moderamine tecto
Lodicum binum perimit, et negatis mihi vinum.
O terra et cælum! quàm redit pectus anhelum.
Os mihi jam siccum, licet mihi hiberè die cum!
Ex vestro grato poculo, tam sæpe prolato,
Vina crepant: salca ostendit quis mihi tales?
Lumina, vos sperno, dum cuppæ gaudia cerno:
Perdere etenim pellem nostram, quoque crura in-
vellem.

Amphora, quàm dulces risus quæ pectora muleæ,
Pangitor a Flacco, cum pectus turget læcho:
Clarius erohe ingeminans geminatur et ohe;
Nempe jocosæ propago, hæsit sic vocis imago.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

WHAT'S KE your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Enpolis
Down in the Strand,^b just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grantees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.

* Dr. Richard Helsham.

^b N.B. The Strand is London. The fact may not be
but the rhyme could not have been so. — SWIFT.

Proceed to tragics: first Euripides
(An author where I sometimes nip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as had as Theopias;
And that a woman in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least I'm well assured that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Eachyris,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
And now I find my muse but ill able
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

THE ANSWER, BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Sir, I thank you for your comedies.
I'll stay and read 'em now at home a-days,
Because Pareus wrote but sorrowly
Thy notes, I'll read Lambinus thoroughly;
And then I shall be stoutly set a-gog
To challenge every Irish pedagogue.
I like your nice epistle critical,
Which does in threefold rhymes so witty fall;
Upon the comic dram' and tragedy
Your notion's right, but verses maggoty;
'Tis but an hour since I heard a man swear it,
The devil himself could hardly answer it.
As for your friend the sage Euripides,
* I believe you give him now the slip o' days;
But mum for that—pray come a Saturday
And dine with me, you can't a better day;
I'll give you nothing but a mutton chop,
Some nappy-mellow'd ale with rotten hop,
A pint of wine as good as Falern',
Which we poor masters, God knows, all earn:
We'll have a friend or two, sir, at table,
Right honest men, for few're comeatable;
Then when our liquor makes us talkative,
We'll to the fields, and take a walk at eve.
Because I'm troubled much with laziness,
These rhymes I've chosen for their easiness.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1718.

DEAR DEAN, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle? [deal,
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning.
In bed as I lay, sir, a-tossing and turning.
You'll find if you read but a few of your histories.
All women, as Eve, all women are mysteries,
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them;
I swear without jest I an honour intend them.
In a sieve, sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before; do you know what I mean,
sir?

"Not I, by my troth, sir."—Then read it again, sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last.
When your Pegasus canter'd in triple, and rid fast.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whip'd, spur'd, hasty-naded.

* N. B.—You told me you forgot your Greek.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack night.
And when with much labour the matter I crack'd,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin,)
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid, was the first man's damnation;

If your worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11, 1718.
past 12 at noon.

DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN.

DON'T think these few lines which I send a re-
proach

From my Muse in a car to your Muse in a coach.
The great god of poems delights in a car,
Which makes him so bright that we see him from far;
For were he mew'd up in a coach, 'tis allow'd
We'd see him no more than we see through a cloud.
You know to apply this—I do not disparage
Your lines, but I say they're the worse for the carriage.

Now first you deny that a woman's a sieve;
I say that she is; What reason d'ye give?
Because she lets out more than she takes in.
Is't that you advance for't? you are still to begin.
Your major and minor I both can refute,
I'll teach you hereafter with whom to dispute.
A sieve keeps in half, deny't if you can. [bran't?
D. "Adzucks, I mistook it, who thought of the
I tell you in short, sir, you should have a pair o'
stocks

For thinking to palm on your friend such a paradox.
Indeed, I confess, at the close you grew better,
But you light from your coach when you finish'd
your letter.

Your thing which you say wants interpretation,
What's name for a maiden—the first man's damnation?

A damsel—Adam's hell—say, there I have hit it,
Just as you conceiv'd it, just so have I writ it.
Since this I've discover'd, I'll make you to know it,
That now I'm your Phœbus, and you are my poet.
But if you interpret the two lines that follow,
I'll again be your poet, and you my Apollo.
Why a noble lord's dog and my schoolhouse this
weather [ther?
Make up the best catch when they're coupled toge

From my Ringed car, Sept. 12, 1718.
past 5 in the morning, on a repetition
day.

TO THE SAME.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

12 o'clock at noon,
O. S. September 12, 1718.

Sir, perhaps you may wonder, I send you so soon
Another epistle; consider 'tis noon. [is,
For all his acquaintance well know that friend Tom
Whenever he makes one, as good as his promise.
Now Phœbus exalted, sits high on his throne,
Dividing the heav'ns, dividing my crown,

* A damsel, i. e. Adam's hell.
† Begging pardon for the expression to a dignitary of the
church.

Into poems and business, my skull's split in two,
One side for the lawyers, and t'other for you.
With my left eye I see you sit snug in your stall,
With my right I'm attending the lawyers that scrawl.
With my left I behold your bellower a cur chase;
With my right I'm a-reading my deeds for a purchase.
My left ear's attending the hymns of the choir,
My right ear is stunn'd with the noise of the crier.
My right hand's inditing these lines to your reverence,
My left is indenting for me and heirs ever-hence.
Although in myself I'm divided in two.
Dear dean, I shall ne'er be divided from you.

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Sir,
I CANNOT but think that we live in a had age,
O tempora, O mores! as 'tis in the adage.
My foot was but just set out from my cathedral,
When into my hands comes a letter from the droll.
I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses;
But now let us hear what the Muse from your car
says.
Hum—excellent good—your anger was stirr'd;
Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word.
But let me advise you, when next I hear from you,
To leave off this passion which does not become you;
For we who debate on a subject important [on't
Must argue with calmness, or else will come short
For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle.
For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
And think of the sex as you please, I'd as lieve
You call them a riddle as call them a sieve.
Yet still you are out, (though to vex you I'm loth,)
For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
A schoolboy know this, for it plainly appears
That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
For you can't but have heard of a trick among
wizards,
To break open riddles with shears or with scissors.
Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
You'll dare not to question my minor or major.^a
A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out.
Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a-jar
By riding this morning too long in your car;
And I wish your few friends, when they next see
your cargo,
For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous,
And you durst not talk thus if I saw you at our ale-
house.
But as for your threats, you may do what you can;
I despise any poet that truckled to Dan.
But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart,
From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.
You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine
twitter;
You hit it, you say:—you're a delicate blither.
How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
And if you be my Phœbus, pray who was your Pal-
As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux, [las I
I will either explain, or repay it by tricks;
Though your lords, and your dogs, and your catches,
metiluks,
Are harder than ever were put by the sphinx.
And thus I am fully revenged for your late tricks,
Which is all at present from the

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

From my closet, Sept. 12, 1718,
[sat 12 at noon.

^a Ut tu perperam argumentaria

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Sir,—Your Billingsgate Muse methinks does begin
With much greater noise than a conjugal din.
A pox of her hawling, her *tempora et mores!*
What are times now to me? a't I one of the Tories!
You tell me my verses disturb you at prayers;
Oh, oh, Mr. Dean, are you there with your bears?
You pray, I suppose, like a heathen, to Phœbus,
To give his assistance to make out my rebus:
Which I don't think so fair; leave it off for the future;
When the combat is equal, this god should be neuter.
I'm now at the tavern, where I drink all I can,
To write with more spirit; I'll drink no more Hell-
For Helicon is water, and water is weak; [con;
'Tis wine on the gross lee, that makes your Muse
speak.

This I know by her spirit and life; but I think
She's much in the wrong to scold in her drink.
Her damn'd pointed tongue pierced almost to my
Tell me of a cart,—tell me of a —, [heart;
I'd have you to tell on both sides her ears, [stairs;
If she comes to my house, that I'll kick her down
Then home she shall limping go, squalling out, O my
knee

You shall soon have a crutch to buy for your Melpo-
mene.

You may come as her bully, to bluster and swagger;
But my ink is my poison, my pen is my dagger:
Stand off, I desire, and mark what I say to you,
If you come I will make your Appollo shine through
you.

Don't think, sir, I fear a dean, as I would fear a dun
Which is all at present from yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Sir,—When I saw you to-day, as I went with lord
Anglesey,

Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly
dangles he!

When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
To the very coach side, and threaten your letters.

Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws,
trow!

Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plaustris*?
But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be
foild in,

For scolding is just *quasi diceret*—school-din;
And I think I may say you could many good shill-
lings get, [Billingsgate;

Were you dress'd like a bawd, and sold oysters at
But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
I'll write, though I'm forced to write in a wheel-
barrow!

Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me stanch,
And you and your cart shall give me *corte blanche*.
Since you write in a cart, keep it *lecta et sarta*.

'Tis all you have for it: 'tis your best *Magna Carta*;
And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago*.

Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art,
You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierras* and in *cart*;
Your ink is your poison,* your pen is what not;

Your ink is your drink,* your pen is your pot.
To my goddess Melpomene, pride of her sex,
I gave, as you beg, your most humble respects:

The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
For she never descends so low as the cellar;
But before you can put yourself under her banners,
She declares from her throne you must learn better
manners.

* *Vix, ut tu predicas.*

1 *Vix, ut ego asero veritas.*

If once in your cellar my Phœbus should shine,
 I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
 So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it,
 What he ripens above ground he sours below it.
 But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear,
 With three hundred and sixty-five poems a-year?
 Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George
 Rochfort [watch for't.
 Will laugh in their sleeves: I can tell you they
 Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing high:
 Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atrides. [day:
 JON. SWIFT

Written, signed, and sealed, five minutes and
 eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, at-
 tending seven seconds for sealing and super-
 scribing, from my bed-side, just eleven mi-
 nutes after eleven, Sept. 12, 1718.

Erratum in your last, l. antepenult, pro "fear a
 Dan," lege "fear a Don:" Ita omnes MSS. quos
 ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam
 veritati.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.*

Dec. 14, 1719, nine at night.

Sir,—It is impossible to know by your letter
 whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow
 or no.

If it be, or be not, why did you in plain English
 tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit
 with the ladies^b this night;

And if they had not told me there was a letter from
 you, and your man Alexander had not gone and
 come back from the deanery, and the boy here
 had not been sent to let Alexander know I was
 here, I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for
 corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man
 Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has
 gone about ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't
 care for your wife's company, though they like
 your wine; but they had rather have it at their
 own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mrs. Sheridan
 to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine's to-night,
 with all my heart and soul, upon my word and
 honour;

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out
 so late at this time of year, when one would not
 turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your
 friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my lady
 Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have
 made advances to have been acquainted with me,
 as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my
 paper is ended.

1st P.S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
 Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
 My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
 I think you are fated like a bear to be baited;
 Your man is belated: the case I have stated;
 And me you have cheated. My stable's unsated.
 Come back t' us well freighted.
 I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
 For teasing me.

* In this letter, though written in prose, the reader, upon
 examining, will find each second sentence rhymes to the former.
^b Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

2nd P.S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly [you;
 Her service to present you; hopes that will content
 But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame, [verse.
 For want of your converse, and cannot send one

3rd P.S.

[tling:
 You keep such a twatting with you and your bot-
 tle! I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;
 The long and the short, we shall not have a quart:
 I wish you would sign't, that we have a pint.
 For all your colloquing,^a I'd be glad of a knoggin.^b
 But I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.
 'Tis of shine a mouth moon-ful, you won't part with
 a spoonful;
 And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
 You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop.
 But I doubt the oraculum is a poor supernaculum;
 Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if it
 smell it. STELLA.

DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER.

I'd have you to know, as sure as you're dean,
 On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain;
 If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quean;
 And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
 As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
 Go tell her it over and over again.
 I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
 For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
 Entirely extinguish my poetic vein;
 And then I should be as stupid as Kain,
 Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd
 but twain.

Now Wardell's in haste, and begins to complain;
 Your most humble servant, dear sir, I remain,

T. S—N.

Get Helsham, Walsley, Delany,
 And some Grattans, if there be any:^c
 Take care you do not hid too many.

DR. SWIFT'S REPLY.

THE verses you sent on your bottling your wine
 Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
 And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
 I think you inspired by the Muses all mine.
 I nicely examined them every line, [shine;
 And the worst of them all like a barn-door did
 O, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
 With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
 I know they have many a wicked design;
 And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
 However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
 You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine,^d
 Where I hear you are cram'd every day like a
 swine;
 With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
 Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine;
 So I wish you were toothless, like lord Massarine.
 But were you as wicked as lewd Arctine,
 I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
 If when you return your road you don't line,
 On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
 Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
 In square, or in opposite, circle, or trine.
 Your beef will on Thursday be saltier than brine:
 I hope you have awill'd with new milk from the kine,
 As much as the Liffey's outdone by the Rhine;
 And Dan shall be with us with nose aquiline.

^a A phrase used in Ireland for a specious appearance of
 kindness without sincerity.

^b A name used to Ireland for the English quartern.

^c i. e. in Dublin, for they were country elegists.

^d The seat of lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.

If you do not come back we shall weep out our
eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got I hear is a ehine;
But if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a piquine.

GEORGE ROCHFORD'S VERSES,

FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S,
AT LARACON, NEAR TAJM.

MUSA CLONSHOGHIANA.

THAT Downpatrick's dean, or Patrick's down went,
Like two arrand deans, two deans errant I meant;
So that Christmas appears at Bellecampe like a Lent,
Gives the gamblers of both houses great discontent.

Our parsons agree here, as those did at Trent,
Dan's forehead has got a most damnable dent,
Besides a large hole in his Michaelmas rent.

But your fancy on rhyming so unsexed bent,
With your bloody ouns in one stanza pent,
Does Jack's utter ruin at picket prevent,
For an answer in specie to yours must be sent;
So this moment at crumbo (not shuffling) is spent,
And I lose by this crotchet quaterze, point, and
quint,

Which you know to a gamester is great bitterness;
But whisk shall revenge me on you, Batt, and Brent,
Bellecampe, Jan. 1, 1717.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

Written July 15, 1721, at night.

I'd have you t' know, George,^a Dan,^b Dean,^c and
Nim,^d

That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,
Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And that I'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim.
Ay b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a merry whim,
With 'bundance of mark'd notes l'h' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't you p'tle put m' in a megrim;
Though 'n rep't'ion day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl 't Hesham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swall'w'd s'r'r'l
brim-

Mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd plim-
Ples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were ('s 'tis n't) 's
strong's tim-

Ber, 't must have ach'd. Th' clans of th' c'liege
Sanh'drim,

Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; 'nd 's t'
say, D'lin, 'ehlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'sham,
Capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Longsh'uks Timm.*

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaalstown lads (for such they are),
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines:
Smooth as our basin's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.

The board on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses;
Compared with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.

Nor praise I less that circumcison,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station placed,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly brace'd.
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in;
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will n'r be smooth nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedged and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar;
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each grooved and dovetail'd like a box;
Thy muse is tuck'd up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are link'd:
Thy words together tied in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx!
Or like the *unso* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic, to his grief will find
How firmly these indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
Ths shortening is the nicest part.

Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perused like Hebrew,
In which they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2, 1721

DEAR Tom, this verse, which however the begin-
ning may appear, yet in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation
comes, your friends you'd meet here.

For why should you stay in the filthy hole, I mean
the city so smoky,

When you have not one friend left in town, or at
least not one that's witty, to joke w' ye?
For as for honest John,^a though I'm not sure on't,
yet I'll be hang'd, lest he

Be gone down to the county of Wexford with the
great peer the lord Anglesey.^b

O! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may
have on a come to town, but I don't know whether
he be friend or foe, Delany:

But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and
you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's
no delaying ye.

O! I forgot too: I believe there may be one more, I
mean that great fat joker, friend Hesham, he

^a Supposed to mean Dr. Walmsley.

^b Arthur earl of Anglesey.

^a George Rochfort. ^b Mr. Jackson. ^c Dr. Swift.

^d Mr. John Rochfort, called by the dean Nimrod, or Nun,
from his attachment to hunting.

* Dr. James Shyford, afterwards bishop of Cloyne

That wrote the prologue,^a and if you stay with him,
depend on't, in the end he'll sham ye.
Bring down Longshanks Jim^b too; but, now I think
on't, he's not yet come from Courtown,^c I fancy;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a-
courting sly Nancy.

However, bring down yourself, and yon bring down
all; for, to say it we may venture,

In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's
jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jeannette.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say
you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun,
and own it;

I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can
boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.

And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which
I must say is (though written somewhat at large)
trim and clean;

And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.,

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES.

BY DR. DELANY IN SHERIDAN'S NAME.

Hail, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wright Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-bodied Geryon!
O may your vastness deluge t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unshakable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge colossian height!
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.

Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambyesian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native lake,
As Egypt won't to be with Nile.
O, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length, would reach to heaven:
Here all comparings would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.

Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For though from thee be much may part,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.

Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's extender of courses.

O thou, of all the Nine inspired!
My languid soul, with touching tired,
How is it raptured when it thinks
Of thy harmonious set of chinks;
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like echo to St. Patrick's chimes!

Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage;
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:

Her train of variegated dye
Shows like Titianian's in the sky:
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike impress'd by Phœbus rays.

Thy verse—(ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocœon.
'Tis like,—O yes, 'tis very like it,—
The long, long string, with which you fly kite
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo^a in good humour;
And every couplet thou hast writ
Concludes with Rhattah-whittah-whit.^b

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,
'PON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

BY DR. SWIFT.

It never was known that circular letters
By humble companions were sent to their betters
And as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*, [is,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme
That we walk all about like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddies turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant,
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd
In each single verse, took up a diameter. [metre,
But how, Mr. Sheridan, cause you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre?
'Twill appear to your cost you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fix'd in a tether, [ring,
As his betters are used, shall be lash'd round the
Three fellows with whips, and the dean holds the
string.

Will Hancock declares you are out of your compass,
To enroach on his art by writting of bombast;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.

Lady Betty^d presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble
That she make of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam.^e
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORD.

With music and poetry equally bless'd,
A hard thus Apollo most humbly address'd:
"Great author of harmony, verses, and light!
Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
Thy substitute here, vice Apollo, disdains
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
Thy manual signet refuses to put
To the mss I produce from the pen or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus! and grant
Relief or reward to my merit or want.
Though the dean and Delany transcendently shine,
O brighten one sonnet or sonnet of mine! [abode,
With them I'm content thou should'st make thy
But visit thy servant to jig or in ode;
Make one work immortal: 'tis all I request."

Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, resolving to jest,

^a At Gaultown there is a remarkable famous relic.

^b In allusion to the sound produced by the echo.

^c Their figures were in the centre of the verses.

^d Daughter of the earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochford, esq.

^e Miss Thomason lady Betty's daughter.

^a It was customary with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head class just before they entered the university.

^b Dr. James Topford, bishop of Cloyne.

^c The seat of ——— Hussy, esq., in the county of Kildare.

Replied, "Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case;
Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.
Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
Thy works shall continue; and here's the receipt.
On roudous hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend;
Write verses in circles: they never shall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,

CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

To fair lady Betty Dan sat for his picture,
And defied her to draw him so oft as he piqued her.
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring hy her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
Come sit, says my lady; then whips up her scissar
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit {eyes;
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observed it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;
And, to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
She raised up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose:
And if lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.

Well, that's hut my outside, says Dan, with a vapour;

Say you so! says my lady; I've lined it with paper.

PATR. DELANY, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

CLARISSA draws her scissors from the case
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face;
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produced a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measure you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravell'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard head.
How came the scissors to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan—
You'll swear the pasteboard was the better man.
"The devil!" says he, "the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is—behold the paper skull.

THOS. SHERIDAN, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME.

If you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it.
I'll swear he's so like it that he was made by it.

THOS. SHERIDAN, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Dan's evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORD, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILET you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern sapphic,
I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or insinuating at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochford,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forced to botch for't.

Bid lady Betty recollect her,
And tell who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre!

I must confess that as to me, sir,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissors,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the hridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise—at pictura poëta.

Takes merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combined in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre.
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspired by what they drew
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with di grace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture furce;
The squire, in French, as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, sir,
Because on them you play at whisk, sir.
But much I wonder, why my crazy
Should envied be by De-el-any:
And yet much more that half-namesake
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Division and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be anything to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridan;
'Tis hard then he should be decried
By Dan, with Sherry by his side.

But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I !
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORTH'S REPLY.

You say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what! by nose or tongue !
In not explaining you are wrong
to us, sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, sir.

But yet be not cast down : I see
A weaver will your hangman be :
You'll only hang in tapestry
with many ;

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, sir :

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
to Jove, sir.

You the famed idol will become,
As gardens graced in ancient Rome,
By matrons worshipp'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan ! thrice happy sure !
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty ;
Now I'll proceed : a word or two 't ye
in answer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone,
In your opinion, are all one :
How can, sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run a-ground,
As things so different to confound
t' our senses !

Except you judged them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block ;
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper Judge on this occasion ;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted :

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit ;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refused, sir :

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took,)
you'll find, sir,

S, H, E, she—and R, I, ri,
Both put together make Sherry ;
D, A, N, Dan—makes up the three
syllables ;

Dan is but one, and Sherry two,
Then, sir, your choice will never do ;
Therefore, I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

Assist me, my Muse, while I labour to limn him
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae persisterem.
You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough,
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
But much I'm amazed you should think my design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign,
And if 'tis so strange that your monstrosity's errand
Should be envied by him, much less by Delany ;
Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she's envied, since a fiend of hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.

Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspired by the subject we drew.
Inspired we were, and well, sir, you know it ;
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it ;
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been
inspired, [fired,
Though perhaps it might justly've been said we were
As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry ;
Now if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be denied that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to say, sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, sir, you did it to fill up the verse ;
So crowds in a concert (like actors in force)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, sir,
When Sheridan scuds to merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are ;
'Tis very true, and free from care :
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, sir :
For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man ;
'Tis women should be pale and wan,
and taper ;

And all your trifling beaux and foys,
Who comb their brows and sleek their cloys,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
mere vapour.

We know your morning hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face ;
Is this the way you take your glass ?
Forbear it :

Those loads of paint upon your toilet
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did parboil it : Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,

or pullet:

See what by drinking you have done :
You've made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown,
t' your gullet.

A REJOINDER

BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to't:
But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter—
Ahl airboot!

It must be so! what else, alas!
Can mean my euling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daugh, whilst I hut paint;
Then which of us two is the qual-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone ;
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,

who'd bear it !

'Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout me.

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes,
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose

I pass now where you flier and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half!
O there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold sir.

Dan's noble metal, Sherry base ;
So Dan's the better, though the less,
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,

dull pedant.

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry,
Good spelling-master; your crany
has lead in't

ANOTHER REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have hated;
And art thou forced to yield, ill-fated
poetaster

Henceforth acknowledge that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan knows
thy master.

Blosh for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Rathmines ;^a
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
prond boaster.

I bear with some concern your roar,
And flying think to quit the score
By clapping hillets on your door

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm grieved to hear your banishment.
But pleased to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you when you look'd so blinff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know prostration is enough to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

⁴⁴Cedo jam, miseris cognosceus premia rixae,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum."

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan, the victorious,
Presents as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I, vanquish'd, fled the town,
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry peccavi,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*;
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd squire with the hard name;
The de'il too that owed me a shame,
The devil and Delany:

They tempted me t'attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch :
Unhappy wretch ! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch :

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by von.

THE PARDON.

THE SUIT which humbly you have made
Is fully and maturely weigh'd;

And as 'tis your petition,
I do forgive, for well I know,
Since you're so bruised, another blow
Would break the head of Priam.

*Tis not my purpose or intent
That you should suffer banishment :

* A village near Dublin.

I pardon, now you've courted;
And yet I fear this elemency
Will come too late to profit thee,
For you're with grief transported.
However, this I do command,
That you your hirci do take in hand,
Read concord and syntax on;
The hays, you own, are only mine,
Do you then still your nouns decline,
Since you've declined Dan Jackson.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DANIEL JACKSON

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

— MEDIOCRIBUS esse poetis

Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnis.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from "Horne's Art of Poetry," which I have chosen for my week-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:—
For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanna, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made:—

You'll have a gosling—call it Dan,
And do not make your goose a swan.
'Tis true, because the god of wit
To get him in that shape thought fit,
He'll have some glowworm sparks of it.
Venture you may to turn him loose,
But let it be to another goose.
The time will come, the fatal time,
When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
The tow'ring swan comes sousing down,
And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
From that sad time, and sad disaster,
He'll be a lame, crack'd poetaster.
At length for stealing rhymes and triplets
He'll be content to hang in giblets.

You see now, gentlemen, this is fatally and literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of horrowed wings, though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Duffey, &c., for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet; and this ladder shall be my Gradus ad Parnassum; and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung,
And then I'll make a line for every rung.^a
There's nine, I see,—the Moses, too, are nine.
Who would refuse to die a death like mine!

1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name;
2. Enterp, in tragic numbers do the same.
3. This rung, I see, Terpsichore's thy flute;
4. Erato, sing me to the gods; ah, do't;
5. Thalia, don't make me a comedy;
6. Urania, raise me tow'rs the starry sky;
7. Calliope, to hallicad-strains descend,
8. And, Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend;
9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end.

POOR DAN JACKSON.

* The Yorkshire term for the rounds or steps of a ladder.

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON.

TO ME HUMELY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON,
WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.
Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him yon, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stauder-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before;
And, when he's lash'd an hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on schoolboys' hums,
The more they frisk and skip:
The schoolboys' top hut louder hums
The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut and ery *Victoria*!

At every stroke of mine he fell;
'Tis true he roar'd and eried;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

LEAN TOM, when I saw him last week on his horse
awry,

Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our foe
says,

He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses,
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison),
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise. {mawl
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask can I
This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal!
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man,) I should be glad then of it.

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT.

A HIGHLANDER once fought a Frenchman at Mar-
gate,
The weapons a rapier, a hacksword, and target;

Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood ;
While Sawney with backward did slash him and
nick him, [him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick
Cried " Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me'll fight you, begar, if you'll come from your
door !"

Our case is the same ; if you'll fight like a man,
Don't fly from my weapon and skulk behind Dan ;
For he's not to be pierced ; his leather's so tough,
The devil himself can't get through his buff.
Besides, I cannot but say that it is hard,
Not only to make him your shield, but your vizard ;
And like a tragedian, you rant and you roar,
Through the horrible grin of your *lawn's* wide bore.
Nay, farther, which makes me complain much, and
frump it,

You make his long nose your loud speaking trumpet ;
With the din of which tube my head you so bother,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from
'other.

You made me in your last a goose ;
I lay my life out you are wrong,
To raise me by such foul abuse :
My quill you'll sud's a woman's tongue ;
And slit, just like a bird will chatter,
And like a bird do something more
When I let fly, 'twill so bespatter,
I'll change you to a blackmoor.

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head ;
I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're
dead.

Though you call me a goose, you pitiful slave.
I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN, IN REPLY.

Tom, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They're fit for nothing else but pasquills,
I've often heard it from the wise,
That inflammations in the eyes
Will quickly fall upon the tongue.
And thence, as famed John Bunyan sung,
From out the pen will presently
On paper dribble daintily.
Suppose I call'd you goose, it is hard
One word should stick thus in your gizzard
You're my goose no other man's ;
And you know, all my geese are swans :
Only one scurvy thing I find,
Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
But now I smoke where lies the slander,—
I call'd you goose instead of gander :
For that, dear Tom, ne'er fret and vex,
I'm sure you cackle like the sex.
I know the gander always goes
With a quill stuck across his nose :
So your eternal pen is still
Or in your ciew, or in your bill.
But whether you can tread or hatch,
I've something else to do than watch
As for your writing I am dead,
I leave it for the second head.

Manery-house, Oct. 27, 1718.

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

I CAN'T but wonder, Mr. Dean,
To see you live, so often slain.
My arrows fly and fly in vain,
But still I try and try again.
I'm now, sir, in a writing vein ;
Don't think, like you, I squeeze and strain,

Perhaps you'll ask me what I mean ;
I will not tell, because it's plain.
Your Muse, I am told, is in the wane ;
If so, from pen and ink refrain.
Indeed, believe me, I'm in pain
For her and you ; your life's a scene
Of verse, and rhymes, and hurricane,
Enough to crack the stoutest brain.
Now to conclude, I do remain,
Your honest friend, TOM SHERIDAN

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN.

Poor Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
Though I dare you to more than quadruple alliance !
You're so retrograde, sure you were horn under
Cancer ;
Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an an-
if this be your practice, mean scrub I assure ye,
And swear by each Fate and your new friends, each
Fury,
I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk ;
I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk :
Nay, further, the moment you're free from your
scalding,
I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin,

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

TO MR. SHERIDAN. 1728.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my
mother bound up my head !
You a gentleman ! Marry come up ! I wonder where
you were bred.
I'm sure such words does not become a man of your
cloth ;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave ; fie, Mr. Sheri-
dan ! 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan ! 'tis both a
shame and a sin ;
And the dean, my master, is an honestier man than
you and all your kin :
He has more goodness in his little finger than you
have in your whole body :
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddie doddie.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse,
Because my master one day in anger call'd you a
goose :
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart,
drunk or sober :
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd
to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out
so late in your college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave : a christian
eat grass !
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
or an ass :
But that's as much as to say that my master should
die before ye ;
Well, well, that's as God pleases ; and I don't be-
lieve that's a true story :
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master ; what care I !
And I don't care who knows it ; 'tis all due to Mary.

Everybody knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil;
 I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
 Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
 I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year.
 And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking:
 Mary, said be (one day as I was mending my master's stocking),
 My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
 I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
 Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
 He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dishcloth to his tail.
 And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
 For I write but a bad scrawl; but my sister Margaret she writes better.
 Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers:
 And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
 Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand;
 And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,
 MARY.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

Come, sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
 In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
 A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
 Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
 As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
 She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
 A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
 For all an example, for no one a pattern.
 Now tell me, friend Thomas,* Ford,^b Grattan,^c and Merry Dan,^d
 Has this any likeness to good madam Sheridan?

ON STEALING A CROWN, WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

DEAR dean, since you in sleepy wise
 Have oped your mouth and closed your eyes,
 Like ghost I glide along your floor,
 And softly shut the parlour door:
 For, should I break your sweet repose,
 Who knows what money you might lose:
 Since oftentimes it has been found
 A dream has given ten thousand pound!
 Then sleep, my friend: dear dean, sleep on,
 And all you get shall be your own;
 Provided you to this agree,
 That all you lose belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
 Steals from the cully when he's drunk:
 Nor is contented with a treat,
 Without her privilege to cheat:
 Nor can I the least difference find,
 But that you left no clasp behind.

* Dr. Thos. Sheridan.
 • Rev. John Grattan.

^b Chas. Ford, of Woodpark.
^c Rev. Daniel Jackson.

But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
 My twelve thirteens* and sixpence-ha'penny.
 To eat my meat and drink my medlicot,
 And then to give me such a deadly cut—
 But 'tis observed, that men in gowns
 Are most inclined to plunder crows.
 Could you but change a crown as easy
 As you can steal one, bow 'twould please ye!
 I thought the lady^b at St. Catherine's
 Knew how to act you better patterns;
 For this I will not dine with Agmondisham,^c
 And for his victuals, let a ragman dish 'em.

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY

PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL.

Spoken by one of the scholars.

As in a silent night a lonely swain,
 'Tending his flocks on the Pharaonian plain,
 To heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
 And every look finds out a new surprise;
 So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
 Our lower sphere made more serene by you,
 O! could such light in my dark bosom shine,
 What life, what vigour, should adorn each line!
 Beauty and virtue should be all my theme,
 And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
 The adventurous painter's fate and mine are one,
 Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;
 Majestic light his feeble art denies,
 And for presuming, robs him of his eyes.
 Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
 Sink far below your too exalted praise:
 Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain:
 No, we're sincere,—to flatter you were vain.
 You spurn at fine encomiums misapplied,
 And all perfections but your beauties hide.
 Then, as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
 Nor frown on those you see so well inclined
 To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and then
 Those sweet rewards will make us act like men.

THE EPILOGUE.

Now all is done, ye learn'd spectators, tell,
 Have we not play'd our parts extremely well?
 We think we did, but if you do complain,
 We're all content to act the play again:
 'Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
 And time well spent in school cannot be lost.
 But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
 We guess'd long since you all desired to move:
 But that's in vain, for we'll not let a man stir
 Who does not take up Plautus first, and construe.
 Him we'll dismiss that understands the play;
 He who does not, I faith, be's like to stay.
 Though this new method may provoke your laughter,
 To act plays first, and understand them after;
 We do not care, for we will have our humour,
 And will try you, and you, and you, sir, and one or two more.
 Why don't you stir? there's not a man will budge,
 How much they've read, I'll leave you all to judge.

THE SONG.

A parody on the popular song beginning,
 "My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent."

My time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent
 When Bacchus went with me wherever I went;
 For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
 Was ever a toper so merrily bless'd?

* A shilling passes for thirteence in Ireland.

^b Lady Moynacshel.

^c Agmondisham Vesey, esq., of Lucan, in the county of Dublin, comptroller and acceptant general of Ireland.

But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;
To the fondling and toying of "honey," and "dear,"
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.

My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife, too, was pleased, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now, out of humour, I with a sour look
Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my book;
And I'll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends, are

Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become, [away!
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plum!
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while!
Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I'll drink till I die.

TO QUILCA.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF MR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY
GOOD REPAIR. 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimneys, with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah's toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE. 1725.

FAR from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Nor seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A COMPANION with news; a great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat or choose; a church without pews;
Our horses astray; no straw, oats, or hay; [at play.
December in May; our boys run away; all servants

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose.
Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.

While you are trudging London town,
I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my hooks:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with Faustina;
I'm charm'd at home with your Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butchers' meat.

* The name of an Irish servant.

† Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.

You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why, so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you mayn't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs that in twelve days
You'd make a dozen of Pops and Gays.

Our weather's good, our sky is clear;
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know
This week I shall to Quilca go;
To see M'Faden's horny brothers
First suck, and after bull their mothers;
To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
To see what all the country sees!
My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks,
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fall;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horses rid or gone astray;
My fish all stolen or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starved, the corn all sold.
A man come now from Quilca says,
"They've stol'n the locks from all your keys;"
But, what must fret and vex me more,
He says, "They stole the keys before.
They've stol'n the knives from all the forks;
And half the cows from half the sturks."
Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
"They've stol'n the sturks from half the cows:"
With many more accounts of woe,—
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go!
Twixt you and me, the reason's clear,
Because I've more vexation here.

A FAITHFUL INVENTORY

ON THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO ——— ROOM.

IN T. C. D.

IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER.

Written in the year 1735.

— Quisque ipse miserima vidi.—VING.

IMPRINIS, there's a table blotted,
A tatter'd hanging all hespotted.
A bed of flocks, as I may rank it
Reduced to rug and half a blanket
A tinder-box without a flint
An oaken desk with nothing in't;
A pair of tongs bought from a broker,
A fender and a rusty poker;
A penny pot and basin, this
Design'd for water, that for piss;
A broken-winded pair of hewlows,
Two knives and forks, but neither fellows;
Item, a surplice, not unmeeting
Either for table-cloth or sheeting;
There is likewise a pair of breeches,
But catch'd and fallen in the stitches,

* They is the grand thief of the county of Cavan: for whatever is stolen, if you inquire of a servant about it, the answer is, "They have stolen it."

Hung up in stndy very little,
Plaster'd with cobweb and spittle,
An airy prospect all so pleasing,
From my light window without glazing.
A trencher and a college bottle
Piled up on Locke and Aristotle.
A prayer-book, which he seldom handles;
A savo-all and two farthing candles.
A smnnty ballad, musty libel,
A Burger's dleius and a bible.
The C * * * Seasons and the Senses
By Overton, to save expenses.
Item (if I am not much mistaken),
A mouse-trap with a bit of bacon.
A candlestick without a snuffer,
Whereby his fingers often suffer.
Two odd old shoes I should not skip here,
Each strapless serves instead of slipper.
And chairs a couple, I forgot 'em,
But each of them without a bottom.
Thus I in rhyme have comprehended
His goods, and so my sbedule's ended.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays outshine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
O! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, dean,
Should you compassion show.
Take those lambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To singe your fowl or save your paste
The next time when you have a feast;
They'll save you many a book.
To burn them you are not content;
I give you then my free consent
To sink them in the harbour:
If not, they'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
So give them to your barber.
Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts and many more,
Who gave me provocation.
What cannot mighty anger do!
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
While he's no longer man.
Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
And let their husbands hector:
But when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak:
Witness the curtain lecture.
Such was the case with you, I find;
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chimne
Awaked your muse, (my midnight curse,
When I engaged for better for worse,)
You scolded with your rhymes.
Have done! have done! I quit the field,
To you as to my wife, I yield:

As sho must wear the breeches:
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE,*

WITH THE DOCTOR^b AT THEIR HEAD.

N.B. The ladies treated the doctor.

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks;
While he sits by a-grinning
To see you safe in Sot's hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole;
Alas! I never thought
A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
He'll put you in a ballad;
Where I shall see your faces,
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Then Venus like an owl.
And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.
It fills my heart with woe
To think such ladies fine
Should be reduced so low
To treat a dull divine.
He by a parson cheated!
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.
See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, annts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits choose gallants.
If we, who wear our wigs
With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs,
Z—ds! who would be a rake?
Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I'd wear a gown.
Then leave him to his birch,^c
And at the Roso on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE
BEAU,

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

BY DR. SHERIDAN

You little scribbling beau,
What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
As much as you can fight.
For compliment so scurvy,
I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

* An alehouse in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.

^b Doctor Thomas Sheridan.^c Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster.

You thought to make a farce on
The mao and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
Is worth a hundred beaux.
And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver clocks and tassels;
You would, you Thing of Things!
Because around your case
A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by-lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grisette;
Shall we, of sense refined,
Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
As empty as the air!
We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

WHY, how now, dapper black!
I smell your gow and cassock,
As strong upon your back
As Tisdall smells of a sock.
To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.
Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold, nor keep a splutter;
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.
But Satan never saw
Such haggard loes as these;
They stiek athwart my maw,
As had as Suffolk cheese.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD

ON BALLYSPELLIN.^b 1728.

ALL you that would refine your blood
As pure as famed Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year
To drink at Ballyspellin.
Though pox or iteh your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
A month at Ballyspellin.
If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kiodling rose withio it glows
When she's at Ballyspellin.
The sooty browo, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux,
By dint of Ballyspellin.
Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose or bright Dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.
We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling;
The reason's plain; the ladies reign,
They're queens at Ballyspellin.

^a A clergyman in the north of Ireland, who had made proposals of marriage to Stella.

^b A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite lady.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dore oppose
Their power at Ballyspellio.
Cold water turos to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream, which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellio.
Fine beaux advance, eqoipp'd for dance,
To bring their Anoe or Nell in,
With so much grace, I'm sore no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.
No politics, no subtile tricks,
No man his country selling;
We eat, we driok; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.
The trouhled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.
Though dropay fills you to the gills,
From ehin to toe though swelling,
Pour io, poor out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.
Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextops here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
But live at Ballyspellin.
Except you feel darts tipp'd with steel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.
Good eheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your toueh, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.
Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Celia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.
There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.
My rhymes are gone; I think I've noue,
Unless I should bring hell in;
But, since I'm here to heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

DARE you dispte, you saucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin!
How'er you founce, I here pronounes
Yoor medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
When drunk at Ballyspellin.
Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse thoo they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.
Llewellyn why! As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellio;
So hard sometimes you tag for rhymes.
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
You met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowins make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipp'd when Sheelah stripp'd,
To wash herself our well in,
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, what'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling:
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell Inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin!

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskellin;
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare to see her there,
The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good endgelling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

To make a writer miss his cod,
You've nothing else to do but mend.

I OFTEN tried in vain to find
A simile for womankind,
A simile, I mean, to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet, oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When, bellowing, they discharge their thunder:
So, when the alarm-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,

The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?

The clouds about the welkin roam,
And ladies never stay at home.

The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair:
For all the schemes of their forecasting
Are not more solid nor more lasting.

A cloud is light by turns and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden peuting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleased, his fears beguiled,
And all is clear when she has smiled.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike,)
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.

The clouds are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Celia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.

The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they, like ladies, have their bow!)

The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
Hew do these differ from our Graces,
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces!

Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birthday night?
The clouds delight to change their fashion:—
Dear ladies, be not in a passion;
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise
We see them dropping from your eyes.

In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fringed with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.

Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.

Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light;
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.

Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

AN ANSWER

BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show,
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or as loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.

Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?

We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt discharged, the sky grows clear;
But every sublimary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
How useful were a woman's thunder,
If she, like us, would burst asunder:
Yet, though her stays hath often cursed her,
And, whisp'ring, wish'd the devil burst her—
For hourly thund'ring in his face,
She ne'er was known to hurt a lace.

Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blamed for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compared for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give hubbubs, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a cloudy sky speaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.

A cloud in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.

When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a cursed inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.

For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd
Change every feature every second.

Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleased him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's Imperial queen;
His cloud produced a race of Centaurs,
Famed for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ad origine*,
By learned authors called *nubigenæ*;
But say, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to pass for Juno?

Before Æneus durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him dyed in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet.)
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smoked the bean.

Among you females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Bellitting Juno's favourite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Adored us clouds as deities;
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion.
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship uther gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams or low as hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es!
While we, o'er Teneriffa placed,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
Though Venus he as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair;
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souze your frieze surtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace
That Phœbus ever shows his face;
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains hith from side to side;
And then how saucily he shows
His brzen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Celin treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung, but we know better things.
'Tis true a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;

While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.

But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles damean us;
Each drab has been compared to Venus,
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.
Observe the case—I state it thus:
Though you compare your trull to us,
But think how damnably you err
When you compare us clouds to her;
From whence you draw such bold conclusions;
But poets love profuse allusions.

And, if you now so little spare us,
Who knows how soon you may compare us
To Chartres, Walpole, or a king,
If once we let you have your swing!
Such wicked insolence appears
Offensive to all pious ears.
To flatter women by a metaphor!
What profit could you hope to get of her!
And, for her sake, turn base detractor
Against your greatest benefactor.

But we shall keep revenge in store
If ever you provoke us more:
For, since we know you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly drench your frieze surtout;
Or may we never thunder throw,
Nor souse to death a birthday beau.

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS.*

TO DR. HELSHAM.^b

Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

SIR,—When I left you, I found myself of the grape's
I'm so full of pity I never abuse sick; [juice sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick;
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-

sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and

blue sick. [pew-sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you

stew, sick! [sick.
Lady Sautry got out of the church^c when she grew
And as fast as she could to the donnelly flew sick.

Miss Morice was (I can you assure 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick!

Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick!
Yet, ladies are seldom at omhre or loo sick. [sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales, when'er she does brew,
My footman came home from the church of a bruise

sick. [sick:
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose

sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick:
For the smell of them made me like garlie and rue

sick, [clew, sick.
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a
Yet hoped to find many (for that was your cue) sick;

* This medley, for it cannot be called a poem, is given as a specimen of those bagatelles for which the dean has been too severely censured.

^b Richard Hesham, M.D., Professor of Physic and Natural Philosophy in the University of Dublin.

^c St. Patrick's cathedral, where the music on St. Cecilia's day was performed.

But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,

And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they

screw, sick; [sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue,
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse

sick,
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

The doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrow sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew

sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick,
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick:
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopp'd the distemper, as being but new sick.

The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew

sick; [and you sick:
Had we two been there, it would have made me

A lady that long'd is by eating of glue sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick!

I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue

sick. [threw sick,
There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he

And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;

At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick!

Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu

Of rhymes I have plenty, [sick.
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.
I desire you will carry both these to the doctor,

together with his own; and let him know we are
not persons to be insulted.

"Can you match with me,
Who send thirty-three?

You must get fourteen more,
To make up thirty-four:

But, if me you can conquer,
I'll own you a strong cur."^a

This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew,

sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;

Last night I came home in a storm that then blew
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick; [sick;

I hear from good hands that my poor cousin Hugh's
By quaffing a bottle and pulling a screw sick; [sick:

And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse)
You see that I scorn to mention word music. [sick;

I'll do my best
To send the rest;

Without a jest,
I'll stand the test. [sick;

These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick;

Last night I came home with drinking of boose sick;
My carpenter swears that he'll back and he'll bew
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick; [sick.

^a The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift at the bottom of Dr. Hesham's twenty lines.

I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view
Lord! I could write a dozen more; [sick.
You see I've mounted thirty-four.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY

OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT,

VICAR OF LARACOR;

Upon lending his house to the bishop of Meath, until his own
was built.

An oaken broken elbow-chair;
A cradle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging grown quite grey;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish, which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A hottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all;
And thus his household goods you have all.
These, to your lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not as well as doctor Swift!

AN INVITATION TO DINNER,

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1727.

I've sent to the ladies^a this morning to warn 'em,
To order their chaise, and repair to Rathfarnham;^b
Where you shall be welcome to dine, if your deanship
Can take up with me, and my friend Stella's leanship.^c
I've got you some soles, and a fresh bleeding hret,
That's just disengaged from the toils of a net:
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roasted,
With lemons, and butter, and sippets well toasted:
Some larks that descended, mistaking the skies,
Which Stella brought down by the light of her eyes;
And there, like Narcissus, they gazed till they died,
And now they're to lie in some crumbs that are fried.
My wine will inspire you with joy and delight,
'Tis mellow, and old, and sparkling, and bright;
An emblem of one that you love, I suppose,
Who gathers more lovers the older she grows.^d
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We'll wean you from sighing for England I hope;
When we are together there's nothing that is dull,
There's nothing like Dufrey, or Smedley, or Tisdall.
We're sworn to make out an agreeable feast,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taste.
Your answer in half an hour, though you are at
prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION.

THOUGH the name of this place may make you to frown:
Your deanship is welcome to *Glassnevin* town;
A glass and no wine to a man of your taste,
Alas! is enough, sir, to break it in haste;

^a Mrs. Johnson (Stella) and her friend Mrs. Dingley.

^b A village near Dublin, where Dr. Sheridan had a country-house.

^c Stella was at this time in a very declining state of health. She died the January following.

^d He means Stella.

A pun on *Glassnevin*—*Glass*—*ne*, *no*—and *vin*, *wine*.

Be that as it will, your presence can't fall
To yield great delight in drinking our ale;
Would you but vouchsafe a mug to partake,
And as we can brew, believe we can hake,
The life and the pleasure we now from you hope,
The famed *Violante* can't slow on the rope;
Your genius and talents outdo even Pope.
Then while, sir, you live at *Glassnevin*, and find
The benefit wish'd you, by friends who are kind;
One night in the week, sir, your favour bestow,
To drink with Delany and others you know:
They constantly meet at Peg Radcliffe's together,
Talk over the news of the town and the weather;
Reflects on mishaps in church and in state,
Digest many things as well as good meat;
And club each alike that no one may treat.
This if you will grant without coach or chair,
You may, in a trice, cross the way and be there;
For Peg is your neighbour, as well as Delany,
An housewifely woman full pleasing to any.

VERSES BY SHERIDAN.

"WHEN he was disengaged, the dean used to call in at the doctor's about the hour of dining, and their custom was to sit in a small back parlour *à la-tête*, and have alien sent them, upon plates from the common room, of whatever was for the family dinner. The furniture of this room was not in the best repair, being often frequented by the boarders, of which the house was seldom without twenty; but was preferred by the dean as being more snug than the state parlour, which was used only when there was company. The subject of the poem is an account of one of these casual visits."—*Sheridan's Life of Swift*.

"WHEN to my house you come, dear dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street,
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and hall,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad, uneasy parlour-door,
Besmear'd with chalk, and carved with knives,
(A plague upon all careless wives),
Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they're my neglect.
Ah, that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is further cursed.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft hy turns have you and I
Said thus—"Let me—no—let me try—
This turn will open it, I'll engage!"—
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please
Much more than those attain'd with ease.
Are you disposed to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight
Out goes its legs and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt two stools, 'tis often said,
The slitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
"Come, stir it up!"—"Ho, Mr. Joker,
How can I stir it without a poker!"
"The bellows take, their batter'd nose
Will serve for poker I suppose."

Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
"Stay, sir—I'll run and call the maid;
She'll make the fire again complete—
She knows the humour of the grate."
"Pox take your maid and you together—
This is cold comfort in cold weather."
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly raised as soon decays.
Once more apply the bellows—"So—
These bellows were not made to blow—
Their leathern lungs are in decay,
They can't even puff the smoke away."
"And is your reverence vex'd at that?
Get up, in God's name, take your hat;
Hang them, say I, that have no shift;
Come, blow the fire, good doctor Swift.
If trifles such as these can tease you,
Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
Therefore no longer be a quarreller
Either with me, sir, or my parlour.
If you can relish aught of mine,
A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
You're welcome to it, and you shall fare
As well as dining with the mayor."
"You saucy scab—you tell me so!
Why, hooby-fae, I'd have you know
I'd rather see your things in order
Than dine in state with the recorder.
For water I must keep a clutter,
Or chide your wife for stinking butter;
Or getting such a deal of meat
As if you'd half the town to eat.
That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
I've told her of this way of dinner
Five hundred times, but all in vain—
Here comes a rump of beef again:
O that that wife of yours would burst—
Get out, and serve the boarders first.
Pox take 'em all for me—I fect
So much, I shall not eat my meat—
You know I'd rather have a slice."
"I know, dear sir, you are not nice;
You'll have your dinner in a minute:
Here comes the plate and slices in it;
Therefore no more, but take your place—
Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF
ST. PATRICK'S.

A BIRTHDAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736.

To you, my true and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain,
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,
How long I'm forced to think and pause;
How long I dwell upon a poem,
To introduce your birthday poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimentary thought sublime,
Reduced by favourite Pope to rhyme.
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.

Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyric to my mind.
Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schemed, but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways,
Through all the several forms of praise,
What eulogy may best become
The greatest dean in Christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought—
Sure this will do—'tis good for nought—
This line I peevishly erase,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning:
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon it—the rhyme is earth—
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forced to quit it.

Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phœbus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not;
Were Horace now alive he could not;
And will you venture to pursue
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birthday;
Though both were far'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.

With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition;
Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment,
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birthday send.

I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more;
"Let ev'ry patriot him adore."
Alack-a-day, there's nothing in't—
Such stuff will never do in print.

Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel;
I hope this epigram will take well.
In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns the more it shines.

I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the dean.

Then down I lay some scheme to dream on,
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birthday poem in the street;
So, after all my care and rout,
You see, dear dean, my dream is out.

TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTHDAY.*

WHILE I the godlike men of old,
In admiration rapt, behold;
Revered antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er,
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine,
In every excellence divine:
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these;
Patriot, philosopher, and hard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
"Spare your reflection," Phœbus cries;
" 'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold, in Swift revived appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years

* Written by Mrs. Pilkington at the time when she wished to be introduced to the dean.

Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know, *Térce* in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

ON DR. SWIFT. 1733.

No pedant Bentley, proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dared
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard,
Nor Envy does, nor Ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* taught to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR
IDIOTS AND LUNATICS.

I.

THE dean must die—our idiots to maintain!
Perish, ye idiots! and long live the dean!

II.

O Genius of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the draper write;
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling Him who rules the skies,
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III.

Lo! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store;
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!
Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the dean for kindred *this* provide!

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S
BIRTHDAY.

BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranced in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.

The queen of dreams, well pleased to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil traced my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's dean;
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun:

St. Andrew, first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.

"Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine."

St. Patrick said, "I own this true,
So far he does belong to you:

But in my church he's born again,
My son adopted, and my dean.

When first the Christian truth I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,
And darkest errors banish'd hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence
Nay more, at my divine command,
All noxious creatures fled the land.
I made both peace and plenty smile,
Hibernia was my favourite isle;
Now his—for he succeeds to me,
Two angels cannot more agree.

His joy is, to relieve the poor;
Behold them weekly at his door!
His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
He like the sun to all conveys,
Shows wisdom in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age.
When ruin lately stood around
Th' enclosures of my sacred ground,
He gloriously did interpose,
And saved it from invading foes;
For this I claim immortal Swift,
As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."

The Caledonian snail, enraged,
Now closer in dispute engaged,
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The dean is of the Scottish nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose;
"Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name;
Both heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws;
He's now the same Montrose was then,
But that the sword is turn'd a pen,
A pen of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero's sword."

Now words grew high—we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows,
But lest unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends:

"Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One kingdom cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense!
Search heaven's record; and there you'll find,
That he was born for all mankind."

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.*

WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT. BY WILLIAM
DUNKIN, D.D.

To gratify thy long desire,
(So love and piety require,)
From Bindon's^b colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen,
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of the age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the dean:
He only breathes *Berotian* air—
"O! what a falling off was there!"

* Created baron Nugent and viscount Clare, Dec. 20, 1766

^b A celebrated painter and architect.

Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, wit, and humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of malice hut an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the hulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid honour, truth unmix'd,
Imperial reason, thought profound,
And charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?

Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The helm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is hut a shell without the gem.

Ye sons of genins, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan,
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce:
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply he recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.

Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danced attendance on the dean?
Say, where are those fictitious folks
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the hussy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?

Good christians! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, hut loathe the lees,
Averting, (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats, from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mongrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot hint his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, hut virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,

The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.

But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread Arbitrer of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds.
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refined;
And there the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!

Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his hed.

So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

ON THE DRAPIER.

BY DR. DUNKIN.

UNDONE by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,
Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
Then all the public spirit hreathed in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights for which you stand, he fell.

EPITAPH PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT.

1745.

HIC JACET

DEMOSTRUS ILLE NEOTERICUS, SABELLIVS MONETUS,
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. RIVIS CATHEDRALIS RUPES DECANTUS;
MOMI, MYRABON, MIFERVAR, ALUMENS PRÆFAXE SELECTUS;
INSELAB, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHUS, IVETA REGENS;
QUON TERTIVM SYMBO CYM LEPIDUS
DEMENT. DEVIDAVIT, DESELLAVIT,
TRIAR INFELICIS PATRONUS IMPIDOR, ET PROPPONATON
PRIMORUS AKRIPVIT, POPVLVMQVE INTERMITTUS,
VXI SOLICET ARQVVS VIRTVTEL
HANC FAVILLAM
SI QVIS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCOS VIDEVITVS
DENTIA SPARGES LACRYMA.

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1745.

Two genluses one age and nation grace!
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn. [born!
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace bless'd the earth!
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole's name; [fame;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their

here men, miscall'd, God's image have defaced,
 Their form belied, and human shape disgraced!
 Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! Superstition's sons!
 Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
 Bores, mufles, monks; In Russia, Turkey, Spain!
 Who does not know Sir ISAAC, and THE DEAN!

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

When wasteful death has closed the poet's eyes,
 And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
 When the bright flame, that once his breast inspired,
 Has to its first, its noblest seat retired;
 All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
 Should shade from slander his respected days;
 And hid that fame, his useful labours won,
 Pure and untainted through all ages run.

Every's a scind all excellence pursues,
 But mostly poets favour'd by the Muse;
 Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
 Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes;
 No puny wit of malice can complain,
 The thorn is theirs who most applauses gain.

Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
 To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
 Where Swift's to boast—unlike his merits claim
 The statesman's knowledge and the poet's flame;
 The patriot's honour, serious to defend
 His country's rights—and faithful to the end;
 The sound divine, whose charities display'd
 He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;
 Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
 Which he but spared to make his bounties more;
 The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd
 The friend triumphant or the friend distress'd;
 Who could unpain'd another's merit spy,
 Nor view a rival's fame with jaundiced eye;
 Humane to all, his love was unconfined,
 And in its scope embraced all human kind;
 Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
 And less to anger than reform he writ;
 Whatever rancour his productions show'd,
 From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
 He thought that fools were an inviolable race,
 And held no measures with the vain or base.

Virtue so clear, who labours to destroy,
 Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
 The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils
 Who seeks renown from injured merit's spoils;
 All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
 To guard those virtues she herself admires.

O sacred bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
 Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore,
 No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
 Above the poet's are thy honours now:
 Above the patriot's (though a greater name
 No temporal monarch for his crown can claim).
 From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
 Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
 You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
 Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind,
 When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
 And 'twas a crime in science to succeed,
 When ignorance spread her hateful mist around,
 And dunces only an acceptance found.
 What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
 But life with pain, and talents with regret!
 Add that thy spirit from the world retired,
 Ere hidden foes its further grief conspired;
 No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
 To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive,
 Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
 Abused the fame that first bestow'd him bread
 Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
 Abhor'd all scandal but survived to hear,

The fraudulent tale had stronger scorn supplied.
 And he (at length) with more disdain had died.

But since detraction is the portion here
 Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
 And the free soul no true existence gains,
 While earthly particles its flight restrains,
 The greatest favour grudging Death can show
 Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
 So thought the dean, who, anxious for his fate,
 Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
 And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
 Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
 There's cause to think a mind so firmly good,
 Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,
 Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore
 Where knaves molest and tyrants awe no more;
 Those blissful seats the pious but attain,
 Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign,
 There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre,
 And Pope, harmonious, joins the tuneful choir;
 His Stella too (no more to forms confined,
 For heavenly beings all are of a kind)
 Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
 With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
 Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.
 Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
 Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
 While guilty minds irresolute appear,
 And doubt a state their virtues needs must fear,

R———T B———N.

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1755.

VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

BY MR. JAMES STERLING, OF THE COUNTY OF MEATH
 WHILE the dean, with more wit than man ever
 wanted,

Or than Heaven to any man else ever granted,
 Endeavours to prove how the ancients in knowledge
 Have excell'd our adepts of each modern college—
 How by heroes of old our chiefs are surpass'd—
 In each useful science, true learning, and taste;—
 While thus he behaves with more courage than
 manners,

And fights for the foe, deserting our banners;
 While Bentley and Wotton, our champions, he foils,
 And wants neither Temple's assistance nor Boyle's;
 In spite of his learning, fine reasons, and style,
 —Would you think it!—he favours our cause all
 the while:

We raise by his conquest our glory the higher,
 And from our defeat to a triumph aspire;
 Our great brother-modern, the boast of our days,
 Unconscious, has gain'd for our party the bays:
 St. James's old authors, so famed on each shelf,
 Are vanquish'd by what he has written himself.

A SCHOOLBOY'S THOUGHTS.

From Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath) to Swift:—
 "You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses
 at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster
 school on this theme,—*Ridicetura dicere verum quid totat?*"

DULCE, Decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ
 Nomine quique audias ingenioque celer;
 Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horsa,
 Quò nova vis animi, materiesque rapit!
 Nunc gravis astrolagus, cælo dominaris et astris,
 Filasque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
 Nunc populo speciosa bospes miracula promiss,
 Gentisque æquoreas, æriasque creas.
 Seu plausum captat queruli persona Draperi,
 Seu levis a vacuo tabula sumpta cado.
 Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
 Et vitam atque homines pagina quæque sapit;
 Socraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
 Nec tantum potuit grande Piatonis opus.

ON DR. SWIFT'S LEAVING HIS ESTATE
TO IDIOTS.

SWIFT, wondrous genius, bright intelligence,
Pities the orphan's, idiot's want of sense;
And rich in supernumerary pelf,
Adopts posterity unlike himself.
To one great individual wit's confined!
Such eunuchs never propagate their kind.
Thus nature's prodigies bestow the gifts
Of fortune—their descendants are no Swifts.
When did prime statesman, for a sceptre fit
His ministerial successor beget!
No age, no state, no world, can hope to see
Two SWIFTS or WALPOLES in one family.

ON SEVERAL PETTY PIECES

LATELY PUBLISHED AGAINST DEAN SWIFT, NOW DEAF
AND INFIRM.

THY mortal part, ingenious Swift! must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the tuncful nine!
The noble *hon* thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells us, is abused by asses.

ON FAULKNER'S EDITION OF SWIFT.

[Ornamented with an engraving of the dean, by Vertue.]

IN a little dark room at the back of his shop,
Where poets and scribes have dined on a chop,
Poor Faulkner sat musing alone thus of late,
"Two volumes are done—it is time for the plate;
Yea, time to be sure;—but on whom shall I call
To express the great Swift in a compass so small?
Faith, *Vertue* shall do it, I'm pleased at the thought,
Be the cost what it will—the copper is bought."
Apollo o'erheard (who as some people guess,
Had a hand in the work, and corrected the press);
And pleased, he replied, "Honest George, you are
right,
The thought was my own, howso'er you came by't.
For though both the wit and the style is my gift,
'Tis *VERTUE* alone can design us a SWIFT."

EPIGRAM

ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS ON SWIFT'S LIFE AND
WRITINGS.

A SORE disease this scribbling itch is!
His lordship, in his Pliny seen,
Turns madam Pilkington in breeches,
And now attacks our patriot dean.
What! libel his friend when laid in ground:
Nay, good sir, you may spare your hints,
His parallel at last is found,
For what he writes George Faulkner prints.
Had Swift provoked to this behaviour,
Yet after death resentment cools,
Sure his last act bespoke his favour,
He huilt an hospital—for fools.

TO DOCTOR DELANY,

ON HIS BOOK ENTITLED "OBSERVATIONS ON LORD
ORRERY'S REMARKS."

DELANY, to escape your friend the dean,
And prove all false that Orrery had writ,
You kindly own his Gulliver profane,
Yet make his puns and riddles sterling wit.
But if for wrongs to Swift you would atone,
And please the world, one way you may succeed,
Collect Boyle's writings and your own,
And serve them as you served THE DEED.

EPIGRAM

On Faulkner's displaying in his shop the dean's bust in marble, while he was publishing Lord Orrery's "Remarks."

FAULKNER! for once you have some judgment shown,
By representing Swift transform'd to stone;
For could he thy ingratitude have known,
Astonishment itself the work had done!

AN INSCRIPTION,

Intended for a compartment to Dr. Swift's monument, designed by Cusackham, on College green, Dublin.

SAY, to the drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.
June 4, 1765.

AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the drapier birth two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss *Terne's* laurel shall supply:
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

1766.

W. B. J. N.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE,

BY MR. POPE, DR. ARBUTHNOT,

MR. GAY, &c.

COLLECTED BY DR. SWIFT AND MR. POPE, 1727.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

BY MR. POPE, IN HIS YOUTH.

I. CHAUCER.

A TALE, LATELY FOUND IN AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

WOMEN, though not sans lecherie,
Ne swinken but with secrecie:
This in our tale is plain y-fond,
Of clerk that wonneth in Ireland;
Which to the fennes hath him betake
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then ther passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway:
Ducke in his trowres hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
"But ho! our nephew," crieth one;
"Ho!" quoth another, "cousen John!"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out.—
This sely clerk full low doth lout.
They asken that and talken this,
"Lo here is cox, and here is miss."
But, as he glos'd with speeches soote,
The ducke sore tickleth his erse root:
Fore-piece and huttons all to-hrest,
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
"Te-he," cried ladies; clerke nought spake;
Miss star'd: and grey ducke crieth "quakke."
"O moder, moder," quoth the daughter,
"Be thilke same thing maidis longen a'ter?
Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

II. SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tide,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where ever and anon the stream is eyed,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller wail;
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouch low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and berring lie:
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by:
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry:
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbour-
hood, I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers' annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
Tho' whimpering girl and hoarser screaming boy
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And cots, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Ohloquy, who, in her early days,
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mack'rel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never
Slander beside her, like a magpie chatters. [cease.
With Envy (spitting eat) dread foe to peace;
Like a eurs'd eur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to
tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's band,
Her mouth was black as bulldog's at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spared no lace no band:
And blith and rogue her answer was to all:
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call.
When'er she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did asstance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town;
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enlief,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch;
No village is without on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
No Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's
tow'ry pride.

III. EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOONH Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of counsils, classics, fathers, wits!

Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;
'Twere well, if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch brids
Such nastiness, and so much pride,

Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)

On any part except her face;

All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,

A prating thing, a magpie hight,

Majestically stalk:

A stately, worthless animal,

That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,

All flutter, pride, and talk.^a

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;

Open she was, and unconfined,

Like some free port of trade!

Merchants unloaded here their freight,

And agents from each foreign state

Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,

Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,

Spaniards or French came to her,

To all obliging she'd appear:

'Twas *Si signior*, 'twas *Fate, mynheer*

'Twas *Sil vous plait, monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,

Still changing names, religions, elimes,

At length she turns a bride:

In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,

She shines the first of batter'd jades,

And flutters in her pride.

So bavo I known those insects fair,

Which curious Germans hold so rare,

Still vary shapes and dies;

Still gain new titles with new forms;

First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,

Then painted butterflies.

IV. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing:
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia;
Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A ebyrnostom to smooth thy band in;
The polyglott—three parts,—my text:
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next—
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

Ho that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays presch, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;

^a Let the curious reader compare Fenton's imitation of Theocritus's manner with this of Pope.

Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with churchwardens about pews;
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at doctor SWIFT

THE CAPON'S TALE.

TO A LADY, WHO FATHERED HER LAMPOONS UPON
HER ACQUAINTANCE.

IN Yorkshire dwelt a sober yeoman,
Whose wife, a clean, pains-taking womao,
Fed numerous poultry in her pens,
And saw her cocks well serve her hens.
A hen she had whose tuneful clocks
Drew after her a train of cocks;
With eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You would have sworn this hen a pheasant.
All the plumed *bees monde* round her gathers;
Lord! what a bristling up of feathers!
Morning from noon there was no knowing,
There was such flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing;
Each forward bird must thrust his head in,
And not a cock but would be treading.

Yet tender was this hen so fair,
And hatch'd more chicks than she could rear
Our prudent dame bethought her then
Of some dry-nurse to save her hen:
She made a capon drunk; in fine
He eats the sops, she slipp'd the wine;
His rump well pluck'd with nettles stings,
And elaps the brood beneath his wings,
The feather'd dope awakes content,
O'erjoyed to see what God had sent;
Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother,
A foolish foster-father-mother.

Such, lady Mary, are your tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your chicks.

AY AND NO. A FABLE.

IN fable all things bold discourse;
Then words, no doubt, must talk of course.
Once on a time, near Channel-row,*
Two hostile adverbs, AY and NO,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite.
Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
AY, the more courteous knight, began.

Stop, peevish particle, beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield, when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Where'er we war on yonder stage
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No:
Yet, in expensive, long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension:
Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.^b)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who served in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury lord, not master Young.
Obsequious at his high command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the land.
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Ay support the civil list;
Ay, quick as Cæsar wins the day;
And No, like Fabius, by delay.

* A dirty street near the parliamentary-house, Westminster.

^b In English two negatives make an affirmative

Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Ayes seem Noes, and Noes seem Ays:
Ayes be in courts denials meant,
And Noes in hishops give consent.

Thus Ay proposed—and for reply
No for the first time answer'd Ay.
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

VERSES TO BE PREFIXED BEFORE BER-
NARD LINTOT'S NEW MISCELLANY.*

SOME Colineus^b praise, some Bleau^b
Others account them but so so;
Some Plantin to the rest prefer;
And some esteem old Elaevir;^b
Others with Aldus^c would besot us;
I, for my part, admire *Lintottus*.—
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair.
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOT stands in capital:
Author and be with equal grace
Appear and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints heathen Greek, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read:
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Ev'n Rawlinson might understand.
Oft in an Aldus or a Plantin
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.
Their copy cost them not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;
They ne'er gave sixpence for two lines
To them, their heirs, or their assigns:
But Lintot is at vast expense,
And pays prodigious dear for—sense.
Their books are useful but to few,
A scholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for gen'l use are fit;
For some folks read, but all folks ***.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

[Apothecary, Abchurch-lane, London.]

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER

How much, egregious MOORE, are we
Deceived by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first conversed with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learned themselves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly termed a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;

* The Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany.
^b Printers, famous for having published fine editions of the Bible, and of the Greek and Roman classics.
^c A famous printer.

Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.
That statesmen have the worm is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.
Ah! Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!
O learned friend of Ahehurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee!
Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Bntton's^a wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY AN &c. AT THE END OF MR. D'URFEY'S
NAME IN THE TITLE TO ONE OF HIS PLAYS.^b

Jove call'd before him t'other day
The vowels, U, O, I, E, A;
All diphthongs, and all consonants,
Either of England, or of France;
And all that were, or wish'd to be,
Rank'd in the name of Tom D'Urfev.
Fierce in this cause the letters spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and mutes turn'd vocal.
Those four proud syllables alone
Were silent, which by Fate's decree
Chimed in so smoothly, one by one,
To the sweet name of Tom D'Urfev.
N, hy whom names subsist, declared,
To have no place in this 'twas hard:
And Q maintain'd 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with U;
So hoped to stand no less than he
In the great name of Tom D'Urfev.
E show'd a comma ne'er could claim
A place in any British name;
Yet, making here a perfect botch,
Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch;
Hiatus mi valde defendus!
From which, good Jupiter, defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my part in thee
Than he no part in Tom D'Urfev.
P protested, puff'd, and swore,
He'd not be served so like a beast;
He was a piece of emperor,
And made up half a pope at least.
C vow'd, he'd frankly have released
His double share in *Cæsar Cæius*
For only one in Tom *Durfeius*.
I, consonant and vowel too,
To Jupiter did humbly sue,
That of his grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true Latin name;
For though, without them both, 'twas clear
Himself could ne'er be Jupiter,
Yet they'd resign that post so high
To be the genitive, *Durfev*.
B and L swore b— and w—s!
X and Z cried p—x and x—s!
G swore, hy G—d, it ne'er should be;
And W would not lose, not he,

An English letter's property
In the great name of Tom D'Urfev.
In short, the rest were all in fray,
From Christ-cross to *et cætera*.
They, though hot standers hy, too mutter'd;
Diphthongs and triphthongs swore and flutter'd,
That none had so much right to be
Part of the name of stuttering T—
T—Tom—a—as—De—D'U—fey—fey.
Then Jove thus spake: "With care and pain
We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme:
Not thine, immortal Neusgermain!^c
Cost studious cabalists more time.
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to Egypt you'll repair,
And turn strange hi'roglyphics there,
Rather than letters longer be,
Unless i' th' name of Tom D'Urfev.
"Were you all pleased, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I say?
What if the Hebrew next should aim
To turn quite backward D'Urfev's name?
Should the Greek quarrel too, by Styx, I
Could never bring in Psi and Xi:
Omicron and Omega from us
Would each hope to be O in Thomas;
And all the ambitious vowels vie,
No less than Pythagorie Y,
To have a place in Tom D'Urfev.
"Then, well-beloved and trusty letters!
Consonants, and vowels, much their better
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, please each,
Et cætera to our aid must call;
Et cætera represents you all;
Et cætera, therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great name of Tom D'Urfev."

PROLOGUE

DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.

Grown old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted hard;
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' adventurous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the fair against her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From this deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song,
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

^a Bntton's coffeehouse in Covent-garden, frequented by the wits of that time.

^b This accident happened by Mr. D'Urfev's having made a flourish there, which the printer mistook for an &c.

^c A poet who used to make verses ending with the last syllables of the names of those persons he praised.

PROLOGUE

TO THE "THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE."

Authors are judged by strange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:
Yet sure the best are most severely fated;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
But fool 'gainst fool is barbarous civil war.
Why on all authors then should critics fall?
Since some have writ and shown no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made
By running goods these graceless owlers gain; [it."
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common
draught.

They call Molière's and Lope's sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fops and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare Old England, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaux;
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like chaps in Mommouth-street.

Gallants, look here! this fool's cap^a has an air,
Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar.
Let no one fool engross it, or confine
A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap for such as will, to wear.
Our author has it now (for every wit,
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ);
And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown;^b
Let him that takes it wear it as his own.

SANDYS'S GHOST:

ON, A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES,

As it was intended to be translated by persons of quality.

George Sandys, the old translator (whose ghost is introduced
in the verses), was a man of great accomplishment, and pro-
nounced by Dryden to be the best versifier of his age.

Ye lords and commons, men of wit
And pleasure about town,
Read this, ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all,
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a Berlin:

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japan'd, avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uses
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the Muses.

^a Shows a cap with ears. ^b Flings down the cap, and exit.

Ab! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil!

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scrunch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin,
And from the keyhole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloons,
And ruff composed most dully,
This squire he dropp'd his pen full soon.
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budget seek, or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry Pembroke comes
In haste, without his garter.

Then lords and lordlings, squires and knights,
Wits, wittings, prigs, and peers;
Garib at St. James's, and at White's,
Bents up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Duntun, Steele, or any one.

If Justice Philips' ostive head
Some frigid rhymes disburse;
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

Let Warwick's Muse with Asb—t join,
And Ozel's with lord Hervey's,
Tickell and Addison combine,
And Pope translate with Jervas.

L— himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies, too, draw forth your pen;
I pray, where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness lady Wortley.

Now, Tonsen, list thy forces all,
Review them and tell noses:
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis;

A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour—
"To what (quoth squire) shall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, "To waste paper."

UMBRA.

CLOSE to the best-known author UMBRA sits,
The constant index to old Button's wits.

"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "only Johnson!"—"C."
Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:
"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies!"
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;

^a Charles Johnson, a second-rate dramatist, and great fa-
vourite of Button's.

But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison."
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go;"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe,
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
N'en sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, sense, like charity, "begins at home."

DUKE UPON DUKE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

To the tune of "Cherry-chace."

This ballad is founded upon a quarrel with sir John Guise, bart., M. P. for Gloucestershire, and Nicholas lord Lechmere, a Whig statesman of some eminence, at the time chamberlain of the duchy court of Lancaster, which gave rise to the title by which he is here designated.

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bower or hall;
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this name it is right sooth
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John duke of Guise
And Nie of Lancasters.

When Richard *Cœur de Lion* reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart,) like him
His barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff,
And if your a—se, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose;
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
'They fought from head to foot.

Of these the duke of Lancasters
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver sate;
So broad it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dyed his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-eat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God;
And when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnaire,
To Guise's duke was he;
Was ever such a loving pair?
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was: he loved him dear,
And ead how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,
And thus he did indite:
"This eve at whisk ourself will play,
Sir duke! be here to-night."

"Ah no! ah no!" the guileless Guise
Demurely did reply;

"I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So sore the gout have I."

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The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kensington!
All on a trice he rush'd on Guise,
Thrust out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.
But mark, how 'midst of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leapt duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell duke Nic.

Alas, O Nie! O Nie, alas!
Right did thy gossip call thee:
As who should say, alas the day
When John of Guise shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did sit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do—what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, O woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certain for fear of finding there
A t—d, instead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caiffiv vile!" quoth Guise;
"No shift is here to save thee:
The easement it is shut likewise;
Beneath my feet I have thee."

"If thou hast aught to speak, speak out."
Then Lancasters did cry,
"Know'st thou not me, nor yet thyself?
Who thou, and who am I?"

"Know'st thou not me, who (God be praised!)
Have brawl'd and quarrell'd more
Than all the line of Lancasters
That battled heretofore?"

"In senates famed for many a speech,
And (what some awe must give ye,
Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
Still of the council privy;

"Still of the duchy chamberlain;
During life, I have it;
And turn, as now thou dost on me,
Mine a—se on them that gave it."

But now the servants they rush'd in;
And duke Nie up leapt'd he;
"I will not cope against such odds,
But Guise! I'll fight with thee!"

"To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the greenwood tree;"
"No, not to-morrow, but to-night,"
Quoth Guise, "I'll fight with thee."

And now the sun declining low
Bestreak'd with blood the skies,
When, with his sword at saddlebow,
Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently pranced he o'er the lawn;
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er;
At length he spied the merry-men brow
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand so white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight:

J. 2

All in that dreadful hour so calm
Was Lancaster to see,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee :
And so he did—for to New-court
His rolling wheels did run ;
Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife,
But business must be done.
Back in the dark, by Brompton-park,
He turn'd up through the Gore ;
So sunk to Camden-house so high,
All in his coach and-four.
Meanwhile duke Guise did fret and fume,
A sight it was to see,
Besumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the greenwood tree.
Then, wet and weary, home he fared,
Sore muttering all the way,
" The day I meet him, Nie shall rue
The cudgel of that day.
" Meantime on every pissing-post
Paste we this recreant's name,
So that each passer-by shall read
And piss against the same."
Now God preserve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this lesson from duke Nie,
That " pride will have a fall."

FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE.

If meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wish the man a dinner, and sit still ;
If dreadful Denuis raves in furious fret,
I'll answer Denuis when I am in debt.
'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print ;
And who'll wage war with Bedlam or the Mint ?
Should some more sober critics come abroad,
If wrong, I smile ; if right, I kiss the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence ;
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite :
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grace'd those rishals,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibals,
Who thinks he reads when he hut scans and spells ;
A word-catcher that lives on syllables.
Yet e'en this creature may some notice claim,
Wrapp'd round and sanctified with Shakspeare's
Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms {name.
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
The thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
And wonder how the devil it got there.

Are others angry ! I excuse them too ;
Well may they rage ; I gave them but their due.
Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each man's secret standard is his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify ! far who can guess !
The wretch, whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale* for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his harshness appear,
And strals from hardbound brains six lines a-year ;
In sense still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left.
Johnson,^b who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning ;
And he, whose fastian's^c so sulkily had,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.^d

* Ambrose Phillips translated the " Persian Tales ;" a book full of fancy and imagination.

^b Author of the " Vet'm," and " Cobbler of Preston."

^c Verse of Dr. Ev.

Should modest Satire bid all these translate,
And own that nine such poets make a Tate,
How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
chafe ! {safe !
How would they swear, not CONGREVE's self was
Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires ;
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;
View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise :
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer :
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best ;
Like Cato, gives his little senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise,
What pity, Heaven ! if such a man there be ;
Who would not weep, if ADDISON were he !

MACER.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1727.

WHEN simple Macer,^a now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town ;
'Twas all his' ambition his great soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his hettors might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventured on the town,
And in a horror'd play out-did poor Crown.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little ;
Like stunted hidebound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he heggs verse,^e and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country wench, almost deny'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid :
Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day ;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity ;
In a translated suit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own ;
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan,
Now nothing's left hut, wither'd, pale, and shronk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

SYLVIA, A FRAGMENT.

SYLVIA my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
Awed without sense, and without beauty charm'd ;
But some odd graces and some flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad :
Her tongue still ran on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise :
Good-nature, she declared it, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be borne :

^a Thus it originally stood in the " Miscellanies," though the name was afterwards altered to " Addison ;" a circumstance, says Mr. Nicol, not noticed by the learned commentators upon Pope.

^b Said to be the character of James Moore Smith.

^c He requested by public advertisements the aid of the ingenious to make up a miscellany in 1713.

Affronting all, yet fond of a good name ;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame ;
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball :
Now deep in Taylor, and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citrou with his grace and Chartres.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman's in her soul a rake,
Frail, feverish sex ; their fit now chills, now burns ;
Atheism and superstition rule by turns ;
And a mere heathen in the carnal part,
Is still a sad good christian at her heart.*

IMPROMPTU

TO LADY WINCHELSEA.

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN
WITS, IN THE RAZE OF THE LOCK.

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more ;
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit ;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardella writ.
Of all examples by the world confess'd
I knew Ardella could not quote the best ;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay ;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away :
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

EPIGRAM.

A BISHOP by his neighbours hated
Has cause to wish himself translated :
But why should I though desire translation,
Loved and esteem'd by all the nation ?
Yet, if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place :
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

SENT ON HER BIRTHDAY, JUNE 15TH.

O, be thou bless'd with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend !
Not with those toys the female race admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire ;
Not as the world its petty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A sop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot !
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face :
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy
In some soft dream or ecstasy of joy ;
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come !

SONG.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY [THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH].

I SAID to my heart between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what
nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-a-tion ?

* This character was designed for the then duchess of Hamilton.

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply :
See the heart without motion, though Celia pass by !
Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.
When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so refined,
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind ;
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire ;
Every word I attend ; but I only admire.
Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim :
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes :
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.
But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;
When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the aching, return all again.
O wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season !
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dream'd it
was she !

BALLAD.

Of all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye :
Oh ! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
Of lovely dearest Nelly !
For many a swain it well had been,
Had she ne'er pass'd by Calni.
For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins,)
Across the Thuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens ;
The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat
For charming Nelly to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provoked,
To see her so respected :
The men look'd aghast, as Nelly stroked,
And puss her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly,
Then said the duke de Villeroy,
Ah ! qu'elle est bien jolie !
But who's that grave philosopher,
That carefully looks at her ?
By his concern it should appear
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy ! (quoth then a courtier sly,)
He on his child does leer too ;
I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do.
The courtiers all with one accord
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admired her *rose and lys ansa fardees*
(Which are your *termes Françaises*)
Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly :
She, like the pride of all the spring,
And they like *fleurs de pailuis*.
In Marli's gardens and St. Clou
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, exposed to view
Stand naked in each alley :
But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' Italian :
 Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
 But I should turn Pygmalion :
 For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that part that lies between
 Her left toe and her right toe

ODE FOR MUSIC. ON THE LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE longitude mis'd on
 By wicked Will Whiston ;
 And not better hit on
 By good master Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiston
 May both be bep-st on ;
 And Whiston and Ditton
 May both be besh-t on.

Sing Ditton, And Whiston,
 Besh-t on ; Bep-st on.

Sing Ditton and Whiston,
 And Whiston and Ditton,
 Besh-t and bep-st on,
 Bep-st and besh-t on.

DA CARO.

EPIGRAM

ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

STRANGER! all this difference should be
 'Twixt Tweedle-DUM and Tweedle-DEE!

ON MRS. TOFTS,

A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
 As had drawn both the beasts and their Orphans
 But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride, [along;
 That the beasts must have starved and the poet have died.

TWO OR THREE;

OR, A RECEIPT TO MAKE A CUCKOLD.

Two or three visits, and two or three bows,
 Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
 Two or three kisses, with two or three sighs,
 Two or three JESUS and LET-ME-RIES,
 Two or three squeezes, or two or three towzies,
 With two or three thousand pound lost at their houses,
 Can never fall cuckolding two or three spouses.

EPIGRAM

IN A MAID OF HONOUR'S PRAYER-BOOK.

WHEN Israel's daughters mourn'd their past offences,
 They dealt in sackcloth, and turn'd cinder-wench;
 But Richmond's fair ones never spoil their locks;
 They use white powder and wear Holland smocks.
 O comely church! where females find clean linen
 As decent to repent in as to sin in.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe balanced, neither side prevails;
 For nothing's left in either of the scales.

A PANEGRICAL EPISTLE

TO MR. THOMAS SNOW, GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR;

Occasioned by his buying and selling the third South Sea subscriptions, taken in by the directors at 1000 per cent.*

DISTAIN not, SNOW, my humble verse to hear,
 Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear,
 Whether thy counter shine with sums untold,
 And thy wide-grasping hand grows black with gold;
 Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
 In crowds of brokers overawe the stocks;
 Suspend the worldly business of the day,
 And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
 The South Sea rocks and shelves where thousands
 drown'd!

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
 Thou stood'st; no bill was sent unpaid away.
 When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's^b boards,
 And Atwill's^b self was drain'd of all his hoards,
 Thou stood'st; an Indian king in size and hue!
 Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did 'Change-alley waste thy precious bours
 Among the fools who gaped for golden showers?
 No wonder if we find some poets there,
 Who live on fancy and can feed on air;
 No wonder they were caught by South Sea schemes,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;
 No wonder they their third subscriptions sold
 For millions of imaginary gold;
 No wonder that their fancies wild can frame
 Strange reasons that a thing is still the same,
 Though changed throughout in substance and in name.

But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
 With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

Let vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
 Who ruins thousands for a single groat:
 I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
 Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
 Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
 And still believe the fleeting vision true;
 They sell the treasures which their slumbers got,
 Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
 If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
 Yet be diverted by this moral tale.

Though famed Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
 Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
 Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
 The wiser few from the mad world withdraw,
 There in full opulence a hanker dwelt,
 Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
 His sideboard glitter'd with imagined plate,
 And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
 In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers,
 A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
 And with fix'd eye observed the structure well:
 A sharpen'd skewer 'cross his bare shoulders bound
 A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
 The banker cried, "Behold my castle walls,
 My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
 With land of more than twenty acres round!
 All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
 The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw
 So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law).

* In the year 1780 the South Sea company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551*l*. Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscriptions: the first at 300*l*. per cent., the second at 400*l*., and a third at 1000*l*. Such was the inflation of the time that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums: so that 100*l*. South Sea stock, subscribed at 1000*l*., was sold for 1500*l*. in Exchange-alley.

^b Names of eminent goldsmiths.

The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear;
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fane'd bargain was not good;
Yet loth the sum entire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd;
"Shall I, ye gods," he cries, "my debts compound?"
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally of ten thousand pound."^a

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.^b

WRITTEN BY MR. CONGREVE.

I.

When as Corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay said Ay, and No said No,
Without a place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit call'd Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
And four fair suits he wore;
His troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
And every house, go where you will,
Is haunted by the lisp Quadrille, &c.

III.

Sure cards be has for everything,
Which well court-cards they name;
And statesman-like, calls in the king,
To help out a bad game;
But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forced to loose Codille, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a party *quarrre*:
But now, meet when and where you will,
A party *quarrre* is Quadrille, &c.

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care,
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil
When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous ease,
In comes th' apothecary;
And to the doctor cries alas!
Non debes quadrillare.
The patient dies without a pill,
For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder,
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill;
For why? the general's at Quadrille, &c.

^a Charles II., having borrowed a considerable sum, gave tallies as a security for the repayment; but soon after shutting up the exchequer, these tallies were as much reduced from their original value as the South Sea had exceeded it.

^b On the subject of this ballad, see a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot to dear Swift, dated November 8, 1726.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath,)
And made of many a 'squire and lord
An unwash'd knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Postboy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

X.

And now, God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover;
And God save those who hold the helm
When as the king goes over:
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

MOLLY MOG;

OR, THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

[The Rose Inn, Ockingham, Berkshire.]

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
What bath been the cause of your woes,
Why you pine and you whine like a lover!—
I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
In town you may find better prog:
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at best are a clog:
But I'm not so easily frighted
From loving my sweet Molly Mog.

The schoolboy's delight is a play-day,
The schoolmaster's joy is to fog;
The milkmaid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wisp leaves the traveller a-guiding
Through ditch and through quagmire and bog
But no light can set me a madding,
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamblers will palm and will cog:
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog:
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a bog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the thrase Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,

And at court all the drawing-room fées,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log :
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

Those who toast all the family royal
In bumpers of hogan and nog
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog ;
To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong ;
I sit all sober and,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as an cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with sighs and eare,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin ;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin !

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept away to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone ;
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee !

Hearts sound as any bell or coach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !
My heart would be scotfree from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien ;
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words ;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress'd ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king :
Good Lord ! how all men envied me !
She loved like anything.

But, false as hell, she, like the wind,
Changed as her sex must do ;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru,
Great as an emp'r'r should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post :
Let us like hurs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a berring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND.

Being a new ballad, showing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr. Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial at the Old Bailey. 1789.

To the tune of "The Cutpurse."

I.

Ye gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice
In diving in pockets or cogg'ing of dice ;
Ye sharpers so rich who can buy off the noose,
Ye bonester poor rogues who die in your shoes ;
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye shall bear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Blueskin's sharp penknife bath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

II.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueskin was led,
He held up his hand : his indictment was read ;
Loud rattled his chains ; near him Jonathan stood ;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then bopeless of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife,
But forty pounds paid her her grief shall appease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but a crown
Some say there are peers and parliament-men
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers again.
Let them all take their swing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife bath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

IV.

Knives of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.

Since this happy day

Now every man may

Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the exchequer;
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar.

But now, to get gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's coil.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

VI.

Some by public revenues, which pass'd through their hands,
Have purchased clean houses and bought dirty lands:
Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,
Which at home (says the proverb) does always begin.

But if ever you he

Assign'd a trustee,

Treat not orphans like masters of the chancery.
But take the highway, and more honestly please;
For every man round me may rob if he please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his brass,
Who would modestly make a few halfpennies pass!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomedes changed his copper for gold:

But, if Ireland despise

The new halfpennies,

With more safety to rob on the road I advise.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

STREPHON AND FLAVIA.

With every lady in the land
Soft Strephon kept a pother;
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.
Yet, when his love the shepherd told
To Flavia fair and coy,
Reserved, demure, than snow more cold,
She scorn'd the gentle boy.
Late at a ball he own'd his pain;
She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
With all the marks of high disdain,
She'd never hear him more.
The swain persisted still to pray,
The nymph still to deny;
At last she vow'd she would not stay;
He swore she should not fly.
Enraged, she call'd her footman straight,
And rush'd from out the room;
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with Ralph at home.

THE QUIDNUNCKIS:

A TALE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUKE
REGENT OF FRANCE.

How vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said, at dame Filicot's,* master Travers.)

* Colchester near St. James's.

Good Orleans dead! In truth 'tis hard:
O! may all statesmen die prepar'd!
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be disbanded.
—I wish the king were safely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land!
All France and England at a stand:
There's Merowais—mark! strange work!
And there's the czar, and there's the Turk—
The pope—An India merchant by
Cut short the speech with this reply:
All at a stand! you see great changes!
Ah, sir! you never saw the Ganges;
There dwells the nation of Quidnunckis
(So Moumoutapa calls monkeys):
On either bank, from hough to bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now);
Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug;
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hang:
And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends or stroke them.

There have I seen some active prig,
To show his parts, bestride a twig;
Lord! how the chatt'ring tribe admire!
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous thing
(For power is hut to have one's swing).
From side to side he springs, he spurts,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thna, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he bounces:
Down the swift stream the wretch is borne!
Never, ah never, to return!

Z—ds! what a fall had our dear brother!
"Morbieu!" cries one; and "damme," t'other.
The nation gives a gen'ral screech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.

A while all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him whirling down the eddy;
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And bus'ness, on each monkey shore,
Runs the same track it ran before.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG. A FASTOUL.

Pope writes to Swift that the bookseller wished to print these following pieces before the second edition of "Gulliver's Travels," but he refused his permission, as not liking them much. He mentions commendatory verses from a house to Gulliver, which do not appear.—See his letter to Swift, 4th March, 1728.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing core,
She wept, she shudder'd, and she tore her hair;
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She fur'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed:
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now,
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatel drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this," she cried, "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,

And fill'd the eruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook!
Sure in that lake he dropp'd; my Grilly's drown'd!'
She dragg'd the eruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vein is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast!

But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at law,
Nor fear the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you!

"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!

Who from a page can ever learn the truth!
Versed in court tricks, the money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
Ah! never will return, or bring thee home.

But who liath eyes to trace the passing wind!

How then thy fairy footsteps can I find!

Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone

In the green thicket of a mossy stone:

O, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,

Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grov'ling on the ground!

Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,

Or, sunk within the peace's down, repose!

Within the kingcup if thy limbs are spread,

Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,

O show me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flow'r

Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r!

"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves

On little females and on little loves;

Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,

The baby playthings that adorn thy house,

Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms

Equal in size to cells of honeycombs:

Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,

Thy bark a bean-shell and a straw thine oar!

Or in thy box now bounding on the main,

Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again!

And shall I set thee on my hand no more,

To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er

My spacious palm; of stature scarce a span,

Mimic the actions of a real man!

No more behold thee turn my wateb's key,

As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh!

How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,

A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head!

How chase the mite that bore thy ebese away,

And keep the rolling maggot at a hey!

She said; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,

Soft as a speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:

She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,

Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.

O squander not thy grief! those tears command

To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:

The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,

And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

THE captain some time after his return being retired to Mr. Symson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affection, writes him the following expostulating, scolding, and tenderly complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome to thy native place!

—What, touch me not! what, snatch a wife's embrace!

Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,

And wak'd, and wish'd whole nights for thy return!

In five long years, I took no second spouse;

What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows!

Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;

Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.

'Tis said, that thou should'st "cleave unto thy wife;"

Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.

Hear, and relent! hark, bow thy children moan!

Be kind at least to these; they are thy own:

Be bold, and count them all; secure to find

The honest number that you left behind.

See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:

Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?

Thy christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone;

Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.

Biddel,^a like thee, might farthest India rove;

He changed his country, but retain'd his love.

There's Captain Pennel,^a absent half his life,

Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;

Yet Pennel's wife is brown, compared to me;

And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:

Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput!

I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;

At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.

Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?

What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?

Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,

Prefer'st thou litter to the marriage-bed!

Some say, the devil himself is in that mare:

If so, our dean shall drive him forth by pray'r.

Some think you mad, some think you are posess'd,

That bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.

Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease!

Thet straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,

Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)

Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,

I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!

I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the frost,

Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost

Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;

The windows open, all the neighbours rise;

"Where sleeps my Gulliver! O tell me where?"

The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."

At early morn I to the market haste

(Studious in everything to please thy taste);

A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose

(For I remember you were fond of those);

Three shillings cost the, the first last seven groats;

Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,

Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:

My only token was a cup like born,

That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.

'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see

The groom and sorrel mare prefer'd to me!

These for some moments when you deign to quit,

And at due distance sweet discourse admit,

'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know;

For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.

At every danger pants thy consort's breast,

And gaping infants equal to hear the rest.

How did I tremble, when by thousands bound,

I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!

When scaling armies climb'd up every part,

Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.

But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze

King, queen, and nation, staring with amaz,

Fell in my view how all my husband came!

And what extinguish'd theirs, increased my flame

Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,

Were once my present; love that armour gave.

^a Names of the sea captains mentioned in "Gulliver's Tra-

vels."

How did I mourn at Bolgolah's decree!
 For when he sign'd thy death he sentenced me.
 When folks might see thee all the country round
 For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
 Lord! when the giant babe that head of thine
 Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
 When in the marrow-bone I saw thee ramm'd,
 Or on the house-top by the monkey cram'd,
 The piteous images renew my pain.
 And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
 But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
 Pray Heaven, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
 Glumdalelitch too!—with thee I mourn her case:
 Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
 O may the king that one neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the fault by which I live!
 Was there no other way to set him free?
 My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.
 O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
 Teach me to woo thee by the best loved name!
 Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
 So call'd on Broddingnag's stupendous coast,
 When on the monarch's ample hand you sat,
 And haloed in his ear intrigues of state;
 Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
 When like a mountain you look'd down on kings:
 If ducl Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
 Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thine ear:
 Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
 To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
 I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name;
 Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
 So might I find my loving spouse of course
 Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN- MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

IN RMAZE	Man and steed:
Lost I gaze!	Troops take heed!
Can our eyes	Left and right,
Reach thy size!	Speed your flight!
May my lays	Least a host
Swell with praise,	Beneath his foot be lost!
Worthy thee!	Turn'd aside,
Worthy me!	From his hide,
Muse, inspire	Safe from wound,
All thy fire!	Darts rebound.
Bards of old	From his nose
Of him told,	Clouds he blows:
When they said	When he speaks
Athas' head,	Thunder breaks!
Propp'd the skies:	When he eats
See! and believe you eyes!	Famine threats!
See him stride	When he drinks
Valleys wide,	Neptune shrinks!
Over woods,	Nigh thy ear,
Over floods!	In mid air,
When he treads,	On thy hand
Mountains' heads	Let me stand;
Groan and shake:	So shall I,
Armies quake;	Lofly poet! touch the sky.
Lest his spurn	
Overturn	

A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN.

IN THE DORIC MANNER.

SHEPHERD.
 Echo, I ween, will in the woods reply,
 And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
 ECHO. Try.
 SHEPHERD.
 What must we do our passion to express?
 ECHO. Press.

SHEPHERD.
 How shall I please her who ne'er loved before?
 ECHO. Before.
 SHEPHERD.
 What most moves women when we them address?
 ECHO. A dress.
 SHEPHERD.
 Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?
 ECHO. A door.
 SHEPHERD.
 If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
 ECHO. Liar.
 SHEPHERD.
 Then teach me, Echo, how I shall come by her?
 ECHO. Buy her.
 SHEPHERD.
 When bought, no question, I shall be her dear?
 ECHO. Her deer.
 SHEPHERD.
 But deer have horns: how must I keep her under?
 ECHO. Keep her under.
 SHEPHERD.
 How shall I hold her, ne'er to part asunder?
 ECHO. A—se under.
 SHEPHERD.
 But what can glad me, when she's laid on hier?
 ECHO. Beer.
 SHEPHERD.
 What must I do, when woman will be kind?
 ECHO. Be kind.
 SHEPHERD.
 What must I do, when woman will be cross?
 ECHO. Be cross.
 SHEPHERD.
 Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?
 ECHO. Wind.
 SHEPHERD.
 If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?
 ECHO. Blows.
 SHEPHERD.
 But, if she bang again, still should I bang her?
 ECHO. Bang her.
 SHEPHERD.
 Is there no way to moderate her anger?
 ECHO. Hang her.
 SHEPHERD.
 Thanks, gentle Echo! right thy answers tell
 What woman is, and how to guard her well.
 ECHO. Guard her well

EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
 The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
 Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
 AND INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
 PERSISTED,
 In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
 In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
 Excepting FRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
 His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first;
 His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
 Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity
 of his manners, than successful in accumulating
 WEALTH:
 For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
 Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
 And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
 He was the only person of his time
 Who could CHEAT without the mask of MONESTY;
 Retain his primeval MEANNESS when possessed of
 TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR

And, having daily deserved the GIBNET for what
he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could
not do.

O indignant reader!
Think not his life useless to mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages conspicuous PROOF and
EXAMPLE

Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the sight of
GOD,

By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of
ALL MORTALS.

JOHANNES *jocet* his *Mirandula*—*catera norunt*
Et Tagus et Ganges—*forsan et Antipodes.*

APPLIED TO F. C.

HERE Francis Chartres lies^a—be civil!
The rest God knows—perhaps the devil.

EPIGRAM.

PETRA complains that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short:
Consider, Peter, he's in heaven:
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

ANOTHER.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

EPITAPH OF BY-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
Every word she e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of God the good dean did endeavour;
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always ran
Upon something or other she found better fun:
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagined to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despised ev'ry soul she met here;
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but queer.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

Sis, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies under ground
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here be found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPIGRAM

ON THE TOASTS OF THE KITCAT CLUB. ANNO 1716.

WHENCE deathless KITCAT took its name,
Few critics can unriddle:
Some say from PASTETCOOK it came,
And some from CAT and FIDDLE.
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old CATS and young KITS.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WHAT'S fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we such a potter?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

^a Thus applied by Mr. Pope—"Here lies lord Cowley."

VERSES

To be placed under the picture of England's arch poet (see
Richard Blackmore), containing a complete catalogue of his
works.

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read!
Who first sung Arthur,^a then sung Alfred;^b
Praised great Eliz^c in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—,
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras;^d
Then, hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite:
Made every reader curse the light;^e
Maul'd human wit in one thick satire;^f
Next in three books sunk Human Nature;^g
Undid Creation^h at a jerk;
And of Redemptionⁱ made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse at once, and dipp'd her
Full in the middle of the Scripture:
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himself he out-Sternhold;
Made David^j seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought king Achish.
No mortal read his Solomon,^k
But judg'd Roboam his own son.
Moses^l he served as Moses Pharaoh,
And Deborah as she Sisera;
Made Jeremy^m full sore to cry,
And Jobⁿ himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow!
Shall Arthur use him like king Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah slay him?
Or dextrous Deb'rah Sisera him?
Or shall Eliza lay a plot
To treat him like her sister Scot?
Shall William dub his better end?^o
Or Marlborough serve him like a friend?
No, none of these—Heaven spare his life!
But send him, honest Job, thy wife.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

AN EPISTLE FROM A DOG AT TWICKENHAM TO A
DOG AT COURT.

To thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail, in wanton play
Now frisking this and then that way,
Chanced with a touch of just the tip
To hurt your lady-lapdog-ship:
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off!
Sure, Bounce is one you never read of.
Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come,
To fart and piss about the room.
To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
And, when they think not of you—snap!

^a Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.

^b An heroic poem, in twelve books.

^c An heroic poem in folio, ten books.

^d Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.

^e Hymn to the Light.

^f Satire against Wit.

^g Of the Nature of Man.

^h Creation, a poem in seven books.

ⁱ The Redeemer, another heroic poem, in six books.

^j Translation of all the Psalms.

^k Canticles and Ecclesiastes.

^l Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah &c.

^m The Lamentations.

ⁿ The whole Book of Job, a poem, in folio.

^o Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

The worst that envy or that spite
 E'er said of me is, I can bite;
 That idle gipsies, rogues in rags,
 Who joke at me, can make no brags;
 And that, to touse such things as flatter,
 To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and e'ry courtly fop
 Pawn on the devil for a chop,
 I've the humanity to hate
 A butcher, though he brings me meat;
 And, let me tell you, have a nose,
 (Whatever stinking fops suppose,)
 That under cloth of gold or tissue
 Can smell a plaster or an issue.
 Your pilf'ring lord, with simple pride,
 May wear a picklock at his side;
 My master wants no key of state,
 For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
 As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays;
 When pamper'd Cypids, beastly Venus,
 And motley, squinting Harlequins,
 Shall lie no more their ladies br—,
 But die of looseness, elaps, or itch;
 Fair Thames, from either echoing shore,
 Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd
 With thund'ring offspring all around;
 Beneath, beside me, and at top,
 A hundred sons, and not one fop!

Before my children set your heel,
 Not one true Bounce will be a thief!
 Not one without permission feed
 (Though some of J—n's hungry breed);
 But, whatso'er the father's race,
 From me they suck a little grace:
 While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
 Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest born resides not far,
 Where shines great Stratford's glittering star:
 My second (child of fortune!) waits
 At Burlington's Palladian gates:
 A third majestically stalks
 (Happiest of dogs!) in Cobham's walks:
 One ushers friends to Bathurst's door;
 One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Wait for my infants yet unborn.
 None but a peer of wit and grace
 Can hope a puppy of my race.

And, O would fate the bliss decree
 To mine (a bliss too great for me!)
 That two my tallest sons might grace,
 Attending each with stately pace,
 Iulus' side, as erst Evander's,
 To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders,
 To let no noble slave come near,
 And scare lord Fannys from his ear,
 Then might a royal youth, and true,
 Enjoy at least a friend—or two;
 A treasure which, of royal kind,
 Few but himself deserve to find.

Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
 Shall wag her tail within the grave.
 And though no doctors, Whig or Tory once,
 Except the sect of Pythagoreans,
 Have immortality assign'd
 To any beast but Dryden's hind;
 Yet master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
 Shall call their friend some ages hence,
 Though now no loftier themes he sings,
 Than to bestow a word on kings,

* "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged."

Head and Panther, ver. 1.

Has sworn by Styx, the poet's oath,
 And dread of dogs and poets both,
 Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
 And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

ON THE COUNTERTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

PALLAS grew vap'rish once and odd;
 She would not do the least right thing
 Either for goddess or for god,
 Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing
 Jove frown'd, and "Use (he cried) those eyes
 So skilful, and those hands so taper;
 Do something exquisite and wise—"
 She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
 Thought by all Heaven a burning shame;
 What does she next, but bids, on earth,
 Her Burlington do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
 But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
 The sense and taste of one that bears
 The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown,
 How quickly all the sex pursue!
 See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown
 Between John Overton and you!

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's most uncommon,
 (Envy, be silent and attend!)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
 Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible, soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says), air I!"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver:
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

MISCELLANIES IN PROSE.

BY MR. POPE, DR. ARBUTHNOT,

MR. GAY, &c. &c.

COLLECTED BY DR. SWIFT AND MR. POPE. 1737.

PREFACE.

Twickenham, May 27, 1737.

THE papers that compose the first of these volumes were printed about sixteen years ago, to which there are now added two or three small tracts; and the verses are transferred into a volume apart, with the addition of such others as we since have written. The second (and perhaps a third) will consist of several small treatises in prose, in which a friend or two is concerned with us.

Having both of us been extremely ill-treated by some booksellers (especially one Edmund Curl), it was our opinion that the best method we could take for justifying ourselves would be to publish whatever loose papers in prose and verse we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the world (very much to our regret, and perhaps very little to our credit), but such as in any probability hereafter may run the same fate; having been

obtained from us by the importunity, and divulged by the indiscretion of friends, although restrained by promises which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a compliment in breaking.

But the consequences have been still worse: we have been entitled, and have had our names prefixed at length to whole volumes of mean productions, equally offensive to good manners and good sense, which we never saw nor heard of till they appeared in print.

For a forgery in setting a false name to a writing which may prejudice another's fortune, the law punishes the offender with the loss of his ears; but has inflicted no adequate penalty for such as prejudice another's reputation in doing the same thing in print; though all and every individual book so sold under a false name are manifestly so many several and multiplied forgeries.

Indeed we hoped that the good nature, or at least the good judgment, of the world would have cleared us from the imputation of such things as had been thus charged upon us by the malice of enemies, the want of judgment of friends, the unconcern of indifferent persons, and the confident assertions of book-sellers.

We are ashamed to find so ill a taste prevail as to make it a necessary work to do this justice to ourselves. It is very possible for any author to write below himself; either his subject not proving so fruitful or fitted for him as he at first imagined; or his health, his humour, or the present disposition of his mind unqualifying him at that juncture: however, if he possessed any distinguishing marks of style or peculiarity of thinking, there would remain in his least successful writings some few tokens whereby persons of taste might discover him.

But since it hath otherwise fallen out, we think we have sufficiently paid for our want of prudence, and determine for the future to be less communicative: or rather, having done with such amusements, we are resolved to give up what we cannot fairly disown, to the severity of critics, the malice of personal enemies, and the indulgence of friends.

We are sorry for the satire interspersed in some of these pieces upon a few people from whom the highest provocations have been received, and who by their conduct since have shown that they have not yet forgiven us the wrong they did. It is a very unlucky circumstance to be obliged to retaliate the injuries of such authors, whose works are so soon forgotten that we are in danger already of appearing the first aggressors. It is to be lamented that Virgil let pass a line which told posterity he had two enemies called Bavius and Mævius. The wisest way is not once to name them, but (as the madman advised the gentleman who told him he wore a sword to kill his enemies) to let them alone and they will die of themselves. And according to this rule we have acted throughout all those writings which we designed for the press; but in these, the publication whereof was not owing to our folly but that of others, the omission of the names was not in our power. At the worst, we can only give them that liberty now for something, which they have so many years exercised for nothing, of railing and scribbling against us. And it is some commendation that we have not done it all this while, but avoided publicly to characterise any person without long experience. *Nonnum premaxim in annum* is a good rule for all writers of characters, because it may happen to those who vent praise or censure too precipitately, as it did to an eminent English poet, who celebrated a young nobleman for erecting Dryden's monument

upon a promise which his lordship forgot till it was done by another.

In regard to two persons only we wish our railery, though ever so tender, or resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of sir John Vanbrugh, who was a man of wit and of honour; and of Mr. Addison, whose name deserves all respect from every lover of learning.

We cannot deny (and perhaps most writers of our kind have been in the same circumstances) that in several parts of our lives, and according to the dispositions we were in, we have written some things which we may wish never to have thought on. Some sallies of levity ought to be imputed to youth, (supposed in charity, as it was in truth, to be the time in which we wrote them;) others to the gaiety of our minds at certain junctures common to all men. The publishing of these, which we cannot disown, and without our consent, is I think a greater injury than that of ascribing to us the most stupid productions which we can wholly deny.

This has been usually practised in other countries after a man's decease, which in a great measure accounts for that manifest inequality found in the works of the best authors; the collectors only considering that so many more sheets raise the price of the book; and the greatest fame a writer is in possession of, the more of such trash he may bear to have tacked to him. Thus it is apparently the editor's interest to insert what the author's judgment had rejected; and care is always taken to intersperse these additions in such a manner, that scarce any book of consequence can be bought without purchasing something unworthy of the author along with it.

But in our own country it is still worse: those very booksellers who have supported themselves upon an author's fame while he lived have done their utmost after his death to lessen it by such practices; even a man's last will is not secure from being exposed in print; whereby his most particular regards, and even his dying tendernesses, are laid open. It has been humorously said that some have fished the very jokes for papers left there by men of wit: but it is no jest to affirm that the cabinets of the sick and the closets of the dead have been broke open and ransacked to publish our private letters, and divulge to all mankind the most secret sentiments and intercourse of friendship. Nay, these fellows are arrived to that height of impudence, that, when the author has publicly disowned a spurious piece, they have disputed his own name with him in printed advertisements; which has been practised to Mr. Congreve and Mr. Prior.

We are therefore compelled, in respect to truth, to submit to a very great hardship; to own such pieces as in our stricter judgments we would have suppressed for ever: we are obliged to confess that this whole collection, in a manner, consists of what we not only thought unlikely to reach the future, but unworthy even of the present age; not our studies, but our follies; not our works, but our idlenesses.

Some comfort, however, it is, that all of them are innocent, and most of them, slight as they are, had yet a moral tendency; either to soften the virulence of parties against each other; or to laugh out of countenance some vice or folly of the time; or to discredit the impositions of quacks and false pretenders to science; or to humble the arrogance of the ill-natured and envious; in a word to lessen the vanity and promote the good humour of mankind.

Such as they are, we must in truth confess they are ours, and others should in justice believe they are all that are ours. If anything else has been

printed in which we really had any hand, it is either intolerably imperfect, or loaded with spurious additions; sometimes even with insertions of men's names which we never meant, and for whom we have an esteem and respect. Even those pieces in which we are least injured have never before been printed from the true copies, or with any tolerable degree of correctness. We declare that this collection contains every piece which in the idlest humour we have written; not only such as came under our review or correction, but many others which, however unfinished, are not now in our power to suppress. Whatsoever was in our own possession at the publishing hereof, or of which no copy was gone abroad, we have actually destroyed, to prevent all possibility of the like treatment.

These volumes likewise will contain all the papers wherein we have casually had any share; particularly those written in conjunction with our friends Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay; and lastly, all this sort composed singly by either of those hands. The reader is therefore desired to do the same justice to these our friends as to us; and to be assured that all the things called our *Miscellanies* (except the works of Alexander Pope, published by B. Lintot, in quarto and folio, in 1717; those of Mr. Gay, by J. Tonson, in quarto, in 1720; and as many of these *Miscellanies* as have been formerly printed by Benjamin Tooke) are absolutely spurious, and without our consent imposed upon the public.

JONATHAN SWIFT.
ALEXANDER POPE.

ADVERTISEMENT TO A FOURTH VOLUME.—1729.

Or the following volume we need only say that it contains the remainder of those miscellaneous pieces which were in some sort promised in the preface to the former volumes, or which have been written since. The verses are pagged separately, that they may be added to that volume which wholly consists of verse, and the "Treatise of the Bathos" placed in their stead in this. The reader may be assured no other edition is either genuine or complete, and that they are all the things of this kind which will ever be printed by the same hands. There are in this volume, as in the former, one or two small pieces by other hands.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIFTH AND SIXTH VOLUMES.—1736.

As most of this author's writings have been already published in "The Drapier's Letters," "Gulliver's Travels," and the four volumes of "Miscellanies," printed for Messieurs Motte and Gulliver, it would have been injurious to the English buyer, as well as proprietor, to have reprinted here the Dublin edition of his works. We are therefore only to assure both that these two volumes consist of such pieces as are not in the forementioned volumes, but, excepting three *Tatlers*, contain everything in the Dublin edition besides.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

НЕПІ БАБОТЪ;

OR, THE ART OF SINKING IN POETRY.

As the best perhaps of all advertisements we give the following opinions by some of the great critics who followed the distinguished author:—

"Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a satire on the abuses of human learning; and, to make it the better received, proposed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire), under a continued narrative of fringed adventures. They had observed that those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to dis-

credit them; they concluded, therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their discernment; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning, and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our author and his friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their design, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of 'The First Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.'

"*Moral satire* never lost more than in the diffusion of this project, in the execution of which each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent, besides constant employment for those they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in everything which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they all had in equal measure, and in a measure so large that no age perhaps ever produced three men to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom art had brought it to higher perfection."

—*Dr. Warton.*
"The 'Memoirs of Scriblerus' extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of queen Anne, and denominated themselves the *Scriblerus Club*. Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious life of an infatuated scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warton laments its miscarriage as an event very disastrous to polite letters. If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned; he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away; he cures diseases that were never felt. For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read it has been forgotten; as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier by remembering it. The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to 'Don Quixote,' there will be found in it particular imitations of the 'History of Mr. Oufle.' Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his travels; and with these the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"The life of the solemn and absurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, of which Johnson speaks so contemptuously, and says it is taken from the 'History of Oufle,' is the only true and genuine imitation we have in our language of the serious and pompous manner of Cervantes: for it is not easy to say why Fielding should call his 'Joseph Andrews,' excellent as it is, an imitation of his manner. 'Don Quixote' is in truth the most original and unrivalled work of modern times. The great art of Cervantes consists in having painted his mad hero with such a number of amiable qualities as to make it impossible for us totally to despise him. This light and shade in drawing characters show the master. It is thus Addison has represented his *sir Roger*, and Shakespeare his *Faustfall*. How great must be the native force of Cervantes' humour, when it can be relished by readers even unacquainted with Spanish manners, with the institution of chivalry, and with the many passages of old romances and Italian poems to which it perpetually alludes! There are three or four celebrated works that bear a great resemblance, and have a turn of satire similar to that of these 'Memoirs': 'The Barbers of Balzac'; 'The Life of Montmar'; by Morange and others; 'Le Chef d'Oeuvre d'un Inconnu' of Mathews; and 'La Charlatanerie des Savans' of Menken.

"Whatever may be determined of other parts of these 'Memoirs,' yet the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and twelfth chapters appear to be the production of Arbuthnot, as they contain allusions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and science with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and course of his reading. The rich vein of humour which, like a vein of mercury, runs through these 'Memoirs,' is much heightened and increased by the great variety of learning which they contain. It is a fact in literary history worth observing, and which deserves to be more attended to than I think it usually is, that the chief of those who have excelled in exquisite works of art and humour have at the same time been men of extensive learning. We may instance in Lucian, Cervantes, Querezo, Babelais, Arbuthnot, Fielding, and Butler above all; for no work in our language contains more learning than 'Hadithes.'"

—*Dr. Warton.*

INTRODUCTION.

In the reign of queen Anne (which, notwithstanding those happy times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou mayest possibly, gentle reader, have seen a certain venerable person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit,

was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eye hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: all this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a river-god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, and whether or no he had any other clothes (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say; hut his sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike anything of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a Jesuit took him for one, and others believed him some high priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the queen or her first minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the queen's ministry; who, either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropped from under his cloak, which my servant picked up and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words: *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri*. The book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly conceived was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the piazza by the dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him, in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English as follows:—

"Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the stars and my art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which is to manifest MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I have found in dame nature, not indeed an unkind but a very coy mistress; watchful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her through her labyrinth and meanders. My first vital air I

drew in his island (a soil fruitful of philosophers); but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes*. I have, through my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which mankind express against those who are possessed of the *arcanum magnum*. But at present I am forced to take sanctuary in the British court, to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard who has pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four years ago in the city of Madrid, in quest of natural knowledge, I was informed of a lady who was marked with a pomegranate upon the inside of her right thigh, which blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful phenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion increase as the season advanced, till, in the month of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her duenna, was admitted to the bath, saw her undressed, and the wonder displayed. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who, finding some letters I had written to the duenna, containing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the purity of my thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been pursued, dogged, and waylaid, through several nations, and even now scarce think myself secure within the sacred walls of this palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the grand phenomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now, by means of some British ship (whose colours no Spaniard dare approach), I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica for that benefit. To thee, my friend, whom fate has marked for my historiographer, I leave these my Commentaries, and others of my works. No more—be faithful and impartial."

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the queen's ministry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, deprived of his conversation, he has for some years continued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his strictures on the Dunciad; since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote or perhaps undiscovered region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the reader that, whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS ΗΕΠΙ ΒΑΣΩΤΖ.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

It hath been long (my dear countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprise that, whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators, have compiled and digested the art of ancient poetry, there hath not risen among us one person so public-spirited as to perform the like for the modern; although it is universally known that our everyway industrious moderns, both

In the weight of their writings and in the velocity of their judgements, do so infinitely excel the said ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that, while a plain and direct road is paved to their *Épêtes*, or sublime, no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our *Sûtes*, or profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, make use of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore considering, with no small grief, how many promising geniuses of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lend them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra* of true modern poetry! When you consider (my dear countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populousness of our lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture, there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprise: the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of dillancy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered rules of our art into regular institutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuses of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors, the master of Alexander, and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia: and in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics; since their laws, though they might be good, have ever been slackly executed; and their precepts, however strict, obeyed only by fits and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus, who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stoups upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars), though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens, they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this treatise.

For we shall see, in the course of this work, that our greatest adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally necessary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous

error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed, when any of these have gone so far as by the light of their own genius to attempt new models, it is wonderful to observe how nearly they have approached as to those particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cælo* from us.

CHAPTER II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE taste of the bathos is implanted by nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in such productions and in such images as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general taste is returning to this first simplicity and innocence; and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the greatest number is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry; we shall find those who have a taste of the sublime to be very few; but the profound strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed our wise authors have a present end,

Et prolesse volant, et delectare poete.

Their true design is profit or gain; in order to acquire which it is necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: from whence it follows demonstrably that their productions must be suited to the present taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that, though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high relish in poetry, but are in this one taste less nice than our ancestors. If an art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good poets as bad ones!

Nevertheless, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuses of rank or fortune from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those princes who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to such as these it would be ingratitude not to own that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAPTER III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS, PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injustice if all such authors as cannot write in the other way were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim; that poetry is a natural or morbid secretion from the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth that there is hardly any human creature, past childhood, but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and, no question, was much the better for it in his health; so true is the saying, *noscimur poete*. Therefore is the desire of writing properly termed

pruritus, the "tillation of the generative faculty of the brain," and the person is said to conceive; now, such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving, for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I question but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state. We find by experience that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in hallads and sonnets are condensed by the winter's cold into pamphlets and speeches for and against the ministry: nay, I know not but many times a piece of poetry may be the most innocent composition of a minister himself.

It is therefore manifest that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a maxim upon the single authority of Horace.^a Why should the golden mean and quintessence of all virtues be deemed so offensive in this art! or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these writers with those great spirits who are born with a *vacuité de penseur*, or (as an English author calls it) an "alacrity of sinking;"^b and who by strength of nature alone can excel. All I mean is, to evince the necessity of rules to these lesser geniuses, as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE NATIÖNS, OR PROFUND.

WE come now to prove that there is an art of sinking in poetry. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making ditches as in raising mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any sober practitioner affirm that a diving-engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his descent, and furnishing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the authors of antiquity we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true profound as in the true sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this, namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant that to excel in the bathos a genius is requisite; yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on the end, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is among the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task, unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the bathos as with small beer,^c which is indeed rapid and insipid if left at large and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well stopped, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bounding.

The sublime of nature is the sky, the sun, moon,

^a ————— *Mediocribus esse poetis*

^b *Nou dit, non homine, &c.* — *Pope*.

^c Spoken by Falstaff of himself in Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor."

^d The same simile is repeated in the "Dunciad." — *Jn. Warton*.

stars, &c. The profound of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious; it being certain that anything of which we know the true use cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution why common sense hath either been totally despised or held in small repute by the greatest modern critics and authors.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

AND I will venture to lay it down as the first maxim and corner-stone of this our art, that whoever would excel therein must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common sense*. His business must be to contract the true *gout de travers*; and to acquire a most bappy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature or uniformity of design. He is to mingle hits of the most various or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by head or tail, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong oppositions of colours, and surprise by a contrariety of images.

Serpentes aribus graminibus, tigribus agni. — *Hor.*

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himself. And since the great art of poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the credible with the surprising, our author shall produce the credible by painting nature in her lowest simplicity, and the surprising by contradicting common opinion. In the very same manner he will affect the marvellous; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern plays may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time form a complete body of modern ethics and morality.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors than that the world hath long been weary of natural things. How much the contrary are forced to please is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of barlequins and magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheelbarrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be, how are they struck with transport and delight! which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and anti-natural way of thinking to such a degree as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely below it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lutestring, or a child's mantle:—

The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,
Spun this, and wove in nature's finest loom,
The new-born world in their soft lap embraced,
And all around their starry mantle cast.*

If he looks upon a tempest he shall have an image
of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in
this manner:—

The ocean joy'd to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.†

The triumphs and acclamation of the angels at the
creation of the universe present to his imagination
"the rejoicings on the lord-mayor's day;" and he
beholds those glorious beings celebrating their Cre-
ator by huzzas, making illuminations, and fling-
ing squibs, crackers, and sky-rockets:—

Glorious illuminations, made on high
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the blis'd d'wellings green'd.
Through all the enlighten'd air swift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad cherubs threw;
Comets accorded with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry showers and glittering rain:
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal bathlements were flung.‡

If a man who is violently fond of wit will sacrifice
to that passion his friend or his God, would it not
be a shame if he who is smit with the love of the
bathos should not sacrifice to it all other transitory
regards? You shall hear a zealous protestant deacon
invoke a saint, and modestly beseech her to do more
for us than Providence:—

Look down, blest saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of Providence,
To which we stray. §

Neither will he, if a goodly simile come in his
way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of
things never yet beheld by man, or never in ex-
istence; as thus:—

These have I seen in Araby the blest
A phoenix couch'd upon her funeral nest.¶

But to convince you that nothing is so great which
a marvellous genius prompted by this laudable zeal
is not able to lessen, hear how the most sublime of
all beings is represented in the following images:—

First he is a PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canopy, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the sight.‡

Now he is a CHEMIST.

Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightning, and distils his rain. §

Now he is a WRESTLER.

Me in his gripping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruised,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews lous'd.¶

NOW A RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds the sunbeams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours which arise.
Drawn from the seas, to master in the skies.‡

NOW A PEACEABLE GUARANTEE.

In language of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee. §

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Joh, as a vile offender, God indicted,
And terrible decrees against me wrore.
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate.¶

In the following lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the folds of air.‡

THEN A FULLER.

Th' exhaling reeks, that sweet rise,
Borne on rebounding suctions through the skies,
Are thick'n'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heavenly fleece. §

A MEEKER, OR PACKER.

Drest thus one end of air's wide curtain bold,
And keep the lakes of ether to unfold;
Say, which cerulean pile was by thy hand unfold'd? †

A BUTLER.

He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds his founting bottles fill.‡

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderness his table spread,
And in his airy ovens baked their bread. §

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUSES IN THE PRO-
FOUND, AND THE MASKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I DOUBT not but the reader, by this cloud of exam-
ples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our as-
sertion that the bathos is an art, and that the genius
of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of
nature and unassisted with an habitual, nay, labo-
rious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images
so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great
author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these
instances (the father of the bathos, and indeed the
Homer of it), has, like that immortal Greek, con-
fined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby
left room for others to acquire a due share of praise
in inferior kinds. Many painters who would never
hit a nose or an eye have with felicity copied a small-
pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring;
and seldom are we without geniuses for still-life,
which they can work up and stiffen with incredible
accuracy.

A universal genius rises not in age; but when he
rises, armies rise in him: he pours forth five or six
epic poems with greater facility than five or six
pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile
copier after nature or the ancients. It is affirmed
by Quintilian[¶] that the same genius which made
Germanicus so great a general would, with equal
application, have made him an excellent heroic poet.
In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there
appears between arts and sciences, I doubt not but
an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful
pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a
laborious and tuneful haggler, or a diligent breeder
of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their re-
spective parts of the bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious ge-
nines under proper classes, and (the better to give
their pictures to the reader) under the names of
animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be

* Blackmore, p. 61. † P. 181. ‡ P. 16. § P. 174. ¶ P. 131.

It is remarkable that Swift highly commends Blackmore in
more than one place; from whom Dr. Johnson strangely as-
serts that Pope might have learnt the art of reasoning in verse,
exemplified in the "Poem on Creation;" but Ambrose Philips
related that Blackmore, as he proceeded in his poem, commu-
nicated it from time to time to a club of wits, his associates, and
that every man contributed as he could, either improvement or
correction; so that there are perhaps now here in the book thirty
lines together that now stand as they were originally written.
—DR. WATSON.

† Blackmore, "Song of Moses," p. 216.

‡ In a fine passage of the tenth book.

* Prince Arthur, pp. 41, 42.

† P. 14.

‡ P. 50.

N. B. In order to do justice to these great poets, our citations
are taken from the best, the last, and most correct editions of
their works. That which we use of "Prince Arthur" is in du-
cimus, 1714, the fourth edition, revised.—Pope.

¶ Ambrose Philips on the death of queen Mary.—WATSON.

§ Anon.

‡ Blackmore, opt. edit. duod. 1718, p. 172.

§ Blackmore, ps. civ. p. 263.

¶ P. 75.

‡ P. 170.

§ P. 70.

enabled at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.*

1. The Flying Fishes: these are writers who now and then rise upon their fins and fly out of the profound; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S., A. H.,¹ C. G.²

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally skimming and flitting up and down, but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T.,⁴ W. P., Lord H.⁵

3. The Ostriches are such whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flylog and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E.⁶ the bon. E. H.⁷

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own. W. E., W. S., C. C.,⁸ the reverend D. D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themselves long out of sight under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W.,¹ G. D.,² esq., the hon. sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoises are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D.,¹ C. G.,² I. O.³

7. The Frogs are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration; they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W.,¹ I. M.² esq., T. D. a goat.

8. The Eels are obscure authors that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W.,¹ L. T.,² P. M.,³ general C.

9. The Tortoises are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens; they bave for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P.,¹ W. B.,² L. E., the right bon. E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the bathos, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choles spirits in this our island.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

We have already laid down the principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that vulgar conversation will greatly contribute. There is no

* This was the chapter which gave so much offence, and excited such loud clamours against our author by his introduction of these initial letters, which he in vain asserted were placed at random, and meant no particular writers, which was not believed. These initial letters cannot now be authentically filled up.—Dr. WATSON.

¹ Aaron Hill thought that he was designated under the letters A. H., "although," says Pope, in reply, "every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner, and in truth (*except some few*) those letters were set at random to occasion what they did occasion—the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know."

² Charles Gildon.—BOWLES.

³ Lord Harvey.—BOWLES.

⁴ Hon. Edw. Howard, called in the Dunciad "High-bon Howard."—BOWLES.

⁵ Colley Cibber.—BOWLES.

⁶ George Ducket.—BOWLES.

⁷ Charles Gildon.—BOWLES.

⁸ Edward Ward.—BOWLES.

⁹ Thomas Ducket.—BOWLES.

¹ Tibbald.—BOWLES.

² Ambrose Philips.—BOWLES.

³ Tibbald.—BOWLES.

⁴ Laurence Eusden.—BOWLES.

⁵ James Moore.—BOWLES.

⁶ Leonard Welsted.—BOWLES.

⁷ Peter Motteux.—BOWLES.

⁸ William Broomer.—BOWLES.

⁹ William Broomer.—BOWLES.

question but the garret or the printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curll himself has been insensibly infused in¹ the works of his learned writers.

The physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a criticalness or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect bathos by the most elaborate low expression: it can at most be only carefully obscured or metaphorically debased. But it is the thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath waters:—

She drinks! she drinks! behold the matchless dame
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame!
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.*

What can be more easy and unaffected than the diction of these verses? It is the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and surprise us. And when the same lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in justice it ought) goes still deeper:—

Venus beheld her, 'midst her crowd of slaves,
And thought herself just risen from the waves.¹

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus not knowing herself from the lady.

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frightened stag in a full chase, who, saith the poet—

Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is profundity itself:—

None but himself can be his parallel.²

Unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield who writ in large letters of the picture of his elephant—

This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

However, our next instance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant:—

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he!
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son,
There all the lightning of thy mother's shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's; and lastly, they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a poet that shines forth amid a circle of critics:—

Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monsters rises into day.

* Anonymous.

¹ Dr. Ridley is said to have told Mr. Steevens, Mr. Spence informed that these lines originally stood in Pope's " Windsor Forest." Mr. Spence, on the other hand, affirmed to Dr. Watson, that they were quoted from his unpublished juvenile epîc, called " Alexander." Amid this contradictory evidence, so may be excused believing that Pope had written them " for the nonce," to fill the place which they occupy in this very treatise.

² Tibbald, " Double Falsehood."

What a peculiarity is here of invention! The author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in its way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children were no monsters: there were only the centaur and the maid that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that! with a boldness peculiar to these daring geniuses, what he found not monsters he made so.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES;
AND OF AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN
GENERAL.

WHAT in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours is their choosing and separating such circumstances in a description as ennobles or elevates the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are obvious, therefore not astonishing or peculiar: but those that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprise prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but, above all, preserve a landable prolixity; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently the worst consequence of all to our author.

Joh says, in short, he washed his feet in butter; a circumstance some poets would have softened or passed over; now hear how this butter is spread out by the great genius:—

With teats distended with their milky store,
Such numerous lowing herds before my door,
Their painful burden to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.*

How cautious and particular! "He had," says our author, "so many herds, which herds thrived so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have washed his feet in it."

The ensuing description of hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances:—

Is flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours show,
Some deeply red, and others faintly blue.^b

Could the most minute Dutch painter have been more exact! How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!—

His eyeballs burn, he wounds the smoking plume,
And knots of scarlet ribbon deck his mane.^c

Of certain ewig-players:—

They brandish high in air their threat'ning staves,
Their hands a woven guard of oaks above,
In which they fix their hazel wisp'ers' ends.^d

Who would not think the poet had passed his whole life at wakes in such laudable diversions! since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make, a cudgel!

Periphrase is another great aid to prolixity, being a diffused circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean, and a strange surprise when he finds it.

The poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure:—

A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.^e

Here is a waving sea of heads, which, by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find it means a great crowd.

How pretty and how genteel is the following!—

Nature's confectioner—
Whose suckets are moist elcbemy;
The still of his refining mould
Minting the garden into gold.^f

What is this but a bee gathering honey!—

Little syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Watson gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.^g

Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely!

We may define amplification to be making the most of a thought: it is the spinning-wheel of the bathos, which draws out and spreads it into the finest thread. There are amplifiers who can extend half-a-dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which the tale of many a vast romance, and the substance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the size of a primer.

In the book of Job are these words: "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day-spring to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated amplifier of our age?—

Canst thou set forth the ethereal mines on high,
Which the refrigent ore of light supply?
Is the celestial furnace to thee known,
In which I melt the golden metal down?
Treasures, from whence I deal out light as fast
As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.^h

The same author has amplified a passage in the civth Psalm: "He looks on the earth and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke:—"

The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight;
The woods, with terror wing'd, on only the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.ⁱ

Yon here see the hills not trembling, but shaking off woods from their backs to run the faster; after this yon are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent purvey fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

CHAPTER IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the profound are to imitate diligently the examples in their own way is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilvy, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Eusden of Blackmore? Therefore, when we sit down to write, let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question: "How would sir Richard have said this? do I express myself as simply as Ambrose Phillips? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtfulness of Mr. Weldon?"

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert that our proficient should also read the works of those famous poets who have excelled in the sublime: yet

* Joh. p. 78. b Cleveland. c Ambrose Phillips to Cullen.
d Joh. p. 108. e Joh. p. 287.

f An admirable parody on the fourteenth section of Longinus, when he advises the writer to ask himself, whilst he is composing any work, "How would Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes have expressed themselves on this subject?" Dr. WATSON.

* Blackmore, Job. p. 133.
b Anonymous.

b Prince Arthur, p. 69.
d Prince Arthur, p. 197.

is not this a paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds anything lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious circumstance or periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those figures, the use of which we shall show in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the bathos reduced it in every page! Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of *Ætna* in the third *Æneid*!—

Horrida juxta tonat *Ætna* roinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad ethera fumum,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Atollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit.*
Interdum scopulos ævulque viscera montis
Erigit erectans, linguetque aëra sub aëra
Cum gemitis glomeris, fumoque exeat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our British poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a fit of the colic!—

Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled stores with mixed storms of wind
Rown up to rage; and roaring out complain;
As torn with inward gripes and tearing pain;
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit round,
And with their melted bowels spread the ground.†

Horace, in search of the sublime, struck his head against the stars; but Empedocles, to fathom the profound, threw himself into *Ætna*. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had also been there from this description!

Imitation is of two sorts; the first is when we force to our own purposes the thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a play professedly writ in the style of Shakespeare, wherein the resemblance lay in one single line:—

And so good morrow 'y'e, good master lieutenant.‡

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *nothing*, embroidered was *broader*, *hermits* were *eremites*, *disdained* 'adigned, *shady umbrageous*, *enterprise emprise*, *pagan paynim*, *pinions pennons*, *sweet dulcet*, *orchards orchals*, *bridge-work pontifical*; nay, *her* was *his*, and *their* was *thir*, through the whole poems. And in very deed there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read to any purpose the works of such men as Milton and Shakespeare.

It may be expected that, like other critics, I should next speak of the passions; but as the main end and principal effect of the bathos is to produce tranquillity of mind (and sure it is a better design to promote sleep than madness), we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the emollients and opiates of poetry; of the cool, and the manner of producing it; or of the methods used by our authors in managing the passions. I shall but transiently remark that nothing contributes so much to the cool as the use of wit in expressing passion; the true

* These two words, after he had said "Atollitque globos flammarum," are perhaps the only two in Virgil that may be said bombast and superlativally, *σπερματικα*, says Longinus, *καὶ υπερβολικα*.

† Prince Arthur, p. 75. "Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

‡ From Rowe's tragedy of "Lady Jane Grey."

genius rarely falls of points, conceits, and proper similes on such occasions: this we may term the pathetic epigrammatical, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent transports.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the passions of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed that to move anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move love, of hawdry; to beget favour and friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the state. As for shame it is a silly passion, of which, as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

CHAPTER X.

OF TROFES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARI-
REGATING, CONFOUNDING, AND REVERSING FIGURES.

We proceed to the figures. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the abuse of speech. They ought to lay down as a principle to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures must be so turned as to manifest that intricate and wonderful cast of head which distinguishes all writers of this kind; or (as I may say) to refer exactly the mould in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd errancies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible, to enumerate all such figures, but we shall content ourselves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the bathos, under three classes.—

I. The variegating, confounding, or reversing tropes and figures;

II. The magnifying; and

III. The diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother-tongue.

Of the first sort nothing so much conduces to the bathos as the

CATACHRESIS.

A master of this will say,

"Mow the beard,
Shave the grass,
Pin the plank,
Nail my sieve."

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind as to the eye, when we behold harlequin trimming himself with a batchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a teapot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the bathos is,

THE METONYMY,

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c. —

Laced in her cousin's new appear'd the bride,
A bubble-boy's and tempter's at her side,
And with an air divine her cousin's plied:
Then O! she cries, what slaves I round me see!
Here a bright red coat, there a smart topee.*

* Stays. † Twaice a day. ‡ Watch. § Fan.
* A sort of petticoat; all words in use at this present year, 1777.
† These five lines are quoted from his own youthful poems, as indeed are most of those marked *metonymy*.

THE SYNECDOCHS,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes *pretty-face* and *pig's-eyes*, and sometimes *smotty-nose* and *draggle-tail*. Or of accidents for persons; as a lawyer is called *split-cause*, a tailor, *prick-louse*, &c. Or of things belonging to a man for the man himself; as a *sword-man*, a *gown-man*, a *l-m-t-d-man*; a *white-staff*, a *turn-key*, &c.

THE APOSIOPESIS,

an excellent figure for the ignorant, as, "what shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or, "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

THE METAPHOR.

The first rule is to draw it from the lowest things, which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the thunder of heaven, say,

The lions above are hungry and talk big.*

Or if you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus:—

Though he (as said) may riches gorge, the spoil
Painful in mazy vomit shall recoil:
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay.
Like his own ordure, cast with scorn away.†

The second, that whenever you start a metaphor you must be sure to run it down and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a state negotiation follow it in this manner:—

The stones and all the elements with thee
Shall rally a strict confederacy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance with thee treat;
The fenny tyrant of the spacious seas
Shall send a wily embassy for peace;
His plighted faith the crocodile shall keep,
And seeing thee for joy sincerely weep.‡

Or, if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war:—

Envoys and agents, who by my command
Reside in Palestine's land,
To whom commissions I have given
To manage there the interests of heaven:
Ye holy heralds, who proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your master's name,
Ye pioneers of heaven, prepare a road,
Make it plain, direct, and broad;
For I in person will my people lead;
—For the divine deliverer
Will on his march in majesty appear,
And needs the aid of no confederate power.§

Under the article of the Confounding we rank—

1. THE MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raises so many images as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea just opposite to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist, painting the spring, talks of a snow of blossoms, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of winter. Of this sort is the following:—

The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
Whose livid flashes sick'ning sunbeams drown.*

What a noble confusion! clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sunbeams, gaping, pouring, sickening, drowning! all in two lines.

2. THE JARGON.

They head shall rise though buried in the dust,
And 'midst the stars his glittering turrets thrust.†

Querre, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head!

* Lee's Alexander.

† Blackmore, Job, pp. 91, 93.

‡ Job, p. 22.

§ Blackmore, Isaiah, c. xl.

* Prince Arthur, p. 87.

† Job, p. 107.

Upon the shore; as frequent as the sand,
To meet the prince, the glad Demetians stand.*

Querre, Where these Demetians stood! and of what size they were! Add also to the jargon such as the following:—

Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
And desolation lie for ever waste.†
Here Niobe, and mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone.‡

But for variegation nothing is more useful than

3. THE PARANOMASIA, OR PUN,§

where a word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being split; as this of Mr. Dennis:—

Bullets, that wound, like Parthians as they fly.¶

Or this excellent one of Mr. Wilested:—

—Behold the virgin lie
Naked, and only cover'd by the sky.‡

To which thou may'st add—

To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. THE ANTITHESIS, OR SEE-SAW,§

whereby contraries and oppositions are balanced in such a way as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these on a lady who made herself appear out of size by hiding a young princess under her clothes:—

While the kind nymph, changing her fankless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape.¶

On the maids of honour in mourning:—

Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.‡

—His eyes so bright

Let in the object and let out the light.¶

The girls look pale to see as look so red.‡

—The fairies and their queen,

In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.¶

All nature felt a reverential shock,
The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.‡

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A GENUINE writer of the profound will take care never to magnify any object without clouding it at the same time; his thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered that darkness is an essential quality of the profound, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be, as Milton expresses it,
No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief figure of this sort is,

THE HYPERBOLE, or impossible.¶

For instance, of a Lion.

He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him.‡

Of a Lady at Dinner.

The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the same.

—The obscuration of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.‡

* Prince Arthur, p. 137. ‡ Job, p. 89. † T. Cook, Poems.

‡ A happy reading of Atterbury vindicates Milton from degrading his style by a very vile pun often quoted:

"And brought into this world a world of woe."

Atterbury would point it thus:—

"And brought into this world, (a world of woe,)"
In a parenthesis, and putting the repeated word in apposition to the former.—Dr. Warton.

‡ Poems, 1683, p. 13.

‡ It were to be wished our author himself had not been so very fond of this figure.—Dr. Warton.

‡ Waller.

‡ Steele, on queen Mary.

‡ Lee, Alexander.

‡ Blackmore, Job, p. 178.

‡ And what even the great Cornelia has sometimes fallen.

‡ Vol. Aut.

‡ Theobald, "Double Falshood."

Of a Bull-baiting.

Up to the stars the sprawling mastiffs dy,
And add new monsters to the frighted sky.

Of a Scene of Misery.

Behold a scene of misery and woe!
Here Argos soon might weep himself quite blind,
Er'u though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes!—

And that modest request of two absent lovers:—

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

2. The PERIPHRASES, which the moderns call the *circumlocutions*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of magnifying may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect:—

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low?
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even bumble seems a term too high.^a

III. The last class remains; of the diminishing. 1. the ANTICLIMAX, and figures where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprise.

On the Extent of the British Arms.

Under the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.^a

On a Warrior.

And thou, Dalhousy, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the earl of Mar.^a

On the Valour of the English.

Nor art nor nature has the force
To stop its steady course!
Nor Alps nor Pyreneans keep it out
—Nor fortified redoubts.^a

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprisingly imperfect, or is presented with something low or quite ridiculous: a surprise resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of antique statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer or Cato; but looking up finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea:—

His motion works, and beats the cosy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the food,
Till all its' encumber'd, thick, fermenting streams,
Does like one pot of boiling ointment sear,
When'er he swims he leaves along the jets
Such frothy furores, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary with age, or gray with sudden fear.^a

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing:

Now the red-hot flames and fiery store,
By winds assailed, in wilder furies roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long iron horns removed,
And to and fro huge heaps of cinders shored.^a

2. THE VULGAR

is also a species of the diminishing; by this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand:—

The mighty Stuffs threw a mossy spear,
Which, with its errand pleased, sung through the air.^a

A man raging with grief to a mastiff dog.

I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw.^a

And elonds big with water to a woman in great necessity:—

^a Blackmore, p. 21. ^b Anonymous. ^c Ibid.
^d Ibid. ^e Ibid. ^f Dennis on Namur.
^g Blackmore, Job, p. 127. ^h Prince Arthur, p. 137.
Prince Arthur. ⁱ Job, p. 41.

Distended with the waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is when a poet grows so very simple as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest master in this way. Hear how he fondles like a mere stammerer:—

Little charm of placid mien,
Mixture of beauty's queen,
Either, British muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Grasses three,
And your pretty nursing see.
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green:
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportings fall of May!
Then the neck so white and round,
(Little neck with brilliant bound).
And thy gentleness of mind,
(Gentle from a gentle kind.) &c.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest be of happy men, &c.^a

And the rest of those excellent lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat!—

Teach me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep.^a

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death:—

That ever she could die! O most unkind!
To die and leave poor Colinet behind!
And yet,—why blame I her?^a

With no less simplicity does he suppose that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:—

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevell'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.^a

4. THE INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances:—

Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep).^a
To the grave senate she could counsel give
(Which with astonishment they did receive).^a
He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls from the grandeur of his majesty.^a
Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew—you sip and sing.^a

Where you easily perceive the nothingness of every second verse.

The noise returning with returning light.

What did it?

Dispersed the silence and dispell'd the night.^a
The glories of proud London to survey,
The sun himself shall rise—by break of day.^a

5. THE EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors:—

Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,^a
The roosting current, and odorous fragrance,
Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness.

Or in pretty drawing words like these:—

All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
And his sons' sons, till there shall be no more.^a
The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same!
While wretched we remember'd there,
O Sun, Sun, lovely name!^a

^a Ambrose Phillips on Miss Carazona. ^b Ibid. ^c Ibid.
^d Phillips's Pastorals. ^e Ibid.
^f Phillips on Queen Mary. ^g Ibid.
^h T. Cook on a Grasshopper. ⁱ Anonymous
^j Author. Vet.
^k I am afraid he glanced at Thomson.—Dr. WATSON.
^l T. Cook, Poems. ^m Ibid.

6. THE MACROLOGY AND PLEONASM

are as generally coupled as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries^a employ this figure :—

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
The food of armies, and support of wars,
Refuge of swarms, and gleamings of a fight,
Lessen his numbers and contract his host,
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.^b

Of all which the perfection is

THE TAUTOLOGY.

Break through the billows, and—divide the main.^c
To smoother numbers, and—in softer verse.
Divide—and part—the sever'd world—in two.^d

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated modern poems.

CHAPTER XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE expression is adequate when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the thought. It must not be always grammatical, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear for fear it become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number :—

The sword and pestilence at once devour.

instead of *devour*.^e

Sometimes the wrong case :—

And who more fit to soothe the god than *thee* ?

instead of *thou*.

And rather than say,

Thetis saw Achilles weep,

she *heard* him weep.

We must be exceeding careful of two things; first, in the choice of low words; secondly, in the sober and orderly way of ranging them. Many of our poets are naturally blessed with this talent, inasmuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest citizen who had made prose all his life without knowing it.^f Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words; I take them from my last-cited author, who, though otherwise by no means of our rank, seemed once in his life to have a mind to be simple :

If not, a prize I will myself decree,
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.^g
—Full of days was he;
Two ages past, he lived the third to see.^h
The king of forty kingdoms, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.ⁱ
That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The most despised of all the gods am I.^j
Then let my mother once be ruled by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be.^k

Or these, of the same hand :—

I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.^l

Sometimes a single word will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ship set on fire owes all the spirit of the bathos to one choice word that ends the line :

And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion fied.^m
And in that description of a world in ruins :—

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack.ⁿ

So also in these :—

Bests time and avails to the river's brink
Come from the fields and wild shades—to drink.^o

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually :—

He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,
That cheers the forest and the garden trees.^p

It is also useful to employ *technical terms*, which estrange your style from the great and general ideas of nature; and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanics for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his *lines* were finely spun, and *bleached* on the happy plains.^q Call an army of angels *angelic cuirassiers*,^r and if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

Fresh troops of pains, and regimented woes.^s

Style is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of styles we shall mention only the principal, which owe to the moderns either their chief improvement or entire invention.

1. THE FLORID STYLE,

than which none is more proper to the bathos, as flowers, which are the lowest of vegetables, are most gaudy, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of ponds and ditches.

A fine writer of this kind presents you with the following poem :—

The groves appear all dress'd with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers;
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
Exchanged their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses.
As if the willing branches strove,^t
To beautify and shade the grove.^u

Which indeed most branches do. But this is still excelled by our laureate :—

Branches in branches twined compose the grove,
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing alders alders sigh.^v

Hear also our Homer :—

His robe of state is form'd of light refined,
An endless train of lustre spreads behind.
His throne's of bright compos'd glory made,
With pearls celestial, and with gems laid;
Whence floods of joy and seas of splendour flow,
On all the angelic gazing through below.^w

^a Asserting plainly that the first book of the *Iliad*, published by Tickell, was really the work of Addison.—Dr. Warton.

^b *Tonson's Miscellany*, 12mo., iv., 292, 4th edition.—Dr. Warton.

^c *Ibid.*, vi. 119.

^d *Job*, p. 263.

^e *Prince Arthur*, p. 151.

^f *Job*, p. 264.

^g *Job*, p. 265.

^h *Job*, p. 266.

ⁱ *Job*, p. 267.

^j *Job*, p. 268.

^k *Job*, p. 269.

^l *Job*, p. 270.

^m *Job*, p. 271.

ⁿ *Job*, p. 272.

^o *Job*, p. 273.

^p *Job*, p. 274.

^q *Job*, p. 275.

^r *Job*, p. 276.

^s *Job*, p. 277.

^t *Job*, p. 278.

^u *Job*, p. 279.

^v *Job*, p. 280.

^w *Job*, p. 281.

^a Even such pure writers as Catullus, Lucretius, and Horace, have sometimes been guilty of pleonasm; of which there are examples in the "Miscellaneous Observations of Jortin," p. 37, vol. ii.

^b *Comp.*

^c *Tonson's Miscellany*, 12mo., iv. 291, 4th edit.

^d *Tonson's Miscellany*, vi. 121.

^e Our author himself has more than once fallen into this fault.

^f Tickell, *Homer*, II. i.

^g Jourdain, in *Molier's Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

^h Tickell, *Homer*, p. 11.

ⁱ *P. 17.*

^j *P. 19.*

^k *P. 24.*

^l *P. 25.*

^m *P. 26.*

ⁿ *P. 27.*

^o *P. 28.*

^p *P. 29.*

^q *P. 30.*

^r *P. 31.*

^s *P. 32.*

^t *P. 33.*

^u *P. 34.*

^v *P. 35.*

^w *P. 36.*

^x *P. 37.*

^y *P. 38.*

^z *P. 39.*

^{aa} *P. 40.*

^{ab} *P. 41.*

^{ac} *P. 42.*

^{ad} *P. 43.*

^{ae} *P. 44.*

^{af} *P. 45.*

^{ag} *P. 46.*

^{ah} *P. 47.*

^{ai} *P. 48.*

^{aj} *P. 49.*

^{ak} *P. 50.*

^{al} *P. 51.*

^{am} *P. 52.*

^{an} *P. 53.*

^{ao} *P. 54.*

^{ap} *P. 55.*

^{aq} *P. 56.*

^{ar} *P. 57.*

^{as} *P. 58.*

^{at} *P. 59.*

^{au} *P. 60.*

^{av} *P. 61.*

^{aw} *P. 62.*

^{ax} *P. 63.*

^{ay} *P. 64.*

^{az} *P. 65.*

^{ba} *P. 66.*

^{bb} *P. 67.*

^{bc} *P. 68.*

^{bd} *P. 69.*

^{be} *P. 70.*

^{bf} *P. 71.*

^{bg} *P. 72.*

^{bh} *P. 73.*

^{bi} *P. 74.*

^{bj} *P. 75.*

^{bk} *P. 76.*

^{bl} *P. 77.*

^{bm} *P. 78.*

^{bn} *P. 79.*

^{bo} *P. 80.*

^{bp} *P. 81.*

^{bq} *P. 82.*

^{br} *P. 83.*

^{bs} *P. 84.*

^{bt} *P. 85.*

^{bu} *P. 86.*

^{bv} *P. 87.*

^{bw} *P. 88.*

^{bx} *P. 89.*

^{by} *P. 90.*

^{bz} *P. 91.*

^{ca} *P. 92.*

^{cb} *P. 93.*

^{cc} *P. 94.*

^{cd} *P. 95.*

^{ce} *P. 96.*

^{cf} *P. 97.*

^{cg} *P. 98.*

^{ch} *P. 99.*

^{ci} *P. 100.*

^{cj} *P. 101.*

^{ck} *P. 102.*

^{cl} *P. 103.*

^{cm} *P. 104.*

^{cn} *P. 105.*

^{co} *P. 106.*

^{cp} *P. 107.*

^{cq} *P. 108.*

^{cr} *P. 109.*

^{cs} *P. 110.*

^{ct} *P. 111.*

^{cu} *P. 112.*

^{cv} *P. 113.*

^{cw} *P. 114.*

^{cx} *P. 115.*

^{cy} *P. 116.*

^{cz} *P. 117.*

^{da} *P. 118.*

^{db} *P. 119.*

^{dc} *P. 120.*

^{dd} *P. 121.*

^{de} *P. 122.*

^{df} *P. 123.*

^{dg} *P. 124.*

^{dh} *P. 125.*

^{di} *P. 126.*

^{dj} *P. 127.*

^{dk} *P. 128.*

^{dl} *P. 129.*

^{dm} *P. 130.*

^{dn} *P. 131.*

^{do} *P. 132.*

^{dp} *P. 133.*

^{dq} *P. 134.*

^{dr} *P. 135.*

^{ds} *P. 136.*

^{dt} *P. 137.*

^{du} *P. 138.*

^{dv} *P. 139.*

^{dw} *P. 140.*

^{dx} *P. 141.*

^{dy} *P. 142.*

^{dz} *P. 143.*

^{ea} *P. 144.*

^{eb} *P. 145.*

^{ec} *P. 146.*

^{ed} *P. 147.*

^{ee} *P. 148.*

^{ef} *P. 149.*

^{eg} *P. 150.*

^{eh} *P. 151.*

^{ei} *P. 152.*

^{ej} *P. 153.*

^{ek} *P. 154.*

^{el} *P. 155.*

^{em} *P. 156.*

^{en} *P. 157.*

^{eo} *P. 158.*

^{ep} *P. 159.*

^{eq} *P. 160.*

^{er} *P. 161.*

2. THE PERT STYLE.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of "The London Spy," and all the Spies and Trips in general, are hereto in diligently studied; in verse, Mr. Cibber's prologues.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous as when it is employed in modernising, and adapting to the taste of the times, the works of the ancients. This we rightly phrase, *doing them into English*, and *making them into English*; two expressions of great propriety; the one denoting our neglect of the manner how; the other, the force and compulsion with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this style that Tælius talks like a coffee-house politician, Josephus like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or Mr. Asgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at snip-snap, and honest Thomas à Kempis, as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

The ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being new, and has the happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it in the description of a sun in a mourning coach upon the death of queen Mary:—

See Phœbus now, as once for Phœdon.
Has mask'd his face, and put deep mourning on;
Dark clouds his sable chariot do surround,
And the dull steeds stalk 'er the melancholy sound.¹

Of prince Artbur's soldiers drinking:—

While rich burgundian wine and bright champagne
Chase from their minds the terror of the main.²

Whence we also learn that burgundy and champagne make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.

Of the Almighty encompassing his regiments:—

—He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his liquid regiments does keep.
Thither the waves file off, and make their way,
To form the mighty body of the sea;
Where they encamp, and in their station stand,
Entrench'd in works of rock and lines of sand.³

Of two armies on the point of engaging:—

You armies are the cards which both must play;
At least come off a saver, if you may:
Throw boldly at the sun the gods have set;
Those on your side will all their fortunes bet.⁴

All perfectly agreeable to the present customs and best fashions of our metropolis.

But the present branch of the alamode is the PRESENT; a style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of persons of the first quality, and, by the encouragement of the ladies, not unsuccessfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed, its incredible progress and conquests may be compared to those of the great Sesostris, and are everywhere known by the same marks, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * and * * * *hicus magnus lacrymabitur* * * * And selling of bargains, and double entendre, and Κελεύματα, and Ουσιμύθημα, all derived from the said sources.

4. The FINICAL STYLE,¹

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the alamode; as the following:—

¹ Josephus, translated by sir Roger L'Estrange.

² Andrew Phillips. ³ Prince Arthur, p. 18.

⁴ Blackmore, Ps. civ. p. 261. ⁵ Lee, Sophomolis.

¹ In which Fribo's "Superficial Dissertation on the 'Casside'" is written, who is very fearful to be thought a scholar, and makes an apology for quoting a common piece of Latin.—Dr. Warton.

Of a brook dried by the sun.

Won by the summer's importuning ray,
Th' sleeping stream did from her channel stray,
And with enticing sunbeams stole away.²

Of an easy death.

When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee, ripe with age, invite the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the grave, his granary.³

Of trees in a storm.

Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, and signs
And passes by.⁴

Of water simmering over the fire.

The sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleased liquor pines, and laments all the while.⁵

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMEROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words; and the BUSKIN, or stately, frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once then is the bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the wrong one. Will not every true lover of the profound be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?—

Who knocks at the door!

For whom thus rudely pleads my door-logged gate,
That he may enter?

See who is there!

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder.⁶

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my clothes.

Bring me what nature, tailor to the bear,
To man himself denied; she gave me cold,
But would not give me clothes.

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air congenial
By Boreas's rude breath.

Snuff the candle.

You' imaginary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguished life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust!

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the springy door:
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.⁷

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence discovered the hidden sources of the bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that

² Blackmore, Job, p. 26. ³ Ibid., p. 23. ⁴ Denn.

⁵ Anonymous, in Toulson's Miscellany, part 2, p. 224.

⁶ Tempest. ⁷ Theobald, "Double Falshood."

⁸ These verses are his own.—Dr. Warton.

of the eöemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered that all and every individual of the oöthos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern maoufactures arises from their being divided into several branches and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric were the several parts branched out in like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith that "the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality;" accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by travelling. Soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The *periphrasis*,* or circumlocution, is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue* of old men at clogs; the *ellipsis*, or speech by half-words, of ministers and politicians; the *apocope* of courtiers; the *litotes* or diminution of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiplosis* of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green bastings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate; sarcasm and irony learned upon the water; and the *epiphonema* or exclamation, frequently from the bear-garden, and as frequently from the "Hear him" of the house of commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure would doubtless attain to perfection, and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society (as hath been proposed), a poet or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphorist for his allegories; to the simile-maker for his comparisons; to the ironist for his sarcasms; to the apophthegmatist for his sentences, &c., whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient despatch, at the public expense, a rhetorical chest of drawers consisting of three stories; the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be divided into *loci* or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it,

which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate or valiant officer, of unquestioned loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state, which will sufficiently guard against any mischief that might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out by the day to several great orators in both houses; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will also accrue to our society.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS, OR SATIRES; AND OF THE COLOUR OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

Now of what necessity the foregoing project may prove will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works as speed and despatch. Great pity it is that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportioned to their heaviness; for it is with the flowers of the bathos as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish, and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that profit which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in showing the quickest method of composing them, after which we will teach a short way to epic poetry. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First, of panegyric. Every man is honourable who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are virtuous by their posts; liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon the public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expenses, and prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; besides, they are, by prescription immemorial, invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.*

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation, which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a *stupid*

* A sarcasm on three orders of knighthood.

* All this paragraph down to the words in it, "house of commons," is wonderfully acute and satirical, especially the mentioning the bear-garden.—JES. WATSON.

thrift and who will not pay a just debt may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of contraries: it is certain the less a man is endued with any virtue the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all; for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire, wherein we are ever to remark that whose loses his place or becomes out of favour with the government hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise or dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons I refer to our rhetorical cabinet, concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their ears in the pillory.

CHAPTER XV.

A RECIPE TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.*

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them, for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Mollère observes of making a dinner, "that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot do it without he has his art for nothing." The same may be said of making a poem. It is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which any author in the biosmos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth or Don Belianis of Greece), those parts of the story which afford most scope for long descriptions; put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures; there let him work for twelve books, at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an EPIQUE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in

the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure; be sure you stain them sufficiently.

For the MANNERS.*

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or not it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil and change the names as occasion serves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *deities*, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his "Art of Poetry":—

"Nec deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Insidens."

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance but when he is in great perplexity.

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest*. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse; add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.

For a *Battle*. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *Burning Town*. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's "Theory of the Conflagration," well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for *similes* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the difficulty is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.[†]

* A stroke of ridicule on Rous.—Dr. WARTON.

† An undesigned sarcasm on a work full of strong imagery, Burnet's Theory.—Dr. WARTON.

* The "Discourse of Voltaire on the Epic Poets of all Nations," added to his "Henriade," contains many false and rude opinions, particularly some objections to "Paradise Lost."—Dr. WARTON.

* A severe misimpression is here intended on Rous.—Dr. WARTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE.*

It may be thought that we should not wholly omit the drama, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is so well taken care of by the present managers of the theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the bathos.

Here, therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our sincere and humble thanks to the most august Mr. Barton Booth, the most serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most undaunted Mr. Culley Gihber; of whom let it be known, when the people of this age shall be ancestors, and to all the succession of our successors, that to this present day they continue to outdo even their own outdoings; and when the inevitable hand of sweeping time shall have brushed off all the works of to-day, may this testimony of a contemporary critic to their fame be extended as far as to-morrow.

Yet if to so wise an administration it be possible anything can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project signed with their names and dated the second of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the reader with the substance of it.

"1. It is proposed, that the two theatres be incorporated into one company; that the royal academy of music be added to them as an orchestra; and that Mr. Figg with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership.

"2. That a spacious building be erected at the public expense, capable of containing at least ten thousand spectators; which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of children and nurses to the audience since the new entertainments.^b That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two houses of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of aldermen, who shall all have their places frank.

"3. If Westminster-hall be not allotted to this service, (which, by reason of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament above mentioned seems not altogether improper,) it is left to the wisdom of the nation whether Somerset-house may not be demolished, and a theatre built upon that side which lies convenient to receive spectators from the county of Surrey, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may in the readiest manner convey those eminent personages from courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated pieces, or by affection to see their countrymen, the harlequins and eunuuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

"4. That the theatre above-said be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings fitted for the accommodation of decayed critics and poets; out of whom six of the most aged (their age to be computed from

the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society; provided, nevertheless, that the laureate for the time being may be always one. The head or president over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient poet and critic to be found in the whole island.

"5. The male players are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The actresses are to make their beds and wash their linen.

"6. A large room shall be set apart for a library, to consist of all the modern dramatic poems and all the criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the council of six to sit and deliberate on the merits of plays. The majority shall determine the dispute: and if it shall happen that three and three should be of each side, the president shall have a casting voice, unless where the contention may run so high as to require a decision by single combat.

"7. It may be convenient to place the council of six in some conspicuous situation in the theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in music, they may give signs (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation. In consequence of these signs, the whole audience shall be required to clap or hiss, that the town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleased.

"8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the council of six by some particular habit or gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square cap and a white wand.

"9. That to prevent unmarried actresses making away with their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the children of the society; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall, at the public expense, be brought up a page to attend the council of six: a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a poet; and a greater still for the son of a critic.

"10. If it be discovered that any actress is got with child during the interlude of any play wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall forfeit accordingly. If any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of robbery and theft. In all other cases, particularly in those for debt, it is proposed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St. James's, may be held a place of privilege. And whereas it has been found that an obligation to satisfy paltry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality or others shall send for any poet or critic of this society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an arrest.

"11. The forementioned scheme, in its several regulations, may be supported by profits arising from every third night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives a very little will be deemed sufficient), the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those profits the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent man-

* The character of a player is in this chapter treated rather too contemptuously. Johnson fell into the same cast, and treated his old friend Garrick unkindly and unjustly, at a time when he was received into the familiarity of some of the best families in this country. Baron, Chamelle, Le Coqneur, Du Meuil, Le Kain, were equally respected in France.—Da. Warton.

^b Pantomimes then first exhibited in England.

ner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but paint, diet-drinks, spitting-pots, and all other necessities of life, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

"12. If some of the articles may at first view seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the council of six (which is indeed larger than any intrusted to the great officers of state), this may be obviated by swearing those six persons of his majesty's privy-council, and obliging them to pass everything of moment previously at that most honourable board."

Vale & fruere,
MAR. SCRIB.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI

SUMMI CRITICI, CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM SPECIMEN.

ÆNEIDEM totam, amice lector, Innumerabilibus pœnè mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spurie occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Inter ea adverta oculos, et his paucis frue. At si que sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *apocrypha* nostra libro Ipai præfigenda, ut consulas, monco.

It is very easy, but very ungrateful, to laugh at collectors of various readings, and adjusters of texts, those poor pioneers of literature, who drag forward

A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's deposed, and B with pomp restored.

To the indefatigable researches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor are we indebted for that ease and facility with which we are now enabled to read. "I am persuaded," says Bayle, "that the ridiculous obstinacy of the first critics, who insisted so much of their time upon the question whether we ought to say Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great use; they thereby inspired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they disposed them to a sedulous inquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occasion to their improving by those great examples." Diet. tom. v. p. 790.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI. Vers. 1.

Arma virumque cano. Troje qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus, Laviniaque venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,
Vi superbum—

Arma virumque cano. Troje qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris reatatus, et alto,
Vi superbum—

Ab aris, nempe *Herculi Jovis*, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550—*Autu* ventorum *Æoli*, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum *Æneas* aderat, *Lavinia* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193—*jactatus* *terris* non convenit.

II. Vers. 52.

Et quisquis nomen Junonis adoret?
Et quisquis nomen Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *numen*, et procul dubio sic Virgilius.

III. Vers. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*
Qua data porta ruunt—

Venti, velut *aggre* *facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt—

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Vers. 117.

Fidemque vehabat *Oreum*.
Fortemque vehabat *Oreum*.

Non *sedum*, quia epitheton *Achate* notissimum *Oreonti* nunquam datur.

V. Vers. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput—
Excutitur: pronusque *magis* *ter*
Volvitur in caput—

At Virgilium aliter non scripsisse quod pianè confirmatur ex sequentibus—*At illum ter fluctus ibidem torquet*—

VI. Vers. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virum—

Armi *hominum*: ridiculè antea *arma virum*, quæ ex ferro conficta, quomodo possunt *natare*?

VII. Vers. 151.

Atque rotis summas leviter perlabitur undas.
Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur undas.

Summas et leviter perlabi, pleonasmus est: mirificè altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit; simili modo noster de Camilla, Æn. xi.

Ille vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret, &c., hyperbolicè.

VIII. Vers. 154.

Jamque facies et saxa volent, furor arma ministrat.
Jam *feces* et saxa volent, *figientque* *misetri*:

nti solent, instanti pericula—*Facies facibus* longe præstant, quid enim nisi feces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. Vers. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *agulis* pendentibus antrum,
Intus æquum dulcor, viroque sedilia saxa.
Fronte sub adversa *populi* *pendentibus* *æstrum*.

Sic malim, longè potiùs, quàm, *acupulis* *pendentibus*: nugum! nonne vides versus sequenti *duces aquas* ad potandum et *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari in quorum usum? quippe *prædentium*.

X. Vers. 188.

Tres littore *corvos*
Prosperit *arantes*: hos *tota* *armata* *sequuntur*
A tergo—
Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit *errotum*: hos *agmina* *tota* *sequuntur*
A tergo—

Corvi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima; hæc animalia in *Africa* non inveniunt, quis nescit? at *motus et ambulandi ritus* corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noster alibi

Et sola in sicca secum spectat armo.

Omen præclarissimum, immò et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

XI. Vers. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, præminosque *Triones*.
Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones*.

XII. Vers. 631.

Quare agite, O juvenes! testis succedite nostris.
Lectius potiùs dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quæ unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat; Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio *O juvenes*!
Duplècem bunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn. iv. ver. 19.

Hinc omni forma potui succumbere *cupis*:
Anna! *falebor* enim—

Sic corriges,

*Hæc uni [vetro acil.] potui succumbere; culpæ?
Anna! faleret enim, etc.*

Vox succumbere quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VER. I.

Contingere omnes, instantique ora trahant,

Lude toro pater *Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.

Concubere omnes, instantique ora trahant;

Inde toro satur *Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.

Concubere, quia toro *Æneam* vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, acil. *contingere* et *ora trahant*, tautologice dictum. In manuscripto præquam rarissimo in patris museo, legitur, *ore gemebant*; sed magis ingeniose quam verè. *Satur* *Æneas*, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse; quod satis constat ex perantiquâ illâ Britannorum cantilenâ vocatâ *Cherry Chace*, ejus auctor hunc locum sibi assivit in hæc verba:—

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas et opes, et lamentabile regnum

Errebat Danaï.

Trojanas ut opes et lamentabile regnum

Direriet.

Mallem opes potiùs quàm opes, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus opes et armenta divitiarum fuerunt. Vei fortasse opes *Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascibat, et jam in vindictam pro Hecene raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. li. 3.] aliisque duobus, merito occisâs.

IV. VER. 5.

Quisque ipse miseriam vidi,

Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quisque ipse miseriam vidi,

Et quorum pars magna fui.

Omnia tam audita quam *risa* recta distinctione enarrare hic *Æneas* prodest: multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tamquam *risa* referre non potuit.

V. VER. 7.

Quis talia fletu

Temperet a lachrymis?

Quis talia fletu

Temperet a lachrymis?

Major enim doloris indicatio, abque modo lacrymare, quàm solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* celo

Præcipitat, madentique cadentes sidera somnos.

Et jam nox *humida* celo

Præcipitat, madentique cadentes sidera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vesperinum rorem solùm innuere videtur: magis mi aridet *humina*, quæ *latentia* postquam præcipitantur, aurora adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor curæ cognoscere nostras,

Et breviter Trojæ supremam audire laborem,

Sed si tantus amor curæ cognoscere nostras,

Et brevi ter Trojæ supremæ audire labores.

Cura Noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel, ut dixit ipse, breviter) totam belli catastropham denotat, quàm diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *curas nostras*. Ter audire gratum finisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliaecque iterum demens audire labores exposcit: Ter enim jam saepe usurpatur. Trojæ, supremæque labores*, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii

esse his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide *Æn.* li. v. 610, etc.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctusque refugit,

Incipiam—

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctusque refugit,

Resurgit multò propriùs dolorem *renascentem* notat quam ut *baculus*, *refugit*.

VII. VER. 19.

Fracti bello, fatique repulsi

Ductores Danaùm, tot jam labentibus annis,

Luctat montis equum, *Alvina* Palladis arte

Edificant—etc.

Fracti bello, fatique repulsi.

Fracti et *repulsi*, antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti*, frigide et vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adamus: quem si *equum Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; sois enim femellis utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusos insomne cave*—Atque uterque sonitum *quater arma dedere*—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *facta* non convenit maribus—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, *Fata armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat! incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri causa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *sezu*, dixit Maro. Vale i dum hæc pauca corriges, majus opus moveo.

AN ESSAY ON THE LEARNED MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCES

Written to the most learned Dr. —, F.R.S., from the deserts of Nubia.

Among all the inquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive there is none more worthy the search of a learned bread than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those who first brought them among us attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means, since I write this from the deserts of *Æthiopia*, from those plains of sand which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom below the grave of *Cambyses*; a solitude to which neither *Pythagoras* nor *Apollonius* ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Egyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received them is as yet a secret. The highest period of time to which the learned attempt to trace them is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first of empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people called the *Pygmæans*. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer (*Hom.* li. iii.), Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars, and revolutions, and from the variety in which those authors speak of them as of things known, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military

achievements in the brave defence of their country from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government: though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time, and such sudden periods have been put to them as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture that the like happened to this nation, from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested, it ought not to seem more incredible than that one of the Balears was wasted by rabbits, Smythie by mice [Eustathius in Hom. Il. i.], and of late Bermudas almost depopulated by rats [Speede, in Bermudas]. Nothing is more natural to imagine than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed till they were found out by Osiris in his travels to instruct mankind.

"Hemet," says Diodorus [l. c. 18.], "in Ethiopia a sort of little satyrs who were hairy one-half of their body, and whose leader Pan accompanied him in his expedition for the civilising of mankind." Now of this great personage, Pan, we have a very particular description in the ancient writers, who unanimously agree to represent him shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast, and walking erect with a staff, the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us. And since the chief thing to which he applied himself was the civilising of mankind, it should seem that the first principles of science must be received from that nation to which the gods were by Homer [Il. i.] said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Egypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant," saith Diodorus [l. iii. ch. 69], "whence Silenus derived his birth, through his great antiquity; but he had a tail on his loins, as likewise had all his progeny, in sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the much celebrated order of gymnosophists. For whoever observes the scene and manner of their life will easily find them to have imitated with all the exactness imaginable the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest woods, to go naked, to suffer their bodies to be overrun with hair, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch says [in his Oration on Alexander's Fortune], "they eat what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their beds made of leaves or moss." And Herodotus [l. i.] tells us that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many ants or creeping things.

Hence we see that the two nations which contend for the origin of learning are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contested which was first blest with the rise of science, yet have they conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Egypt is so well known to have worshipped them of old in their own images, and India may be credibly supposed to have

done the same, from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of these hairy philosophers, in just gratitude as it should seem to the mouth from which they received their knowledge.

Pass we now over into Greece, where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was that Greece first heard the name of satyrs or owned them for *semidei*. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called king by Theocritus. [Παν. Ἄσπ. Id. i.] If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strongest reports in all antiquity. One is, that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus, which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we most insist upon, is the fabulous story of the gods compressing women in woods under bestial appearances, which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said it is highly credible that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances is that great mimic genius, Æsop [Vit. Æsop. initio.], for whose extraction from these *sycestris homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who says that Æsop signifies the same thing as *Æthiop*, the original nation of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage, inasmuch that he might have lived in the woods had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing-apparel. The third proof is his acute and satirical wit. And lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions.

The next instance I shall produce is Socrates. [See Plato and Xenophon]. First, it was a tradition that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men. Secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nosed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look. Thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of the respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces, so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles; it rose in one generation to their arms; in the second it invaded their necks; in the third it gained the ascendant of their heads till the degenerate appearance in which the species is now immersed became completed, though we must here observe that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity, there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed the defection from their nature was not so

entire but there still appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and survey his order! how did they cast themselves into the same forms for march or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution which they enjoyed while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy. At the first appearance of these wild philosophers there were some of the least mixed who vouchsafed to converse with mankind, which is evident from the name of Fauns [Livy], a *fando*, or speaking. Such was he who, coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable era, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers increased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these ancient Sylvas; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer, and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision or scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's [vid. Plutarch in Vit. Sylla] time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only showed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil, whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons who are related in the sixth Bucolic to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware), they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden called *Ægle*, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great Pygmean empire, and several hieroglyphical fables, under which they couched or embellished their morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolic as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom, but, as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher, and only instructed by action.

The last we shall speak of who seemeth to be of the true race is said by St. Jerome to have met St. Anthony [Vit. St. Ant.] in a desert, who inquiring the way of him, he showed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices which I am at present able to gather of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable

Mr. Purchas's collections), a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince most learned and communicative, to whom in Malabar their excess of zeal dedicated a temple raised on seven hundred pillars, not inferior in Maffius's [l. i.] opinion to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great as made his followers doubt if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection, and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into men. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisanagar, 1550, for which the Indians offered, according to Linschotten [ch. 44.], the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due respect Orang Outang the great, the last of this line, whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Orang Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher: Orang Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson* has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet even at this time what experiments do they not afford us of relieving some from the spleen and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons; with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life! and what surprising relations have le Comte^b and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them! If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a term of life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men, what prodigies may we not conceive of those who were *nati melioribus anis*, those primitive, longeval, and antediluvian man-tigers who first taught science to the world!

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery! what hot that they should abate their pride and consider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts! that these, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now distinguished and known only by the same appellation as the man-tiger and the monkey!

As to speech, I make no question that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "that they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated

* Dr. Tyson's Anatomy of a Pigmy, 4to.

^b Father le Comte, a Jesuit, in the account of his travels.

their brother Indians, find it necessary not to show themselves to be men that they may be protected not only from work but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so aversive to that natural and open cheerfulness which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now were it possible that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world whose natural turn is adapted to engage their society and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions? no nation where the women with easy freedoms and the gentlest treatment might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I hear my native country prompts me to wish this nation might be Great Britain; but, alas! in our present wretched, divided condition, how can we hope that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour state would incline me to wish it were Holland—

*Sed levā in parte mamillæ
Nūc salū Arcades.*

It is from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height. May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tigers I mean of Etbiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? the man-tigers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning to form comedians and dancing-masters; and marmosets, court-pages and young English travellers? But the distinguishing of each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale & fruere.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

OR THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE APPROACHING
CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS JUPITER, MARS,
AND SATURN.

By Mart. Scriblerus, Philomath.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora—*

I SUPPOSE everybody is sufficiently apprised of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this instant Dec. 1722, foretold by all the sages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the metamorphostical conjunction; a word which denotes the mutual transformation of sexes (the effect of that configuration of the celestial bodies), the human males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have represented this great trans-

formation by several significant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obelisk a barber and a midwife; the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and she her swaddling clothes to the barber. Accordingly, Thales Milesius, (who, like the rest of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians,) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, "then," says he, "shall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of shaving and child-bearing."

Anaximander modestly describes this metamorphosis in mathematical terms: "Then," says he, "shall the negative quantity of the women be turned into the positive, their — into + (i. e.), their *minus* into *plus*."

Plato not only speaks of this great change but describes all the preparations toward it. "Long before the bodily transformation," says he, "nature shall begin the most difficult part of her work, by changing the ideas and inclinations of the two sexes: men shall turn effeminate and women manly; wives shall domineer and husbands obey; ladies shall ride a-horseback, dressed like cavaliers; princes and nobles appear in nighttrails and petticoats; men shall squeak upon their *ss* with female voices and women corrupt virgins; lords shall knot and cut paper; and even the northern people *ἀγρία σαρξίν ἰσχυρά*, a phrase (which, for modesty's sake, I forbear to translate) which denotes a vice too frequent among us.

That the ministry foresaw this great change is plain from the *calico* act; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England to convert their *woolless* female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-stools; undressing themselves (as it were) before their transformation.

The philosophy of this transformation will not seem surprising to people who search luto the bottom of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has shown us how man was at first created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of procreation within himself; a circumstance necessary to the state of innocence, wherein a man's happiness was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas* that he had his female mate. Many such transformations of individuals have been well attested; particularly one by Montaigne and another by the late bishop of Salisbury. From all which it appears that this system of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer, several alterations. Every smatterer in anatomy knows that a woman is but an introverted man: a new fusion and *status* will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity; but I forbear, for the sake of my modest men-readers, who are in a few days to be virgins.

In some subjects the smallest alterations will do, some men are sufficiently spread about the hips, and contrived with that female softness, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there are women who are, as it were, already the *ébauché* of a good sturdy man. If nature could be puzzled it will be how to bestow the redundant matter of the exuberant bubbles that now appear about town, or how to roll out the short dapper fellows into well-sized women.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday, the 29th instant. Accordingly, about eight at night, as Senesino shall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he shall be observed to make an unusual motion; upon which the audience will be affected with a red suffusion over their countenance; and because a strong succession of the muscles of the belly is

* Sketch, rough draught, or essay.

necessary toward performing this great operation, both sexes will be thrown into a profuse involuntary laughter. Then, to use the modest term of Anaximander, "shall negative quantity be turned into positive," &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a number of untouched virgins within those walls; but, alas! such will be the impatience and curiosity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the disorders that may happen upon this occasion is the chief design of this paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this conjunction to compass their filthy purposes. They tell the ladies, forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable commodity, hardly of so much value as a calico under-petticoat; since, like its mistress, it will be useless in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the dishonour and immorality of the action, I desire they will consider that Nature, who never destroys her own productions, will exempt big-bellied women till the time of their lying-in; so that not to be transformed will be the same as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortress that is to be demolished in a few days, let them reflect that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence to be brought to bed of a bastard—a posthumous bastard as it were—to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a dry-nurse.

This wonderful transformation is the instrument of nature to balance matters between the sexes. The cruelty of scornful mistresses shall be returned; the slighted maid shall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly and a bastard.

It is hardly possible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phenomenon will occasion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to see the proceedings of the parliament of Paris, as to the title of succession to the crown; this being a case not provided for by the Salique law. There will be no preventing disorders among friars and monks; for certainly vows of chastity do not bind, but under the sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a scandal among protestants for husbands and wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *debitum conjugale*, by the husband being *femina coverta*. I submit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe whether the transformation does not discharge all suits of rapes.

The pope must undergo a new groping: but the false prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his successors; for as the grand signior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen at his devotion.

These are surprising scenes; hot I beg leave to affirm that the solemn operations of nature are subjects of contemplation not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earnest request to the merry fellows and giggling girls about town that they would not put themselves in a high twitter when they go to visit a general lying-in of his first child; his officers serving as midwives, nurses, and rockers, dispensing caudle; or if they behold the reverend prelates dressing the heads and airing the linen at court, I beg they will remember that these offices must be filled with people of the greatest regularity and best characters. For the same reason I am sorry that a certain prelate [Dr. Atterbury], who, notwithstanding his confinement [in Dec. 1722], still preserves his healthy cheerful countenance, cannot come in time to be a nurse at court.

I likewise earnestly entreat the maids of honour (then ensigns and captains of the guards,) that at their first setting out they have some regard to their former station; and do not run wild through all the infamous houses about town: that the present grooms of the bedchamber (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in their green-sickness; and, in general, that the men would remember they are become retromingent, and not by inadvertency lift up against walls and posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the clergy, but balls and assemblies will be indecent for some time.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chambermaids, (the future ministers, plenipotentiaries, and cabinet-counsellors to the princes of the earth,) manage the great intrigues that will be committed to your charge with your usual secrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your masters will go better than ever.

O ye exchange-women! (shopkeepers of Exeter 'Change) (our right worshipful representatives that are to be,) be not so griping in the sale of your ware as your predecessors, but consider that the nation, like a spendthrift heir, has run out; be likewise a little more continent in your tongues than you are at present, else the length of debates will spoil your dinners.

Ye housewifely good women, who now preside over the confectionary, (henceforth commissioners of the treasury,) be so good as to dispense the sugar-plums of the government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and censorious old maids, (the hopes of the bench,) exert but your usual talents of finding faults, and the laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such slender evidences as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyster-merebants of Billingsgate, (just ready to be called to the bar, and coiled like your sister-serjeants,) that we expect the shortening the time and lessening the expenses of lawsuits; for I think you are observed to bring your debates to a short issue; and even custom will restrain you from taking the oyster and leaving only the shell to your client.

O ye physicians! who in the figure of old women are to clean the tripe in the markets, scour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare most deliciously on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this happy transformation: the only expedient left to restore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is so evident that it is almost an affront to common sense to insist upon the proof: if there can be any such stupid creature as to doubt it, I desire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone, at present, about a million of sturdy fellows, under the denomination of standing-forces, with arms in their hands: that those are masters of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of all the rest, I believe nobody will deny. It is no less true in fact that reams of paper, and above a square mile of skins of vellum, have been employed to no purpose to settle peace among those sons of violence. Pray who is he that will say unto them, "go and disband yourselves"! but lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the halcyon days of public tranquillity return: for neither the military temper nor discipline can taint the soft sex for a whole age so come: *belligæ matribus inivis*, was odious to mothers, will not grow immediately palatable in their paternal estate.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be less in family tranquillity than it is in national.

Great faults will be amended; and frailties for-

given on both sides. A wife, who has been disturbed with late hours, and choked with the *Aust* goût of a not, will remember her sufferings, and avoid the temptations; and will for the same reasons indulge her mate, in his family capacity, in some passions which she is sensible from experience are natural to the sex; such as vanity, fine clothes, being admired, &c. And how tenderly must she use her mate under the breeding-qualms and labour-pains which she hath felt herself! In short, all unreasonable demands upon her husband must cease, because they are already satisfied, from natural experience, that they are impossible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen those of their household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of

Their most sincere well-wisher,
M. S.

A KEY TO THE LOCK;

OR, A TREATISE, PROVING BEYOND ALL CONTRADICTION THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF A LATE POEM, ENTITLED

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,
TO GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

Written in 1714.

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into parties, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in allegory and fable. If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of "John Bull and his wife:" if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an ant with a white straw is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of "Count Tariff."

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, entitled "The Rape of the Lock," which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that, when the meaning of anything is dubious, one can noway better judge of the true intent of it than by considering who is the author, what is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now that the author of this poem is a reputed papist is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the course of his education by Jesuits or others is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread popish doctrines, yet it comes

to the same point if he touch the government; for the court of Rome knows very well that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popish friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author, with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having (as he said) reflected upon him in the character of sir Plume. Upon his going out I inquired who he was, and they told me he was a Roman catholic knight.

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and showing his snuff-box and cane, to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a Roman catholic lord.

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young lady to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint, in his dedication, that he meant something farther. This lady is also a Roman catholic. At the same time, others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room; and all of them Roman Catholics.

But to proceed to the work itself.

In all things which are intricate, as allegories in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clew at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of his intricate composition.

First, then, let it be observed that in the most demonstrative sciences some *postulates* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me is, that by THE LOCK is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY.^b

I. First, then, I shall discover that Belinda represents Great Britain, or (which is the same thing) her late majesty. This is plainly seen in his description of her:—

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore;
alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her white cliffs, and to the cross, which is the ensign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the lock, or barrier treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clariissa, who lent the scissors, my lady Masham.

IV. Thalestria, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the lock, or treaty, the duchess of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestria to demand it of great Britain, prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterward: but I shall first explain the foregoing.

^a "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) resembles you in nothing but beauty."—Dedication to the "Rape of the Lock."

^b For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see "The Conduct of the Allies," and "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

The first part of the baron's character is his being adventurous or enterprising, which is the common epithet given to the earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aspires to is this treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice :—

—an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances: these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances; hinting thereby that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the French romances above mentioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a fan; which, both for its gaudy show and perpetual flitting, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the ladies of the bedchamber. The garter alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the sense, call the half-pair of gloves a gauntlet, the token of those military employments which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayers soon to obtain, and long to possess :—

The pow'r gave war, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the duchess of Marlborough appears both by her nearness to Belinda and by this author's malevolent suggestion that she is a lover of war :—

To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries :

but more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock or treaty. Among other things she says, "Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?" Was it for this so much paper has been spent to secure the barrier treaty?

Metelaks, already if your tears survey:
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with prince Eugene :—

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded case,
With earnest eyes—

'Tis remarkable this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded case gives him the honour which is so justly his due of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His "earnest eye," or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstance of a "round unthinking face."

Having now explained the chief characters of his human persons, (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the sequel of this discourse,) I shall next take in pieces his machinery,

wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The sylphs and gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for, these being placed in the air, and those on the earth, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, high and low. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the heads of parties; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation :—

This erring mortal levity may call :
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for, speaking of these spirits, he says, in express terms, —

—The chief of rare nations own,
And guard, with arms divine, the British throne.

And here let it not seem odd if, in this mysterious way of writing, we find the same person who has before been represented by the baron, again described in the character of Ariel; it being a common way with authors, in the fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St. Evremont that all the different characters in Petronius are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Angels, both Pollarcus and Archomhrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We observe, in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the ear of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary that this person must be the minister who was nearest the queen. But whoever would be further convinced that he meant the treasurer may know him by his ensigns in the following line :—

He raised his azure wand.

His sitting on the mast of a vessel shows his presiding over the South Sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her majesty? But let us bear the lines :—

—Ye spirits, to your charge repair,
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care :
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Mementilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispiana, tend her far'rite lock.

He has here particularised the ladies and women of the bedchamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her majesty's dresser, and impudently given nicknames to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the sylphs are said to be wondrous fond of place, in the canto following, where Ariel is perched uppermost, and all the rest take their places subordinately under him.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the character of the baron before :—

Amazed, confused, he saw his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired :

Being another prophecy that he should resign his place, which it is probable all ministers do, with a sigh.

At the head of the gnomes he sets Umbricel, a dusky, melancholy spirit, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some grave and worthy minister. The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often

affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described, in the house of spleen, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the whimsical.

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the sylph, that is wounded with the scissors at the loss of the lock; by whom is undoubtedly understood my lord Townshend, who at that time received a wound in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was cut out of his employment upon the dissolution of it: but that spirit reunites, and receives no harm: to signify that it came to nothing and his lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under angels and men, so he has others under animals and things inanimate: he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a dog and a noted writer as a tool. Let us examine the former:—

———But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leapt up and waked his mistress with his tongue.
’Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open’d on a billet-doux.

By this Shock, it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverell, who leaped up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his tongue, that is, with his sermon, which made so much noise, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a dog. Or, perhaps, by his tongue may be more literally meant his speech at his trial, since immediately thereupon our author says, her eyes opened on a billet-doux. Billets-doux, being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted those addresses of loving subjects to her majesty which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third canto:—

Steel did the labours of the gods destroy,
And strikes to dust the imperial towers of Troy
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And new triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steele. A very artful pun, to conceal his wicked lampoon!

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at ombre is a mystical representation of the late war, which is hinted by his making spades the trump; spade in Spanish signifying a sword, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the queen, and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the two that play against her, viz. the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:—

Even mighty Pam. that kings and queens o’erthrew,
And now’d down armies in the fights of too,
Saw chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished—

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transaction is very plain, from an unguarded stroke toward the end of this game:—

And now, as oft in some distemper’d state,
On one nice track depends the general fate.

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and thanksgivings are ridiculed in the two following lines:—

The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in), that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterward be cursed which was then celebrated with so much joy:—

Sudden these honours shall be snatch’d away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

As the game at ombre is a satirical representation of the late war, so is the tea-table that ensues of the council-table and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the trade in this place appears by the passage which represents the sylphs particularly careful of the rich brocade; it having been a frequent complaint of our merchants that French brocades were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich gold stuff suits which were said to be made her majesty by the king of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry, in plain terms, taking frequent cups—

And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;
for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by calling it

Coffee that makes the politician wise;
and by telling us it was this coffee that

Seet up in vapours to the baron’s brain
New stratagems.

I shall only further observe that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where but at the council-board should the barrier treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing contentions of the parties upon the loss of that treaty are described in the squabbles following the rape of the lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise,

All side is parties—
and here you have a gentleman who sicks beside the chair, a plain allusion to a noble lord who lost his chair of president of the council.

I come next to the bodkin, so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British sceptre, so revered in the hand of our late august princess. His own note upon this place tells us he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain they need no remark:—

The same (his ancient personage to deck)
Her great-great-grandmother wore about his neck
In three seal-rings, which, after melted down,
Form’d a vast buckles for his widow’s gown;
Her infant grandam’s whistle next it grew,
The twirl she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother’s hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon hereditary right! The three seal-rings plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the bottle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant joy at those dissensions from which he forma

the prospect that both should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

Behold how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.

The lock at length is turned into a star, or the old barrier treaty into a new and glorious peace. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It put me in mind of a fellow who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days with these lines:—

God save the king, the commons, and the poets,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that peace, I imagine it the most extraordinary star that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence not Mr. John Partridge alone, (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules,) but all true Britons, may, with no less authority than he prognosticate the fall of Lewis in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the fate of Rome in the triumphant condition of the church of Eogland.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shown that it has two different walks of satire, the one in the story itself, which is a ridicule on the late transactions in general; the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the ministers of state in particular. I shall now show that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to popery, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of guardian angels and patron saints in the machinery of his sylphs, which, being a piece of popish superstition that has been exploded ever since the Reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st, The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2ndly, A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each person in particular:—

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite.

3rdly, They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations:—

Her guardian sylph prolong'd her balmy rest,
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream.

4thly, They are made to be subordinate to different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command:—

Superior by the head was Ariel placed.

5thly, They are employed in various offices, and each has his office assigned him:—

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And look and whisper in the breeze of day;
Some guide the course, &c.

6thly, He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of dress; intimating thereby that the saints preside over the several parts of human bodies. They have one saint to cure the toothache, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest:—

The Suttering fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Bellante, we consign, &c.

7thly, They are represented to know the thoughts of men:—

As on the swaggy in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind.

8thly, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:—

Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9thly, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:—

Of these the chief the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the papists to defend England; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. James, Spain, &c. Now what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power we must be brought back again to pray to them.

The toilette is an artful recommendation of the mass and pompous ceremonies of the church of Rome. The unveiling of the altar, the silver vases upon it; being robed in white, as the priests are upon the chief festivals; and the head uncovered, are manifest marks of this:—

A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends:—

plainly denotes image worship.

The goddess who is decked with treasures, jewels, and the various offerings of the world, manifestly alludes to the lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the incense-pot in the following line:—

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the popish religion or the whore of Babylon, who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies:—

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Than issuing forth the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a cross on her breast, the ensign of popery, the adoration of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:—

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Next he represents her as the universal church according to the boasts of the papists:—

And like the sun she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:—

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven and ev'ry power adored.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to matins; in the second, by adoring every power, the invocation of saints.

Belinda's visits are described with numerous wax-lights, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship:—

—Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The lunar sphere he mentions opens to us their purgatory, which is seen in the following line:—

Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.

It is a popish doctrine that scarce any person quits this world but he must touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here also represented as the treasury of the Romish church. Nor is it much to be wondered at that the moon should be purgatory when a learned divine [Dr. Swinburn] hath, in a late treatise, proved the sun to be hell.

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader

to compare this key with those upon any other pieces which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern, in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbitr, Lucian's "True History," Barclay's "Argenis," and Rabelais's "Gargantua," and I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge that the explanations here laid down are deduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general scope and bent of the work, and from the several particulars; furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretations of either party on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able state decipherers themselves, if, according to their art, anything can be more fully proved or more safely sworn to!

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words, he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire, and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many further discoveries might be made both of this poet's and his abettors' secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the government.

MEMOIRS OF P. P., CLERK OF THIS PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio; which might have been entitled "The Importance of a Man to Himself;" but, as it can be of very little use to anybody besides, I have contented myself to give only

* It was impossible but that such a history as Burnet's, which these Memoirs are intended to ridicule, relating recent events so near the time of their transaction, should be variously represented by the violent parties that have agitated and disgraced this country: though these parties arise from the very nature of our free government. Accordingly this prelate's "History of his Own Time" was as much vilified and depreciated by the Tories as praised and magnified by the Whigs. As he related the actions of a persecutor and a benefactor, he was accused of partiality, injustice, malignity, flattery, and falsehood. Revell Higgins, and Lord Lansdown and others, wrote remarks on him, as did the great lord Peterborough, whose animadversions, as his amanuensis, a Mr. Holloway, assured me, were very severe; they were never published. As Burnet was much trusted and consulted by king William, and had a great share in bringing about the Revolution, his narrations, it must be owned, have a strong tincture of self-importance and egotism. These two qualities are chiefly exposed to these Memoirs. Hume and Dalrymple have taken occasion to ensure him. After all, he was a man of great abilities, of much openness and frankness of nature, of much courtesy and benevolence, indefatigable in his studies and in performing constantly the duties of his station. His character is freely drawn by the marquis of Halifax; one paragraph of which is too remarkable to be omitted: "His indifference for preferment; his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty; his degrading himself to the lowest and most painful duties of his calling; are such overpraisable qualities, that, let him be ever so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a dissenter." Few persons or prelates would have had the boldness and honesty to write such a remonstrance to Charles II. on his dissolute life and manners as did Burnet in the year 1680. We may easily guess what the sycophants of that profligate court, and their profligate master, said and thought of the piety and freedom of this letter. —Dr. WATSON.

this short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

In the name of the Lord. Amen. I, P. P., by the grace of God clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish clerk; and to that end it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass that I was born in the year of our Lord anno Domini 1663, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, esquire Brett, did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said "that one and the same day did give to this our church two rare gifts—its great bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at school my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as, "The Lady and Death," "The Children in the Wood," and "Chevy-chace;" and not like other children, in low and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy I always ventured to lend the psalm next after master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet, be it acknowledged that at the age of sixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyatt, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with silver galloon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dexterous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard!" A week after, I had a hase-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies; thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and to do away mine offences and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes redound to our advantage! for the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

[Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.]

No sooner was I elected into mine office but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when first I took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear; and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Thomson, the good lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great sir Thomas Trahy, knight and baronet, and my young master the esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

[The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:]

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog, which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitted me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs'-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water,) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

[Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handicraftsman.]

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and, if entreated, mended) with good approbation; faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery I also practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed; how that being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish hlaeking for shoes, instead of a washball, and with lamp-black powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming sir Thomas himself without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was

sought unto to geld the lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray; he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was intrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady to set a heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty; whom God preserve! Amen.

[The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned that when he speaks as a shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses pulling off his shoes, of tanning the hides of the hulls of Basan, of Simon the tanner, &c., and takes up four or five pages to prove that, when the apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.]

[The next relates how he discovered a thief with a hible and key, and experimented verses of the psalms that had cured agues.]

[I pass over many others, which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; a list of the weekly texts; what psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what children were born and buried: the last of which articles he concludes thus:]

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made doe composition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

[The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I transcribe.]

Now was the long-expected time arrived when the psalms of king David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp; so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our overabundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship.—What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psalttery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

[Then follow full seventy chapters containing an exact detail of the lawsuits of the parson and his parishioners concerning tithes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.]

[The next contains an account of the briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2s. 7½d. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1s. 6d. For an inundation, a king Charles's groat, given by lady Frances, &c.]

[In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from

those at funerals, concluding with these words, "Ahl let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expense of a hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine that their father, brother, or broom wife, are certainly in heaven.]"

[In another he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but, after great encomiums, concludes, "that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening."]

[We find in another chapter how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; but how he was again comforted with the reflection that, if so, they might be allowed christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.]

[In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but, above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the use of texts. Let a preacher (says he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the 3d, and 11th, affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-serving men. "The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, is not the Lord among us?" Were the first minister to point out a preacher before the house of commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these words? "Give, and it shall be given unto ye." Or before the lords, "Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed," 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, "Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire," Psal. civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts as too tedious.]

[From this period the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverell, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.]

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverell.^b I had ever the interest of our high-church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose did I institute

^a This application of texts is equal in humour to what is said on the same subject in *Eachard's* "Contentment of the Clergy;" a work that abounds in wit, and was evidently much read by Swift.

^b Bolingbroke, speaking of Sacheverell, in his Dedication to sir Robert Walpole, says, "You had a sermon to condemn, and a parson to roast; for that, I think, was the decent language of the time, and, to carry on this allegory, you roasted him at so fierce a fire that you burnt yourselves; your arguments being confined to the propositions this preacher had advanced, you may seem rather to have justified resistance or the means employed to bring about the Revolution than the Revolution itself."

a weekly assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yes, I did read to them the Postboy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; Thomas White, wheelwright; and myself.

First, of the first, Robert Jenkins. He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shod a horse of a whig or a fanatic but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, inasmuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly been servitor at Maudlin College, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

[After this the book is turned on a sudden from his own life to a history of all the public transactions of Europe, compiled from the newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last, to my no small astonishment, that all the measures of the four last years of the queen, together with the peace at Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the earl of Oxford, duke of Ormond, lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all P. P.]

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country on purpose; but could not find the least trace of him; till by accident I met an old clergyman who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Phillips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon inquiry, all we could learn of that person from the neighbourhood was, that he had been taken notice of for swallowing loaches, and remembered by some people by a black and white cur, with one ear, that constantly followed him.]

[In the churchyard I read this epitaph, said to be written by himself:]

O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man
That never speaketh more

REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED BY THE COMPANY EXERCISING
THE TRADE AND MYSTERY OF UPHOLDERS,
AGAINST PART OF THE BILL

For the better viewing, searching, and examining Drugs,
Medicines, &c. 1724.*

BEING called upon by several retailers and dispensers of drugs and medicines about town to use our endeavours against the bill now depending for viewing, &c. In regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the public against the said bill.

That the company of upholders are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general, provided they be of such qualities as we require, and administered by such persons in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence; and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade and the consumption of the woollen manufacture of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe that there has been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens, whom we have attended. Our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second operation, excepting one gentlewoman, who, after her first burial, having hardened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any further charges to the said husband of the deceased. And we humbly hope that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill or care in our company.

We humbly conceive that the power by this bill lodged in the censors of the college of physicians to restrain any of his majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking, what medicines they please, is a manifest encroachment on the liberty and property of the subject.

As the company exercising the trade and mystery of upholders have an undisputed right in and upon the bodies of all and every the subjects of the kingdom, we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them out of possession by unreasonable delays, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way than by the dispensing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are; hurrying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased who, by certain mechanical motions and powers, are carried about

town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time by any other well-ordered government: by want of a due police in this particular our company have been great sufferers.

That frequent funerals contribute to preserve the genealogies of families and the honours conferred by the crown, which are nowhere so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion; to maintain necessitous clergy; to enable the clerks to appear in decent habits to officiate on Sundays; to feed the great retinue of sober and melancholy men who appear at the said funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment. Moreover, we desire that it may be remembered that by the passing of this bill the nobility and gentry will have their old coaches lie upon their hand, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as it is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of carrying some people to church.

We are afraid that by the bardships of this bill our company will be reduced to leave their business here, and practise at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will be still allowed.

It is therefore hoped that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the course of nature, to the prejudices of our company and the decay of trade.

That as our company are likely to suffer in some measure by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume that the interest of the several trades and professions which depend upon ours may be regarded; such as that of hearers, coebers, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stone-cutters, feathermen, and bell-ringers; and especially the manufacturers of crapes and the makers of stuff, who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN

OF THE CITY OF LONDON,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE COLLIERIES, COOKS, COOKMAIDS, BLACKSMITHS, JACKMAKERS, BRAZERS, AND OTHERS,

SHewETH,—That whereas certain *virtuosi*, disaffected to the government and to the trade and prosperity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of the CATOPTICAL VICTUALLERS, have presumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the sunbeams, by the help of certain glasses, to make, produce, and kindle up several new focuses or fires within these his majesty's dominions, and there to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of victuals and provisions, to brew, distill spirits, melt ore, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires, and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the monopoly of this their said invention: We beg leave humbly to represent to your honours,

That such grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, servants, and trades on them depending, there being nothing left to them after the said invention but warming of cellars and dressing of suppers in the

* In the year 1724 the physicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicines without the prescription of a physician; during which this tract was dispersed in the court of requests.

winter-time. That the abolishing of so considerable a branch of the coasting-trade as that of the colliers will destroy the navigation of this kingdom. That whereas the said catoptrical virtuallers talk of making use of the moon by night as of the sun by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of tallow-chandlers, and impair a very considerable branch of the revenue which arises from the tax upon tallow and candles.

That the said catoptrical virtuallers do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the sun, which is appointed to rule the day, and not to roast mutton. And we humbly conceive it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom to confine, forestal, and monopolise the beams of the sun. And whereas the said catoptrical virtuallers have undertaken, by burning glasses made of ice, to roast an ox upon the Thames next winter: we conceive all such practices to be an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the company of watermen.

That the diversity of exposition of the several kitchens in this great city, whereby some receive the rays of the sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the time of dining of the several inhabitants, and consequently great uncertainty and confusion in the despatch of business; and to those who, by reason of their northern exposition, will be still forced to be at the expense of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to such inequality as is inconsistent with common justice; and the same inconvenience will affect landlords in the value of their rents.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks and cookmaids to study optics and astronomy in order to know the due distance of the said focuses or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day and the seasons of the year; which studies at these years will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cookmaids, not to say anything of the utter incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult arts; or (which is still a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of cookery into the hands of astronomers and glass-grinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the health of his majesty's good subjects.

That it is known by experience that meat roasted with sunbeams is extremely unwholesome; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said catoptrical virtuallers; forasmuch as the sunbeams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the rectal moisture.

That sunbeams taken inwardly shed a malignant influence upon the brain by their natural tendency toward the moon, and produce madness and distraction at the time of the full moon. That the constant use of so great quantities of this inward light will occasion the growth of quakerism to the danger of the church, and of poetry to the danger of the state.

That the influences of the constellations through which the sun passes will with his beams be conveyed into the blood; and when the sun is among the horned signs may produce such a spirit of unchastity as is dangerous to the honour of your worships' families.

That mankind, living much upon the seeds and other parts of plants, these, being impregnated with the sunbeams, may vegetate and grow in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous consequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon roots, and the weak and sickly, who live upon barley and rice-

gruel, &c., for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent physicians that the taste and property of the victuals is much altered to the worse by the said solar cookery, the fricassées being deprived of the *haut goût* they acquire by being dressed over charcoal.

Lastly, should it happen by an eclipse of an extraordinary length that this city should be deprived of the sunbeams for several months, how will his majesty's subjects subsist in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In consideration of these and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the sunbeams for any of the useful purposes of life, or, in the ensuing parliament, procure a tax to be laid upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings per yard square; reserving the sole right and privilege of the catoptrical cookery to the Royal Society, and to the commanders and crews of the hombu-vessels under the direction of Mr. Whiston, for finding out the longitude, who by reason of the remoteness of their stations may be reduced to straits for want of firing.

And we likewise beg that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the reverend Mr. Flamstead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to look after the heavenly luminaries, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.

IT CANNOT RAIN BUT IT POURS; or, LONDON STREWED WITH RARITIES.

Being an account of the arrival of a white bear at the house of Mr. Ratcliff, in Bishopsgate-street; as also of Faustina, the celebrated Italian singing woman; and of the copper farthing dug from Ireland. And lastly, of the wonderful wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild bear, hunted and taken in toils: how he behaveth himself like a dumb creature, and is a christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry; 1726.

We shall begin with a description of Peter the savage, deferring our other curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orson, that of the moderns, have been justly the admiration of all mankind; nor can we press less of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well-known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accomplished is most easily interpreted:—

When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne break the amities,
When eagle and lamb shall fly to China,
And christen folks adore Faustina;
Then shall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed;
Great feats shall he achieve:—

The pope is now going to Benevento; the Spaniards have broke their treaty; the emperor trades to China; and Lilly, were he alive, must be convinced that it was not the empress Faustina that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident by several tokens about this wild

gentleman that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no register of his christening his age is only to be guessed at by his stature and countenance, and appears to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of some attempt upon their chastity; so far is true that he endeavoured to kiss the young lady Walpole, who for that reason is become the envy of the circle; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her superior beauty.

Aristotle says that man is the most mimic of all animals; which opinion of that great philosopher is strongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his first impressions at court; his manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thrust his hand into everybody's pocket; to climb over people's heads, and even to make use of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seized on the lord-chamberlain's staff, and put on his hat before the king; from whence some have conjectured that he is either descended from a grandee of Spain or the earls of Kingsale in Ireland. However, these are manifest tokens of his innate ambition: he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he discovered what wild beast had nursed him; observing children to ask blessings of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought that he is Ulrick's natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the superiority of parts and genius in Peter demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages (that care being left to the ingenious physician who is intrusted with his education), yet he distinguishes objects by certain sounds framed to himself, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the shambles with great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls man by the same sound which expresses wolf. A young lady is a peacock; old women magpies and owls; a bean with a toupee, a monkey; glass, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; a heap of gold, a turd. The first ship he saw he took to be a great beast swimming on her back, and her feet tied above her; the men that came out of the hold he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were so unlike their dam. He understands perfectly the language of all beasts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one species. He can bring any beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much missed now in his native woods, where he used to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and served as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of sheep that were driving to the shambles of their danger; and upon uttering some sounds they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in conversation with horses; and going to the Mews to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's stables, as he passed by he neighed to the horse at Charing-cross, being as it were surprised to see him so high; he seemed to take it ill that the horse did not answer him; but I think nobody can undervalue his understanding for not being skilled in statuary.

He expresses his joy most commonly by neighing; and whatever the philosophers may talk of their risi-

hility, neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it, and besides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general observation that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys and birds; witness harlequins, scaramouches, and masqueraders; on the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresses by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted but that he will serve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of simples; and I am of opinion that he ought always to attend the censors of the college in their visitation of apothecaries' shops.

I am told that the new sect of herb-eaters [Dr. Cheyne's followers] intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing, and with equal facility in the chromatic, enharmonic, and diatonic style; and consequently must be of infinite use to the academy in judging of the merits of their composers, and is the only person that ought to decide between Cuzzoni and Faustina.^a I cannot omit his first notion of clothes, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a stocking, thinking the poor man was a-faying.

I am not ignorant that there are disaffected people who say he is a pretender, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character to copy this true original of nature.

The senses of this wild man are vastly more acute than those of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beast of prey. A dog is an ass to him for finding trifles; his hearing is more perfect, because, his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

"Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that, as this wild youth by being brought to court has been made a christian, so such as are at court and are no christians may lay aside their savage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekness of the gospel."

THE NARRATIVE OF
DR. ROBERT NORRIS,
CONCERNING THE STRANGE AND DEPLORABLE
FRENZY OF MR. JOHN DENNIS, AN OFFICER
OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Being an exact Account of all that passed between the said Patient and the Doctor till this present day; and a full Vindication of the Doctor's Conduct.

^a Two rival singers at the opera.

^b Addison highly disapproved of this bitter satire on Dennis, and Pope was not a little chagrined at this disapprobation; for the narrative was intended to work the favour of Addison, by defending his *Cato*; in which seeming defence Addison was far from thanking Pope sincerely.

cation of himself and his Proceedings from the extravagant reports of the said Mr. JOHN DENNIS.*

—exclaudit tamen Helicone poetas
Democritus.—Hos.

It is an acknowledged truth that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession of honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all that has passed between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman, with tears in her eyes, and told me that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow by inquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the customhouse, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances, with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him when the cause of his distemper was found out. "Alas, sir," says she, "this day fortnight, in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room but he cried out, 'the devil was come.' He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator* or *Cato*, or some such thing. Now, doctor, this *Cator* is certainly a witeh, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say *Cator* has bewitched the whole nation. It pities my very heart to think that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this, I went and laid out a groat for a horse-abe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of the door; but I don't find my master is at all the better of it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window, when any one knocks, crying out, 'Sdeath! a messenger from the French king! I shall die in the Bastille.'"

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding hot. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-cross, up three pair of stairs, (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic conceals the place of his residence, on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable friends and physicians who might attempt his cure,) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot, bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned calls himself a grammarian, the latitude of whose

countenance was not a little eclipsed by the folness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "'Sdeath, a Frenchman! I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against me!"—"Sir," said I, "here is neither plot nor cospiracy but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account." I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious; his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His head was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved; believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eyebrows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when anything was spoken; insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel nightcap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ancles.

I observed his room was hung with old tapestry which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were planned a great many sheets of a tragedy called *Cato*, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *ABSDURD*, *MONSTROUS*, *EXCECABLE*, were everywhere written in such large characters that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fireside lay three-farthings-worth of small coal in a "Spectator," and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were hooks of the black art; for her master never read in them but he was either quite moped or in raving fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were anywhere else to be found; such as "*Gibraltar*," a comedy; "*Remarks on Prince Arthur*;" "*The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*;" "*An Essay on Public Spirit*." The only one I had any knowledge of was a "*Paradise Lost*," interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas-eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dried ale covered with a *Loginus*.

As I was casting my eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprised to hear the man speak in the following manner:—

"Beware, doctor, that it fare not with you as with your predecessor the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in this very manner to cure the philosopher Democritus; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom of that person whom he supposed a lunatic. Behold, doctor, it was thus Aristotle himself and all the great ancients spent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticism and beset all around with their own writ-

* The history of Mr. Dennis is to be seen in Jacob's "Lives of the Poets," or in Mr. Pope's "Dunciad," among the notes upon which the curious reader may find some extracts from his writings. The occasion of this narrative sufficiently appears from the doctor's own words. A mistake of Mr. Grogger's, in respect to Dr. Casse's attending John Dennis in his frenzy, is pointed out in Dr. King's works, vol. ii. p. 307.

ings. As for me, whom ye see in the same manner, be assured I have none other disease than a swelling in my legs, whereof I say no more since your art may farther certify you."

I thereupon seated myself upon his bedside, and placing my patient on my right hand to judge the better in what he affirmed of his legs, felt his pulse.

For it is Hippocrates's maxim that if the pulse have a dead motion with some unequal beatings it is a symptom of a sciatica, or a swelling in the thigh or leg; in which assertion of his this pulse confirmed me.

I began now to be in hopes that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone but that some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in the narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Doctor. Pray, sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Dennis. By a criticism.

Doctor. A criticism! that's a distemper I never read of in Galen.

Dennis. 'Sdeath, sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a-day at it; and are you a doctor and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, sir.

Dennis. Cato, sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper; what gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato.*

Old Wom. For God's sake, doctor, name not this evil spirit; 'tis the whole cause of his madness; alas, poor master's just falling into his fits!

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z——! what fits! A man may well have swellings in his legs that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the "Remarks."

Doctor. The "Remarks!" what are those!

Dennis. 'Sdeath! have you never read my "Remarks?" I will be damned if this dog Lintot ever published my advertisements.

Mr. Lintot. Z——! I published advertisement upon advertisement, and if the book be not read it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Doctor. We do not talk of books, sir; I fear those are the fuel that feed his delirium; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse. I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man; I suppose, sir, you are his apothecary!

Genl. Sir, I'm his friend.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed since he has been under your care? You remember I suppose the passage of Celsus, which says if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night! Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted stertoration by heliobore.

Genl. Sir, no such matter; you utterly mistake.

Doctor. Mistake! am I not a physician? and shall an apothecary dispute my nostrums?—You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of Rattalliff's which chanced to succeed, and with that very

prescription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus solus prescribat*, says Celsus. Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Dennis. 'Sdeath, sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who like myself professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my "Remarks," had a hand in my "Public Spirit;" nay, assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions in my "Appius."

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge and no man's else.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination! Shall poetry fall to the ground! Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries! O destruction! perdition! Opera! Opera! As poetry once raised cities, so when poetry falls cities are overturned and the world is no more.

Doctor. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms that he may do no mischief.

Dennis. O I am sick, sick to death!

Doctor. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain 'tis half a cure. Pray, sir, of what are you sick?

Dennis. Of everything, of everything; I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas, what is become of the drama, the drama!

Old Wom. The dram, sir! Mr. Lintot drank up all the gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently.

Dennis. O shameful want! scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripetia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy! Z——! no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good sir, be not angry; I'll fetch change.

Doctor. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increases; good Mr. Lintot, hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil will buy the "Remarks?"—[Here Mr. Lintot scratched his head.]

Doctor. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow.—Mr. Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant, and as you are a friend to the patient be so kind as to stay this evening while he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicenna says that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these indigested ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Dennis. Calistiff, stand off! nhband me, miscreants! Is the man whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert there is a *peripetia* in that vile piece that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem! That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that

* He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas.

* Remarks on Cato, published by Mr. Dennis in 1712.

support them. Am I to be assassinated; and shall a bookseller who has lived upon my labours take away that life to which he owes his support?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill-treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion as to the *peripetia*.—Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit I should perceive you to be a graduate physician; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning I perceive you are a violent sort of a person, I am loth to say quack, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectual, and unerring judgment; I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

These were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long-acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses: in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects; after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head and behind his ears but the gentleman above mentioned, bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's handages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis also, starting up with the cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the skull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that which wounded my head to be Gruterus's "Lampas Critica;" and that which broke Mr. Lintot's shin was Scaliger's "Poetics." After this Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at once by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block that stood by the bedside, and wielded it round in so furious a manner that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage.—He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and Mr. Verdier's servant were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No. —, where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March, 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an "Essay on Criticism," just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till, coming to these two lines,

"Some have at first for wits, then poets, pass'd,
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last"—

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried out, "by G—d he means me."

That, being in his company on a certain time, when Shakspeare was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakspeare was a rascal, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakspeare.

That, about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him, and, had not my servant luckily caught him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not but the whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains that I give the reasons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish the whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported that I entered into his room *et de armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called "Coriolanus," which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, he has given out, about Fleet-street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, he told others that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly, knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Custom-house, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the French king to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the hostile.

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M.D.

From my house on Snow-hill, July the 30th, 1713.

God save the queen.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF A HORRID AND
BARBAROUS

REVENGE BY POISON,

ON THE BODY OF MR. EDMUND CURIL, BOOK-
SELLER: WITH A FAITHFUL COPY OF HIS
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Published by an eye-witness.

HISTORY furnishes us with examples of many satirical authors, who have fallen sacrifices to revenge,

• The memory of Edmund Curil has been transmitted to

but not of any booksellers, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-street, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Everybody knows that the said Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 28th instant, published a satirical piece, entitled "Court Poems," in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope, or Mr. Gay; by which indiscreet method though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll about settling a title-page, inviting him at the same time to take a whet together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the preface. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor in colour and taste differed not from common sack, yet it was plain, by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife, observing his colour change, said, "Are you not sick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a-vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her that he was bewitched; but he soon let her know that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot, in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother Curll," says he, "I fear you have got the vomiting distemper, which I have heard kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hook in a morning as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr. Curll replied, in a moving tone, "Your author's sack I fear has done my business."—"Z—ds," says Mr. Lintot, "my author!—Why did not you drink old hook?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. Lintot infer that he chose to die as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms increased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot," says he, "I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my posterity with an obituary be little deserved. Whatever were his demerits as a book-seller, they were amply atoned for by his indefatigable industry in preserving our national remains. Nor did he publish a single volume, but what, amidst a profusion of base metal, contained some precious ore, some valuable reliques, which future collectors could nowhere else have found.

ner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I survive this I will be revenged on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul; and in the same instant Mr. Lintot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having first put on his nightcap, in the following manner:—

"GENTLEMEN, in the first place I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting author's names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

"I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burghesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly I hope it will be considered that, if I have vilified his grace the duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late duke of Ormond; if I have abused the honourable Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the lord Bolingbroke; so that I have preserved that equality and impartiality which becomes an honest man in times of faction and division.

"I call my conscience to witness that many of these things which may seem malicious were done out of charity; I having made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no copy-money.

"The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing, and has not yet paid the charge of the advertisements which I was obliged to publish against him; therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying christian.

"The French Cato, with the criticisms showing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's (which I wickedly ascribed to madame Dacier), may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

"I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of 'Callipodia,' and an incorrect edition of his poems, without his leave, in quarto. Mr. Gildon's 'Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger,' did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe, though, upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

"Heaven pardon me for publishing the 'Trials of Sodomy' in an Elsevier letter! but I humbly hope my printing sir Richard Blackmore's Essays will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted), and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of Madame Mascarany."

[Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article, about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr. Lintot had not interposed, and Mr. Curll vomited.]

[What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterward was so indistinct, and in such broken accents (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings), that the reader is entreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.]

"Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hick's-hall for publishing Rochester's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife and helpless child.

"The case of impotence was my best support all the last long vacation."

[In this last paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free; for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.]

"For the copies of 'Noblemen's and Bishops' Last Wills and Testaments,' I solemnly declare I printed them not with any purpose of defamation, but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from Doctors'-commons at one shilling a-piece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

"For 'Mr. Mainwaring's Life' I ask Mrs. Oldfield's pardon; neither his nor my lord Halifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me; but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead."

While he was speaking these words Mr. Oldmixon entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon," said poor Mr. Curll, "to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; you shall have your third share of the 'Court Poems,' as was stipulated. When I am dead where will you find another bookseller? Your 'Protestant Packet' might have supported you had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted, "Why not find another bookseller, brother Curll?" and then took Mr. Oldmixon aside and whispered him: "Sir, as soon as Curll is dead I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll, now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him he had several taking title-pages, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them, and earnestly desired that when they were written his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's-prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a common-prayer-book, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a week's wages advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprisingly relieved by a plentiful fetid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by sir Richard Blackmore that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE MOST DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

BOOKSELLER:

SINCE HIS BEING POISONED ON THE 28th OF MARCH,

To be published weekly. London printed, and sold by all the publishers, mercuries, and hawkers, within the bills of mortality 1716.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's empoisonment, by a faithful though unpolite historian of Grub-street. I am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribbler of a sheet and a half, and the author of a threepenny stitched book, like myself.

"Wit," says sir Richard Blackmore, [Essays, vol. II.] "proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an influence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the ingenious particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call madness. The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms with which the unfortunate Edmund Curll, bookseller, has been afflicted ever since his swallowing the poison at the Swan tavern in Fleet-street. For though the neck of his retort, which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length, yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind were at first only speaking civilly to his customers, singeing a pig with a new purchased libel, and refusing two-and-ninepence for sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.

As the poor man's frenzy increased, he began to void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's a— by violence.

But at last he came to such a pass that he would dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a elystr for a whipped syllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository for a radish with bread and butter.

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: at first she privately put a hill into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a wretched stationer, distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs. CURLL's letter to Mr. LINTOT.

"WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

"You and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy with which my poor man is visited. I never perceived he was out of himself till that melancholy day that he thought he was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest adversity that ever befel my poor man, since he lost one testicle at school by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the stock? unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed widow; for God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a week, so that, if he wanted daily books, we wanted daily bread. I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's ivory-headed cane upon the

counter.—Pray recommend me to your pastry-cook, who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has disoblged ours since his fits came upon him;—before that, we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his son out of the way, for fear of mischief: so, wishing you a merry Easter, I remain your most humble servant,

“C. CURLL.

“P. S. As to the report of my poor husband's stealing o' calf, it is really groundless, for he always binds in sheep.”

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a lucid interval, that enabled him to send a general summons to all his authors. There was but one porter who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's shop, to be perused by the curious. Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr. CURLL'S Authors.

“At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half way under the blind arch, ask for the historian.

At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music-house in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a schoolmaster with carbuncles on his nose.

At a blacksmith's shop in the Frier's, a pindaric writer in red stockings.

In the calender-mill room at Exeter Change, a composer of meditations.

At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, one that has been a parson; he wears a blue camblet coat, trimmed with black; my best writer against revealed religion.

At Mr. Summers, a thief-catcher's in Lewkner's-lane, the man who wrote against the impiety of Mr. Rowe's plays.

At the Farthing-pie-house in Tooting-fields, the young man who is writing my new pastorals.

At the laundress's, at the Hole in the Wall in Curzor's-alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my Church History;—if his flux be over—you may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, my index-maker.

The cook's wife [Mrs. Centlivre] in Buckingham-court; bid her bring along with her the similes that were lent her for her next new play.

Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you used to go to in the cockloft; I have taken away the ladder, but his landlady has it in keeping.

I don't much care if you ask at the Mint for the old beetle-browed critic [Dennis], and the purblind poet at the alley over against St. Andrew's, Holborn. But this as you have time.”

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room but all of them showed in their behaviour some suspicion of each other; some turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that showed at once fear and indignation; each with a haggard abstracted mien, the lively picture of scorn, solitude, and short commons. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded by her

geese; they fight, they hiss, they cackle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke (hut without rising from his close-stool):—

“Whores and authors must be paid beforehand to put them in good humour; therefore, here is half-a-crown a-piece for you to drink your own health, and confusion to Mr. Addison and all other successful writers.

“Ah, gentlemen! what have I not done, what have I not suffered, rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations! I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, slaps on the shaps; I have been frightened, pumped, kicked, slandered and beslitten.—I hope, gentlemen, you are all convinced that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest method of revenge.”

He had scarce done speaking but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-change gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the index-maker said there was nothing like an index to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions:—

“Resolved, That every member of this society, according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

“Resolved, That towards the libelling of the said Pope, there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and ninepence (not including advertisements).

“Resolved, That Mr. Dennis make an affidavit before Mr. Justice Tully, that in Mr. Pope's Homer there are several passages contrary to the established rules of our sublime.

“Resolved, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the popish religion.

“Resolved, That the printing of Homer's battles at this juncture has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

“Ordered, That Mr. Barnvelt* be invited to be a member of this society in order to make further discoveries.

“Resolved, That a number of effective *erratas* be raised out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746), and that every gentleman who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of the society *gratis*.

“Resolved, That a sum not exceeding ten shillings and sixpence be distributed among the members of the society for coffee and tobacco, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in coffee houses.

“Resolved, That toward the further lessening the character of the said Pope, some persons be deputed to abuse him at ladies' tea-tables, and that, in consideration our authors are not well dressed enough, Mr. C—y and Mr. Ke—l be deputed for that service.

* The “Key to the Lock,” a pamphlet written by Mr. Pope, in which the “Rape of the Lock” was with great solemnity proved to be a political libel, was published in the name of Eudras Barnvelt, apothecary.

"Resolved, That a ballad be made against Mr. Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon, Mr. Gildon,^a and Mrs. Centlivre^b do prepare and bring in the same.

"Resolved, That above all some effectual ways and means be found to increase the joint stock of the reputation of this society, which at present is exceedingly low, and to give their works the greater currency, whether by raising the denomination of the said works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of this society.

"Resolved, That no member of this society for the future mix stout in his ale in a morning, and that Mr. B— remove from the Hercules and Still.

"Resolved, That all our members (except the cook's wife) be provided with a sufficient quantity of the vivifying drops, or Byfield's sal volatile.

"Resolved, That sir Richard Blackmore^c be appointed to endow this society with a large quantity of regular and exalted ferments, in order to enliven their cold sentiments (being his true receipt to make wits)."

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a pope out of his belly, he should get the mummy of some deceased moderator of the general assembly in Scotland, to be taken inwardly, as an effectual antidote against anticrist; but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive that the liver of the person who administered the poison, boiled in bruth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of sir Richard's Essays on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and besmit the Essays (which may probably occasion a second edition); then, without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves, fluttering their leaves and flapping their covers at him:—

"Now G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my bouse without paying for your lodging! Are you not a beggarly brood of fumbling journeymen, born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nursed up on grey peas, hallock's liver, and porter's ale! Was not the first light you saw the farthing candle I paid for! Did you not come before your time into dirty sheets of brown paper! And have I not clothed you in double royal, lodged you handsomely on decent shelves, laced your backs with gold, equipped you with splendid titles, and sent you into the world with the names of persons of quality! Must I be always plagued with you! Why flitter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me! Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheep's clothing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return. Why hold ye forth your texts to me, ye paltry sermons! Why cry ye at every word to me, ye bawdy poems! To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go, by G—, and

thence be drawn, like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the passage-house; for in this present emotion of my bowels how do I compassionate those who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with!"

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the "Conduct of the Earl of Nottingham."

A STRANGE BUT TRUE RELATION HOW MR. EDMUND CURLL, OF FLEET-STREET, STATIONER,

Out of an extraordinary desire of lucre, went into 'Change Alley, and was converted from the Christian Religion by certain eminent Jews;
And how he was circumcised and initiated into their Mysteries.

Avarice (as sir Richard, in the third page of his Essays, has elegantly observed) is an inordinate impulse of the soul toward the amassing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth, without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice may be seen every day both in the city and suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by Plato, Puffendorf, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age; but now our young men are turned usurers and stock-jobbers; and instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites are now become venal which should be veneral.

In the first place, let us show you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætius inform us that he received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned emperor Julius Cæsar, who fell a sacrifice to the Jews, as sir Edmundbury Godfrey did to the papists?

Did not Themistocles let the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus has it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addison has very well observed), though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred six-dollars, which in our money will amount to two talents and thirty sestertii, according to Mr. Demouire's calculation. See *Hesiod* in his seventh chapter of "Feasts and Festivals."

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla, the Roman consul, shot Alcibiades the senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several bank-bills and chequer notes to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied christian burial. Hence comes the proverb *incidit in Syllam*.

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known and often quoted by historians, viz. Echar, Dionysius Halicarnæus, Virgil, Horace, and others. 'Tis that I mean of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of a diamond necklace, ear-

^a Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, who abused Mr. Pope in several pamphlets and books printed by Curll.

^b Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, the "slipshod Sibyl" in the *Dunciad*.

^c Sir Richard Blackmore, in his *Essays*, vol. II. p. 370, accused Mr. Pope, in very high and sober terms, of profaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll that he was author of a travesty on the first Psalm.

rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Antony); all these things were found in Godfrey's breeches-pocket when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curil, the stationer, should renounce the christian religion for the mammon of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of stocks?

It having been observed to Mr. Curil by some of his ingenious authors (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion), what immense sums the Jews had got by hubbles,^a &c., he immediately turned his mind from the business in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the christian faith, which he for some time zealously, and like a good christian, obstinately defended. They promised him paradise and many other advantages hereafter, but he artfully insinuated that he was more inclinable to listen to present gain. They took the hint, and promised him that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure, was a Jew, *videlicet*, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curil at first strenuously denied, for indeed he thought them Roman catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations that to convince them of his christianity he called for a pork griskiu.

They then promised if he would poison his wife and give up his griskiu, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They now talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding it was observed had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his godliness was only gain, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely, that of avarice.

Upon which John Mendes offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the Apostles' Creed, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the nine-and-thirty articles for a bull;^b but insisted hard upon black-puddings, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his bottomry; upon this he was persuaded out of his christian name; but he still adhered to black-puddings.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with a forty-pound subscription in Ram's hubble, for which he was content to give up the four Evangelists; and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but black-pudding and circumcision, for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of March Mr. Curil (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his en-

^a *Hubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which subscriptions were raised, and negotiated at vast premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720.

^b Bulls and lewys. He who sells that of which he is not possessed he proverbially said "to sell the skin before he has caught the bear."

trance into the room he perceived a mesagre man with a sorrow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of shears, and in his left a red-hot searing-iron. At sight of this Mr. Curil's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon him, and, unheeding his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now entreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that unmanly ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promised that he would eat a quarter of paschal lamb with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing, for they threatened him that all contracts and bargains should be void unless he would submit to hear all the outward and visible signs of Judaism.

Our apostate, hearing this, stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high priest take up the cleft stick, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the effluvia that issued from him convinced the old Levite and all his assistants that he needed no present purgation, wherefore without further anointing him he proceeded in his office; when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which by the Levitical law is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts; wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woful, and miserable sight, at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial in Fleet-street; his wife (poor woman!) is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loss and her husband's indignity.

PRAYER.

(To save the stamp.)*

"KEEP us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who, albeit they abhor the blood of black-puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of white ones. And that we may avoid such-like calamities, may all good and well-disposed christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to abominate the heinous sin of avarice, which sooner or later will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, papists, and stock-jobbers. Amen."

THOUGHTS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY MR. POPE.

PARTY is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a

* All Forms of Prayer and Thanksgiving, Book of Devotion, &c., being excerpted in the statute of 12th Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a sheet with one half-penny, and every such paper being one whole sheet with a stamp duty of one penny for every copy.

blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: there are forty men of wit to one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of rendier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work, which, depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For, as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults as the having overcome them that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions: like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An atheist is but a mad, ridiculous derider of piety; but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember that the only end of it is peace: hence generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

The Scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties: each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

Such as are still observing upon others are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own run to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's levellings.

When we are young we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think what a bustle is there about my head?

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for bawling his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric, in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to them who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of anything, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing oneself, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with followers at court as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough left to be mischievous.

Some people will never learn anything, for this reason, because they understand everything too soon.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

A man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it.

There are some solitary wretches who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building or any other piece

of magnificence and pomp, but I think how little is all this to satisfy the ambition or to fill the idea of an immortal soul.

It is a certain truth that a man is never so easy or so little imposed upon as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself and with others is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company is only bearing the same things said in a little room or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

It is with narrow-necked people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things.

To buy books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

It is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased with both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

Old men for the most part are like old chronicles, that give you dull but true accounts of time past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work as shepherds do their flocks in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts owned by a plagiarist bring him more shame than his own ill ones.

When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with the falsest flatterer and worst enemy, their own self-love.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second self that he will judge too like you.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with them awhile, and, when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of a gamester, is ever still most used as their truth is most questioned.

Women, as they are like riddles in being un-

telligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

A man who admires a fine woman has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband than one who admired the Hesperian fruit would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

He who marries a wife because he cannot always live chastely is much like a man who, finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

Married people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants; what we call the charities and ties of affinity prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sisters' portions: when any of them marry, there are new divisions and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other but when they have a personal friendship.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should walk together every day.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

The longer we live the more we shall be convinced that it is reasonable to love God and despise man as far as we know either.

That character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable is made up of civility and falsehood.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion to comply with it.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women is very different from what is thought so in men; a very good woman would but make a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do any.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of bearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to his nose, it is a stink and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude; be sure the complaint is misapplied, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

Several explanations of casuists to multiply the catalogue of sins may be called amendments to the ten commandments.

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies

more than comedies; the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little or inconsiderable things than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a-year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Some men's wit is like a dark lantern, which serves their own turn and guides them their own way, but is never known (according to the Scripture phrase) either to shine forth before men or to glorify their Father in heaven.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slanders; as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The people all running to the capital city is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company would lessen if we reflected that most people seek companions less to be talked to than to talk.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

Never stay dinner for a clergyman who is to make a morning visit ere he comes, for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that asks him.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himself with running eternally after the ball, but stays till it comes to him.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the object of reasoning; the wisdom of God and the madness of man.

Many men, prejudiced early in disfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships; and while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves for prevention, while others only end so after disappointment.

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy that can be done for the public good are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character he needs only to be a man of common honesty well advised.

No woman hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

The eye of a critic is often, like a microscope, made so very fine and nice that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies and secure our property, it is well enough: a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great ministers or men of parts and business so wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries, and when they become bad it is generally more from the necessity of their situation than from a natural bent to evil.

Whatever may be said against a premier or sole minister, the evil of such a one in an absolute government may not be great, for it is possible that almost any minister may be a better man than a king born and bred.

A man coming to the waterside is surrounded by all the crew: every one is officious, every one makes applications, every one offering his services; the

whole hustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the waterside, no noise is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect!—the picture of a minister when he comes into power and when he goes out.

A WONDERFUL PROPHECY.

TAKEN from the mouth of the spirit of a person who was barbarously slain by the Mohocks (rakes and debauchers); proving also that the said Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelation; and therefore that this vain and transitory world will shortly be brought to its final dissolution.

BREATHED FORTH IN THE YEAR 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

Woe to London! Woe to Westminster! Woe to Southwark! and Woe to the inhabitants thereof!

I am loth to say, Woe to the old and new churches, those that are built and those that are not built!

But Woe to the gates, the streets, and the houses! Woe to the men, the women, and the children; for the Mohocks and the Hawcubites are already come, the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near resemblance between the names of Mohock and Gog, Hawcubite and Magog (though I think there is a great deal even in that), I shall go on to proceed in my more solid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but also the things that are not.

The things that are, are the Mohocks and Hawcubites: the things that are not, are Gog and Magog; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the same thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the Mohocks and Hawcubites came, Satan came also among them; and where Satan is, there are Gog and Magog also.

They have the mark of the beast in their foreheads, and the beast himself is in their hearts, their teeth are sharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of scorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

[Here the spirit paused awhile, and thus again proceeded.]

Now listen to what is to come:

Those that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out. Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

Be not dejected—fear not—but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead also, and the next world draweth nigh.

That ancient Whig, the antichrist of St. John, shall lead the van like a young dragon, but he shall be cut piecemeal and dispossessed.

The dragon upon Bow church and the grasshopper upon the Royal Exchange shall meet together upon Stocks-market, and shake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! My time is short, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and shorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the south! yea, it appeareth exceedingly! Ah, poor deluded christians! Ah, blind brethren! think not that this hateful dog-star only shaketh his tail at you in wagery; no, it shaketh it as a rod. It is not a sporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea, such a tail as may reach and be told to all posterity.

I am the porter that was barbarously slain in Fleet-street: by the Mohocks and Hawcuhites was I slain when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my nostrils asunder; they sent me as they thought to my long home, but now I am returned again to forestel their destruction.

The time is at hand when the freethinkers of Great Britain shall be converted to Judaism; and the sultan shall receive the foreskins of Toland and Collins in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yet upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day those emblems of Gog and Magog at the Guildhall shall fall to the ground and be broken asunder. With them shall perish the Mohocks and Hawcuhites, and the whole world shall perish with them.

[Here the spirit disappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.]

THE COUNTRY POST:

FROM TUESDAY, AUGUST THE TWELFTH, TO THURSDAY, AUGUST THE FOURTEENTH.

[From the henroost, August the 4th.]

Two days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us; he made several motions, as if he designed to attack our left wing, which covered our infantry. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muster of all our forces the kitchen-maid came to our relief, but we were soon convinced that she had betrayed us and was in the interest of the kite aforesaid, for she twisted off two of our companions' necks and stripped them naked; five of us were also clapped in a close prison in order to be sold for slaves the next market-day.

P. S. The black hen was last night safely delivered of seven young ducks.

[From the garden, August the 3rd.]

The hoars have done much mischief of late in these parts, to such a degree that not a turnip or carrot can lie safe in their beds. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noses bored and rings thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such practices.

[From the great pond, August the 1st.]

Yesterday a large sail of ducks passed by here, after a small resistance from two little boys, who flung stones at them; they landed near the hard-door, where they foraged with very good success. While they were upon this enterprise an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and she retired with great precipitation. This afternoon being somewhat rainy they set sail again, and took several frogs. Just now arrived the parson's wife, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not; however, two of them were condemned. 'Twas also observed that she carried off a gosling and three sucking pigs.

[From the little fort at the end of the garden, August the 5th.]

Last night two young men of this place made a detachment of their heeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two overtures of the said fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already bombarded by the rear-guard of Sarah and

Sukey, who, fearing these young men were come to heat up their quarters, deserted their necessary posts, which were immediately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoyed by reason of several stinkpots that had been flung there the same morning.

[From the barley-mow, near the barn, August the 3rd.]

It was yesterday rumoured that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as if an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambushes in the said mow. Upon this the farmer assembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was resolved that the mow should be removed to prevent the further destruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and seventy-nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vast number wounded, by pitchforks and other instruments of husbandry. A mouse that was close pursued took shelter under Dolly's petticoats; but by the vigilance of George Simmons he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep morass, and crushed to death on the spot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicely Hart was observed to make water under the said mow as she was going a-milking.

[From the great yard, August the 2nd.]

It is very credibly reported that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock and the pied hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together; he yesterday made her a present of three barley-corns, so that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the same cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

[From the squire's house.]

On Sunday last there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were present the parson and the farmer: the parson eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parson: we refer you to the curious in calculations to decide which eat most.

It is reported that the minister christened a male child last week, but it wants confirmation.

[From the justices' meeting, August the 7th.]

This day a Jackdaw, well known in the parish, was ordered close prisoner to a cage for crying "cuckold" to a justice of the quorum; and the same evening certain apples for hissing in a disrespectful manner as they were roasting were committed to lamb's-wool. The same day the said justices caused a pig to be whipped to death, and eat the same, being convicted of squeaking on the 10th of June.

[From the church, August the 8th.]

Divine service is continued in our parish as usual, though we have seldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whose manner of living it may be conjectured that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little consequence.

[From the churchyard, August the 8th.]

The minister, having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the intercourse of his bull and the cows of the parish, has ordered the ceremony for the future to be performed, not in his own court, but in the churchyard, where, at the first solemnity of that kind, the gravestones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfoy, were spurned down. This has already occasioned great debates in the vestry, the latter being the deceased wife of the singing clerk of this place.

[Casualties this week.]

Several casualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increased. There have died of the falling-sickness two stumbling horses, as also one of their riders. Smothered (in onions), seven rabbits. Stified (in a soldier's breeches), two geese. Of a sore throat, several sheep and calves at the butcher's. Starved to death, one bastard child, nursed at the parish charge. Still-born, in eggs of turkey, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty-six. Drowned, nine puppies. Of wind in the bowels, five bottles of small beer. I have not yet seen the exact list of the parish-clerk; so that, for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the stocks, only that Dick Adams was set in them last Sunday for swearing.

GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST PUNNING.

SHOWING THE MISERABLE FATES OF PERSONS ADICTED TO THIS CRYING SIN IN COURT AND TOWN.

MANIFOLD have been the judgments which heaven from time to time, for the chastisement of a sinful people, has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, 'tis but just the punishment should be general. Of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that destructive pestilence whose mortality was so fatal as to sweep away, if sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of christian souls, besides women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful conflagration ensuing in this famous metropolis of London which consumed, according to the computation of sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thousand houses, not to mention churches and stables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered these funest disasters when the abomination of playhouses rose up in this land; from hence hath an inundation of obscenity flowed from the court and overspread the kingdom; even infants disfigured the walls of holy temples with exorbitant representations of the members of generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to spell, but they had wickedness enough to write the names thereof in large capitals; an enormity observed by travellers to be found in no country but England.

But when whoring and popery were driven hence by the happy Revolution, still the nation so greatly offended that Socinianism, Arianism, and Whistonism triumphed in our streets, and were in a manner become universal.

And yet still, after all these visitations, it has pleased Heaven to visit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of consequence more fatal: this was foretold to us, first, by that unparalleled eclipse in 1714; secondly, by the dreadful conurbation in the air this present year; and thirdly, by the nine comets seen at once over Soho-square, by Mrs. Katharine Wadlington and others; a contagion that first crept in among the first quality, descended to their footmen, and infused itself into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God translated into our language, which certainly every sober christian must tremble at.

Now such is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles not only commit punning over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's day, and

in the king's chapel; therefore, to deter men from this evil practice, I shall give some true and dreadful examples of God's revenge against punsters.

The right honourable the earl of —, but it is not safe to insert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one has been seen, which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his sleeves; this young nobleman was not only a flagitious punster himself, but was accessory to the punning of others by consent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his neck, but as a mark of reprobation wryed his nose.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no less guilty of the same crime, was made the punisher of himself with his own hand in the loss of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy displeasure of his aged grandmother.

A third, of no less illustrious extraction, for the same vice was permitted to fall into the arms of a Dalilah, who may one day cut off his curious hair and deliver him up to the Philistines.

Colonel F—, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave in to this sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense he hesitates so as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickie, gentleman, for the same crime banished to Minorca.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miserable invalid at Tilbury fort.

— Eustace, esq., for the murder of much of the king's English in Ireland, is quite deprived of his reason, and now remains a lively instance of emptiness and vivacity.

Poor Daniel Button for the same offence deprived of his wits.

One Samuel, an Irishman, for his forward attempt to pun was stunted in his stature, and hath been visited all his life after with hulis and blunders.

George Simmons, shoemaker, at Turnstile, in Hoi-born, was so given to this custom, and did it with so much success, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors nobody would trust him, so that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miserable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the University of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories.

A Devonshire man of wit, for only saying in a jesting manner *I got up pun a horse*, instantly fell down and broke his snuff-box and neck, and lost the horse.

"From which calamities the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c." So prayeth the punless and penniless J. Baker, knight.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED IN LONDON DURING THE GENERAL CONSTERNATION OF ALL RANKS AND DEGREES OF MANKIND, ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY LAST.

On Tuesday the 13th of October Mr. Whiston* held

* This conscientious and learned divine is well known by his numerous writings, and by the "Memoirs of his own Life," written by himself and published in 1748. He died, in his 80th year, Aug. 22, 1758.

his lecture near the Royal Exchange to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Besides these there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings apiece. I think myself obliged to be very particular in this relation lest my veracity should be suspected, which makes me appeal to the men who were present, of which number I myself was one. Their names are—

Henry Watson, haberdasher.
George Hancock, druggist.
John Lewis, drysalter.
William Jones, cornchandler.
Henry Theobald, watchmaker.
James Peters, draper.
Thomas Floyer, silversmith.
John Wells, brewer.
Samuel Greg, soapboiler.
William Cooley, fishmonger.
James Harper, hostier.
Robert Tucker, stationer.
George Ford, ironmonger.
Daniel Lynch, apothecary.
William Bennet,
David Somers, } apprentices.
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,

Mr. Whiston began by acquainting us that (contrary to his advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience obliged to change the subject-matter of his intended discourse. Here he paused, and seemed for a short space, as it were, lost in devotion and mental prayer, after which, with great earnestness and vehemence, he spake as follows:—

"Friends and fellow-citizens, all speculative science is at an end; the period of all things is at hand: on Friday next this world shall be no more. Put not your confidence in me, brethren, for to-morrow morning, five minutes after five, the truth will be evident; in that instant the comet shall appear of which I have heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence and prepare your wives, your families, and friends for the universal change."

At this solemn and dreadful prediction the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember that Mr. Whiston himself was in so calm a temper as to return a shilling apiece to the youths, who had been disappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty in charity to warn all men, in two or three hours the news had spread through the city. At first indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greatest dealers in stocks thought only a court artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate; for the South Sea that very evening fell five per cent., the India eleven, and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court end of the town our attestations were entirely disbelieved or turned into ridicule, yet nevertheless the news spread everywhere and was the subject-matter of all conversation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr. Whiston was sent for to a great lady who is very curious in the learned sciences, and addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers, but he was not now to be found; and since at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himself to attend the great business of his soul: but whether it was the

lady's faith or inquisitiveness that occasioned her to send is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the secretary's office by a messenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me that so zealous and honest a man should be ordered into custody as a seditious preacher, who is known to be so well affected to the present happy establishment.

It was now I reflected, with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had disused family prayers for above five years, and (though it has been a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or station) I determined within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions, but two or three neighbours having been engaged to sup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily spent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; she reasoning that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day) after the comet had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a quaker and my next neighbour, had no sooner heard of the prophecy but he made me a visit. I informed him of everything I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief; for, said he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impossibilities, for were these things to happen they must have been foreseen by some of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual cases with this set of people) was his only reason against believing me; and as he was fully persuaded that the prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly manner admonished me against selling my stock at the present low price, which, he said, beyond dispute must have a rise before Monday, when this unreasonable consternation should be over.

But on Wednesday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiston) the comet appeared; for at three minutes after five by my own watch I saw it. He indeed foretold that it would be seen at five minutes after five; but as the best watches may be a minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour all Cheapside was crowded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, it is thought that through all that part of the town there was not man, woman, or child, except the sick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony I am confident I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees, and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about fourscore; the six others were men in advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable that an event of this nature may be passed over by the greater historians of our times, as condoning very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep schemes of politicians and mysteries of state; for which reason I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts which in the space of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witness or from unquestionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wednesday noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand, inasmuch that a waterman of my acquaintance told me he counted no less than one hundred and twenty-three

clergymen who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock; these it is said went thither to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But as in things of this nature it is necessary that the council be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with, and this I affirm to be the true and only reason that the churches were not that morning so well attended, and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the clergy, with which the freethinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week-day), and with a very large congregation were disappointed of the service.

But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'prentice, in our absence we had a piece of blue cambric carried off by a shoplifter, so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular director of the bank; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir Gilbert Heatb-cote's sagacity that all the fire offices were required to have a particular eye upon the bank of England. Let it be recorded to his praise, that in the general hurry this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters, yet ever and anon he could not help expressing his resentment against the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that sudden run upon the bank which happened on this occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wednesday morning to make up such an account as might appear fair in case he should be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was observed, too, that he had but few visitors that day. This added so much to his mortification, that he read through the first chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seemed a true penitent in everything but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his counting-house. It is said too that he was advised to restitution, but I never heard that he complied with it, any further than in giving half-a-crown a-piece to several crazed and starving creditors who attended in the outward room.

Three of the maids of honour sent to countermand their birthday clothes; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a bookseller's in Pall-mall to buy each of them a bible and "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying." But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge that they showed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrained themselves from those innocent

freedoms and little levities so commonly incident to young ladies of their profession. So many birthday suits were countermanded the next day, that most of the tailors and mantuamakers discharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly lady of great erudition and modesty, who visits these young ladies, seemed to be extremely shocked by the apprehensions that she was to appear naked before the whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say she perfectly longed to see it; for it could not be so indecent when everybody was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young ladies, both by nature and custom, addicted to cleanly appearance.

A west-country gentleman told me he got a church-lease filled up that morning for the same sum which had been refused for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in so unhandsome a manner, or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration; though I have heard the same worthy prelate aspersed and maligned since upon this very account.

The term being so near, the alarm among the lawyers was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage in making their defence by being versed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is said, too, that some of the chief pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction that there had been but few state trials of late years. Several attorneys demanded the return of fees that had been given the lawyers; but it was answered the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at such injustice as to suffer it to be sunk in the attorneys' pockets. Our sage and learned judges had great consolation, inasmuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for several years; the barristers rejoiced in that they were not attorneys, and the attorneys felt no less satisfaction that they were not pettifoggers, scriveners, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the army, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every soldier's behaviour was as undismayed and undaunted as if nothing was to happen; I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more oaths than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in St. James's-park. But possibly it was by choice and on consideration that they continued this way of expression, not to intimidate the common soldiers, or give occasion to suspect that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior officers. A duel was fought the same morning between two colonels, not occasioned (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point which might at such a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction. I am apt to believe that a young officer, who desired his

* Sir Gilbert Heatb-cote had before signalized his care for the bank when in equal danger, by petitioning against the lord-treasurer Godolphin's being removed as a measure that would destroy the public credit.

surgeon to defer putting him into a salivation till Saturday, might make this request out of some opinion be bad of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the surgeon himself having assured me that he had before undergone three severe operations of the like nature with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an order issued that the chaplains of the several regiments should attend their duty; but as they were dispersed about in several parts of England, it was believed that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great day was over.*

Most of the considerable physicians, by their outward demeanour, seemed to be unbelievers; but at the same time they everywhere insinuated that there might be a pestilential malignancy in the air, occasioned by the comet, which might be armed against by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the christian resignation of the people increased, and most of them (which was never before known) had their souls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend clergy showed more concern than others, I charitably imputed it to their great charge of souls; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the degrees of apprehension and terror could be distinguished to be greater or less according to their ranks and degrees in the church.

The like might be observed in all sorts of ministers, though not of the church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I speak not of the court, for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the names of particular persons, to avoid the imputation of slander; so that the reader will allow the narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desired to accept hereof rather as a sketch than a regular circumstantial history.

I was not informed of any persons who showed the least joy; except three malefactors who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a constant church-goer, who, being at the point of death, expressed some satisfaction at the news.

On Thursday morning there was little or nothing transacted in 'Change-alley; there were a multitude of sellers, but so few buyers that one cannot affirm the stocks bore any certain price except among the Jews, who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themselves christians, who offered to buy for time; but as these were people of great distinction, I choose not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of avarice and infidelity.

The run upon the bank is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten that no one person whatever (except the directors themselves and some of their particular friends and associates) could convert a bill all that day into specie; all hands being employed to serve them.

In the several churches of the city and suburbs there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-five who publicly and solemnly declared before the congregation that they took to wife their several kept mistresses, which was allowed as valid marriage, the priest not baring time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St. Bride's church in Fleet-street Mr. Woolston (who writ against the miracles of our Saviour), in the utmost terrors of conscience, made a public recantation. Dr. Mandeville* (who had been ground-

lessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St. James's-gate; as did also at the Temple church several gentlemen who frequent coffeehouses near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them that they dropped dead on the spot; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

Most of the players who had very little faith before were now desirous of baving as much as they could, and therefore embraced the Roman catholic religion: the same thing was observed of some bawds and ladies of pleasure.

An Irish gentleman out of pure friendship came to make me a visit, and advised me to bire a boat for the ensuing day, and told me that unless I gave earnest for one immediately he feared it might be too late; for his countrymen had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging that, in the general conflagration, to be upon the water would be the safest place.

There were two lords and three commoners who, out of scruple of conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual retaining bribe. All the other great pensioners I was told had their scruples quieted by a clergyman or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city in common charity gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars who piled about the church-doors; and at a particular church in the city a wealthy churchwarden with his own hands distributed fifty twopenny loaves to the poor, by way of restitution for the many great and costly feasts which he had eaten of at their expense.

Three great ladies, a valet-de-chambre, two lords, a customhouse-officer, five half-pay captains, and a haronet (all noted gamblers), came publicly into a church at Westminster, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands; the parties whom they had defrauded being either out of town or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble or vulgar gamblers (though the profession is so general) I did not bear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time I must observe that (in comparison of these), through all parts of the town, the justice and penitence of the highwaymen, housebreakers, and common pickpockets were very remarkable.

The directors of our public companies were in such dreadful apprehensions that one would have thought a parliamentary inquiry was at hand; yet so great was their presence of mind, that all the Thursday morning was taken up in private transfers, which by malicious people was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town were spent in devotions both public and private; the churches for this one day were so crowded by the nobility and gentry, that thousands of common people were seen praying in the public streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for, as each thought the other would

* Author of the fable of the Bees, a delusory work, the design of which was to prove that private vices are public benefits.

be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the streets; expecting, watching, and praying. But as the day wore away their fears first began to abate, then lessened every hour; at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness that hitherto used to terrify, now comforted every freethinker and atheist. Great numbers went together to the taverns, bespoke suppers, and broke up whole hogsheads for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the prophecy and rally each other. All the quality and gentry were perfectly ashamed, nay, some utterly disowned that they had manifested any signs of religion.

But the next day, even the common people as well as their betters appeared in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whored, they swore, they lied, they cheated, they quarrelled, they murdered. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any instances of what will so easily be credited; but I cannot omit relating that Mr. Woolston advertised in that very Saturday's "Evening Post" a "New Treatise against the Miracles of our Saviour;" and that the few who had given up their pensions the day before solicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am informed was readily granted.

END OF VOLUME I.

16 LUG 1870

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